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THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Οι Θεοὶ οἰκτειράντες ἀνθρώπων ἐπιποκόν πέφυκος γένος, τὰς Μουσὰς
καὶ Ἀπολλῶνα καὶ Διόνυσον ξυνεορτάστας ἐδόσαν.

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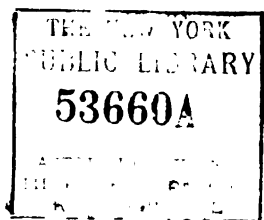
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THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. IV.]

JULY, 1840.

[No. 19.]

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. I.—COUSIN'S ECLECTICISM.

We have before let our readers into the secret of the advance of philosophy in America, and given some probable reasons for its progress. So ardent is, indeed, the pursuit, that trade speculations in connexion with it are ventured there, particularly in Boston, which have no parallel in England. Vain would it be to expect from any London house such an undertaking as gives occasion to the present paper. We select these four volumes from about thirty-two that we have lately received from the United States, all on this order of subject. They commence a series of translations from the works of several of the most celebrated authors in the higher departments of modern German and French literature—such as Cousin, Jouffroy, Guizot, Benjamin Constant, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Lessing, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Richter, Novalis, Uhland, Körner, Hölty, Menzel, Neander, Schleiermacher, De Wette, Olshausen, Ammon, Hase, and Twesten. To the different authors also there are introductory notices and supplementary notes, which are exceedingly valuable. The first volume commences with Victor Cousin.

The editor tells us that since the appearance of Kant's critique of pure reason, the great problem of philosophical speculation has been to restore philosophy to the eminence which it held in the golden days of English literature, and to revive the lofty spirit of Hooker, Cudworth, and Milton, in the midst of modern unbelief and selfishness. Victor Cousin, has, accordingly, essayed to reverse the whole tendency of philosophy in France. He had to subvert the sensual system in favour of transcendentalism. The sensual system held that there can be no element in consciousness which cannot be explained by sensation. The consciousness itself, however, asserts another order of facts—passions, desires, acts of volition, free determinations, personal identity, all of which declare the doctrines of Fatalism and Materialism to

* Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by George Ripley, 4 vols. America.—Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company, 1838, 1839.

be absurd. Finally, as the sensual system regarded "the soul of man as the result and the combination of our sensations, it is also compelled to regard the Deity only as the possible result, the combination, the last generalization of all the phenomena of nature. God is a kind of soul of the world, which sustains the same relation to the world, as the soul that is admitted by the sensual philosophy, does to the body. The human soul, as it is regarded by this philosophy, is an abstract, general, collective idea, which represents, in the last analysis, the diversity of our sensations. The Creator of the world, as he is regarded by this philosophy, is an abstraction of the same character, which may be successively decomposed into the different portions of the world, which alone possess reality, actual existence. But such a being is not the God of the human race. He is not a God distinct from the world. Now the negation of God, distinct from the world, has a well-known name in every language, as well as in philosophy."

The writer then proceeds to show how the sensual system was derived from Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke, and perfected in France by Voltaire, Condillac, and Cabanis. The Bishop of Exeter rails against Owenism, yet Locke and Paley are the text books of the Universities!! We are ashamed of the darkness which is on the clerical mind, touching the foundation of morals! Cabanis, in his great work on the *Physical and Moral Relations of Man*, supported the theory that the soul is not a separate principle in our nature, a real existence, but merely the product of the nervous system. Sensibility, according to Cabanis, is the property of the nerves; and sensibility explains the moral faculties, the intelligence, the will, the whole inward nature of man. Man is a moral being, because he is capable of sensation; he is capable of sensation, because he has nerves; the nerves make the man. The brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile. These pretty physiological theories were adopted by Destutt de Tracy, and applied by him to the more complete explanation of the intellectual faculties; while the moral results of the system were exhibited by Volney.

The leading doctrine of Volney is, that man should act only for the sake of self-preservation. This is the great law of human nature. Accordingly, good is every thing which tends to the preservation of man; evil, every thing which tends to his injury and destruction. The greatest good is life; the greatest evil is death; nothing is better than physical happiness; nothing worse than bodily suffering; the main object is health; virtue and vice, therefore, are the voluntary habits which are in accordance with or contrary to the law of self-preservation. Every thing is right which contributes to enjoyment; every thing is wrong which interferes with enjoyment. This is the moral philosophy of the sensual school. Finally, in the logical order, as the ultimate result of this school, we have the author of the *System of Nature*. His theory of the universe resolves every thing into matter and motion. These exist from eternity, and are the causes of all the phenomena which take place. Matter can neither be created, nor destroyed; and the existence of a cause on which it depends cannot be demonstrated. The idea of God is a fiction; the hope of immortality a dream; and all the religious convictions of man are founded on self-flattery or fear. This is the limit of the sensual philosophy. Such

is the result of the metaphysics taught at Oxford and Cambridge—and such is Owenism !

Until the clerical mind of England is purged with euphrasy and rue from these impediments to clear-seeing, infidelity must prevail in and out of the Church, and *practical* (worse than speculative) atheism every where. Laromiguiere has the credit of effecting a wholesome revolution in French philosophy. Releasing himself with difficulty from the influence of Condillac, he found, at length, reason to declare that there is a broad chasm between sensation and the faculties of our mind. These faculties, both of the understanding and the will, he referred to attention, as their ultimate foundation. Maine de Biran helped on the next step, insisting on the activity of the mind as a fact not explainable by sensation.

The writings of Cousin are a developement of the theory of Maine de Biran. Its elementary principles are,

1. True activity is in the will.
2. The will is the essence of personality. It constitutes the whole of what we call ME or SELF.
3. To will is to exercise causation. The first cause which we become acquainted with is ourselves. This may be proved by the phenomena of muscular effort. In every act of this kind, two things are to be taken into consideration. 1. A muscular sensation, more or less lively. 2. The effort which produces it. Muscular sensation is not merely subsequent to the effort; it is produced by it; the relation which connects them is not that of simple succession, but of cause and effect. This is attested by consciousness, and no proof of it is necessary but the performance of the act. Now every effort implies volition. There is no such thing as an involuntary effort. Hence the will is the foundation of the effort in question, and the cause which operates is a voluntary cause. But on the other hand, it is we who make the effort; we certainly impute it to ourselves; the will which is the cause of it is our own will. Will, cause, personality, are therefore identical.

Kant, and after him, Fichte, according to Cousin, ascribed instead the personality to the reason. Take the assertion in his own words : —“ A single psychological error seduced Kant into a path which led to an abyss. Kant has made an admirable analysis of human reason. It is impossible to describe with more clearness and decision, the conditions and the laws of its developement; but not having analysed, with the same care, the free and voluntary activity, this great man did not perceive that it is particularly to this class of phenomena that personality is attached; and that reason, although connected with personality, is essentially distinct from it. Now, if reason be personal, like attention and will, it follows that all the conceptions which it suggests are personal also; that all the truths which it reveals to us are merely relative to our mode of conceiving; and that the objects, the things, the beings, the substances, which claim to be real, whose existence is made known to us by reason, as they rest only on this equivocal testimony, can have only a subjective value, that is to say, relative to the subject which perceives them, and no objective value,

that is to say, actual and independent of the subject. We may indeed continue to believe in the reality of these objects, if our reason be so constituted that it cannot but believe in them, and because it is so constituted; but in that case there is no abyss between believing and knowing; and all our knowledge then consists only in recognising the internal and psychological conditions of the necessity of believing; which in itself is barren of all real and absolute knowledge. From this proceeds a new and original scepticism, which not calling in question the existence of reason as a faculty distinct from sensibility, admits that in its regular developement, reason in fact suggests to us the idea of the soul, of God, and of the world,—a scepticism, entirely distinct from that of the sensual school, which takes its stand in psychology even with dogmatism, and begins to doubt only when ontology is concerned; but as soon as that is brought up, disputes the legitimacy of every passage from psychology to ontology, on the principle that reason being a faculty peculiar to the subject, can have no validity beyond the limits of the subject, and that accordingly all the objective and ontological truths which it reveals, are only the subject itself, transported away from its sphere by a force which belongs to it and which itself is subjective.”

Cousin accordingly proceeds to advance the revelations of truth from the subjective Me, to the objective Universality. He makes excellent use of his doctrine against the pseudo-theological school which disaffects philosophy. What that school calls Individual Reason, is, in fact, the General and Universal Reason, which in every man, says Cousin, “is the epitome of the common sense of the human race.” He maintains that, if this common sense actually exists in the human race, it cannot be composed of the fragments of different individual reasons, compared and combined with each other; for there can be no more in the collection than in each of its elements, and a thousand impotent, individual reasons cannot receive infallibility from their union. Who, moreover, would effect this union? In a word, he maintains that the common sense of the human race exists, because every one is in possession of a reason, not individual, but general, which, being the same in all, because it is individual in none, constitutes the true fraternity of men, and the common patrimony of human nature. Otherwise common sense is a mere hypothesis. Suppose that this hypothesis were a truth; then for each one to submit his individual sentiment to the common sense of the race, it would at least be necessary that each could ascertain this common sense. But how would he ascertain it? With his individual sentiment? Evidently he would, according to the system in question, for man has nothing better. But, in that case, with this individual sentiment, how could the common sense be infallibly ascertained? It would be impossible under the penalty of concluding from the Individual to the General, and of taking ourselves as the measure of certainty. We ought, then, to have a previous measure of certainty in ourselves, in order to ascertain that which is proposed to us. We ought to possess still another, in order to ascertain that the Church, in fact, represents the common sense of the human race; for it is this relation of conformity

which alone constitutes the authority of the Church. It is apparently a reasonable submission that is demanded of us; but for this reasonable submission, the employment of reason is first necessary.

This argument is irrefragable—but unfortunately for M. Cousin, it is equally strong against the general scheme of Eclecticism—to which branch of the argument we must now proceed. If union be no proof for the pseudo-theologians, union is no proof for the genuine Eclecticians; and the latter, too, have the disadvantage of occupying the side of indifference, whereas their opponents are zealots fighting a hot party warfare under the banners of interest, social and private. It must, however, be confessed of Cousin, and of our own Syncretists, that their particular systems of Eclecticism are not liable to this charge, inasmuch as they pre-suppose the above argument and the truth it involves.

The position taken by Cousin is, that “the views of every system on the history of the science to which it relates, furnish the most certain estimate of that system, the exact measure of its principles. Is it incomplete? Does it contain only a single element of consciousness and of reality? Is it founded only on a single principle, however brilliant and imposing it may be? Is it then compelled, in order to be consistent with itself, to perceive no truth in all the systems founded on a contrary principle, to discover no reason except in those which rest on the same principle. An historical conception like this is the final sentence of a system; for it is a melancholy wisdom which has universal folly for its condition; and to defend ourselves only by accusing every body else is to accuse and condemn ourselves. But suppose a system which, by a patient and profound observation, and an induction at once comprehensive and scrupulous, has succeeded in embracing all the elements of consciousness and of reality; when afterwards it shall give its attention to history, to whatever side it turns, it will not find a single system of any considerable importance, in which there are not some of its own elements, and with which it agrees, at least, on certain points. In fact, it is no easy thing to wander so far from the common sense which is the gift of all men, as to fall into errors, and remain in them, that are entirely destitute of truth; error gains admission into the understanding only in the mask of a truth which she disfigures. A truly complete system, therefore, can be applied with singular facility to history. It is not compelled to proscribe all systems, in order to justify itself; it is satisfied with disengaging the inevitable portion of error that is mixed with the portion of truth, which forms the life and strength of each of them; and by pursuing the same course with them all, enemies as they were by their contrary errors, it makes them friends and brothers, by the truths which they contain, and thus purified and reconciled, it composes with them a vast whole, adequate to the expression of complete and universal truth. Now this method, at once philosophical and historical, which, in possession of truth, is able to find it scattered here and there in all systems, is Eclecticism. We must distinguish three things in Eclecticism; its point of departure, its processes, and its end; its principle, its instruments, and its results. Eclecticism supposes a system which serves it as a point of departure and a prin-

ciple in the labyrinth of history ; it demands as an instrument a rigid criticism sustained on a solid and extensive erudition ; it has for its primary result the decomposition of all systems by the fire and steel of criticism, and for its definitive result their reconstruction in a new system which is the complete representation of consciousness in history. Eclecticism begins with a philosophy, and proceeds, by means of history, to the living demonstration of that philosophy. For this reason I said at the close of the Preface to the *Fragments*, after giving an exposition of the system which I have now discussed ; ‘ I shall pursue the reform of philosophical studies in France, in illustrating the history of philosophy by this system, and in demonstrating this system by the whole history of philosophy.’ Would it be thought after this, that any one should see in Eclecticism only a *blind* Syncretism, which mingles together all systems, approves all, confounds the True and the False, good and evil ; a new fatalism ; the dream of a deceived mind, which, unable to produce a system for itself, demands one of history ? All these objections will vanish of themselves before the slightest examination.

“ **FIRST OBJECTION.** Eclecticism is a Syncretism which mingles together all systems.

“ **ANSWER.** Eclecticism does not mingle together all systems ; for it leaves no system entire ; it decomposes every system into two parts, the one false, the other true ; it destroys the first, and admits only the second in the work of reconstruction. It is the true portion of each system which it adds to the true portion of another system, that is to say, truth to truth, in order to form a true whole. It never mingles one entire system with another entire system ; therefore it does not mingle all systems. Eclecticism, therefore, is not Syncretism ; the one indeed is the opposite of the other ; philosophically and etymologically, they resemble each other like choice and mixture, discrimination and confusion.

“ **SECOND OBJECTION.** Eclecticism approves every thing, confounds the True and the False, good and evil.

“ **ANSWER.** Eclecticism does not approve every thing ; for it maintains that in every system there is a considerable portion of error. It does not confound the True and the False ; on the contrary, it distinguishes them from each other, neglects the False, and makes use only of the True.

“ **THIRD OBJECTION.** Eclecticism is fatalism.

“ **ANSWER.** It is not fatalism to say that man is so constituted as, with his noble intelligence, always to seize a portion of truth ; and with the limits of his intelligence, above all, with his indolence, his superficialness, his presumption, to believe that he has attained the whole truth when he possesses only a part. Hence there is always a portion of the True and the False, of good and evil, in the works of man, and particularly in philosophical systems. There is so much the less fatalism in this, as Eclecticism maintains that by great efforts with ourselves, by a double share of vigilance, attention, circumspection, we may succeed in diminishing the chances of error ; and as this is the result to which it aspires.

“ **FOURTH OBJECTION.** Eclecticism is the absence of all system.

ANSWER. Eclecticism is not the absence of all system ; for it is the application of a system ; it supposes a system, it starts from a system. In fact, if we would collect and combine the truths scattered in different systems, we must first separate them from the errors with which they are mingled ; and in order to do this, we must know how to ascertain and distinguish them ; but to ascertain whether a given opinion is true or false, we must know ourselves what is error and what is truth ; we must therefore already be in possession, or at least think that we are in possession of truth ; we must have a system in order to judge all systems. Eclecticism supposes a system already formed, which it continues to illustrate and enrich ; it is not, therefore, the absence of all system.

"I would now ask, if Eclecticism be a conception which belongs exclusively to myself? By no means. I should greatly distrust an idea which was entirely new in the world ; which no one had ever thought of before. No, thank God, Eclecticism is not of yesterday. It was born the moment that a sound head and a feeling heart undertook to reconcile two passionate adversaries, by showing them that the opinions for which they combated were not irreconcilable in themselves, and that, with a few mutual sacrifices, they might be brought together. Eclecticism was long ago in the mind of Plato ; it was the professed enterprise, whether legitimate or not, of the school of Alexandria. Among the moderns, it was not merely professed by Leibnitz, it was constantly practised by him ; and it is every where presented in the rich historical views of the new German philosophy. The time has arrived at last to elevate it to the precision and the dignity of a principle. This is what I have attempted to do. This word, long since fallen into deep oblivion, scarcely uttered by a single voice, has echoed from one end of Europe to the other, and the spirit of the nineteenth century has recognised itself in Eclecticism. They will know how to pursue their path together in spite of every obstacle."

Our readers have not to learn that what Cousin calls Eclecticism, our own Alerist calls Syncretism*—and both join in condemning the mixture and the confusion objected to. Truth to say, Cousin has used the wrong word. When he wrote Syncretism, he meant Synchytism (from *συγχυσις*, *confusion*).

Eclecticism, or Syncretism, then, professes, under the governance of an idea, to extend the hand of fellowship to men of all sects and parties, and from the systems of each to extract the items of truth, and recombine such into one system that shall exclude the errors of all. It analyses to re-synthesize. But what if all that addresses the senses be already analysed, and the perpetual work of the understanding and reason be to combine—how vain the attempt to re-analyse ! the thing itself being impossible. And the attempt to re-synthesize—can it reach higher than the first analysis? Meanwhile, by virtue of certain ontocal laws, the human being is necessarily synthesizing all it perceives from without—and as to the internal moral truths, they are the very acts of synthesis themselves—which, in their simplicity, are inca-

* We find the critics, notwithstanding our disavowal, charge on the Editor the Syncretic articles in this magazine. We repeat, they are *not* by the Editor, but by a well-known contributor, whose theological reading and charity are equally extensive.—ED.

pable of decomposition. It is, however, a higher aim that the writers before us contemplate.

In astronomy, the visible centre of our system has, in common with that of every other, an invisible centre, to which all the visible centres are related. It is evident that our friend's point of Syncretism is identified with this common invisible centre—and which by ourselves and Coleridge is called, after St. Paul, the *Prothesis*.

The word Prothetism is, therefore, we think, a preferable term. But what is in a name? We are also provided with a sufficient apology for its use. The faculty of conscience is one prothetic power which the other functions only develope, and, as such, would rightly be called prescience—and, in point of fact, what we call the conscience is the human prescience. But we recognise the Divine Being as the only absolute prescience—and the faculty of human prescience is, therefore, but the law of the Supreme Foreknower; or, as we are accustomed to say, conscience is the voice of God in the human bosom. Hence, the word conscience is used instead of prescience, as intimating the union of God with man, and the subordination of the latter to the former. In like manner, what in the individual is prothetic, is, in connection with other beings, and with God, synthetic; and it is in this sense, we take it, that the words Eclectic and Syncretic are respectively used by our friend Alerist, and by Victor Cousin.

As to the method of philosophising, the analysis of existing systems proposed by the Eclectics, is only apparent. In reality, they do no such thing. But to minds in a certain stage of progress, the analytical appearance is expedient. Desirous of imitating the apostolic example, and to be all things to all men, this harmless appearance we are willing to concede, knowing all the while that the presiding idea is working a practical synthesis *à priori*, and not *à posteriori*—and that the systems examined are only contributing so much corroboration as they may contain, or the student may perceive. Let such student work on, and, at last, he will arrive at the apprehension of the idea too. To be sure, much labour would be spared by admitting it from the first—but, as the only effect of the labour is to add to the *learning* of the student, no great harm is done—if his learning be permitted neither to overlay, nor to substitute his genius. *Au contraire*, great good will ensue if it exercise his charity towards all professions and denominations of men, and enable him to acknowledge them all as the family of one common father.

Cousin, in fact, only pleads for Eclecticism, as fitted to a stage of progress whether of the individual or the age. "It is," he says, "an incontestible fact that in England and France in the eighteenth century, Locke and Condillac took the place of the great schools of a previous date, and have reigned without contradiction to the present day. Instead of being irritated at this fact, we should endeavour to comprehend it; for after all, facts do not create themselves; they have their laws which are connected with the general laws of the human race. If the philosophy of sensation actually gained credit in England and France, there must have been some reason for this phenomenon. Now this reason, when we come to reflect upon it, does honour and not injury to the human mind. It was not its fault, if it could not remain in the shackles of Cartesianism; for it belonged to Cartesianism to

protect it, to satisfy all the conditions which can perpetuate a system. In the general movement of affairs and the progress of time, the spirit of analysis and observation must also have its place; and this place is found in the eighteenth century. The spirit of the eighteenth century needs no apology. The apology for a century is the fact of its existence; for its existence is a decree and a judgement of God himself; or else history is nothing but an insignificant phantasmagoria. The modern spirit is often accused of incredulity and scepticism, but it is sceptical only with regard to what it does not understand, incredulous only concerning what it cannot believe; that is to say, the condition of understanding and of believing, at that epoch, as at many former epochs, having been changed for the human race, it was indispensable, on pain of surrendering its independence, that it should impose new conditions on every thing which aspired to govern its intelligence and its faith. Faith is neither exhausted nor diminished. The human race, like the individual, lives only by faith; but the conditions of faith, however, are constantly renewed. In the eighteenth century, the general condition of comprehending and of believing was that of having observed the object; from that time, all philosophy which aspired to authority must needs be founded on observation. Now, Cartesianism, especially with the modifications which it had received from Malebranche, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Wolf,—Cartesianism, which in the second stage of its progress, abandons observation and loses itself in ontological hypotheses and scholastic formulas, could not pretend to the character of experimental philosophy. Another system was presented in this character; and in this character it was accepted. Such is the explanation of the fall of Cartesianism, and the unexampled success of the philosophy of Locke and Condillac. If we reflect for a moment on the subject, the success of this miserable philosophy still testifies to the dignity and independence of the human mind, which forsakes in its turn the systems which forsake it, and pursues its path even through the most deplorable errors, rather than not advance at all. It did not adopt the philosophy of sensation on account of its Materialism, but on account of its experimental character, which, to a certain degree, it actually possessed. The favour with which this philosophy was received did not come from its dogmas, but from its method; and this method was not its own, but that of the age. And it is true that the experimental method was the necessary fruit of time, and not the transient work of a sect in England and France; and that if we calmly examine the contemporary schools, the most opposed to that of sensation, we shall find the same pretensions to observation and experience. Reid and Kant, in Scotland and in Germany, had fought to the death, had overthrown, from top to bottom, the doctrine of Locke; but with what weapons? Why, with those of Locke himself; with the experimental method differently applied. Reid starts from the human mind and its faculties, which he analyzes in their actual operation, and the laws of which he determines. Kant, separating reason from all its objects, and considering, if I may so speak, only its interior, gives a profound and exquisite statistical account of it; his philosophy is a critique; it is always that of observation and experience. Make the tour of Europe and of

the world, you will every where find the same spirit, the same method; and this, in fact, constitutes the unity of the age, since this unity presents itself in the midst of the most striking diversities.

“ Let us now look at our own men, and especially the French of the nineteenth century. The spirit of analysis has destroyed much around us. Born in the midst of ruins of every kind, we feel the need of reconstructing; this need is deep, pressing, imperious; there is no small peril for us in our present state; and yet if we are more just than our fathers towards the past, we can rest in it no more than they; we absolve our fathers and the age; and we also have no faith but in observation and experience. This is our condition. We must submit to it with resignation.”

It must, however, be confessed that there is a sad short-coming in Cousin's theory, in placing his Eclecticism on the ground of the Consciousness instead of the Conscience. Hence, as we find, he depends on observation and experience. After eleven years of teaching and of study, he boasts that he continues faithful to the method which guided his early endeavours. He wished not to deliver himself from Bacon and Condillac, but only to carry out the process. Psychology, with Cousin, is the condition, and, as it were, the vestibule of philosophy; while the subject of ontology is to be postponed. We confess that we begin with something even loftier than ontology,—may we call it ontology? the principles of which we mean, ere long, to deliver at large.

According to Cousin, however, psychology leads to ontology. In the phenomenon of sensation, the principle of causality intervening universally and necessarily, and referring this phenomenon to a cause; and our consciousness testifying that this cause is not the personal cause which the will represents, it follows that the principle of causality in its irresistible application conducts to an impersonal cause, that is to say, to another cause than that represented by our own will, which subsequently, and always irresistibly, the principle of causality enriches with the characteristics and laws, of which the aggregate is the universe. In like manner, we are led to the cause of all causes, to the substantial cause—to God, and not only to a God of power, but to a God of justice, a God of holiness; so that this experimental method, which applied to a single order of phenomena, incomplete and exclusive, destroyed ontology and the higher elements of consciousness, applied with fidelity, firmness and completeness, to all the phenomena, builds up that which it had overthrown, and by itself furnishes ontology with a sure and legitimate instrument. We are disposed to concede thus much, that the method, such as it is, is good for those to whom it is good—but that there is a better and best suited for more philosophical students.

Our own Syncretist starts from a higher point of view, and, perhaps, is only too much inclined to Platonising. By placing Eclecticism on the ground of consciousness, we have only the human conscience as the prothesis—but by grounding Syncretism in conscience we have the Divine prescience for the prothesis—and thus all churches and states are referred to their Invisible Head, the one God and common Father of all.

Before any government can safely declare itself syncretical, this

divine power must have *pre-disposed* the minds of men—of partizans and sectarians—to pacificating views of history and Providence; when Providence has done that, then the Queen of England and the Pope of Rome may willingly coalesce in one form of homage to the great Bridegroom of all the churches—then, in a word, the marriage supper of the Lamb will be celebrated. Until then, human government must yield to what may happen to be the strongest interest of the time, and, in all its changes, it will only be one party going out for another party to come in.

But, although there be this practical difficulty in the way of a ministry, there is not the same in the establishment of a Syncretic Association. Every candidate for admission must fairly be considered as divinely predisposed to fraternize on the principle that truth being one, there is here a symbol of it, and there a symbol of it, and that by gathering the symbols together, we may obtain an almost perfect representation of it, instead of the partial image which now contents every party and sectarian mind. Let this be done, and at last governments will ascertain the declared number of such pre-disposed men, who thus forming a new body in the state will exercise at first a legitimate collective influence which ultimately may increase to a catholic sphere of operation; the new body, like Aaron's rod, swallowing all the parties, and thus delivering itself from all party, because including all the wise and good of every nation and country under heaven. Sublime idea! and thus interpreted, objectionable on no grounds, whether theoretical or practical.

Cousin is an Aristotelian, and believes that the list of Aristotle's categories is complete!!—but disorderly and repetitory. He acknowledges, however, that Kant improved it—though that *his* classification is also arbitrary. Cousin would reduce all the laws of thought to two—that of causality and that of substance—and would convert the subjective human reason into an objective universal reason. Substantial causality, he adds, is being in itself; the rational laws, therefore, are laws of being, and reason is the true existence. Will and person are identical.

The reader now understands that Syncretism and Eclecticism are related to the method, not to the results of philosophising. The truths we all acknowledge remain where they are and what they are—the question is, only as to the means of arriving at them. One prefers the path of revelation—another demands scientific induction. Labour and death are the conditions under which the latter works—the former plucks living fruit from the Tree of Life. The latter would regenerate society, the former aims at the individual, and awaits the result in patience, and in the faith that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, and that the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard seed.

Reflection and spontaneity, according to Cousin, comprise all the real forms of activity; and as there can be nothing in the reflective which is not in the spontaneous, all that is true of one applies to the other. The *me*, says Fichte, supposes itself in a voluntary determination. This point of view is that of reflection. In order for the *me* to suppose itself as Fichte says, it is necessary that it should clearly distinguish itself from the *not-me*. To distinguish is to deny; to distinguish one

thing from another, is to affirm again, but by denying; it is to affirm, after having denied. "It is not true," says Cousin, "that the intellectual life commences with a negation; and before reflection and the fact to the description of which Fichte has for ever attached his name, there is another operation, in which the *me* finds itself without seeking, supposes itself, if you please, but without having wished to suppose itself, by the sole virtue, the peculiar energy of the activity which it recognises, as it manifests it, but without having previously known it; for the activity is revealed to itself only by its acts, and the first act must have been the effect of a power which has hitherto been ignorant of itself." To which we desire to add, that the word "hitherto" here must mean the *eternity* of the power itself, as distinguished from the *temporeity* of its acts; and that therefore by the term *hitherto*, no interval of time, in such cases, is implied.

Liberty, according to Cousin, is the common characteristic both of the spontaneity and the will. All law, likewise, supposes a reason, and the laws of the world are nothing but reason as manifested in the world. Hence the relation of man with nature. What physical inquirer, since Euler, seeks any thing in nature but forces and laws? These are probably reducible to two—expansion and concentration—two modes of one force. There is nothing *material* in forces and laws. Every fact of consciousness is psychological and ontological at once, and contains already the three great ideas which science afterwards divides or brings together, but which it cannot go beyond; namely, man, nature, and God. But man, nature, and God, as revealed by consciousness, are not vain formulas, but facts and realities. Man is not in the consciousness without nature, nor nature without man, but both meet together in their opposition and their reciprocity, as causes, and as relative causes, the nature of which is always to develop themselves, and always by each other. The God of consciousness is not an abstract God, a solitary monarch exiled beyond the limits of creation on the desert throne of a silent eternity, and of an absolute existence which resembles even the negation of existence. He is a God at once true and real, at once substance and cause, always substance and always cause, being substance only in so far as he is cause, and cause only in so far as he is substance, that is to say, being absolute cause, one and many, eternity and time, space and number, essence and life, indivisibility and totality, principle, end and centre, at the summit of being and at its lowest degree, infinite and finite together, triple, in a word, that is to say, at the same time God, nature, and humanity. In fact, if God be not every thing, he is nothing; if he be absolutely indivisible in himself, he is inaccessible; and, consequently, he is incomprehensible, and his incomprehensibility is for us the same as his destruction. Incomprehensible as a formula and in the school, God is clearly visible in the world which manifests him, for the soul which feels and possesses him. Every where present he returns, as it were, to himself in the consciousness of man, of which he indirectly constitutes the mechanism and the phenomenal triplicity by the reflection of his own nature and of the substantial triplicity of which he is the absolute identity."

Atheism, in Cousin's conception, is a barren formula—and reason

literally a revelation, a necessary and universal revelation, which is wanting to no man, and which enlightens every man on his coming into the world: *illuminat omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum*. Reason is the necessary mediator between God and man, the *Logos* of Pythagoras and Plato, the Word made flesh, which serves as the interpreter of God and the teacher of man, divine and human at the same time. It is not, indeed, the Absolute God in his majestic individuality, but his manifestation in spirit and in truth; it is not the Being of beings, but it is the revealed God of the human race. As God is never wanting to the human race and never abandons it, so the human race believes in God with an irresistible and unalterable faith, and this unity of faith is its own highest unity."

No man is a stranger to either of the three ideas which constitute consciousness—namely, personality, or the liberty of man—impersonality, or the necessity of nature—and the Providence of God. "The differences of individuals exhibit something noble and interesting, because they testify to the independence of each of us, and separate man from nature. We are men and not stars; we have movements that are peculiar to ourselves, but all our movements, however irregular in appearance, are accomplished within the circle of our nature, the two extremities of which are points essentially similar. Spontaneity is the point of departure; reflection the point of return; the entire circumference is the intellectual life; the centre is the Absolute Intelligence which governs and explains the whole. These principles possess an inexhaustible fruitfulness. Go from human nature to external nature; you will there find spontaneity under the form of expansion; reflection, under that of concentration. Extend your view to universal existence; external nature there performs the part of spontaneity, humanity, that of reflection. In fine, in the history of the human species, the Oriental world represents that first movement, the vigorous spontaneity of which has furnished the race with an indestructible basis; and the Pagan world, and still more the Christian, represents reflection which gradually develops itself, combines with spontaneity, decomposes and recomposes it with the liberty which is its essence, while the spirit of the world hovers over all its forms and remains at the centre; but under all its forms, in every world, at all degrees of existence, physical, intellectual, or historical, the same integrant elements are discovered in their variety and their harmony."

"Since 1819," writes Cousin, "my dogmatic and systematic point of view being somewhat confirmed and elevated, I quitted speculation for a considerable time, or rather I pursued and realized it, by applying it more directly than I had yet done to the history of philosophy. Always faithful to the psychological method, I introduced it into history, and confronting different systems with the facts of consciousness, demanding of each a complete representation of consciousness without being able to obtain it, I soon arrived at the result which my subsequent studies have so fully developed, namely, that every system represents an order of phenomena and of ideas, which is perfectly real and true, but which is not the only one in consciousness, although in the system it holds an almost exclusive rank; whence it follows that

the individual systems are not false but incomplete; whence it follows again, that by combining the various incomplete systems, we should have a complete philosophy, corresponding to the totality of consciousness. From this, to a true historical system, universal and precise, at once, the interval is undoubtedly great; but the first step has been taken; the path is open. I shall undertake to complete the work; I shall undertake, in spite of every obstacle, to pursue the reform of philosophical studies in France, in illustrating the history of philosophy by a system, and in demonstrating this system by the whole history of philosophy. With this object is connected the series of my historical publications, the whole scope of which my friends only can comprehend; and in pursuance of this plan, my teaching in the years 1819 and 1820, entered upon the history of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, in France, in England, and in Germany. I may, perhaps, publish those Lectures; but my previous Lectures from 1815 to 1818, will never see the light. They are studies which I have made before the public, and which I trust will not have been without use in restoring a taste for philosophical subjects among my countrymen, and in communicating a salutary direction to the pupils of the Normal School, and to the young men who attended my Courses in the Faculty of Literature. But I condemn them myself to oblivion; they are too far behind the point at which we have all now arrived. I should even have to ask pardon for these Fragments which relate to those Lectures, and which certainly are inferior to them, if they had not been already printed, and their republication were not their final burial."

Such is the exposition of Cousin's Eclecticism;—not so valuable for what it proves, as for what it takes for granted. Amidst all the variety of opinions it implies a unity of principle, and seeks to prove it by induction though not to be found in experience. It would finish with discovering what it pre-supposes; and by bringing the tail into the mouth, make the serpent describe a circle. Cousin seeks to lay the basis of induction in a close analogy.

"We should never conceive of external voluntary causes, if we were not conscious of an internal voluntary cause. We could not rise on this earth to the idea of another life, altogether spiritual, if we did not find an image of it in the interior life of the will, in the world of free determinations and of virtuous intentions, into which nothing sensual or terrestrial can penetrate. Take away this fact which is given by human experience, and the divine life is not only incomprehensible, it is inconceivable; induction does not reach it, and man would never have had the slightest idea of it. Descartes said, Give me matter and motion, and I will create the world. I may freely say, Give me consciousness and induction, I will create our first and last cognitions, the Subjective and the Objective, perception and belief. Our faith in a future life depends on the perception of a virtuous life by means of consciousness."

We have not yet done with Cousin. We shall make this series of papers a thorough historical course for the philosophical student, by way of introduction to a complete system of elements themselves, with which, it is probable, that we shall commence the new year.

THE RETREAT OF LOVE.

SONG FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS,

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

OH! let us fly and leave behind
 The town with all its courtly joys;
 And some retreat sequestered find,
 Far from the world's tumultuous noise.
 Oh, let us fly—what matters where
 If love be our companion there?

Yes, in a fair sequestered vale,
 Where all is still save Nature's voice;
 Where mountains shelter from the gale,
 A humble cot shall be our choice:
 We will reside—no matter where,
 If love be our companion there!

The birds our concerts shall supply,
 Harmonious tenants of the glade;
 While carelessly at rest we lie,
 Beneath the ever verdant shade:
 Oh! will not all be bright and fair,
 If love be our companion there?

And we will banish from our hearts
 The gay and meretricious town;
 For not the fairest work of Art's
 Can ever rival Nature's own:
 And what is worth the palace glare,
 If love be not an inmate there?

Our hearts shall bless our fortune's store,
 Joined by affection's plighted troth;
 And never shall we pine for more,
 While what we have is shared by both:
 What can be wanting to our fare,
 If love be our companion there?

And those whose pitying looks are cast
 At first upon our humble lot,
 Themselves will envy us at last—
 Our country home, our little cot:
 They'll envy us our valley, where
 Such bliss is ours, for love is there!

Thy blooming youth can bear to see
 My age approach, nor turns away;
 Thy fondness does not shrink from me,
 Because my hair will soon be grey:
 Then shall our home be ever fair,
 For love will never fly from there!

STANZAS.

BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON, ESQ.

JULIA's eyes were fill'd with tears—
Tears which seldom start,
Save when hoarded griefs of years
Overflow the heart.

O ! 'twas pain to see her weep—
Unto Fate I cried,
“ Goddess ! bid her sorrows sleep ! ”
Thus the Power replied :—

“ If, for thy beloved's sake,
All her misery
Thou to *thine own heart* wilt take,
Hers shall then be free.”

Taunting boom !—Since thus to bear
Sorrows, hers atoning,
Were to wake a transport here,
Deadliest grief dethroning.

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS, IN A
SERIES OF LETTERS.

NO. I.—COUNT PLATEN'S POEMS.

SIR,—Having received much pleasure from Mr. Oxenford's epistles, under this title, I have been induced also to aid in contributing the new and original information, which that series is designed to convey to the British public. This I wish to do by making a few remarks on the poetry of Count Platen.

The poems of this nobleman have made much stir in Germany, and have many ardent admirers. But, which is not at all singular, considering the manner in which periodical literature is conducted here, they yet remain unnoticed by any English periodical. THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, which is generally first in the field of literary intelligence, will have, therefore, the honour of introducing the Count to the notice of the public, if my communication succeed in procuring insertion.

In perusing his poems, I acknowledge that I do not, as some profess to do, feel any deficiency in that originating creative power, which is the highest attribute of the poet, while I am compelled to contend that they are perfect in substance, for each one has a substantial truth to enunciate ; and that they are perfect in form, for each one is wrought up to the most elaborate polish of metrical accuracy.

The spirit of Platen is, indeed, a lofty and a pure spirit, not wanting in veneration and loyalty to the ideal, which makes every spirit still higher, still purer ; though, perhaps, not sufficiently regarding its institutional symbols, sometimes necessarily substituted for it in this poor world of stubborn matter and fallen manhood. There is much

in him of a pervading restlessness, perhaps even of malcontentedness. The French revolution is still a phenomenon that exercises the genius of the Germans, sometimes perhaps robbing them of their own sublimer pathos, without substituting any thing of equivalent value, but still always to be prized as a miraculous example of what is to be avoided or adopted in the conduct of government, whether in theory or practice. For the rest, Count Platen possesses those moral and intellectual merits, which secure to the poet attention, and save him from oblivion.

His metres are frequently elaborate and novel. On these many opinions will be formed, according to the taste of the reader. The German language strongly resembles the Greek in many of its characteristics, and, like that, has a marvellous pliability of accent and quantity. Klopstock, in his immortal odes, has already surprised us by the amazing *play* of inflection that distinguishes German verse. But Platen, in this respect, has outstripped all his competitors.

This is undoubtedly a great excellence. Poetry needs novelty of form to commend it to the already too sated reader of these refined times. Count Platen's novelties are chiefly derived from Persian sources—and the ghazell is the kind of metre which has received his preference. It makes a poem somewhat similar in effect to the sonnet, with a quaint repetition of rhymes, which, as pieces of metrical mechanism, would show the skill of the artist, even if they gave no evidence (which, however, in this instance, they do abundantly) of his poetic powers. In Persian poetry the ghazells are especially natural and pleasing, and even in European poetry, strike our ear as more than mere exercises of laborious ingenuity. We should not apply to them the lines—

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

Count Platen's poems are divided into three books; the first, containing miscellaneous poems, in various German metres and rhyme; the second, sonnets and the *ghazells* before named; the third, odes, idylls, and epigrams, all in Latin metres (chiefly Horatian), without rhyme, and constructed with exquisite taste and ability.

The writings of Count Platen may be considered in two lights, poetical and moral. His merits in the former class are distinguished by great power of language, of which he is far from being unconscious, as may be seen in one of his own epigrams, p. 435, united to a singularly melodious versification. It is very unusual to meet with such power of expression under any circumstances; and one can scarcely help hoping, that having succeeded in an excellence so difficult of attainment, the Count may turn his muse to yet worthier subjects than he has hitherto tried his 'prentice hand upon.

In that better feature of all writings, the moral, Count Platen is deserving of everlasting praise. In this, the distinguishing characteristic of his mind, there is a generous tone of sentiment, and a true-ness and singleness of heart, that nothing can induce to put on a disguise, or to swerve from its fixed principles. Perhaps, however, he sees sometimes only one-half of the truth, as when he says that "Loy-

alty is good, but justice is better." His regard for the latter virtue frequently, we fear, induces him to put the former nearly out of sight, not merely in matters of conscience and opinion, but even in poetry, where the case is quite reversed, and loyalty holds a much higher place than justice, or rather, is either substituted for, or identified with, it. We find in him no admiration of the heroic, no chivalrous spirit of nationality, no reverential enthusiasm for antiquity. He has, indeed, *one* object of idolatry (as he says himself, p. 188, 189, 191, and passion) and that, when taken in an enlarged sense, the noblest and most appropriate that a poet can have—the *beautiful*.

Let me pause here, to warn the young votary of beauty against limiting the divine attribute to the two most sensuous kinds, female beauty and the beauty of nature. Both, certainly, very charming in themselves, and the chief, if not the only exponents of all other beauty, are yet, when stationary, and not set in action, rather a barren and unexciting topic for a series of poems, unless very few, and by a poet of the highest order. These, however, form a small part of Platen's poems. We wish for more of the same class, which we would readily accept in lieu of the number that are chiefly occupied with complaining and finding fault.

Censure, however, may be grounded in a love of the beautiful, the absence of which it only bewails in the harshest sentence that it utters. His pains to construct German poems in Latin metres, has been urged as a proof of Count Platen's want of true taste for the beautiful—as an affectation, quite as preposterous, or more so, than the now nearly exploded absurdity of dressing modern warriors and statesmen in the extinct garbs of Greece and Rome. But how pointless is this sort of criticism! The fact is, that those metres having been successfully applied in burlesque poetry, of which we have a perfect specimen in Mr. Canning's well-known poem of "The Knifegrinder," the English reader proceeds to the study of such poems with unfit associations. To him this species of writing is an involuntary burlesque, by attempting serious poetry in a metre that apparently laughs at it, like the Eglintoun tournament acting its own parody;—let him, however, be sure that this feeling is a mere idiosyncrasy, if not a mere accident, requiring but little mental exertion to suppress. Canning's verses, which, in the guise of playful wit, convey political and philosophical truths of the highest importance with irresistible eloquence, and in the sweetest stream of verbal music, stamp him as a poet of true genius. Count Platen, I think, might profit by this example, and apply his skill in the same direction.

I conclude this paper by presenting your readers with a few translations, by way of specimen, from Count Platen's poetry:—

THE SHADE OF COLUMBUS.

1818.

THROUGH the waves, through the dark,
The ship paved for itself lightly the wet path :
Storms rest, and all the stars glimmer,
As the night reached the turning-point,

And the new-dethroned emperor supported
His forehead with his valiant hand,
One wave after the other splashed
Around the helm of the Northumberland.

The hero thinks in his mind on the battles
Which he fought, and on his well-tried army;
But around him and his dreams circled,
Like a gigantic serpent, the sea.

He, whom the deserts of the South controuled not,
Whom the frost of the North scarcely conquered,
Feels himself now imprisoned in the narrow space,
Rocked to and fro on the foam.

As he, quarrelling with such treacherous fate,
Calls to account God's decree,
See, there presents itself to his wet glance
A hero's shade, and speaks :

"Complain not, even though thy soul suffers,—
Complain not, for thee is a consolation ready :
What thou endurest, I endured undeservedly,
And time named me Columbus.

"I first cut through the watery waste
Over which thou weepest thy tears,
The early-lost coast of Atlantis—
This foot trod it the first once.

"Now shines in the bright morning hour
Of resurrection, that dear land
Which I discovered for the welfare of mankind,
Not for bond-service to a Ferdinand !

"Thou succumbest to the unconquerable North ;
But those who rejoice thereon
Will, trembling before unhumanised hordes,
Soon repent their blind joy !

"But there comes the great day of sorrows,
And nothing stems the current of ages :
Take, Columbia, then, the free hearts,
Take Europe's last hero to thee !

"When the great execution-sword is whetted,
'To my children, then a worthy guest
Comes Freedom, on garlanded ships,
Her head-dress plants she on the mast !

"Sail westwards, sun thyself in the light
Which irradiates the still ocean ;
For to the West flies the history of the world :
As a herald sailest thou before !"

The shade spoke, and shone as it disappeared
Like a star which twinkles in vanishing :
Joy tinges the cheeks of the great destroyer,
Because Europe sinks behind him.

THE GRAVE IN BUSENTO.

1820.

NIGHTLY at Busento lisp, by Cosenza, faint songs,
 Out of the waters answer comes, and in whirlwinds it sounds again !
 And up and down the flood flit the shades of brave Goths,
 Who wail for Alaric, the best of their nation, elain.
 All-too-soon, and far from home, had they to bury him here,
 While still the youthful locks light-brown clustered on his shoulders.
 And on the shore of Busento they arrayed themselves in emulation ;
 To lead off the stream they dug a fresh bed.
 In the water-drained channel they heaped up the earth,
 They sunk the corse deep within it, with its armour, on his horse.
 Then covered again with earth him and his proud possessions,
 So that the high water plants grew out of the hero's grave.
 Turned aside a second time, the flood was carried along over it:
 Mightily in their old bed foamed the Busento waves.
 And a chorus of men sang : " Sleep in thy hero-dignity !
 No Roman's base avarice shall ever injure thy grave !"
 They sang, and the hymns of praise toned forth in the Gothic host ;
 Roll them, Busento waters, roll them from sea to sea !

HARMOSAN.

1830.

ALREADY was sunken in the dust the ancient throne of the Sassanides,
 The Moslem hand plunders the rich Ctesiphon :
 Already Omar reaches the Oxus, after many a hard-fought day,
 Where Chosru's grandson, Jesdegerd, a corse on corses lay.
 And as Medina's prince went to muster the spoil on the wide plain,
 A satrap was led before him, he was named Harmosan ;
 The last who in the high fortress resisted the bold foe ;
 But, ah, the once so valiant hand bore now a heavy chain !
 And Omar darkly looks at him, and says : " Knowst thou now how very
 Vain is the protection of idols before our God ?"
 And Harmosan answers him : " In thy hands is the might,
 He who contradicts a victor, contradicts with want of thought.
 " Only one request I still venture, weighing thy fate and mine :
 Three days I fought without drink, let me have a cup of wine " .
 And at the chieftain's slight sign stands immediately a drink ready for him ;
 But Harmosan fears poison, and pauses a little while.
 " What fearest thou ?" cried the Saracen, " a Moslem never deceives his guest,
 Not sooner shalt thou die, friend, than till thou hast drunk this !"
 Then the Persian seizes the glass, and instead of drinking, dashes it strongly
 To the ground on a stone, with quick presence of mind.
 And Omar's men rush on him already with the drawn sword,
 To punish for his artifice the all-too-cunning Harmosan :
 But the chieftain keeps them off, and says then : " Let him live !
 If any thing on earth is sacred, it is a hero's word !"

From the "SONGS OF YOUTH." No. 7, (p. 46.)

As yet in the voluptuous May of life,
 When the soul ordinarily darts forth resolves,
 I feel, in the warmth of my endeavour,
 How my element of life loses its glow.
 Not one breath of mind, enliveningly warm,
 Curling my hairs, breathes on me :
 Vacant and idle sails one poor in actions
 Over still father ocean.
 What I shall do ? Who solves me ever that question ?
 What I can ? Who grants me the trial ?
 What I must ? Can I do it without complaint ?
 So much labour for a funeral-pall ?
 Come and liep courage into my heart, tender
 Voices of song which have long slept,
 That I may not degenerate, like a dreamer,
 In forlorn longings absorbed.

SONNET 38, (p. 232.)

NEVER has a later image annihilated thy image,
 That felt I perhaps always, and feel it now,
 When it renewed itself to me after long years,
 After that I had sifted many a vain fancy of the world.
 O time ! in which I still composed poems for thee,
 Which, except myself, no reader cared for !
 When my name was not yet a prey to the world,
 Which seldom feels, and often judges so lovelessly !
 Still unknown with my own impulse,
 Too earnest, too shy, all too reserved,
 I have remained strange to thee by my own fault.
 When now again I have enjoyed thy sight,
 I feel again that impulse to love ;
 But my fairest youth is fled away.

SONNET 62, (p. 256.)

THIS spirit ever sighs forward into the distance,
 And would always stretch further and further :
 Never could I long cleave to a clod,
 Though I had an Eden on every side.
 My spirit, moved by inward strife,
 Felt so much in this short life—
 How easy it is to give up one's home,
 Only how hard to find a second.
 Yet he, who with his full soul hates what is bad,
 Even out of his home will that drive him,
 If there it is revered by a nation of slaves.
 Much wiser is it to renounce one's country
 Than, amid a childish race,
 To bear the yoke of blind mobbish hatred.

EPIGRAMS.

Genius and Art, (p. 381.)

HE whom Nature has truly formed to be an actual poet,
 Will assiduously, and full of emulation, learn Art:
 Not, because he never investigated Art, does the bungler bungle,
 No—because Nature denies him the deep impulse.

The true Mob-rule, (p. 383.)

Not where Sophocles once wore wreaths does the mob rule,
 But where drivellers earn the crown, it certainly rules!
 The mob and despotic rule are intimately fraternised: Freedom
 Raises an enlightened people above the mob.

Ancients and Moderns, (p. 387).

Speak of the Ancients with more reverence, ye juniors of superficialness,
 Because you still owe them all in every thing:
 Art have you learned from the Grecians, Politics from the Romans,
 Have learned even Religion ~~merely~~ from the Jews.

REGINALD DE BAILLAUNCE.

NO. VI.—SELECTED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

BY ORDER, NICK SOBER, HON. SEC.

“BRING me my spinet, Mistress Spiteley,” said Lady Amy, as she threw herself listlessly on a couch, “I am weary; I would not attend these festivals, but that I think they please Lord Reginald. It was so full last night, there was scarcely room left for a mouse to skulk along. How we danced, I know not! Ah! this string is broken!” continued she, taking the instrument from her maid. “Let me try the guitar!”

Mistress Spiteley set aside one instrument to get the other, muttering, however, as she went, “I’faith, my lady, you are somewhat difficult to please, this morning. I warrant, now, the guitar will have a dull tone on account of the weather. Were there many gallants at the fête last night, my lady?”

“Indeed, Mistress Spiteley, the house was full of the old beaux, and nothing was heard but the jingle of compliments, like the bells on the head of a miller’s horse; whenever a gallant moved, the bells jingled. I was sick of it. My poor head aches,” said she, pressing her temples with both hands.

“Well, my lady,” answered the maid, “I suppose it is needless to ask what flatteries the gallants whispered in thine ear. Men do not sow corn on other men’s ground, you know; we cannot help it. Marriage may have many riches, but they are underground ones, which the sun will not shine upon; it is well, my lady, if you find them golden. The soil hath a barren aspect.”

“It would ill become me, Mistress Spiteley,” interrupted Amy, “to seek my pleasure in the compliments of gallants. I do not esteem them.”

"Very true," returned the maid, "and your ladyship is wise. It is very right not to mind the pleasures beyond our reach, so said the scholar of Beverley; and you know, my lady, that beauty will not last for ever; for as one rose blows and casts its petals, another buds and blooms:" and the maid took a flower from a vase at her elbow, and scattered it about, by way of exemplification. "We cannot admire it, now—well! St. Hilda befriend me! I have been courted in my day by many a brave youth, but I never smiled on one; not even Mr. Laurence Steadyman, the scholar of Beverley, and a very estimable man in his way; but I could not bear his puritanic hat. And, lawk, my lady! he wooed me in the learned tongues, and was vexed because I did not sigh when he repeated an ode in Greek, which, he said, was the most correct expression of love extant, according to the best authorities. That's past, now!" The maid sighed profoundly. "You and I, my lady, are beginning to know that youth won't last for ever!"

"Faith, Mistress Spitley, there is no equality between us, as thou think'st. Thou art, I ween, on the other side of five-and-forty, and take twenty therefrom, it will come within a few months of the day of my nativity!" And Lady Amy, as she said this, drew up her delicate form, and parted her golden locks over her snowy forehead.

"But still, my lady," persisted Mistress Spitley, "what matters that? Art thou not married? That will always add twenty years to youth; the gallants always count forward after marriage. Well! wedlock is the grave of youth and beauty. I will not marry; that's fixed! Now look, my lady, your cheek is blanced already, and your bodice hangs as loosely about thee as thy morning wrapper!"

"I fear that I danced too much ayesternight," returned the patient Amy.

"Now, prithee, my lady, who handed thee down in a galliard? I'll lay my word against a walnut-shell, that all thine old beaux have forgotten thee—the young Eustace de Mavisham, Rowland Fitzstephen, Edward de Falconbrake—a gallant gentleman he! My lord, I ween, fought hard to win thy hand against such a champion of lady-love!"

"The young Edward hath not forgotten me, as thou sayest," answered Amy, in a tone of triumph, "he whisked me round in a lavolta, and whispered me, as we passed my lord, that my charms were improved by matrimony. 'Tis true," she continued gravely, "I think my lord mistook the compliment of the youth, for his brow blackened, and he called to me, 'Lady Amy, the hot sun hath kissed your cheek so rudely that it blushes to own the compliment.' I would fain return the speech, but sooth, it was unkind. When hath he called me Lady Amy before? Lady Amy!" and the sweet creature sobbed, although, to evade observation, she turned away her head, and commenced an air on her guitar; but her fingers forgot their office, and she struck out a few low melancholy tones.

"This is the way with young wives!" answered Mistress Spitley. "My honesty is not worth a rotten medlar, if you were not flirting with Edward de Falconbrake; and, considering that he was an old suitor of thine, my lord had reason to be jealous."

"You wrong him there, Mistress Spitley," answered Amy, indig-

nantly, "he was not jealous: the frown soon passed away, and he placed his soft hand before my eyes, and said, laughingly, 'I will chain these little rebels, lest they spurn my government.'"

Mistress Spitley shook her head, "Well, well, I would rather not have heard my lord say that, it hath meaning in it; and my lord doth not often make common sense common. But 'deed, if he be jealous, a pretty life you will lead. I pity you."

"Thou art very provoking, Mistress Spitley!" interrupted Lady Amy, harshly, "go to my boudoir, and bring me the new music my lord bought for me on Monday last."

Mistress Spitley left the room, but she took care to mutter, as she went out, loud enough for her mistress to hear, "My lord is jealous; I am persuaded of it, and by-and-by he will let us know it. Ah! Lady Amy! 'twere better thou had'st never married, depend upon it!" The old croaking raven disappeared behind the door, and Amy, despite her assumed firmness, burst into tears.

I have now given you, said Ned, the first scene of this drama; and while Lady Amy is drying her tears, and Mistress Spitley is hunting after the new music—a very teasing occupation at all times—I will relate to you, episodically, the previous history. Perhaps your interest in the tale would be augmented, if I could assure you of its truth. It has just the value of a legend, and I can state with confidence, gentlemen, that every nurse and grandmother in our family, for the last century and a half, has told it to the rising generation as an undoubted fact. The present old Lady Statecraft shows the portrait of this same Lady Amy, which is hung up in the picture-gallery, and esteemed a favourable specimen of the art of the period. The paint is now somewhat cracked, and the colouring grown dingy, but still the portrait exhibits the characteristics of Lady Amy's countenance with tolerable fidelity.

When the Countess, whose voice, by the way, purrs incessantly, like the dull trill of a cat asleep, or the murmur of a running stream, shows the picture to her friends, she begins thus:—"This is the portrait of Lady Amy de Baillaunce. She was a court beauty in the reign of James I. and one of the glories of our house. You see her hair is golden; alas! the richness of its colour is faded: it is brushed back from a clear, white forehead, and falls luxuriantly behind her ears. The legend tells us that Lady Amy's cheek was as soft and ruddy as the bloom on a ripe peach, and was equally the envy and admiration of court. Her eyes were blue, and dove-like in form and expression: you observe this charm accurately delineated in the picture. But notice the horrid fashion of the times—the starched frill, and the stiff, formal sleeves—'tis detestable! but her bodice fits tightly, and displays all the undulations of her form with admirable correctness. Her stomacher is loaded with jewels, and if you will return to my boudoir, I will show you the identical jewels worn by Lady Amy!" So saying, my grandmother turns her back upon the picture, and stumbles off to her boudoir. My grandmother will sometimes touch upon the mental qualities of our heroine, and, according to the legend, they were of surpassing worth.

Although educated at court, she had acquired little of that frivolous

temper, which its amusements so liberally bestow on those who indulge in them ; and although one of those beauties, at whose shrine honour and truth were too frequently sacrificed, flattery had not stifled her modesty, nor estranged from her heart the love of virtuous actions. She was rich, but not proud ; she was beautiful, but not vain ; and while the nation sounded with her praises, every young noble sought anxiously for the honour of her smile. Suitors knelt at her feet, and solicited her approbation, but she heeded not their entreaties, for the levity of a courtier's conduct had no sympathetic influence on her heart ; and she always doubted the sincerity of those whose life was spent in exchanging foolish and false congratulations. In the course of time, however, as she became more habituated to courtly behaviour, and began to understand more intimately the principles which regulated it, her heart mitigated its obduracy ; and although she was long in acknowledging any special affection, yet she listened with more pleasure to their compliments, and engaged with more active enjoyment in their pursuits. She retained the purity of her feelings, but relaxed the rigidity of her opinions.

About this time, Reginald De Baillaunce, my ancestor, arrived at court, and being a man possessed of a handsome figure and agreeable manners, and as yet little corrupted by the ordinary vices, he soon won her affection. De Baillaunce was the owner of broad possessions ; and while the beaux envied him his wife, the maiden aspirants sighed for his wealth. Edward De Falconbrake, in particular, regretted his success ; for he had been a suitor to the lady almost ever since her first appearance at court, and it was thought that he was not very repugnant to the maiden ; but although he was graceful, amiable, and much esteemed, and strove assiduously to impress her heart with sentiments of tenderness, he failed to obtain any more intimate degree of favour than was due to an acknowledged friend. De Baillaunce, during his preferment, watched the attentions of his opponent with some jealousy, and, seeing that he was already respected by Lady Amy, he redoubled his own exertions to merit the lady's grace. He had neither the ability nor sweetness of temper of De Falconbrake, but he had a placidity of manner that imposed upon the maiden ; and the conduct which she believed to be dictated by virtue, was often the offspring of moral timidity. De Falconbrake had sufficient vigour of mind to repel the corrupt influence of courts : De Baillaunce had not yet been much tempted, and neither his understanding nor his passions were yet developed. The proposals being ratified, De Baillaunce and Lady Amy were wed ; and each anticipated a life of future happiness.

They were deceived ; expectation, alas ! is seldom realized. De Baillaunce continued at court, and being of a weak mind, gradually abandoned himself to its amusements. His passions asserted their dominion over his mind ; and from being the placid and amiable lover of Lady Amy, he became the overbearing and dissatisfied husband. De Falconbrake remained an intimate acquaintance of the family, and often spent a few days at De Baillaunce's country house, where he joined in the noble sports of hawking and hunting with the lord, and occasionally assisted in the more refined amusements of the lady. Such attentions soon got to the knowledge of the young noblemen at

court, and as many of them had been disappointed suitors, they determined that De Baillaunce should not be happy in his bride, and consequently threw out occasional hints on the intimacy existing between Lady Amy and De Falconbrake. His jealousy was soon fired, and hating to be made the butt of his acquaintances, and turning over in his mind the fondness which De Falconbrake entertained for his lady before her marriage, he resolved to watch their conduct, and if, by any possibility, he could fix a reproach upon them, to revenge himself for the injury done to his honour. He had, however, no boldness of character, and all his measures were planned and executed with extreme care and slyness. He occasionally treated his wife with rudeness, although he never hinted to her the cause of his resentment; but he behaved towards De Falconbrake with the same frankness that he had hitherto shown. Both parties were thus unsuspecting of his heartfelt malignity, while he rejoiced in having the opportunity of seizing them in some unexpected moment of secret confidence.

An assistant was not wanting in his plans,—a mild, supple, and obsequious steward, who, although not absolutely wicked, had yet sufficient pliability of nature to do any thing that he was ordered; and even on some occasions to invent schemes and modes of acting which he thought would be agreeable to his master. Although he might have a vague suspicion that some serious mischief might result from his manœuvres, he never dwelt upon it, and held himself fully justified by his obedience. Subserviency of temper was the characteristic of Walphin, and he cared not whom he ruined, provided his master's wrath was not turned against himself. Poor Amy was thus beset with snares, and, as we have observed in the dialogue before narrated, she so little suspected her husband's jealousy, that she had not abated her confidential intercourse with her old associates.

On the morning after the fête, De Baillaunce met his steward in the garden, when the following conversation took place:—

"Walphin!" the steward, making a low bow, approached his master. "Walphin!"

"At your service, my lord."

"Thou art a ready man, Walphin, and prompter in thy service than thy replies." De Baillaunce mused—"the atmosphere is heavy this morning; there is rain in yon southern cloud; hast thou seen to the rare plants in the conservatory?"

Walphin knew, by the embarrassed manner of his master, that it was not the atmosphere or the plants that really engaged his mind. He answered; "The plants thrive prosperously, my lord, and look as bold as the legitimate inheritors of the soil."

"Say'st thou so? it is my fate, Walphin, to entertain usurpers; ah! when the storm bursts, it will crush them!" and De Baillaunce closed his fist spasmodically. "So they thrive well, Walphin?"

"They have grown great by care—nevertheless, let but your lordship speak, and I will pluck them from the soil—they have no fragrancy; although my lady admires them for their rarity. The colours are bright, indeed, and our native blossoms droop timidly beside them."

"Pluck them out, I say! I will have no strangers here—no gaudy

knaves robbing worth of its true value. Pluck them out, I say!—but my lady likes them : bah ! we will teach her to love plants of a more homely growth. She hath an errant fancy, Walphin. Did not Edward De Falconbrake present her with these choice beauties ?”

“ Indeed, my lord, I have heard my lady say so ; and she told me,—”

“ What did she tell you ?”

“ Nothing.”

“ Nothing, knave ! deal roundly with me, or,—”

“ I’faith, my lord,” interrupted the steward, recovering his faculties, and bowing profoundly, “ pardon my slow apprehension, my lady said something about these flowers, that in your mind may bear a deeper meaning than I guessed of.”

“ Ha ! I thought thy memory would serve thee—bethink thee that thou be not slow-witted !” and De Baillaunce gazed upon the steward, as if he would live upon his breath. “ What did she say ?”

“ The plants were then in the bud, my lord ; and she said, as she bade me take them, ‘ Have a care of them, good Walphin, and place them in the sunniest spot thou know’st of, that the blossom may come forth richly—cherish them, good Walphin, that the gallant may see we smile upon his favours.’ I did my best, my lord, and the plants flourish to the pitch of expectation.”

“ Doubtless, knave, doubtless—they daily stare me in the face in mockery. I gave her plants in the spring. What said she then ?”

“ I have forgotten.”

“ Impossible ! Walphin, the Lady Amy smiles on De Falconbrake ; she laughs at me—ay—me ! her husband ! pledged to her by the priest—to whom she vowed honour, love, and so forth—but ’twas a mere ceremony ; her soul reflected my wishes only when I was present to shape the image ; her vows were all a seeming—to a cunning eye as clear as glass ; and had I but the vision of a mole, I could have looked deeper, and spied the secret lusts behind. Walphin ! when did you last see my wife with De Falconbrake ? Come—tell truly !”

“ My lord, but yesternorn, my lady and the gallant gentleman,—”

“ Ha ! the gallant gentleman !”

“ The young gallant handed my lady through the garden to admire these very flowers we speak about.”

“ Thou had’st eyes, ears—had’st thou not ?”

“ Both, my lord—thine humble servant would ill become his stewardship if deaf and blind, where thou would’st have conception lightning quick. I watched them close, and as they passed yon wall, I saw the youth seize, playfully, my lady’s hand, and gaze upon her with a feverish eye.”

“ Say’st thou true ? if thou speak one word more than the truth !” and De Baillaunce grasped the shoulder of his steward, as if he would have shaken the truth out of him.

“ My lord, I saw all this—but since you doubt,—”

“ Say on ! What did they utter ? Vows ? No, no ; not vows ! tell me—did she say she loved him ?”

“ It may be that she did—’tis not unlikely ; I heard my lady say to some soft whisper in her private ear, ‘ I don’t believe you, Falconbrake ; and by my troth, I would not trust you if I did !’”

"Ha! ha!" muttered De Baillaunce, in a thick guttural tone, "the coyness of the lewd minx! De Falconbrake is lord in my house, and—hell! I will not suffer it. I am laughed at, pointed at, called a cuckold; and De Falconbrake triumphs at my cost. He hath stabbed me. Walphin! mark me! I will have vengeance! Here, knave!" and De Baillaunce pulled his steward close to him with convulsive energy; "thou art witness of my dishonour—assist me in my revenge, or, by the holy Apostles, thou shalt not live to grow gray hairs! Understand me well! thy fortune is in my hands—think of it!"

The steward was almost paralysed by witnessing the intense passion of his master, and for some moments could not command his utterance; when, however, he had sufficiently collected himself, he said, "I am thy slave in all things—thou shalt observe them thyself; even to-night De Falconbrake will attend my lady in yonder arbour, and if your lordship come at dusk, I will secrete you, that you may better mark them."

"Make it thy duty, Walphin!" answered De Baillaunce, and then turned towards the house.

Walphin shrugged his shoulders, and evidently thought the matter was becoming serious; he stood still for a few seconds in profound thought, and then he, too, walked towards the mansion.

Influenced by a timid temper, and a desire to please his master, he had gradually been induced to give a colouring to his statements which was not, in the least degree, warranted by the truth. His master's impetuosity had overborne him; and he supinely assented to, and fastened his suspicions. He felt, probably, some pangs of conscience when his master left him, and he stood alone in the garden, reflecting on his situation; but as he had always accustomed himself to maintain a slavish obedience, and as he feared more his master's wrath than honoured innocence and virtue, he quickly reasoned away his doubts, and resolved to put some plan in operation, by which the unpleasant business might be speedily brought to a termination. It cannot be doubted, either, that he felt some degree of vanity in being trusted with the execution of so important a matter, and in being so intimately linked with his master and identified with his interest. This reflection was soon visible in his conduct, and he acquired a bustling activity, looked gravely, spake imperiously, and seemed to think that all the rest of the household were his especial enemies. Mistress Spiteley was not to be awed by his anger or solemnity; and as she thought that she had some claims upon his hand in virtue of certain phrases which he had, once or twice, inadvertently let drop, she, in her turn, grew dignified, and insinuated that the lady's maid was equally as influential a personage as the lord's man.

"We shall see that!" replied Walphin to one of these remarks.

"And we *shall* see it!" retorted the lady, pulling up the sleeves of her dress, and drawing her body to its utmost elevation. "I shall not be treated with scorn by any one—besides," and Mistress Spiteley sighed as if her heart would break.

"Besides what?" imperturbably inquired Walphin.

"Is that a question for you to ask? Have you not often—"

"Praised Mistress Spiteley's graceful figure—I own to it—her fine

eyes, too ! well, woe is me ! Mistress Spiteley, but you are more charming than many a younger lass."

"Provoking man !" exclaimed Mistress Spiteley, relaxing into complaisance ; "do you really admire me ? but—," and Mistress Spiteley stopped again ; but there was now certainly more coquetry in her manner than before.

"I will answer that by-and-by," replied Walphin, who considered it what the lawyers call a leading question ; "meet me in the garden, at the south corner, by eight o'clock, just as the dusk falls in ; but that I may not mistake, come in my lady's salmon-coloured bodice ; you are both of a size, and it will fit you well ; throw a veil over your face—this will be necessary, for the moon will shine, and perhaps discover you. I will await you dressed as a gay gallant—mark you that !"

Mrs. Spiteley's imagination seemed to warm with the romantic idea, and she gave sundry glances at her figure to admire how well it would become my lady's furniture. "Do not forget !" continued Walphin.

"You may depend I will not !" answered she, and immediately a voice was heard calling "Mistress Spiteley ! Mistress Spiteley !" and the maid hastened to obey the summons.

Walphin now saw his schemes favourably laid ; and as soon as his dupe had left the apartment, he could not resist a self-satisfied chuckle at his dexterity. Men of small talents feel great pleasure in clever manœuvres ; and Walphin's delight was increased as he anticipated the effect of his trick upon his master. He was too dull to trace the passions of the heart, working by successive steps to their climax : while, therefore, he was totally regardless of the ultimate effects of his plot, he dwelt fondly on the prospect of immediate success. He knew that his master would be deceived, and that he should be applauded for faith and attention. With a bosom filled with such sentiments, he immediately went into the garden to find a spot suitable for his master's concealment ; and then engaged himself in many trifling matters, which he applied to and abandoned in succession. He spake to none, and seemed a man sufficient for himself. All his thoughts were pursued inconstantly : he would go into the wood, and then return for the gun which he had forgotten ; he would then abandon the idea of hunting, and take his rod for a fishing excursion, but remembering that his lordship had commanded the plants to be torn up by the roots, he would run to perform that duty.

Such was the agitated state of mind of the steward ; but keener, deeper, and more overwhelming were the tumultuous passions that chased each other through the heart of Reginald. He had studiously avoided seeing his wife during the day, lest he should, in an ebullition of passion, charge her with crimes he was yet unable to prove. He mounted his horse, and went to the wild heath, where he broke into a furious gallop, half unconscious of his speed, and then returned at a slow, funereal-like pace, looking grave, stern, and self-retired. His dark brow overhung his bright, restless eyes, shading from the curious gaze the fire which darted from them in intermitting phosphorescent beams.

The sun, at length, sunk behind the trees, and nature began to gather her mantle around her ; the dusk first crept over the eastern

vallies, then surrounded the hills, and gradually encroached upon hill after hill, and valley after valley, until all were alike enveloped in the nightly vesture. De Baillaunce watched the evening growing in with feelings as gloomy as the hour : he saw one beauty after another buried in the general darkness ; and thus he felt successive pleasures swallowed up by the jealousy growing over his mind. He saw that his heart would be left like the face of nature, a blank to all things beautiful ; and he heard the devil whispering stealthily within him, that the night was the time for evil deeds. But still the moon was up ; and conscience, the reflector of God's law, beamed upon his heart, and he was not altogether in darkness. He was yet rather the sufferer of passion than its agent : he had vowed retribution, but had not considered the means : his passion had boiled up in furious exclamations, but had not yet settled into deliberate revenge. Perhaps he felt that he was not justified in taking the awful recompense : he may have feared to resolve, and thus delayed his determination until he should have gained more convincing knowledge.

He was aroused from his meditations by observing his steward advancing towards him. "What news, Walphin?" he inquired.

"This," returned the man, "is about the time De Falconbrake will come to visit my lady. I will escort you to a safe hiding-place."

De Baillaunce followed ; and he felt every fibre in his body shake and contract with renewed vexation and resentment. The arrangements were soon complete : De Baillaunce was secreted behind a holly-bush, and Walphin struck off in another direction. In a few moments the Baron's heart throbbed violently, and a sensation of choking arose in his throat, when he saw a tall figure, attired in a favourite dress of his wife's, slowly walk down the avenue, in front of his ambush. She seemed to be in much anxiety, and gazed inquiringly in all directions, as if desirous of recognising some one whom she had appointed to meet. This action alone was sufficient to confirm the suspicions of De Baillaunce of his wife's voluntary concurrence in guilt ; and he felt his passionate thoughts stinging his brain as if he had been lashed with thongs of fire. His disgust turned all her charms and accomplishments into instruments for her ruin, and he cursed himself and her for their possession. Presently, from another end of the garden, a form approaching grew gradually distinct through the gloom, and De Baillaunce, according to his information, supposed it to be De Falconbrake. The parties met and conversed, and the gestures and expressions characteristic of their situation, were not employed one jot less than the occasion demanded ; while De Baillaunce, who watched them, grew more intensely absorbed in passion, at each new manifestation of his wife's delinquency. It at last grew dark, the lady returned to the mansion, and the disguised Walphin disappeared among the bushes. De Baillaunce moved from his hiding-place with all the worst passions of our nature raging in his bosom ; his hand was clenched, and his eye was fixed gloomily on the ground, so easily are men, already suspicious, deceived by the most plausible appearances. Eager to believe, they see no doubts, and snatch at shadows, refusing to believe they are not substantial. Jealousy is ever credulous ; and a feather, wafted on the breeze, hath to them the shape of an eagle's

wing. As De Baillaunce passed an avenue, Walphin stood by his side. The Baron gazed upon him, but for a few moments his utterance was suspended. At last he inquired, "What road did the villain take?"

"I know not, my lord, for his figure was hidden immediately behind the cypress tree."

"Thou said'st thou would'st watch him!"

"I did, my lord. I saw him take her hand."

"Ha! rascal!" and De Baillaunce seemed almost choked.

"He took her hand within his own, and held it there, while he looked into her loveliest eyes, and spake some kind confession, at which my lady blushed excessively." De Baillaunce listened to him with staring eyes and suspended breath. "He then bent low—his hand reached o'er her shoulder, and as he hung upon her clear, white brow, methought I heard——"

"I saw it all! mine own eyes witnessed it! but the tale brings it back again, bitterer than before. 'Twas—I know not what—perdition!" and the Baron beat his chest and paced convulsively; then stopping suddenly, he turned to the steward, "Walphin, thou hast done well—albeit, thou hast made me wretched; I am glad on't; mark them well—do my bidding—or dread my wrath!" Walphin bowed low, and De Baillaunce took the path to the mansion.

Ned paused; the first act was ended; when, as is usual on such breathing opportunities, the auditors warmly engaged in criticising the merits of the play. Dick complained that it was sadly deficient in moral sentiment; and then, too, he did not think the plot so well managed as it might have been. To which Ned replied, that his actors were not playwrights, and must take occasions as they offered to their hands; and as for the morality of it, the auditors must pick it out of the story according to the best of their judgment. Manlove protested with much energy, that Walphin was a great scoundrel; while Subtle conceived that his conduct might be made amenable to the laws; and gravely told Ned, that the story would not be at all consistent with modern manners, unless it ended with trial by jury, and the defendant mulcted pretty severely for the libel. He thought, too, the language was not sufficiently epigrammatic; when Ned replied, that his characters were not barristers, but plain, matter-of-fact people, who talked like men, rather than grammarians; to which observation the president nodded approval. The foregoing will be, probably, a specimen of the criticism passed upon Ned's tale; but alas! if he were to attempt to embody every man's idea of perfection, what an imperfect performance would be the result! What deformity would ensue from such an union of incongruous beauties! Propriety, the great, but unacknowledged principle of fine writing, and the more unacknowledged because where it is most admirably kept it is most likely to elude remark, would be wholly sacrificed: and instead of having presented to us a succession of charms, in symmetrical union, each giving eloquence and expression to the other, we should gaze with disgust upon a mass of sparkling beauties,—formless—senseless—uninspired. How keen should be the apprehension of a critic! How pure and sensitive his imagination! How profound his judgment! Alas! Where are they? Truly, such qualities are rare. Nevertheless, if thou canst be-

lieve the reports of thine own ears, many are they who sit in judgment, and worthily fill the noble office ! Abide not by their decisions, for, verily, in the language of the judicious Sterne, "of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." Our author knew well the critical disposition, and our friend, Ned, was not ignorant of it. Let him continue.

De Baillaunce entered his mansion, and went immediately to his lady's apartment. She was there examining some rich embroidery, which she held up for her husband's admiration as he entered.

"It hath lately been sent from Bruges," said she, "and I am well informed that there is not another piece of the same pattern to be got there, or even in Venice itself. Is it not beautiful?"

"So beautiful, that I am glad there are no more of the same stamp," answered her husband ironically.

"So shall I be the more marked."

"Thou art already sufficiently notorious," he replied, gutturally. "Who bought thee this fine ware? Whence came it? It is not mine!" the gentle Amy shuddered before her husband's livid glance. "Canst thou not speak? Ha! Art dumb?"

"No: but thou art so unkind," she replied, her heart swelling with apprehension.

"Would to God thou wert so!—I am rapid in speech—black-browed—and have no beauty, woman: kindness is mirrored from a fairer surface—know'st thou not that?"

"Thou art not used to deal so roughly with me; I think some fiend hath poisoned your sweet thoughts!" and the lady rested beseechingly upon his arm.

"A fiend, indeed—a pretty fiend—a beauty! Ha! well said," and he cast her from him. "Vice, my lady, too often lies beneath a lovely face; mayhap you are not lovely,—so you shall mark a sunny-looking sea mask the black rocks beneath it; but when the wind blows, its depths are undisguised, and the foul lurking treachery appears. Who gave you this?—this stuff? Who spent his coins on the wench? So thou art bribed to be dumb—ah!"

"Forgive me—"

"Hang not on me! Answer!"

"I will," replied Lady Amy, while her face was as white as chalk; "but do not speak so harshly; I have done nothing to merit thine anger—I am innocent of all offence to thee; thou know'st that I love thee—live for thine honour—"

"Bah!" minx! who gave you the embroidery? by heaven and hell I will know!"

"Thou shalt;—but hear me calmly—"

"Say—who gave it thee?"

"Calm thyself for one moment, destroy it if thou wilt!"

"Fool!"

"I do not value it," and poor Amy supplicated in her tenderest tone,—“I love nothing that thou lovest not!”

"Tell me, who gave thee this?" answered her husband, turning sharply round, and seizing her suddenly by the shoulder. "I will

crush thee; thou shalt not live—nor breathe another word—Hell!” and he shook his head to clear his swimming intellect. “Who gave it thee?”

“Edward de Falconbrake,” muttered the terror-stricken Amy, and sunk upon her knees.

De Baillaunce stood over her for one moment, transfixed by passion, and then casting her impetuously down, he exclaimed:—

“’Tis villany! foul fraud! one insult upon the heels of another hath dogged me like a hunted boar! Thou art a sweet friend! perfect in thy beauty; a fond temper,—will fawn on me like a spaniel dog; and yet, who would think such a miracle of beauty had one speck so loathsome, that the tongue will cleave to the roof, rather than give it breath; look not on me! thine eyes are green adders—vile minx!” The wife made no reply, but burst into a torrent of tears. “Ay, weep, but an ocean will not wash the rust out of iron: the corruption will fix in it, and eat the deeper still.”

“Pardon me, dear Reginald,” interrupted the suppliant creature, “you wrong me—I have never falsely loved.”

“What, wouldst thou madden me again! thy sight is a curse to mine eyes—away, away!” and he rushed out of the apartment, while poor Amy threw herself upon her couch, and wept and sobbed over her ruined honour.

The amiable woman was now assured of her husband’s suspicions, but yet so delicate was her sense of modesty, that she could not venture to inform De Falconbrake that her husband’s jealousy was fixed on him. She knew that De Falconbrake was, in truth, innocent of any impropriety, and was utterly unconscious of her husband’s doubts; and she was consequently unwilling to promulgate her shame, by communicating the circumstances even to one so deeply engaged in her welfare. She wished also to regain her husband’s confidence by her own assiduity and candour; and she felt that the moment in which she informed De Falconbrake of her danger, and besought him to relinquish their friendship, she would make him, to some degree, a confidant; and this, if it should become known to her husband, would seem to implicate them in guilt. A variety of such considerations, the natural offspring of a mind more delicate than firm, prevented Lady Amy from doing her duty; and by neglecting it, caused her husband’s wrath to gather increased force and bitterness.

De Falconbrake had visited the mansion twice or thrice since the rupture already described, and instead of being received by the Baron, as Amy dreaded, with haughtiness and wrath, her husband extended his hand, smiled courteously, and behaved, in all respects, as if he felt no secret malignity at heart. This conduct exhibited the character of De Baillaunce: he always felt his own weakness, and therefore commended stratagem before force; so that if his hand was not ready with the sword, he esteemed it prudent to suffocate his speech. The time and opportunity were not yet ripe for the execution of vengeance; and until the moment should arrive when he could safely pounce upon his victim, and in one stroke of joyful revenge liberate all his fear, hate, and anguish, he preferred to play the part of the panther, and frisk about within sight of his prey to invite a closer intimacy. There was

no fear that in him the habitual mask of benevolence would react upon his heart. His sense of injury was too deep ; his passions too intense. He thus completely set the young noble off his guard, and, in some measure, assuaged Amy's dread, for she could hardly suppose that he would pursue secret resentment against one whom he treated with such apparent kindness. But she was unaccustomed to the world, and judging others by the undisguised frankness of her own heart, she believed that a smile always indicated approbation ; earnestness of bearing, truth, and a tender voice, a benevolent heart. Alas ! that such purity is the laugh of the world ! But it is so. Surrounded by individuals who hourly, and on every occasion, seek the attainment of their views, more or less, by the injury of others, we are gradually taught dissimulation, and learn to practise the same unscrupulousness that we observe employed against ourselves : while all those, whose hearts yet remain uncorrupted by the leaven of hypocrisy, and worldly wisdom, are ridiculed as beings of an infantine and useless character. Man and the world are thus at variance, and are antagonistic principles. We bow to the world—the god of necessity—for the world around us is the only necessity the corrupt heart acknowledges. As soon as a man is capable of observing and reasoning—aye, even from his very infancy—he perceives new interests in operation ; he feels the world's pressure upon his heart, and is conscious of the necessity of exertion to cast off the load ; but he feels, also, that before he can act successfully against the innumerable influences around him, he must stir up the same fires, and forge the same tools, as the others engaged in this Vulkanic workshop. It is a severe trial to the purity of the natural man ! His free-will is thus subdued ; and instead of acting according to the first impulses of an honest heart, he must now consider whether it will be his interest to do it. Here are the chains of free-will—here is the true tyrant necessity ! It is the duty of a good man, and a great one, to fight against the world,—to overcome necessity ; and to assert the integrity and independence of his own manhood.

Poor Amy had yet owned scarcely any allegiance to the tyrant : she had hitherto acted according to the dictates of a fervent benevolence ; and she had scarcely felt the influence of another principle but her own heart, for, as the vulgar eloquently express it, “ the world had not gone cross with her : ” but now the world began to claim its dominion ; it was about to stretch its sceptre over another being ; and Amy was growing conscious of its despotic control ! She was now mixing in the world : and thus it is, that those who are the world's minions, and who practically know it most intimately, are wont to ascribe to necessity, or fate, or fortune, the influence that has shaped their actions, and guided their successive steps. Verily ! the world and necessity are one. Man was born in freedom, but the world will not allow him to maintain dominion over his own soul ! It is a jealous encroaching tyrant—watch !

It was a dark evening without, and the winds were whistling wildly and drearily in the trees that skirted the banks of the river, on which the old castle stood. The lightning in momentary glances shot through the jagged crevices in the dense overhanging clouds, and lit

up the western horizon with a fearful red glare, like the sudden glance of an infuriated eye escaping from the shaggy brows which overshadow it. The cattle crouched timidly under the trees, and the dogs howled, as the flash smote their eyeballs. In an apartment within the castle were Lady Amy, De Baillaunce, and De Falconbrake. Lady Amy was reclining on a velvet couch, trilling a favourite troubadour air on her spinet, which De Falconbrake accompanied with his voice, as full and mellow as a lark's song of triumph, while De Baillaunce stood with his back to them, at the window, apparently wondering at the lightning.

"You sing well, De Falconbrake," said Reginald, as the lay ended.

"I'faith! I am willing to think so, since your lady hath paid me the same compliment."

De Baillaunce bit his lip, and turning again to the window, he replied carelessly, "Amy loves good musicians;" then he started round upon his heel. "Here, love, dost thou hear the spaniel sing to the storm-blast—there is something wild in it, and powerfully sublime and sympathetic, too!"

"'Tis dreadful!"

"I love it!" answered her husband.

"Heaven save me from like sympathy," rejoined De Falconbrake, in a tone half serious, half gay. "Let me not be driven to seek joy in the expression of wrath; 'tis a bad resource, friend, for a faint heart. Let me shake off the world ere I get sick on't! Come, cheer up."

"That is a light wish, De Falconbrake," answered the other laughingly; "'twould be a civil office to snatch thee in the midst of thy merriment."

"Ay, if the evil must follow; but a truce this folly. Ah! how terribly it flashes!" and the lightning darted suddenly across the window, and for an instant blinded them.

Amy shuddered and drew closer to her husband, who suffered her to embrace his arm; while he gazed, with a gloomy rather than composed brow, upon the terrific scene. "Dost thou think, De Falconbrake, that there is any thing ominous in these elemental signs?" he inquired, with a forced expression of calmness.

"I'faith! not I. I am an obstinate heretic—a sinner against all witchery except woman's——"

"Ha!" the exclamation was not heard—it was drowned in a thunder-peal. "Perhaps they will yet visit you with retributive justice."

"I do not fear it: a clean heart and a clean sword will ensure favour even from a witch."

"Then witches are better than men, or men deceive themselves," replied De Baillaunce. "Hark! how loud the thunder bursts, as if the forests fell with an instantaneous crash. The storm is increasing, and the clouds roll from the south. De Falconbrake! let you and I mount to the top of the donjon tower; we shall there command a wider view of these elemental horrors. Come!"

De Falconbrake hesitated, and cast a glance towards Amy, as if unwilling to leave her alone in the apartment.

De Baillaunce observed the glance and the motive; and his jealousy

rushed like poison through his blood. "Dear Amy," he continued, "you will not object. You can send for Mistress Spitley to sit with you."

Poor Amy dreaded to object, lest her husband should give vent to his ill-suppressed passion. The two noblemen then left the room.

They took a small torch, and passed through several apartments before they reached the foot of the tower, when De Baillaunce unlocked the door, and drew the bolt. De Falconbrake entered first, and De Baillaunce followed close upon his heels. When they had arrived at about the middle of the narrow staircase, De Baillaunce drew a short dagger from his bosom, pressed it against his thumb to feel its point, and then cast the light of the torch upon it to ascertain if it were duly smooth and sharp for the appointed work. "It will do," he muttered to himself, and replaced it. It was a cool, demoniac action, and the spirit of it sat upon the furrowed brow of the Baron. De Falconbrake now leaped upon the top of the tower; and in a moment after, De Baillaunce planted his foot by his side. He started back and breathed heavily, as a flash of lightning darted across his eyes.

"Hast thou stumbled, De Baillaunce?" inquired his friend.

"Only a little," answered the other, with a deeper meaning into his resolution, than he was willing that De Falconbrake should discover. "I shall be steady again in a moment. How does the stream look below?" De Falconbrake stepped upon the parapet and clung to the flag-staff, in order to look with safety upon the abyss beneath him.

De Baillaunce felt his soul dilating with exultation; the spirit of jealousy and revenge swelled in his heart; he clutched his dagger; and breathing a curse, he rushed upon his victim. De Falconbrake turned; the dagger pierced his Italian mantle, and passed under his arm; but the sudden sense of danger roused all his soul, and he grasped the Baron by the shoulder. De Baillaunce endeavoured to force him over by main strength, and the inhuman contest, on the edge of the lofty tower, was fearfully intense. Their eyes blazed with unnatural fire, their features were convulsed, and every starting muscle seemed animated with supernatural energy. De Falconbrake had seized the flag-staff for support, but he now fell to the ground, overcome by the vindictive strength of his opponent. All the bad passions of the human heart were painted on the face of De Baillaunce, and he was inspired by an intense vigour that could be gratified only by success. De Falconbrake struggled for his life alone; but life was dear to him, and as his legs hung over the parapet-wall, and his knees embraced the staff, he put forth his deepest energies to save it. De Baillaunce had succeeded in getting behind him, and had caught him by the neck, while he raised his hand to stab him again. A flash of lightning, more vivid than before, crossed his vision, and paralysed him for a moment—and that moment was dear to De Falconbrake. He shook off the other's hand, and in writhing to get a better position, he threw him upon his back. The fierceness that spread over the countenance of De Baillaunce at this discomfiture cannot be described; he made several thrusts with his dagger, and the blood streamed down the arm of De Falconbrake. "Villain!" he exclaimed. "Villain!"

muttered the other, with a deadly grinding of his teeth that was horrible to hear. There was a mockery and a severity in the tone that could issue only from a demon. De Baillaunce had again risen upon his knee, and triumph was glistening in his eyes, when De Falconbrake seized the arm that held the poniard, and while he was endeavouring to wrench the weapon away, De Baillaunce raised the hand that supported him against the parapet to save it. It was a hasty movement; and De Falconbrake striking back, the Baron was overbalanced in the twinkling of a lash, and hung half over the awful abyss. He struggled to raise himself, but his legs had no purchase—he slipped lower, and now was held suspended by the arm of De Falconbrake. He hung for a few moments like a victim in chains, but looking unquenchable hatred on his antagonist. De Falconbrake raised his arm, —a harsh guttural ugh! was borne upon the blast—succeeded by a splash in the foaming waters beneath, and then the conflict was left to the elements alone.

TO MR. GEORGE PATTEN, A.R.A.,
IN RETURN FOR THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT, BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

PROEM.

I.

ENTHUSIAST Painter! prompted by true love
Of that which makes thy Art the mate of mine;
Thy Spirit with my Spirit's Image throve,
Whence grew of both a human work divine:
Human of me—the godlike only thine!

II.

And thus by Friendship limnèd I beheld
My Form on canvass living.—What a gift
By thee free-yielded! Sweetly I'm compelled,
Outdone in generous deed! Accept my shrift
For quittance, and these verses for their drift.

III.

As thou with solemn Colour hast portrayed
My Likeness, so would I with Words sublime
Thy Portrait paint, for which the Muse's aid
Even now I seek; that gift with gift may chime;
Poem for Picture. Worthy be the rhyme!

O D E.

I.

Silence is not nor Solitude,
In Heaven or Earth. The ONE that is, that knows,
Is known; aye-wooing and aye-wooded;
While Art pleased listens to the Artist's vow,
Ever prepared, in still creative mood,
For her embrace, with transport still renewed.
Delay is none, but constant pleasure;
No need, but ever-teeming treasure;
Still smiles the Eternal Sire upon his endless brood;

The Father of a faery tribe
 Of beautiful Ideas —
 Fair Rachel's progeny they well might jibe,
 And laugh to scorn old Lea's —
 Outvying both in multitude,
 Outvying both in pulchritude,
 Though nor the stars nor sands may tell
 The countless seed of Israël!

II.

Such perfect bliss is thine, fruition pure!
 A glory like the gods' thy brows endure—
 O might of spirit! O the strength of will!
 We see it not, but they are conscious still
 Of the indwelling radiance, and still teem
 With vision upon vision, dream on dream,
 Completed forms, like Zeus' palladian birth,
 With heaven apparelled, destined for the earth—
 How bright, how beauteous in their native sphere,
 Since bright and beauteous even when witnessed here!

III.

Genius and Beauty, unapparent Powers!
 Belong to thee, but never can be ours—
 Love and the Maiden, both divine,*
 The Mother and the Child,† are thine—
 And that bold Bacchante,‡ with grape-clustered hair,
 Had in thy soul a pre-existent lair—
 A light invests them that we cannot see,
 A self-reflection of the light in Thee!
 Such light as when the sense of Beauty stole,
 For the first time, on Cymon's virgin soul.§
 No longer rude, he looks on *her* repose;
 How the Boy with wonder glows!
 Say, rather admiration—
 Or, better, adoration—
 Now Iphigeneia wakens all amaze,
 As had been magic in his gaze—
 As his mute eyes with looks had moved her,
 But flies not—for she sees that he has loved her—
 That the Ideal has refined
 And purified his heart and mind,
 Whence nought hath Chastity to dread,
 Where love like his hath once been cherished.

IV.

Well mightst thou, so highly blessed,
 And by Beauty so possessed,
 Paint the Goddess with her Dove,||
 That of all she best did love—
 O what grace, what tenderness,
 Gently blend in that caress!

* "Cupid and Nymph."
 § "Cymon and Iphigeneia."

† "Maternal Affection."
 || "Venus caressing her favourite Dove."

‡ "Bacchante."

What complacent gratitude
 In that Bird so sweetly wooed !
 —But whose that Form so arch of eye ?
 A Wood-nymph,* or Simplicity !
 —Ah ! here are groups of other mould,
 Heroic deities of old—
 Rich and gorgeous in their glow,
 Ino and her Bacchus† show—
 At length, beneath thy master-hand,
 The Passions,‡ once by Collins sung,
 Assemble, fixed by high command,
 The gay, the grave ; the old, the young ;
 A various tribe and diverse, still
 Well reconciled by artist skill ;—
 Difficult task ! for which thy brow
 A wreath of laurel yet shall know !

v.

Spirit of Beauty ! worthy of such dower,
 Dwell in his soul, an ever-present power !
 Since he hath looked on thine Italian skies,
 Shapes of new grace haunt 'twixt his lids and eyes.
 Oft let him Darkness for a canvass take,
 And see by their own light what they shall make.
 What forms and groups upon the gloom appear !
 What hues and glories rise and vanish there !
 Such wonders oft are seen by me,
 And well I guess by him in thee !
 As oft sweet sounds my ear impress,
 The same which some musician bless—
 For so, like Love, the Arts create
 The objects that they dote upon,
 Of equal merit, equal state. —
 But why this truth thus tell to One
 Whose earliest trial wed the Three,
 Music—Painting—Poesy ?

POSTSCRIPT.

i.

As I began, so must I shape the end—
 Enthusiast Painter ! there is in thy soul
 The ambition that makes Poets who transcend
 The world's gross bars for an unearthly goal,
 Whereto their eyes look in their frenzied roll.

ii.

Like Wisdom, or like Madness, fires the heart
 Of Painters, when they dream of palace-halls,
 And temple-shrines, illustrate by their art ;
 Though rare such meed in England art befalls,
 Yet still to such the inward spirit calls !

* "Wood-nymph."

† "Ino and Bacchus."

‡ "The Passions."

III.

Despair not, friend ! for better days may wait
 The Painter and the Poet in our land—
 Blessed be the Providence that to our state
 Hath sent a Prince, of mien and manners bland,
 Who loves the Arts, and owns our Monarch's hand !

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 14.—Night Travel.

THERE is something very romantic in stealing through a wild country as it were by night. Having made five stations from Tehran, as far as Kirishkeen, it was deemed more prudent to obscure than to expose ourselves in this immediate neighbourhood. The road had been previously marked with rocky passes and tortuous ravines which nature seems to have planted in Persia, as strongholds either of offence or defence between savage man ; it is therefore always deemed dangerous ; and the prudent traveller with his well-armed attendants makes his cautious survey, that the pistols are primed, the guns loaded, in case of any sudden hostility. It is amusing sometimes to witness the mutual caution of two parties coming towards each other, though both on the defensive ; the glittering of the fire-arms in the distance bespeaks a foe, although a friend ; and warily approaching each other, instead of powder and shot they exchange the courteous "Salome," and "Alikom Salome :"—every one must go armed in this country. I was much amused in this wild district by our "Gholaum" crying out that there were horsemen in the distance ; immediately the priming and loading went on, and each person looked to his weapon of defence. On galloping towards our expected foe, they turned out to be a party of poor peasants on ass-back, who having been plundered the night before, at their village, were seeking either their cattle or the delinquents. Some of these districts are occupied by the "Eléaunts," the "Nomades," or wandering tribes, living in their black tents, which are pitched according to pasture abundance ; from these we kept aloof, fearing plague, dogs, and robbers. At one of their villages I had considerable difficulty to be admitted ; they had had sufficient taste of Russian invasion to loathe every one from that country, (indeed, I found this to be generally the case in Persia.) They called me "Ruski," "Moscovite," "Pedersukteh," "Burn your fathers," and I know not what. The dogs were set at me, and I was not allowed to cross their threshold for some time ; however, that all-powerful argument in the shape of money prevailed, and what will not this do in Persia ? but I found at the next station, "Koramdereh," every thing to compensate for the incivilities of the last—all Persian smiles and courtesies—with their "Kush gelden,"—welcome—and "Bismillah," in proof of which they lay a lamb at your feet, and with a knife at its throat, its blood will be upon you, unless you avert the sacrifice. But I must dwell a moment at this place, it being a large village richly wooded and watered, and embowered in its own groves ; it had a very pretty effect from the neighbouring hills.

It was on a Sunday morning, about ten o'clock, that I found my way into it, heartily tired after a nine hours' march over a dry and thirsty soil where little or no water was, and yielding no other herbage than that "with which a mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." Here I luxuriated in the little "Bauleh Kaneh," with an abundance which was a mockery to all appetite, of the finest fruits, &c. to my heart's content—(a second "Sulimania")—my only fear was repletion. The circumstance of our night's travel was this :—in the immediate neighbourhood, not long before, the Elchee's servants, who were conveying the envoy's baggage to Tehran, had been surprised in their camp by a party of marauders who had carried off even their tents. Sir John immediately sends up a "Gholaum" to "Zan Jon," to the Khan of that city, in whose district it occurred, to require instant redress for the insult offered to the British mission, and payment for the baggage stolen, stating the amount. These amounts are generally exaggerated by the servants, who are sometimes interested in the robbery, by giving information to the robbers (any thing to get money). The Khan, in great alarm of being displaced from his government, pays the money; then he levies upon his subjects, perhaps, twice as much as he had to pay; in this way they levy upon whom they can—thus they make war upon each other, all in the way of trade :—and to avoid being taxed to pay Sir John's losses (alias robberies,) it was deemed expedient to adopt the night travel from Koramdereh. Stealing away from this station at midnight, we had a difficult road to pursue, as through the narrow ravines and swampy way we crept on, afraid even of the bark of the village dogs; these swampy ways were occasioned by irrigating the rice and melon grounds, which made a night march rather difficult. I had many a starlight lucubration, and it taxed all my ingenuity to "feather the wings of time"—

"Who hath not felt the stillness of the hour
Sink on the heart as dew upon the flower."

And such was my case; the magnificent galaxy in the "vast concave, ample dome" of a Persian sky, I thought I had never seen exceeded. I recollect perfectly my mind's delusions. I saw palaces and arches in the starry firmament, and so gorgeous in light as I approached, that frequently I could not persuade myself that they were visions; this was certainly to me one of the "thousand and one nights." I recollect a similar delusion once in a midnight march in Russia. Castles and battlements sparkled before me—I was constantly arriving—never arrived—substances dwindled into shadows—somethings into nothings—sometimes I would ask—

"Tell me ye stars, ye planets—tell me all—
Ye starred and planeted inhabitants, what is it?"

And I would always fix on the brightest star to guide me, as it were, through the night. Keeping it in my eye, it seemed to promise me protection, nor did I ever lose it until the broad glare of day wiped it out of the firmament; anxiously looking for the opening of the "eyelids of the morning," the disappointments were frequent, occasioned by the "Subah Kauzib," or "the false dawn," so peculiar to this

country. Thus winding along, like culprits on forbidden soil, the "hush of night" was sometimes interrupted by the wary dogs, or the wakeful chanticler, so easily disturbed, as we came suddenly on the black tents of the "Ealeats," by whom we were sometimes challenged on the way; then by the careless muleteer, who on his donkey was leading his string of mules, and chaunting away the metre of Saadi, or Ferdoosi, seemingly with great zest (the Persian poets are so much esteemed by the natives, that even the lower orders are strongly imbued with them). Nothing is more interesting at such time than to watch for the first gleam of day, and I would sometimes sing out—

"Look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about,
Dapples the rosy east with spots of grey."

But it was the flickering "false dawn" again, which I could not but imagine as illustrative of the country through which I was travelling. These remarks apply generally to those midnight movements, when at funeral pace we have to creep over a soil, every step of which may be treacherous; but of treachery found I none. So arriving the next morning at Sultania, we breakfasted in the tomb of some departed saint, horses and all, the dome of which was nearly equal to that of St. Paul's. There it stood in solitary grandeur (its history I could never learn), amidst a crumbling village, the walls of which were fast blending with the soil from whence they sprang. When looking at the seemingly poor, decrepit natives, it always excited my astonishment how such splendid buildings, occasionally to be seen in Persia, could have been created there. I could think it quite as easy to produce them by a rub of Aladdin's lamp. In this extensive plain of Sultania his Majesty had a sort of country palace for his accommodation, during the encampment of his troops, which generally took place every summer. The pasture was so abundant that an army of horses may fatten on it. "I am your sacrifice," said the "Ketkodeh," as we entered the village; however, the sacrifice of the lamb was sufficient, and we were soon regaled with some "Kiabobs" from its panting sides. Pursuing our midnight travel from Sultania, the next station was "Kush Kand," a very pretty village, so embowered in wood, and so richly watered, that it looked like a little oasis in the desert. There is something to me captivating in a Persian village, which I have never seen in any other; amidst the most barren sandy surface which this country generally presents, there springs up, smiling in its abundance, a small green spot on an arid map, offering its produce of honey and milk (but no wine); then after a long and dreary ride, every limb groaning on the saddle, suddenly to recline on the nummed of rest, to smoke the pipe of contentment, one chews the cud of pleasure beyond what I can describe.

The Turkish villages are generally so burrowed under the ground, that but for the stacks of corn and heaps of dried dung for fuel, which indicate habitancy, you may pass them unnoticed; the roofs being flat and all covered with mud, the only sign of occupancy is a small raised aperture for admission of light and the egress of smoke. I was just arrived at Diadin, and had sent "Gul Mahmoud" on the opposite side

to seek some stable of repose : beckoning me across, I mounted as I thought a mound of earth, to make quick work of it, not two feet high ; the horse began to plunge, his feet were amongst the rafters, and out ran the women and the dogs—" the sahib is coming through the roof," producing such an " emute" that the village was quite in an uproar, and I had great difficulty to disengage myself, sound wind and limb, and my beast. However, promising to pay all repairs, I was installed at length in a comfortable stable, from whence the chickens had been just ejected. The Persian villages, on the contrary, have all the umbrageous character of fertility ; the natives have generally a hungry, squalid appearance, which is rather kept up than disguised—simulation being a leading feature in the Persian character, the result, I imagine, of a despotic government ; the genius of which is to depress all energy—to discourage industry—and to stultify the mental faculties. Here I saw them treading out corn with the oxen. Almost every thing in Persia reminds me of biblical customs (if I may so say). How very patriarchal is this, as also their mode of taxation ; they pay no rent for the soil, beyond that of a tenth of its produce. I marked the royal heap once or twice, which I thought fell very short of the competing heaps. However, this I left to his majesty to find out ; the most amicable division seemed to be made amongst the villagers themselves, where there are no enclosures nor boundaries to mark private property. It is brought into one common stock, which is enough for all ; there can be no want in a country where the soil produces so abundantly by irrigation only. It comes the nearest to " a measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny," to any that I have ever met with. The natives, in the midst of so much abundance, seem to me to be negatively happy—a sort of stultification of faculties. I hear of no crime nor commotion amongst them, and they seem blessed with that negative enjoyment—the result of minds buried in their own rubbish. As I lay on the heap of corn at lazy length, smoking my pipe of meditation amongst the natives, Shakspeare's inquiry occurred to me—

" —————What is man,
If his chief good, and market of his time
Is but to sleep and feed ! a beast ! no more.
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unused."

But rust it does in the Persian villages, where prosperity depends much on the Khan of the district, as, if he be rapacious, they suffer much persecution—if liberal and just, they become flourishing and contented. To avoid the former, they will emigrate to another locality. " The world is all before them where to choose"—the mud walls are soon raised, and in a very short time they establish another village, whilst the crumbling remains of those which they have left, bespeak tyranny and oppression. The natives, although serfs to the Shah, are not transferable with the villages, as they are in Russia ; they are in *nominal* slavery, without being *slaves*—I mean as property. It is true the Shah may swallow them alive, if he likes ; but he never *does*

so. The emigration of the natives is a cause of strife sometimes amongst the neighbouring Khans, since population produces wealth. Where the people are so few, as compared to the extent of territory, they are tenacious of their subjects being inveigled away, although they have no power to prevent it. I attended once a court of pleas on this subject, than which nothing could be more amusing—the ragged groups—the vociferous defendants, when charged with their stealing away, and their rejoinders of oppression and cruelty—it was a scene for an Hogarth. “What dirt have you been eating; make your face white, if you can, you haremzadeh,” said the Khan. “I have eat dirt,” says the fellow; that is, when he is penitent, afraid of the “felek,” or bastinado; then crouching before his chief, afraid every moment of what was coming, he says, “My liver has become water, and my soul has withered up.” There is, too, that passiveness about them which is equally amusing, and the order to “give him the shoe,” is as quietly received as it is promptly obeyed by the “Farosh,” who, taking off their iron-heel slipper, give him such a blow on the mouth as not only to cut short the argument, but sometimes to smash in the teeth of the arguer. This order of the court is pretty effective, and frequently ends the assizes; but “turn up his heels,” is deemed a sounder sort of argument. Some of the villages are walled, and flanked with towers; and in the “Chummun,” or meadow districts, where the pasture is rich and abundant, they drive out and retire their numberless flocks and herds morning and evening, which are always housed in the stables. They appear to have quite a personal attachment for the brute beasts—a sort of family compact. I recollect particularly at the village of “Dubalabad,” a very large and flourishing district, where we arrived rather late in the evening, just as the natives were housing their cattle—the lowing of the oxen—the bleating of the sheep—the noise of the dogs, as this army of animals made their march into it; it was a most pleasing rural scene—there was something so patriarchal in it. I could fancy Laban and Rebecca, Isaac and Leah amongst the villagers. This is an invariable custom in Persia, that of housing the cattle every evening; they durst not leave them exposed at night in an unenclosed country, not only subject to stray, but to be abstracted by their neighbours; there can be no security where there are no laws, and no confidence but in caution.

Most of the villages have “Manzils,” or post-houses for strangers, and if he be of any importance, the “Ketkodeh” comes to pay him a visit, followed by a motley train of villagers in their rough garb of sheep-skin coats, and badly slippered (their rags are deemed a protection against spoliation and oppression), who advance by degrees to the Khan’s mat, and welcome him with the “Kush guelden,” but never presuming to sit without his invitation; then, when the pipe is produced, and sometimes the coffee (but this latter is a most special favour), he seems to bask in the Khan’s countenance, and entreats permission to “rub his forehead at his threshold.” The Persians are very abject; they take hold of the hem of your garment, and entreat permission to kiss the dust off your feet. Their civilities are overwhelming, their language fascinating, and who is there does not like to be told “My eyes are enlightened by seeing you?” but their creed is that of Saadi—

"Truth is an excellent thing when it suits our purpose, but very inconvenient when otherwise." Slavery is their atmosphere; they despise all other government. I can easily understand this, since every class exercise the same despotism to their dependents; had the Shah been in the village, the Khan would have been prostrating himself, and playing the same part as the "Ketkodeh" was now performing towards him, and when he quits the Khan's presence, he acts the despot to those below him, and so the comedy goes on from one class to another—each content to become the slave, that he may in his turn play the monarch.

From "Kush Kand" to "Nickpy," is a short stage, where I arrived early in the morning; and the only accommodation I could find was a three-walled shelter without any roof, which had been taken down for fire-wood by the troops passing that way. These are complete destructives, having full license to help themselves wherever they come, which they do without mercy, having no regular pay; being without commissariat or clothing stores, they may be deemed merely a marching rabble, kept together by dint of the bastinado; a host of locusts wasting and destroying. The poor villagers fly from their approach as from the pestilence; they had completely sacked this village, and with difficulty did I find supplies from Nickpy to "Sershem," passing a ruined caravansery of gone-by importance. There is no country so abounds with ruins perhaps as Persia; partly occasioned by plague, partly by oppression; the mud walls soon melt away into their native soil, there being no cement of any kind nor straw to bind them. Here I met another "Kafelah" of pilgrims similar to the one already alluded to as the "Meshedees," bearing the Mahomedan standard of "the Crescent and the hand of Ali." What a custom, the dead burying their dead!

Some of the females were seated in "Kajawahs," being a sort of panniers slung over the horse just large enough to take a woman; these must be nicely poised, and the unequal weight is generally made up by a large stone. I need not say they are well covered over with a shawl or wrapper according to the quality of the occupant. When I first saw these things, and had no idea of the panniers' contents, I inquired of the muleteer what he was conveying so carefully? "Zan ast Sahib." "A woman!" I exclaimed. Up starts the female, not only to my great astonishment, but nearly upsetting her companion on the other side; what a travel fashion! I need not say 'tis any thing but railroad pace.

I do love the vagabondising about in the Persian villages, which I have done for months at a time; and so fascinated was I with this rustic life, that I had a notion of becoming a "Ketkodeh" myself. This wish was somewhat cooled by what I saw at "Sardaha," where his authority went for nothing in a trifling dispute amongst the natives; for an object of but small value they came to broken heads and bloody strife, which rather alarmed my propensity: so earnest are the Persians in every thing that regards *pelf*; that the combatants fought furiously for a coin of small amount. The incident amused me; for money they have such an "itching palm," that 'tis dangerous to trust even confidential servants; but still I liked to be amongst them, and memory

loves to dwell on my Asiatic travel. Sometimes breakfasting on a grassy knoll by the brook's side, the wallet is turned out for some cold rice of yesterday's meal, the village supplying bread and sour milk (a most delicious beverage); I like this original mode of feeding, there is something so unaffected in partaking of such simple supplies; nature is sustained, not loaded with food. Sometimes with bridle in hand, the horse grazes at my feet, or presumes to dispute with me the grass which I occupy, whilst, at lazy length, I am smoking my pipe of ease—how superior all this to the artificial misnamed *luxuries* of life!—the servants in the distance greedily swallowing your remains; then girding on their pistols, adjusting the bridles, giving notice of a readiness to depart. How often have I been disturbed in the midst of an interesting whiff, when not having quite finished my pipe, I have mounted stick in hand, puffing my last cloud in atmospheric oblivion!

No. 15.—*Persian Avarice.*

From the prince to the peasant this vice prevails to an eminent degree in Persia. Money is not only the great lever, but the very stamina of existence in this country; and the love of it is so engraved in the Persian character, as to amount to a perfect absorption of thoughts and ideas. I trace this to the despotic sway exercised by the sovereign over his subjects; the acquisition of riches may be deemed dangerous in Persia, and the victim is often marked out for spoliation, sometimes for death,—the tenacity therefore of concealing money is remarkable amongst the Persians. I have seen them clothed in rags; I have travelled with seeming mendicants, to whom I thought a pipe of tobacco to be a charity—the lining of his pack-saddle being at the time stuffed with ducats. I never saw any people in whom the love of it was so inherent; to overhear their conversations, it is all about “pul,” money; and it is astonishing to all inquirers from whence they draw their supplies, being, as they are, without gold or silver mines, and the balance of trade being so much against Persians as to require horse-loads of ducats being sent by almost every Tartar to Constantinople. On my first arrival in Persia, there was a very alarming scarcity of gold, owing to the heavy contributions imposed by Russia as an indemnification for the late war, amounting to eight crores of ismauns, or about three millions sterling. They first asked fifteen crores, and then his Majesty must have gone into the Gazette (as he would fain make them believe).

The governor of Maraga, “Jaffier Kouli Khan,” died during my being at Tabreez, and was supposed to have possessed immense wealth. The custom of burying money in the ground is not unusual in Persia, and in this way it was reported that he had deposited large sums. Whilst on his death-mat, being informed that his remaining days could be but few, nothing could prevail upon him to reveal the place of its interment. Some creditors, therefore, became clamorous, and he obtained a dispensation from the “Ameer y Nizam,” that he should die in peace from their importunities. His father had been known to have buried large sums of money twice, and on both occasions to have murdered the servant that accompanied him to prevent disclosures. So decided was the public opinion that “Jaffier Kouli

Khan" had large treasures deposited in the ground, that the government authorities commenced a search after his death, assisted by the "Ameer" himself; long and fruitless was the search—nothing was found; his servants were bribed—were threatened, but with the same result; and at length were cruelly bastinadoed, imagining that they would not divulge that of which they knew nothing. What a system! The toils and anxieties which man expends to acquire the "operant poison," the same does another expend to consign it again to the bowels from whence it came. With labour and turmoil 'tis raised from corruption; and, stained with blood, 'tis consigned to corruption; what a piece of work is man!

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man."

Nothing touches the compassion of Majesty so much as the sight of money,—it is irresistible; it is money which raised him to the throne; it is money which keeps him there, it may be said; it will purchase every thing within his gift, even life itself, of which a notable instance was related to me of one of the king's ministers, who had found the powerful effect of money: it is a long history which I cannot enter upon, of his misdemeanors, &c.;—at length the rope was around his neck, ten thousand tomauns was bid for his head, the sum was irresistible, and it was bought in at that price; he was subsequently honoured with the "Khelat," and sent as ambassador extraordinary to the court of St. James's. The Khan's entertaining letter, which he wrote on his return to Persia, remarking on the customs and manners of this country, has, I believe, been printed, therefore I shall not copy it. After a full flow of compliment to the ladies, he objects to two things:—"I always afraid some old lady in great crowd come dead—that not very good, and spoil my happiness. I think old lady after eighty-five should not come to evening party; why for take so much trouble! I think tell little stories—that not very good."

Such was the "on-dit" of Tehran. I confess that I am a *leetle* sceptical on the subject; the safest anecdote-ground in Persia is certainly that of "ocular demonstration." His late Majesty, "Futtee Ali Shah," was very ingenious in extracting money from his subjects. Does the King want to build a palace—he dips into his subjects' pockets for the ways and means: does he mean to marry either of his sons—all "the pomp and circumstance" must be paid for by the people. In this way they almost curse the "Sadir," as it is called, or public requisition, when proclaimed by the herald of despotism. Has he received some miraculous cure from the "Hakeem Bashi," immediately he sends out to the villages to announce the miracle—"In-shallah," help me to pay the doctor; presently two or three thousand tomauns are collected, but only one-half goes to the doctor, the remainder finds its way into the royal treasury. Ingenuity is tortured to feed the royal avarice, which will even extend so low that Majesty would make the rounds of the bazaars occasionally to see what he could pick up. "Very good cloth—the King would like a coat of this;" with profound humility at the honour, it is immediately delivered to the attendants; in this way he sometimes levied contributions to a

great extent. When his ambassador returned from England, his Majesty's first thought was about the "peishkesh," or "presents;" his empire's weal or woe was nothing to be compared to this. I have heard it described as a most amusing scene, the first interview. "My eyes are enlightened by seeing you," said the King; "your place has long been empty, your face is whitened, your consequence is increased." "May your condescension never be less," said the Khan, seeking "to rub his forehead at the threshold of the gate of almighty splendour;"—"the firmament possesses but one sun, and the world but one king—your slave is less than the least,—what lamp can shine in the presence of the sun?" But compliments were poor feeding for the King, it was the "peishkesh" he was looking for. "Be chesm,"—"my eyes are yours," said the Khan, but eyes had no attractions for the monarch to whom they were cheap commodities. The presents were laid at his feet; again and again the Khan swore he had no more, though there were always others to be found, till at length he was nearly ruined; to recruit his finances, the King gave him a government where he may practise the same tyranny shown him by his royal master, to gather this all-corrupting metal, of which Timon said (and truly may it be said of it in Persia)

"Thus much of this will make black white,
Foul fair, wrong right, base noble, old young,
Coward valiant—"

Many amusing anecdotes are related by Sir John Malcolm, the best historian that we have of Persia, of the late Shah's ingenious contrivances for getting the money out of his subjects' pockets; amongst others, that he would sometimes challenge some of the Khans at the court to shoot at a mark for a certain sum, perhaps the amount of four or five hundred tomauns; of course the royal honour can never be declined, and Majesty must have the first shot. He was reputed to be an excellent marksman, yet, lest he should fail, and so large a sum being at stake, some contrivance was necessary to put it beyond risk. The sheep is brought out at a great distance, its leg is tied with a long rope, held by one of the attendants in the confidence of the King, who is instructed the moment he fires to pull down the animal, as though it had dropped dead by the ball. The distance is too great for the Khans to be supposed to see the royal "ruse," although every one is acquainted with it before he goes to the field. In this way Majesty has won many a wager from his Khans, delighted at the success of his wonderful stratagems. But practices of a more disgraceful nature were sometimes resorted to, to replenish the royal coffers, and the contagious example infects not only the members of government, but extends to almost all classes of society; even traps of vice are laid to catch delinquents, that the vizier might profit by the penalties, of which many disgusting instances occurred during my being at Tehran.

Intrigues, on a larger scale, emanate from the court: it is impossible to depict the vicious sluices which are opened for money gains, and scarcely to be imagined that iniquities are planned with a view to taxation.

The British residence was robbed during my stay in Persia, though not at the time occupied by the "Elchee." An English colonel's lady was plundered of property to the value of two hundred tomauns. Complaints were immediately made to the "Zelli Suldaun," the governor of Tehran, and to the Vizier, requesting that the thing might be inquired into, and the money paid, but nothing was done; and it was presumed, that the vizier had profited by the robbery.

Such was the fallen state of honour and principle amongst the Persians, that civil robbery was no crime—the end always justifies the means—so that money is obtained, no matter how. Ingenuity in this way is a merit. "M—— Khan," being very rich, the governor of "Resht," the King wanted to extract some money from him, but having no fair pretence for so doing, he hit upon the expedient of frightening him, as it were, out of his government, by saying he had been offered *one hundred thousand* tomauns by another Khan to instal him into it. "Be jan y Shah raust ast." By the soul of the King 'tis true. "I am your slave," said the Khan; "I am your sacrifice," and so he certainly was to this extent, and obliged to pay the money.

Another instance was related to me, and well authenticated.—A Khan was dismissed from his government in Ajerbjan by Abbas Mirza. He applied to the King, and offered him *forty thousand* tomauns to be reinstated in his government. "Barikallah," said his Majesty, "Be sher Shah," by the King's head we will make his face white. A "Rackum," or royal order, was promised for the Khan's re-instatement; the money was paid, and the "Rackum" given. The Khan was so flattered with the King's condescension, that, to use his own metaphor, "he had drunk deep of the bowl of vanity, and as its contents passed over the palate of exultation, they filled his heart with arrogance and his bowels with ambition." Mounting the stirrup of impatience, and vaulting into the saddle of hope, he presented his Rackum to the Prince. Who shall paint his astonishment when the Prince refused to obey it. "Laullah a ilullah," said he, "There is no God but God," a very favourite expression with the Persians on the most ordinary occasions, and then following it up with "Foozoel," "Ghoraumsang," fool, scoundrel. "Beru," be off; and he was threatened with the bastinado. Returning once more to the King, he complained bitterly of this treatment, and was only ridiculed as having any fault to find—the "Rackum" had been granted according to promise, and it was for him to contend with the existing authorities. The Prince was so exasperated at his application to the King, that he invited him back, with fair promises of remuneration; then he pillaged him of every thing he had; took away from him his villages, and sent him into exile. Thus much for Persian justice, of which minor instances came before me too numerous to recapitulate, such as granting second orders on villages, the first having been already paid, &c.

Persian finances are much deranged in this way; they grant what is called a "Huget" on a particular district—these are generally payable just after harvest time. If the bill cannot be paid in money, they pay it in corn or other produce. This is a matter of arrangement between the debtor or creditor—get what you can is the general order of the day where money is so scarce. The chancellor of the exchequer's

budget must be of rather a miscellaneous description here, particularly of income. Instead of post-office, excise, tea, it is wheat and barley, straw and rice. I only know that his exchequer bills were at a terrible discount when I was at Tabreez, amounting almost to fifty per cent. The merchants will have nothing to do with them, since there is considerable danger in asking for payment. They will grant orders sometimes on the customs; and, perhaps, the customer will accept it at long date. In the meanwhile the customer is removed, and the new-comer recognises none of the obligations of his predecessors. It is wonderful the labyrinth these people get into by their crooked ways, when a tenth part of the labour would suffice for the straight path. The remote parts of his Majesty's empire sometimes get into a very disorganised state, entirely respecting "the ways and means;" and they take such desperate measures to raise the said "ways and means" as are quite unknown in other parts of the world. This occurred during my sojourn in Persia, at Bushire, where considerable wealth was accumulated, belonging to merchants and others, in the transit of goods from India. The resident merchants were known to be very rich, and these considerations offered a tempting bait to those who were stronger than they. It is not an uncommon thing in this part of the country to find organised bands of plunderers, and in this affair they conducted themselves most systematically. A large party of them went down to Bushire; indeed, an irresistible force to any thing which the inhabitants could oppose to them. Individuals paraded the town, offering to certain rich people protection for their property from the plunder *about to take place* for a certain sum. Some of them yielded to this exaction, and were actually so protected; whilst their less fortunate neighbours lost their *all*. A Jew stood out to make a very hard bargain; they asked him *one hundred* tomauns; he offered them twenty, and so on to fifty, but would go no farther; the consequence was, that he lost ultimately many thousands of tomauns. Bushire was literally *sacked*, forty persons are said to have been killed and ninety persons wounded. Property to the amount of thirty lacs of rupees, or *three hundred thousand* pounds sterling, is said to have been carried off by a desperate and ferocious gang, gloating over their prey, although stained with so much blood. It was said at the time that this gang had been organised by a prince of the blood, the governor of Shiraz; although he did not personally head it, he was its founder, and shared the produce of its infamy. Such was the "on-dit" of the day. That insatiable and predominate vice of avarice, so engrained in the Persian character, produces that love of money with which almost every thing is to be purchased in this country. Eyes might be saved, and even life continued; but that it should instigate murder and rapine, that it should lead to this horrible outrage at Bushire, I would say, even of the brute creation, "how much more abominable and filthy is man, which drinketh iniquity like water." Sir John Malcolm, in his Persian Sketches, tells of a certain Khan, when he first viewed the wealth and extent of Calcutta, exclaimed, "What a fine place for plunder!"

No. 16.—“ *The Ramazan.*”

This is the name of the ninth month of the Hegira, and is the Lent fast of the Persians. It was instituted thus by Mahomet :—“ The month of Ramazan shall ye fast, in which the Koran was sent down from heaven, a declaration unto men, &c. God would make this an ease unto you, and would not make it a difficulty unto you, that ye may fulfil the number of days and glorify God, for that he hath directed you, and ye may give thanks.” In this month (February), it was governed by the appearance of the new moon, and the moment the brilliant crescent showed itself in the heavens, the gun fired, and the fast was commenced. This lasts for forty days, from sun-rise to sun-set, which is always announced by the firing of a gun, and the most rigid abstinence is observed from water, or from smoking ; even if the hand is in the “ Pilaff,” in a moment feeding is suspended. The worshippers of Mahomet now flock to their mosques :—I hear the “ Muzzins” calling the “ Azan” from the roofs more distinctly than usual—“ God is great, come to prayers, and ask forgiveness of your sins. I summon you with a clear voice.” Seemingly, at this season, greater ardour prevails in all their religious services. I see the good Musselmans sitting about in the bazaars, and at the gates of the city, reading aloud their Koran, and sometimes the dervishes, with their striped conical caps, ornamented with passages from their scriptures ; they are to be seen chaunting with the most holy fervour from that book of which they boast to me that its influence has extended beyond the scriptures of the Messiah, and that now a hundred and forty millions of people acknowledge its sway, and are governed by its doctrines ! And furthermore, they tell me that the crescent has triumphed over the cross ! Really, it is astonishing to see the zeal which animates these people, literally “ pressing forward” to their temples, and without any adventitious aid of Koran Societies, &c., to keep alive the flame of religious love ; but a sort of soul-absorbing interest, superseding all *other* interests. I have seen the merchant, in the midst of his worldly duties, draw the book from his pocket, elevate it to his forehead, then kiss it, and begin to read aloud, or to chaunt from its inspiring pages—no matter who is present—no false shame at his being thus seen engaged with the prophet—it is the breath of life to him (a good Musselman will tell you not only how many words but how many letters it contains) ; then again as to prayer, five times a day, wherever they may be,—at noon or at sunset, down they drop on their knees, and begin their prostrations and genuflexions, turning towards Mecca—kiss the carpet, and with the utmost humility prove themselves devoted to the service of the impostor. I was rather taken by surprise at this my first day in Persia, which was at Macoo.* We were invited by the

* A large painting of the wonderful cave of Macoo, by Colonel Monteith, was exhibited at Somerset House in 1830. This immense cavern is said to be in breadth more than a thousand feet, and in depth about six hundred feet, sufficient, on an emergency, to harbour all the population of Macoo. The road to it was most difficult, by a sort of cork-screw ascent, on which I could scarcely keep my saddle.

Khan to dine with him, where I first heard the doleful sound of the "Muzzin," without understanding it, and immediately down drops the Khan on his knees, and began praying—frequent interruptions he experienced from his servants, &c., to which he would reply, and on again; and once or twice he drew "such windy suspirations of the breath," that I was afraid the prophet would be terribly angry,—and so he went on for half an hour, I drinking in "the wine of astonishment" all the time,—this being my first initiation to Mahomedan worship.

I have been often amused, when going around the walls of the city, to witness the groups of people watching the declining sun, half-famished as it were, and actually suffering from want, at least of their darling "tchibook," but nothing could induce them to transgress the commands of the prophet. The Armenians also have their fasts at this season; and I have been assured by those well conversant with the subject, that they not only carry it to the *threshold* of starvation, but *over* the threshold, and that they have even *died* under the penance! It were endless to narrate the numerous instances which came before me of Mahomedan zeal;—they taught me this humiliating truth, that such is unknown to the followers of the Messiah in my own country; and I could not but reflect that Mahomedan zeal, with Christian faith, would build up such a religion as would adorn *his* temples, and trample idolatry in the dust, or as our immortal Young has it:—

"Oh, for a Christian faith, with Pagan zeal."

It is not uncommon for the Musselmans to get their Koran by heart! Where shall we find this among professing Christians with *their* Scriptures?—it is astonishing to notice the difference between the cold calculating Protestant, who ekes out his religious duties with Sunday observances, merely to pacify his conscience, and how much religious feeling is intermixed with the customs of the Persians! their Koran seems to be the only reigning *fashion* amongst them; it is their spiritual food; they enjoy it, they feed upon it; and so far as I can judge from their external duties, of charity and prayer, it is the very animus of their existence. Does the prince wear any ornaments on his person! they are called "amulets," or charms, principally of the cornelian stone, beautifully engraved with Koran inscriptions: thus the doctrines and promises of the prophet pervade all their institutions, even in the minute details of domestic life. Does the Mahomedan summon you to dinner! it is with a "Bismillah," in "the name of God;" when he has done, it is with an "Alhum, dulillah," "thanks to God:" does he contemplate a journey! it is with "In-shullah," "please God:" does he take leave! it is with "Khoda hafiz shuma," "may God take you to his holy protection:" and so on, literally fulfilling the apostle's commands, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." When shall we see nominal Christians following this Mahomedan *fashion* (if I may so term it)? Prayer and praise a fashion! the Bible a fashion! when

Most terrific mountains overhung it, giving it an air of romantic terror; these contained galleries accessible only by ropes, and here it was said the Khan's treasures were contained.

shall we see their armlets and bracelets adorned with Bible inscriptions of "rejoicing in hope," "patient in tribulation,"* &c.* The Mahomedans would have more shame to have it known that they had omitted prayer, than the professed Christian would that he had daily performed this duty; and as to their sabbaths, they begin them on the previous evening; and so far from any exclamation with them, "what a weariness it is; when will the sabbath be over, that we may set forth corn and sell wheat;" on the contrary, they are eagerly pressing forward to enjoy its privileges. Here the Moolahs are in the market-places, praying amongst the people, and testifying from their scriptures—"there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." This is particularly the case at this season of the "Ramazan." I have been often stopped in the bazaars by the crowds of people, flocking towards the mosques, at the cry of the "Muzzins." Not that I advocate the external observances, if religion is to consist in this, but I prefer this to none at all; let the feelings be thus imbued, and good results will follow. I had many a difficult question to answer the "Hadji," who was curious to know as to our "Ramazan" customs in England. "What, eat and drink all day!" said he; "no morning prayers, no church going! and this is your boasted religion which is to overflow a world!" then he scorned me with the term "Ghiaour," or infidel, which is the reproach in this country, where

"To be a Christian, and the name of Christ
Is an abomination.———"

It may be objected that to introduce religion into the ordinary concerns of life, would clog their operations, and that it cannot be associated with this world's engagements. But in the mirror of travel I see the contrary. I contend that religious duties might and should be the primary work of all men; this is evidenced before me in the Mahomedans. Does the sovereign preside over the destinies of the empire with less zeal and vigour for having first implored the blessing of the "King of kings," whose vicegerent he is! Does the statesman come to the council board with less power of intellect for having first inquired of the Ruler of all things whether they should go up to Ramoth Gilead or forbear!† Does the captain of the host go forward with less assurance of victory for having implored the aid of the God of battles! I might extend the inquiry to the lawyer at the bar, the merchant in the counting-house, or the mechanic at his bench. But I would say with the Mahomedans, let religion pervade every profession and pursuit in life; it will strengthen, invigorate, and purify the mind,—it might be deemed a *political* benefit, if no higher motive can

* We have just passed the season of the meeting of our "Philanthropic Parliaments," in Exeter Hall, the most magnificent sight which London can produce. Those who value the Bible and missionary labours were flocking thither to aid the great cause of Christian dispensations. Let not the Mahomedans shame us in their religious zeal, but let the cause of the Bible become a *fashion*.

"Oh, send this sacred book where'er
Or winds can waft, or waves can bear,
Wherever man is found."

† The only blessing which I remember being invoked on the national council (independent of the Liturgy) is on that of the meetings of Parliament.

be found for making it a reigning *fashion*; almost every thing in England but religion has a *fashion*; when shall we hear of invitations (as Mrs. Trollope describes of the Americans) to "tea and prayers." If no better motive can be found even under this garb, I would say, cultivate it, cherish it, introduce it in every shape, let texts from the Bible be the only ornaments of fashion.* Did I not feel "shame burn my cheek to cinder," at being twitted by a Mahomedan with our cold, frigid, Protestant worship, as compared with their animating zeal, which at this season of the "Ramazan," was so moving the followers of Mahomet? I find that in the Greek church religious observances are mixed up with all their institutions, civil and political; the armies never march except headed by the priest. I recollect once attending the Russian camp at Arz-Room, at a grand fête, on account of some victories of General Paskevitch: the priest headed the ranks, and publicly gave thanks to the God of battles—the soldiers, bareheaded, responded with their Hallelujahs, and the whole army joined in the "Te Deum" of thanksgiving.—I never heard a service more impressive; and instead of the noisy ebullitions of a riotous soldiery, they had converted their camp into a cathedral—their shouts into praises. The Ramazan being a moveable fast, it sometimes occurs in August, when their privations must be sensibly felt, but you cannot bribe a good Musselman to transgress the prophet's commands, which they obey with the utmost cheerfulness. I respect all those who live up to their profession, whatever it may be; and may not Christians learn much from these examples of the Mahomedans? Are the commands of the Messiah so rigidly observed amongst them, as are those of the prophet amongst his people? At the late season of our "Ramazan," did I see them flocking to his temples, practising self-denial, charity, coming out from worldly enjoyments, &c.? The zeal of the Mahomedans is farther evinced in erecting temples to their God. As I lay on my mat in the caravansery at Caasvine, I had opportunity to watch my neighbours: a water-melon, some rice, and "kiabobs" (roasted sausages), formed the daily repasts of some of the wealthiest merchants in Persia; but their ambition was expended on a large mosque which they were building to the glory of their prophet; I saw it in its incipient state, with fine promise of a splendid structure; they contented themselves with the necessaries of life in order to nourish their religion with their wealth.

The bazaars at this season of the "Ramazan" are dressed up with peculiar gaiety, and abound with fruits, "Gezenjibin," or manna, and a variety of candied mixtures, rather indigestible. The fast is succeeded by a feast; many people eat by night and sleep by day; the abstinence of the morning is amply made up by the feed of the evening.

GERSHOM.

* Of its doctrines are we not thus commanded: "Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and upon thy gates."

PETER PINDAR'S PICNIC.

THE following is an original unpublished poem of Dr. J. Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar. I vouch for its authenticity, as I procured it by the favour of some of his relatives, whose friendship I had the happiness to share. If I remember aright, Peter Pindar commenced his poetical career by translating several of Martial's epigrams. The epigram on "Sleep" he turned so prettily, even as a schoolboy, that his version of it has become famous—it runs thus :—

How sweet alive with living death to lie,
And without dying, ah, how sweet to die !

The present verses, in which he describes a winter adventure in Cornwall, bear all the internal evidences of genuineness. The graphic delineation, the minute description, the humorous illustration, the political asperity, and the free-and-easy smuttiness, are entirely his own,—for none but himself can be his parallel. We have here the germs of that unique literary style which afterwards rendered him so popular, and solaced his declining years by a pension from the book-sellers. By-the-by, the story told in the *Joe Millers* of his method of procuring this pension is rather too bad. They inform us that the Doctor went round to the patron publishers, pretending to be in the last stage of asthma, coughing most outrageously. No sooner, however, had his pension been signed than he immediately recovered, and was never troubled afterwards with the same complaint. Be this as it will, here is the unpublished MS. :—

AN EPISTLE FROM PETER PINDAR TO HIS FRIEND, RELATING HIS MISFORTUNES IN ENDEAVOURING TO CONDUCT TWO YOUNG LADIES TO THEIR HOME.

Dear ——— for a terrible story prepare,
Like the back of a hedgehog to bristle thy hair,
For a tale that thy heart, like a dishclout will wring,
That gives me an ague e'en now while I sing ;
Make thee stare like poor Hamlet on spying his father,
And as white turn thy visage as chalk or soap lather :
At our dismal distresses, I know thou'lt be weeping,
And thy heart softly melt like a ladle of dripping.
Oh ! had we been killed, as it near was the matter,
We had made a most horrible vacuum in nature ;
The sun would have dressed in deep mourning, I wist,
And hid his red face in a mantle of mist—
And well might he mump in a cloud, for his eyes
Never fixed on such girls since he traversed the skies.

Now glaz'd, as some bard sweetly sings, were the floods,
And with snow all bewigg'd were the bald-pated woods,
When mounted on ——— black mare,
Miss —— and I put the town in a stare ;

For I saw people plain as we passed by their shops,
 Lift the whites of their eyes up, and lengthen their chops;
 Miss — she was perch'd, in this weather so sad,
 On a chaise-horse beside a young chub-headed lad,
 Who felt through each bone the hard pinch of the weather,
 For the boy, like a wood-louse, was rolled up together;
 Though, indeed, he was taken by nine out of ten,
 On the back of the horse, for an overgrown wen.

With a little sweet scratching, and courtesying and sliding,
 And abundance of dread, after four miles riding,
 We arrived on a desert, all covered with snow,
 Such a desert not Zembla, nor Lapland can show;
 Now, the mare she stood trembling, afraid, without fail,
 I spurred her, she answered by wriggling her tail;
 I bid her proceed, or I'd cut her to rags,
 So I whipp'd her to gallop, and out flew her legs.
 In a moment poor —, like lightning I lost her,
 Down she flounc'd in the snow, and squeak'd like a roaster;
 O'er the mare I soon rolled, like a large pig of lead,
 And, thanks to my planets, fell plump on my head;
 Souse came my idea-pot against a great stone,
 Half stunn'd with the tumble, I fetch'd a long groan;
 So what with my base, and —'s treble so sweet,
 We perform'd on our noses a pretty duet.
 Through the desert our strain flow'd melodious along,
 Such as Brent or Tenducci themselves never sung;
 As for —, she'd have done some historical feat,
 But on horseback she prudently deem'd it not meet.

Having finished our chorus, I turned round my head
 To see if the mare was still living or dead,
 When I found her black nose just in contact with mine,
 And how great was my wonder, you well may divine.
 Not long may you think did we wink at each other,
 For I whipp'd on my stumps in a terrible pother;
 At length, we all call'd, with a sorrowful air,
 (I don't mean the horses,) a council of war,
 In which 'twas resolved, after learned debates,
 To return, and run counter no more to the fates,
 As the black-liver'd jades had together agreed,
 To dash out our brains, if we dared to proceed.

On foot we all trudged through the frost, snow, and water,
 While the hail doused our heads with a terrible clatter;
 I thought that I look'd like Don Quixote, no less,
 Protecting a couple of nymphs in distress.
 As black as my hat look'd the heavens all o'er us,
 And loud growl'd the tempest, as if to devour us;
 Thus to use us was base, in the weather, I swear,
 Considering our recent escape from the mare.

Now, my lion-like heart 'gan to think of its state,
 And Thompson's sad story came into my pate—

I mean of the man in the snow so stretch'd out,
Where dead 'midst the tempests he bleach'd like a clout.
The damsels were both in a horrible taking,
And faith 'twas sufficient to set them a quaking ;
The water wash'd into the heels of their shoes,
And strong as a mill-stream gush'd out at the toes.
How sadly we look'd—what a wretched poor tribe—
No fancy can picture, no tongue can describe ;
Look'd wretched then did they, 'twere wonderful strange else,
The first time, dear ——, they ceas'd to look angels ;
Benumb'd were their fingers, and swell'd were their eyes,
And their noses, poor creatures, were blue as May skies.

As we trudged arm in arm in this sorrowful plight,
A house on the down struck our hearts with delight ;
To the cottage we rambled, through thick and thin dashing,
Our shoes and wet stockings continually squashing.
The door I bounc'd open, and rush'd in the kitchen,
Where sat wrinkled granny, her petticoat stitching,
With a pretty black stump of a pipe in her jaw,
Whence the juice of sweet streams did deliciously pour ;
While staring and crying on grandmother's lap,
A scabby fac'd infant sat spewing its pap.
With a choice head of hair, like the wool-bush of mops,
On a good taty pudding regaling his chops,
Sat a great booby gammon, an impudent calf,
Who, in spying our figures, set up a horse-laugh :
“Odsniggins !” cried Hobnail, and held up his pats,
“ Why we've got in the house here a pack of drown'd rats !”
Ah ! you belly-god rascal, 'twere kinder, thought I,
If you'd give a poor Christian a piece of your pie,
But the devil a bit, for he munch'd e'en the crumbs,
Wiped his mouth with his coat-sleeves, and then lick'd his thumbs.

“ Dear granny,” said I, in a pitiful tone,
“Twould melt, had it heard me, the heart of a stone,
“ Have you got any gin, rum, or brandy—for zounds !
We're as ravenous as wolves, and as hungry as hounds.
Dear granny, I prithee, don't be in the dumps,
For we'll handsomely pay for't—so stir up your stumps.”
“ Arrah !” said Aunt Dinah, for that was her name,
“ To be cruel to folks in distress is a shame ;
But gentry, I have not of liquor, forsooth,
As much as will fill up a hole in your tooth—
For all that—I can give you a special good fire,
And tea as delightful as hearts can desire.

With that all the tea-things, not greatly in taste,
On a three-legged stool in nice order were placed ;
The tea-cups of timber were all past their prime,
Pretty black, and a little mouse-eaten by time ;
These she carefully cleaned, both the inside and out,
With a sweet pretty napkin, 'ycleped a dishclout,

Which clout, if a body might judge by the look,
 Had, a moment before, scrubb'd the face of a crock ;
 The teapot, of tin, was as greasy as candle,
 Without e'er a cover, a spout, or a handle ;
 With rust diuretic, its sides richly furr'd on,
 By way of a slop-basin, sat a brown jordan ;
 " As for sugar," says Dinah, " 'gads me, I've got none ;
 But for treacle, the very best under the sun ;
 The quarter of sugar I used in a clyster,
 Which I gave for the gripes to poor Jonathan's sister ;
 Bread and butter, arrah, I can give ye a crumb,"
 Which the good-natured creature she spread with her thumb ;
 One spoon served us all, aye, a whole spoon, indeed,
 Not of gold, or of silver, but excellent lead,
 Which, when she would help us the treacle so thick,
 The cleanly old woman would carefully lick.
 As we feasted, our ears did Aunt Dinah regale
 With many a joke and delectable tale ;
 Ah ! such tales as surpass all those tales of renown
 That we read in the jest books of Miller and Brown.

Of hunger and thirst having blunted the stings,
 For hunger and thirst are two sorrowful things ;
 (Ah ! what will not hunger do when it assails—
 Odsnooks ! it will make a poor mortal eat snails ;
 And what will not thirst do, e'en ask the poor soul
 That suck'd his wet shirt in the famous black hole).
 Well dined and well feasted, we stroll'd round the dome,
 'Till the chaise which we sent for to — was come.
 On each half of the house wretched poverty reigned,
 And the roof of the cracks in its fabric complained ;
 The rats had forsaken the dwelling with sighs,
 And the mice, little pilgrims, with tears in their eyes ;
 A black cat, with bones, like old Dinah, so bare,
 Was the only poor four-legged animal there,
 Whose sunk gooseberry eyes and thin hair showed her claws
 Could hardly support the demands of her jaws.

Yet, though poor was Aunt Dinah, she did not want taste,
 For prints the cob-walls with gay colourings graced ;
 Mr. Hogarth's choice prints of the Rake and the Harlot,
 Their majesties, bless them ! King George and Queen Charlotte,
 Mr. Jonathan Wild in a gaol in the dumps,
 Mr. Pitt groaning over his goutified stumps ;
 Macheath and Pol Peachum, the one 'gainst the other,
 Lord Bute and his majesty's excellent mother.

At length, after five hours' expectance and more,
 Came the chaise sweetly rumbling — what music ! — to door ;
 Aunt Dinah was sorry to see us depart—
 She blubbered as if she would burst her old heart ;
 But a piece, which the face of his majesty wears,
 Put an end to her howling ; and dried up her tears.

We bid her farewell, since to stay was in vain,
And back to — we travelled again.
And now we are seated around a good fire,
As joyous and happy as hearts can desire.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY
NURSE.

THE BIBLE AND KEY.

BEING THE GENUINE CONFESSION OF ONE OF THE SISTERS BELONGING TO
THE CENTRAL FLOCK MEETING, IN GRAY'S-INN-ROAD.

DEAR MISTER HEDITER,

I AM a young woman, what is just marred, to one of the Brotherhood who brakes Bred, every Sabbath, at the plaice, once kalled the Hoss-Bassar in Graysin Rode, and I am hadmonished by him, I now calls my master here on Erth, to make a hopen confeshon of all that passed at a certain Mrs. Horgers semaniny for young laddies at Kinsinton, ware I then was, in the cappasity of housemade, I ham now by the Lord's spesial fafor, the wife of a sereus, and pyous *Brother*.

Oh Mister Hediter, when I looks back upon the litesome and giddi life I ledd there, now, I am shokked at my own pictur, for I was as prowd of this pritty face of mine, and genteel figur, as thof I had maid both the one and the hother, with my own ands; and I was mutch taken hup, with hall the cilly kompliments and fine speches, that was bevery day poured into my villing heres by the Bootcher, Bacer, Hoilshop-man, and all the wrest of the chaps as brot goods to the famyly, and I hused to symper and gige, venhever the Righten-master, and the skip-and-hop Dansen-master, called me "the prittiest gurl in Kinsinton." I ave larnt better now I hopes throo the taching of our *Bretheren*, who tho they never calls themselves a *Sekt*, are nigher the trooth, it sims to me, than them as does. But now sir, to eese my mynd, and my conschense, wich has been loded much about this Bible and Kee, for more than a ear—mai God forgive me for not speeking hout before.—I was but a veak wessell!

Hour hestablimint at Kinsinton was a werry heligant one, indeed; we had too house-mades, a kooke, a skullion, five tachers, and a fute-man, besydes the neese of my missus, who noboddy lyked, because she had to luk after us all, and see that we dyd our dooty. I was werry imperent to the pure yung ladi, manys the tim and hoft, for wich now I ham werry sorry, and beg umbly her pardun.

Now Miss Wilson, this same neese of Mrs. Horger, was always making a baubery, and saying, as how the musick-books, and company-mints, was bein carred away by some inwisible ands. One peece sartainly whent after another: sometimes a hoverture, somtims a dooet; then a seranade, and then a symfony. Has for the manners-crypt musick as they kalled it, that went off like furi, and a hole Hoppera, of Semy-ra-meedy as they kalled it, disapeered in a wiff, with haf a doesan of the last nu songs, but gust brot into the house, by

Seenyor Halgretti, the grate singin master, wo put imself into a terrible passhion, wen he fownd the yunge laddys had not larnt the cad-dendsars he had sett them. How cud they doo it pure things! wen all the lessones had disappeared?

Well, to be sure, thare was a preshious to doo at last! Mrs. Horgers deklared "that it shud be found hout;" Miss Wilson, her neese, axed hall the tachers round. The young Ladyes was all haxamined, and there boxess and drauers all looked into—not a skrap could be found, but nix day, one of Mister Andells Horitoriors, was fresh missing, and that too, just after the ladi that taut the arpe, had bin there, a Missus Ambleton, a werry pretti, soft-speeking whoman, wo had a lyttle dauter in the hestablishment, who was called "*the Buty of the skool*," and so she was; honly the Ritin-master wud hav it wen I lett him hout at the dore, that I wos a undred times andsomer, than Miss Hader Ambleton, but he was a gai deceiver, and that I soon found hout.

"It is very hod," sed my Missus, as sune as Misses Ambleton was gon; and then she lookd pure Miss Hader, her dauter fool in the fase, as she sed it; "their his won of Andells Horitorihos gon since yestir-day, and no boddy hos bin into the moosik-rume but the Laddi wot taches the arp"—said the neese Miss Willson. Miss Hader Ambleton turned as pail, as hashes, and with a faint voice, axed "If Mrs. Horgers thourt, her mamma *kabable* of taken awai any thing has did not belong to her?"

"I judge no-boddy," hanserid my Missis, "but I ham resolved of won thing; *I wil no who has don it*, and hall the wrest of the pilferrings wot has bin caryed on in this housse so longue." And she spoke with ressolution-like, as she sed "Toomorrow Ladyes, we will all be tryd, if I ham alive, by meens of *The Bible and Kee*."

And so sure enuf we all where. At the top of the grate, best parler, were kompany is always receeved, and wich has a fine glass dore, that gose down into the garden; at the top sat Mrs. Horgers herselph; her neese Miss Wilson sat next, and then all the five tachers on ech side—the six and thirti Borders, was standin round, as they wel coud, and we sarvants neer the dore, not the glass won; the kook was in a pritty timper, that she shud bee brot hup from her kitchen, huppon sich a charge, sispishion of staling *musik*, and *musik-books* wot did she kare for musik? as for Jon the futman, he semed to like the fun of it werry much, and did nothin but wynk with his iis upon the other housemade and me, for which libertie I hit him a good sound slapp in the fase, the moment I coud do it, and not be sene by Missis. I was in no umer then for ani of is fooleri—and that yu mai gudge.

"Bring the grate Bible here," calld hout my Missis, "and fetch me the kee of the strete dore; evhery won shal hav a fare trial, as have com into this ouse; let hevery Ladi rite her own nam on a slyp of papper, and you Miss Wilson, my neese, and you five Ladi Tachers, put down those of the mastirs, and all the wisiters: you Miss Hader Ambleton, you shall rite that of your mother, and if hany of my sarvants cant rite, they must make there markes."—And the Bible was brout, and the kee.

It was werry hawfull all this preperration, and I turned sickley lyke;

but I keeped my iis upon pure Miss Hader, who, with her brite, long, wavey air, seemd to me all the wurd lyke a hangel.

So they beginnd with Miss Wilson, and I herd, with a trimblin hart, the wurds that Mrs. Horgers read out of the book of Job, on wich she afterwords put the name of her neese, then plased the kee of the street-dore upon the paper and the wurds, and tyed the Bible round and round with a long, blu ribband, leeving the handle of the kee out on the outside. These was the words, I copy them now from the Bible, and I shall never forget them, Job the 10th chap. 14, verse — “If I sin, then thou markest me; and thou wilt not *acquit* me from mine iniquity.”

Miss Wilson was thin hordered, by her ant, to take the andle of the kee, and hold it lightly, betwixt the too meedle and long fingirs of her too ands, and if the Bible did not turne, but remaned steddly, then she were to be thout hinnocent; and it did not stir an hinch, so her name was took owt of the buk, and thos of the five tachers was putt in insted one after another; still the blessed book did not moove, so they seemd hall wery gladsome.

“Who is to try all the *masters*?” cald owt the neese of Mrs. Horgers, and I wishd myself then ded, and buried.

“I shall, to be sure,” cryed owt my Missus, and she put in furst the name of Mr. Arris, the riting-master—he was all rite; then Mr. Rumpler, the drawing-master, he, too, come off quite hinnocent; Mr. Spinners name, who taught the dancin, was tyed in the next; the Bible did nor stir; “now for the Seignnorr,” excllemmed the Missus “*and then for Madame Ambleton, as plays the arpe.*”

As still as stown, stood the Bible, when the singing master's name was in it, so he stood akwitted: “Miss Hader Ambleton,” cried out our missis, “*you shall hould the kee and Bible for your muther,* It is but joost and propper; come hetther, child,” and Miss Hader went up.

“Oh no, no,” hinterrupted the Anglish tacher, Miss Watson; “do not, I beeseach you, Maddam, sufer the child to tri her own muther upon a suspition of robery! Any boddy in the rume is surly better, than to chuse her own child!”

“My muther is hinnocent,” sed Miss Hader, with a prow, kold woice, “no matter *who* tryes her; God knows her hinnocence!” and the deer, butifull cretur, walkd hup to the table, just like a prinsess, but her cheek was as pail as a lilli, and her smal, dilikate mouth trimbled like a leef, and I, Mr. Hediter, yu mai be sure, trimbled two!

The swate, fare gurl, tooke up the kee atwixt her dilicate fingerr, and held the Bible, when it begun to turne, like a peese of meet at a botle-jak, and Hader Ambleton gave one shrieque and fainted ded upon the carpitt!

Now, Mr. Hediter, you mai beleeve me or not, as you please, but jist at that moment, I loked towards the glas-dore, and their I seed, if hever I seed any won thing hin my hole lif, the *Devil hiself* lukiug hin threw the panes; lashen his grate, blac tale, and as plased as possible, to se a pure child, doin *the triel* for her one muther, so contrary to natur like, so I set hup a grate shrieque, two, lowder thin the child's, and pinto to the glas dore; the wrest of the sarvants did the

same, and hallow the yunge borders shrieked two, hand tumbled in their frite one hover the hother. Such a seen of confoosion never was befor; and how wee hever got hout of the rume, I never new—Miss Hader was caried hup to her bed, and a wiolent feever cem on; the docter was sint for, and her muther Mrs. Ambleton, who tookd her away, quite offinded, yu mai be sure, in a hackny-coach, with all her ward-roob, hafter telling our missis, “That she aught to be ashamed of hersilf,” and so she aught—’twas aginst natur, to make a child tri the muther who bore her.

All that nite, I thote the devul was cummin to take me awae upon his hornes, and scourge me with his grate long tale, for oh, Mister Hediter! and now comes my confission, it was *I who had tookd away all the musick-paper myself to lite the fires with*, but did not dair to own it; and for this grate sinn I trust I shall be forgiven, threw him, who pardons all siners. From that dai I becomd serius.

Be plessed to publish this, that Mrs. Ambleton may be none to be hinnocent, although the Bible did turn round at her name, owen, I suppose, to the trimbling ands of the deer sweet Miss Hader, who, I ope one dai to se, and to ax her pardonn.

I am, deer Sur,

One of the Sisters of the Centril Flock,

FRANCES SHEPPERTON.

14, Mount Strit, Hielinton.

THE OLD CORPORATION AND THE NEW CANAL.

A BALLAD.

SHOWING HOW THE OLD CORPORATION BURIED THE BAGS IN THE CANAL.

In this merrie countrie is a fine old city,
That has stood upon her legs heaven knows how long;
Her sons are very brave, very wise, and very witty,
And I'll tell you all about them in a free and easy song.
So very brave they were, that they fought many rounds,
With Romans, Danes, and Saxons, of all sorts and sizes;
And they managed to maintain their bounds and their grounds,
And over and above this, they picked up many prizes.
And those that got rich on the spoil of their foes
Left their wealth by deed of trust to the old corporation;
For the use of the good citizens, who every body knows,
Are as fine a set of fellows as any in the nation.
Now this old corporation was a dear old crone,
That loved to ride about in an old gilt coach;
And boasted of high character in a very high tone,
And was very much affected if you dropped the least reproach.
And every now and then for the sake of her health,
She took a sail in a fine old barge down the river;
And showed with many smiles, a sample of her wealth,
Till the breeze that sprung up made the dear old creature shiver.

Now this fine old corporation, according to the tale,
Was blest with an appetite that was really quite surprising ;
And in eating good dinners was never known to fail,
They loved sitting down to feed much better than rising.

But in spite of all the turtle, the pudding, and champagne,
This dear old corporation did not grow stronger ;
They said the city bags were too heavy for their train,
And they could'nt bear to carry such treasures any longer.

So they called Mr. B., and said, " Sweet Mr. B.,
Can you tell us how to lighten the load upon our backs :
To see us labouring thus under bags of the citie,
You might almost mistake us for a drove of jacks."

" Oh, yes, " said Mr. B., " if you wish to get free
From a part of this sad pressure, which is really very teasy,
And lighten the said bags, just lend them to me,
And I'll show you a way to make them much more easy.

" You have heard," continued B., " of the sinking fund of Pitt,
Which has eased many thousands of cash superfluities ;
We, too, can dig a pit, and make a sinking fund of it,
Where at leisure we may sink this burden of annuities."

" Oh, yes," said Mr. P., who now put in his plea,
" I entirely agree with this noble proposition ;
And myself will take charge of the bags both small and large,
And relieve you very much from this oppressive condition.

" There's nothing like the thing they call a canal,
For shipping away all heavy cumbrous articles ;
And I'll answer to the city, and so I freely shall,
That of all their spare wealth, it will leave but few particles."

Then the kind old corporation was quite in exultation
At the thought that beasts of burden they should cease to be ;
And like gallant bloods start to the general racing mart,
And share the pleasures of the turf with the jovial and free.

Then Mr. B. and Mr. P. shook hands both together,
While a calm and pleasant smile was dancing in their eyes ;
And congratulated each other on the change in the weather,
Which really was to them a very pleasing surprise.

So they took up the bags that held the golden seed,
And laid them in a long pit that looked more foul than fair ;
But the old bags burst in the middle of the deed,
And let the money tumble into heaven knows where.

And then the old bags were brought back full of rags,
Which were light enough, in conscience, for those who had to
 carry them,
But exposed many folks to exceedingly nipping jokes,
That were extremely disagreeable to those who had to parry them.

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

THE simplification of Oriental languages is a matter of the greatest importance to the world at large. Under this title Volney wrote a work of considerable talent, by which the Gallic church was stirred up to offer a prize for the best essay on the subject. Many essays were consequently produced, and ingenious plans were published which have been extensively discussed.

It is no wonder that the church has taken a lively interest in this question. She knows that if some distinctive mode of representing the Oriental languages in European characters could be adopted, and if the Hebrew, Syrian, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Bibles were printed in the Roman characters, then would a great bond of literary fellowship be established between the eastern and western hemispheres, a common alphabet would bridge the tremendous chasm that now separates them, and each would be immensely improved by the intercourse of the other.

Having long examined this topic with sedulous care, and perused above 100 volumes in which the question is discussed pro and con, we are encouraged to offer such remarks as may tend to this desirable consummation:—We wish to propose a plain, simple method of Oriental orthography, which unites most of the merits of the plans now before the public, and which gets rid of their chief defects: In the present paper we shall principally apply this plan to the Oriental languages above named. Should the Bible, or Missionary Societies, or any influential individuals, assist and patronize our exertions, we have it likewise in our power to represent the various languages of India, Tartary, and China, in a manner scarcely less accurate.

It is a fact well known that the Roman alphabet is capable of representing every variety of sound, either by its simple letters as they stand, or by those same letters circumflexed, (in other words by their having an accent signifying an inflection of tone and pronunciation set over them.)

The letters of the Roman alphabet are 26 simples; if these were pointed in the way above mentioned, there would then be 52, the same number as a pack of cards or a pack of hounds.

Now what we assert is this, that though our simple letters will do well enough to represent the simple letters of the Hebrew and Arabic, we require circumflexed letters to represent their circumflexed letters. It is for want of attention to this fact that so many difficulties have arisen, but these difficulties may easily be removed, by our having letters with an accent over them cast, as well as letters without an accent.

The Orientals conceive that every letter of their alphabet is capable either of a direct or an inflected pronunciation. Thus their aleph or a, is to be sounded as the pure vowel, but when it is circumflexed thus (â) it has an inflected sound. Their beth or b, in itself sounds like our own, but when it is circumflexed thus (ḅ), it has nearly the same sound as our p; and so with regard to the rest.

It is, therefore, evident enough that though we can represent their

simple letters by our simple letters; yet it is necessary, when we would represent their pointed or inflected letters, that we also should possess circumflexed or inflected letters to match.

For instance, if we have their pointed b, which sounds nearly like p, or their pointed p, which sounds nearly like ph or f; we can only represent them fairly by having circumflexed letters of our own answerable thereto.

We say *only*, because these accents of inflected pronunciation (sometimes doubling a sound, sometimes aspirating it, sometimes mollifying it) are perfectly different things from other accents which mark the *height* of syllables, and quantities which mark their *length*. For instance, the Persian s, by having a point over it, is sounded like a t, and *vice versa*. We require a circumflexed s or t to represent the same letter, in these changes.

In short we must give the Roman alphabet the same advantage of accentual inflections enjoyed by the Oriental alphabets, if ever it is to represent them fairly. If the Hebrew, Syrian texts, &c. happen to be without points, let our representation of them be without circumflexes; if, on the other hand, they are given with points, let us use our circumflexes to represent them.

Much of the force of this reasoning must depend on the idea we form of the original nature of that accent usually called the circumflex. We conceive that the circumflex accent called by the Greeks *perispômenos*, and written thus $\acute{\circ}$ or $\grave{\circ}$ was always an *accent of inflexion*, of sound, and had a different use from the *accents of elevation* called the acute and the grave, marked $\acute{}$ and $\grave{}$. Every language must have some method of inflecting the sound of its letters. The Orientals in general and the Persians, with whom the Greeks had so much intercourse, used *points* of inflection, signifying that the letter over which they were placed was to receive a double aspiration. The Greeks admitted not the Oriental points of inflection, but they adopted instead the circumflex accent of inflection. Wherever this is placed, it indicates a modification of a double breathing or aspiration, considerably modifying the pronunciation of the subscribed letter. The grammarians, for want of considering this fact, have been considerably puzzled by the use of the circumflex. The circumflex, say they, is a unitive and syncretic accent—compounded both of the acute and the grave, and indicating the elevation and depression of voice in the same syllable.

We repeat our conviction that the circumflexed accent was often used by the Greeks to represent the Oriental point of inflection; and that it may be used with the greatest advantage at the present day to represent the orthography of the Orientals. As to the exact pronunciation of the circumflexed vowels and consonants, it will be best learned from practice.

We would, however, restrict our conformity to the single accent of inflection, such as is used to be incorporated in Oriental letters; and by no means wish to use the elaborate system of points of inflection, by which the Masorets intended to convey all possible varieties of pronunciation. This is, we conceive, a useless excess of refinement, tending to confuse. By attempting to define all things, they define nothing. We might as well contrive twenty or thirty new kinds of points

to represent the modes in which the pronunciation of the French has changed at successive periods.

No! what we aim at is to get an etymological and grammatical identity of letters—so that we should know precisely how to represent each Oriental letter by a Roman one, and *vice versâ*. Then we might refer from alphabet to alphabet without difficulty, and safely leave the thousand little delicacies of pronunciation to be caught by ear, as is the case with the French above alluded to.

In order to supply the deficient phonetic or vocalic power which is left vacant in Oriental writing, we would recommend the use of the diphthong æ. We conceive the Orientals left these interstices in their words, not knowing how to express the diphthongic power. By inserting æ wherever the hiatus between the consonants requires it, the student will give his orthography precision and force.

In order to illustrate our system, let me take the Hebrew alphabet—which I would represent by these Roman characters, A, B, G, D, E, U, Z, Eh, T, I, K, L, M, N, S, O, P, X, Q, R, Sh, Th. In this system of representing the Hebrew letters, I have differed little from the majority of grammarians. But I leave myself the privilege of giving all these letters a circumflexed inflection when they require it. And, for the rest, I use my diphthong æ when I want it.

I have no fear that my system, which is unitive, and endeavours to combine the conflicting opinions of scholars, will be objectionable to the Anti-Masorets. The followers of Origen, Capellus, Masclef, Houbegant, Kennicott, Hare, Lowth, and Parkhurst, will be sufficiently well pleased with it; and as I go further in representing the points than many of my predecessors, I hope my plan will not be disagreeable to the Masoretic gentlemen, who so ingeniously plead for the pointed orthography.

Let me now proceed to illustrate my plan by representing the simple unpointed Hebrew of Genesis in Roman letters. I should represent it thus :—

Bæ-rashith bera Aleim ath e-shæmim u-ath e-aræx; my x being sounded like xsh, as is the case in Arabic—hence e. g. from Xeres comes Sherry wine.

Such is my method of representing the first verse in the Bible. In the beginning God created essentially the heavens, and essentially the earth.

According to this scheme you have at least letter for letter, and can refer to your Hebrew dictionary without difficulty. It is a most desirable thing that the entire Bible should be printed after this plan.

Mr. Parkhurst gives the same text in this manner :—*Berasit bera Aleim at esemim uat earej*. The fault of his system is its want of distinctness, and his confounding the vowels that are written, with the vowels that are not written.

Masclef's system is open to the same objection—he writes the verse thus :—*Berassith bera Aleim ath essimim ouath earets*.

The Masorets represent it thus :—*Bereeshith bara Elohim eeth has-hamaim ve eeth ha aretz*. This is evidently chargeable with a great excess and confusion of letters—so as to be entirely unsuitable for a definite symbol of the original.

As Griesbach observes, critics are especially delighted with their own works, and every man abounds in his own sense. We pretend not to be exempt from this species of self-flattery; yet, vanity apart, we sincerely believe that the system proposed is far better adapted to represent the whole Hebrew bible in Roman characters, than the scheme which has been adopted by Greenfell in his Hebrew English Genesis; or Hare, Robinson, or Grey, in their Hebrew English Job and Psalms.

If my system were once established, it might, by the aid of accented letters, be easily extended to Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Hindoo-stanee, as Rosen has already proved.

The difficulty, in reality, is far less than in seeming. Every scholar is aware of the absolute identity of the Arabico-Persian letters with those of Hebrews and Syrians. In their numeral powers they are exactly the same, but by some unhappy accident the order of the Arabico-Persian alphabet has been completely upset. In consequence, the relative connection that Persian bears to Hebrew on one side, and Greek on the other, has been miserably obscured.

Schindler Nicolai and Elizabeth Smith have already done something in restoring the Persian alphabet to its pristine order, and have given us a few glossaries of its relative etymology. But never will Arabic and Persian stand in their appropriate position, till some noble patron arises, under whose protection a great Arabico-Persian dictionary be composed in the Hebrew order of letters, out of the dictionaries of Castell, Mimneiski, Richardson, Hodson, and others.

The present system of representing Arabic, Persian, &c. in English characters is most barbarous. All etymology and grammar are completely violated by it. The very same syllables and words are represented in twenty different ways by rival Orientalists. An alif, for instance, is represented by a, e, i, o, u, y, on no other rule than the caprice of the writer. Thus you never can know what the word is in the original by the methods of representation at present in vogue. The analogy of letters is perpetually violated—symbols have become no symbols, and serve only to mislead. If you take up Viera's or Weston's dictionaries of words derived from Arabic and Persian, into the European languages, you never know what the words they intend really are, so eccentric and contradictory is their method of spelling them.

The grand cause of all this grievance is the absurdity of neglecting etymological spelling for a merely pronunciational one. Thus, instead of trusting to signs of inflection, as the Orientals themselves have done, our scholars have been striving to represent merely what they conceived to be the pronunciation. They have run precisely into the same blunder as the wag who wrote French after, what he conceived, to be the true pronunciation. Instead of writing *comment vous portez vous*—he wrote *commong voo porta voo*. For a long time his friends could not understand him: when they did, they laughed at him for playing the fool.

We would conclude by expressing a hope that those individuals who think favourably of these propositions, will communicate on the subject with the author. The investigation is one of high practical

interest. By the scheme here proposed, the Oriental languages will become as easy, familiar, and popular as Latin is at present, and the relations between Asia and Europe be rendered advantageous to a degree beyond all calculation.

ALIBENISM AND THEOSOPHY.

ONE of the profoundest topics that engaged the attention of the ancient Orientals, is that of Alibenism. The word is composed of *Al*, God, and *Ben*, a development, a son, or a stone. The name Alibenism very nearly corresponds with the Greek word Theogony, so beautifully interpreted by Hesiod.

The doctrine of Aliben, God's son, has, in all times, pervaded the initiations. Alibenism, divine development, sonship, and edification, will, therefore, be found the key to many of the mysteries of theosophy and freemasonry.

In confirmation of this statement, we quote a passage from an article in Fraser's Magazine (No. 47), entitled, "Alibenistics, or the Arcana of Freemasonry." "The antiquity (says the writer) of Alibenistic characters, is clear from Genesis, in which it is openly stated that the aboriginal races of just men distinguished themselves by this very title, Alibenim theogonists, or God's sons. That there has ever existed such a class of freemasonic characters, is no idle or fantastic speculation. The very name indicates their unity with the Alibenists, for the term free is significant of the emancipation of God's free spirit, and from *ben*, which equally signifies a son, or stone, edification and building, are the mixed meanings of *mason* derivable. This word still preserves the original idea of the divine principle, continually edifying and building up the lapsed soul for immortality.

"We are thus introduced to one of the deepest secrets of initiation, namely, the connection which subsists between the doctrine of divine *filiation* and divine *edification*.

"In connection with this theory it is necessary to observe that theosophists have ever professed their belief, that divine natures are essentially epicene, and including in themselves all sexes. They imagine that the central essence, call it God, conscience, or whatever you please, is self-subsistent, self-contained, and capable of creating from itself successive developments. Thus they assert that a divine celibatist may exhibit paternal, matrimonial, and filial developments within himself, without any external marriage, &c.

"Here, then, lies the prime mystery of Alibenism. It shows that Deity might produce within himself a son; that the eternal *Al* could produce the eternal *Aliben* within himself, and that this Aliben should still be immanent rather than emanent. Even as St. John declares, in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Now if this doctrine of the theosophists be true, every earthly celibatist is an image of this divine relation. Every earthly celibatist contains within himself a series of filiations; as if a man were author of himself, and owned no other kin. He is his own father, his own child, because he is self-productive and self-produced. Thus, accord-

ing to these theosophists, conscience begot reason, the masculine principle in us ; will, the feminine principle in us, and these begot various other developements of our metaphysical nature. Aye, and according to them, our spirits begot our bodies ; for, say they, spirit is the essential principle of body, which is but its external developement outlaying itself, spirit having the power of forming and reforming bodies adapted to itself as vehicles both at births and resurrections.

Bossuet, who was not untaught in these matters, thus describes the same problem in his *Universal History* (page 278). "The two great mysteries (says he) of the trinity, and the incarnation, are revealed to us in Scripture. But he that hath revealed them to us makes us to find the image thereof in ourselves, that so they might be always present to us, and that we might acknowledge the dignity of our nature. In short, if we would impose silence on our senses, and would, for a little while, look into ourselves—into the bottom of our souls, that is to say, into that part where the truth is apprehended, we should find there some image of the trinity we adore. The *thought* which we perceive springing up as the bud of our minds, as the son of our understanding, gives us some idea of the Son of God, eternally conceived in the mind of the Heavenly Father. Wherefore that Son of God assumes the name of the Logos, to make us understand that he sprang up in the bosom of his Father, not as bodies do, but as that inward word arises in our mind which we feel in it when we contemplate the truth. The same may be said of the affection of love, that arises in the same way."

We may see, then, some reason why celibacy is praised in Scripture. The celibatist emulates the first or internal filiations and developements. He begets his own metaphysical and physical faculties and powers, so as to make himself a perfect being. In him the boy is father to the man in an especial sense ; he knows that to produce an heroic self, as an internal son, is a nobler task than to produce a crowd of external children. The matrimonialist of the exoteric order is not content with these internal developements. He seeks in physical marriage an external multiplication of his images. Therefore, (says St. Paul,) he that celibatizes does best, though he that marries does well. Both the states are blest of heaven—both have their several advantages and uses. But as a matter of order, internal developements must ever precede external developements, which are but physical reflections of spiritual realities—outward and visible signs—and therefore transitory.

THE ANATOMY OF SUICIDE.*

A BOOK on suicide and suicides!—a record of all the awful instances of self-immolation upon the altars of those *dii patrii*—vanity, superstition, sensuality, and pride ; with a philosophical and medical examination of the occult and obvious causes, moral and physical, which

* The Anatomy of Suicide, by Forbes Winslow, Esq. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London : and author of "Physic and Physicians." 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated. H. Renshaw, Strand.

remotely or immediately lead to self-murder, has just made its appearance. The very name of the volume, "Anatomy of Suicide," may startle the nervous and infirm of mind, and deter the timid man from passing beyond its title-page. It may be supposed to consist only of modes and forms of self-destruction, as practised in all ages, and in all states of civilization; and therefore be a dangerous book to put into the hands of men already pre-disposed to suicide, and only considering how they shall contrive to rid themselves of that precious gift of life which God has mercifully bestowed. But were this true of the work, and did it contain only a description of the ways and means of suicide; did it consist of the most approved formulæ of self-murder, we should not, even then, be afraid to place it in the hands of the most nervous or melancholy of our friends; for although we acquiesce in the truth of the author's first paragraph, that "human actions are more under the influence of example than precept," we believe that where there is the disposition to suicide already formed, the means of destruction will be found always at hand; and if the unalterable determination has been taken, it matters little in what manner that resolve is to be carried out. If a man destroys himself it is of little consequence whether he jumps over the parapet of Westminster Bridge, hangs himself from the bed-post by his garters, drinks prussic acid, leaps off the Monument, or his "quietus makes with a bare bodkin." The means of suicide are various and always ready. No man can be so in want of a mode as to require a book of formulæ to teach him the art of self-destruction. The human frame, with its thousand delicate contrivances for the perfection of its organization, is easily deranged; it is a citadel open to attack upon every side, presenting many weak points in its defences, with a garrison ever ready to surrender to the meanest foe who may besiege it; and it is strange that so complex an organization, formed of such delicate materials, should continue often its regular movements, without one deviation from health, to the full limit of our probation. One who is a little intimate with the structure of his body, might easily be led to fear that the slightest shake, or smallest jar, would derange its works and obstruct its movements. But, it is no uncommon thing to find men, who, with the exception, perhaps, of the trifling ailments incident to babyhood, have reached a ripe old age, without the aid of pill or potion; and who, consequently, have a supreme contempt for the *ars medica*, and a lurking suspicion of the reality of those pains and ills which flesh is heir to.

But notwithstanding what all these hardy old fellows say upon the subject, we, who have examined the human organization in its most complex and delicate developements, affirm, that as there are thousands of forms which death may assume, so are there thousands of inlets to the enemy; every pore is a passage through which he may enter: he may lie hidden among the blessings which sweeten existence, and insidiously gain admission. Or he may come merrily dancing on the cool summer breezes in which we are luxuriating, and treacherously poison the fountain of life, while we are pouring out thanks to the health-giving zephyrs for the refreshment and invigoration we have received. Let no one, then, be afraid of the "Anatomy of Suicide."

It contains, it is true, many records of self-murder, from Samson and Saul, to the girl and the boy who jumped off the Monument, but the work is far from having a depressing tendency. It is full of valuable matter, interesting anecdotes, and philosophical deductions; and calculated rather to dispel vapours, than to produce melancholy. It is, of all the books we are acquainted with, the one we would rather see upon our breakfast-table upon a dark, yellow-looking morning in November, when every object seems tinged with smoky vapours; and even our own mind, notwithstanding a good night's sleep, and a substantial breakfast before us, has a tendency to the blues. Then we have a fellow-feeling for all the poor suicides of whom we read; we enter better into their feelings, and take a more charitable view of their actions. We then read such a book as this with the same pleasure a sick man experiences while conning over medical cases, to find out other instances of his malady; or that an old traveller feels, when reading an account of the countries he has visited. We may have crept out of bed backwards (an invariable sign of ill-humour), and been scolded by our gentle spouse. We may have come down into the parlour, and found the windows open, the fire just lighted, and scarcely showing any sign of combustion; the dirty drab of a kitchen-maid down on her knees and hands upon the hearth, puffing and blowing with all the force of her asthmatic lungs, to fan the smouldering embers to a flame. We may have rushed from this chilling exhibition, stumbling over brooms and dustpans, to our favourite study, where we left the night before our books and papers, duly arranged for easy access to them in the morning, and there found, to our horror and dismay, every book put away and every paper set aside. Full of chagrin and disappointment, we have seized our hat and stick and sallied forth into the street for a walk round the square until breakfast-time; but here again every thing we meet wears a look of gloom. The air is full of yellow, dirty-looking vapour, which, coming cold and damp upon the skin, bids defiance to all our attempts to circulate the blood. The wretched objects in the street seem as if they had been exposed to its chilling influence all night, so shrivelled, and care-worn, and blue, they look. The poor, miserable, jaded hackney-coach horses—as they stand one behind the other, with their heads depending, and their sides reeking—are the very emblems of wretchedness and patience combined; and even the Jarvies themselves, in spite of their top-coats of many colours, and “baccy”-pipes, and frequent visits to the tap, look as if their horses need not envy them. At last, with half a head-ache, and a gloomy spirit, we arrive at home to join our circle round the breakfast-table, which, notwithstanding the exhilarating Mocha and fragrant bolhea, would fail to put us in good humour with the world and with ourself, but for the last new book or magazine, which, according to invariable custom, is placed upon our table. Then is the time, I observe, when such a book as this is refreshing to the mind; it soothes the spirits, calms the temper, and puts us in a loving frame towards all mankind. We want, at such a time, no heavy quarto, or ancient folio, full of deep thought, which requires patient meditation and quiet study to master, but a book combining light reading with a small amount of learning and research, which will,

at the same time, stimulate the reasoning powers a little, and amuse the imagination much. Just such a book is the "*Anatomy of Suicide*;" quite a breakfast-table book, full of light reading and pleasant matter for present amusement, and something solid to boot, for subsequent reflection.

The great object, however, which Mr. Winslow has in view, is to suggest some moral and physical remedies for that diseased condition of the brain which predisposes to suicide. He takes the usual charitable view of the subject, and believes self-murder is invariably owing to insanity. Doubtless, in the greater number of instances this may be so; and where there is not the clearest evidence to the contrary, a jury is fully justified in coming to this charitable conclusion—but that suicide is invariably owing to derangement of the brain, or that none but madmen ever kill themselves, may be very much doubted. Many of the instances, both from ancient and modern times, which our author adduces, contradict his own hypothesis. The very first case mentioned, that of the wife of Asdrubal, the Carthaginian general, who, rather than surrender her person to the flushed conqueror, rushed with her children into the burning temple, and perished in the flames, is at issue with his theory. Under the influence of Paganism, and according to the views of a future life which then prevailed, this act would have been regarded as one of great courage, patriotism, and heroic self-devotion; rather than as evincing a decayed and imbecile understanding. Judging of these acts through the medium of our own philosophy, and weighing them in the balance of the Christian religion, we should certainly come to the same conclusion with our author; but this is an unfair and unphilosophical mode of examining the subject. We must throw ourselves back to ancient time, clothe our minds with ancient feelings—remember ancient habits—and divest ourselves altogether of modern prepossessions. Then we may judge fairly of ancient manners—and, if we do this, we shall conclude with the ancients that the wife of Asdrubal—as a virtuous woman and patriot—could not have acted otherwise if she valued her earthly reputation, or the favour of the gods. But even if this case does not establish the fact—that suicide is compatible with soundness of mind—what are we to say of the next case mentioned, that of the inhabitants of the city of Xanthus, who all resolved to die by their own hands rather than submit to the conqueror? Are we to suppose that these thousands of persons were all suddenly affected with insanity? or may we not conclude that, according to their views of morality and a future state, they acted with reason rather than with madness? Heroism and patriotism were among the most exalted virtues which a pagan could exhibit—and with their notions of deity, they could not but rejoice in opportunities for their display. The delights of Elysium, and the glory of a renowned name, were cheaply purchased, even by death—and he would be the madman, or the fool, who, to prolong for a few years this miserable life, would give up the hopes and expectations of a better.

The Christian system, however, holds out no prospect of reward for any virtue short of absolute holiness of life. The hero and the patriot may still be regarded with admiration, loaded with the free-will offerings of a grateful country—toasted in wine, and lauded in song—and

yet, when tried by the test of God's holy law, found wanting in every thing that gives grace to the Christian character. Under such a pure system of faith we are not to expect instances of self-devotion—such as were common in ancient times—we must not expect to see men rushing boldly into the presence of their Maker, with the hope that their patriotism is to cancel all the heavy debt against them. On the contrary, our religion teaches us quite the opposite doctrine, that *when we have done all that is commanded, we are still unprofitable servants*. But what are we to say of the numerous instances of modern self-murder, which our author has industriously culled, and here exhibited? Are these suicides all owing to insanity? Did the Christian religion influence all mankind, living in Christian lands, and calling themselves Christians, we should be disposed to say that it would be difficult to assign any other cause for suicide than insanity. But the melancholy truth forces itself upon us, that thousands and thousands there are, called, *generically*, Christians, who are Atheists both in practice and principle: disbelievers in the existence of a God, and, consequently, disbelieving in a future state; and even where they go not quite so far, but acknowledge the being of a God, yet do they in innumerable instances deny man's responsibility, and treat the gospel of our Lord as a "*cunningly devised fable*." That men holding these views should prefer a quick death to a long life of pain, or sorrow, or shame, is not surprising; and suicide, under such circumstances, must be regarded as a proof of sound reasoning, according to their notions of religion, rather than of imbecile judgement. Far be it from us to say that all cases of suicide in Christian lands are owing to infidel principles; we would rather believe, on the contrary, with Mr. Winslow, that in the generality of cases, suicide in this country is the result of insanity, either of long standing, or supervening suddenly upon the application of an exciting cause to a mind predisposed to the disease.

Connected with this part of our subject is a fact which has always excited astonishment whenever it has been mentioned, namely, that our light-hearted mercurial neighbours on the other side of the channel are more given to this vice than are the melancholy, grave, and careworn English. It appears from the statistical work of M. A. Guerry, that from the year 1827 to that of 1830, there were committed throughout France no less than 6,900 suicides! that is to say, an average of nearly 1,800 per annum. These calculations were made from an examination of judicial documents, in which were included merely those cases of suicide which have been followed by death, or in which legal proceedings were taken; so, that, as the author observes, it is not improbable that many more attempts were made to perpetrate this crime, of which the public is quite ignorant. Holcroft, in speaking of the number of suicides in Paris, observes, "I am not well informed on the subject, but I doubt if as many suicides be committed throughout all Great Britain in a year, as in Paris alone in a month."

"The number of suicides that really happen in Paris must exceed, no man can say how much, those that are actually known. The bodies exposed at La Morgue are most of them brought from St. Cloud; the distance to which by water must be above three, perhaps four miles. At the bridge of St. Cloud the fishermen nightly spread

their nets ; and in the morning, with the fish, these bodies are drawn up ; but as an old inhabitant of St. Cloud, whom I strictly questioned on the subject, assured me, the nets were only suffered to be down a stated number of hours, according to the season, certainly not upon an average half-a-day ; and, in proof of what he said, he observed to me that this regulation must take place, or the navigation of the river would be impeded. Hence, by the most moderate calculation, the number of bodies that escape the nets must, at least, equal the number of those that are caught."

"I was told," continues Mr. Holcroft, "that the government had lately refused the accustomed fee to fishermen for each corpse they brought, and that they would not continue to drag up the dead bodies, affirming that the money they had before received was insufficient to pay the damage their nets had sustained."

Now, how is this appalling fact to be accounted for ? Why is it that France should be more prolific of suicides than England ? We have no hesitation in replying, because France is notoriously more infidel than England. At whose door the heavy charge lies of revolutionising and unchristianising that fair land, and desolating it with the deadly plague of infidelity, we will not presume to say ; but of the fact, no man with eyes and ears can possibly doubt ; and to this cause, more than to any other, we trace much of that reckless spirit which is now identified with the French national character.

There are two opposite states of mind which are calculated to make men brave the approach of the last enemy—an exalted hope founded upon strong faith, or the disbelief of a future life. Men actuated by the one fear not to exchange a life of sorrow and suffering, for a better and more enduring state of existence—while those who entertain the other opinion fear not the momentary pang which ends their misery, and sends them into nothing. The first principle will make a martyr, the last a suicide ; the one principle will make a weak man struggle bravely against the surges of adversity, while the other, by presenting a shorter and safer remedy for misfortune, will induce even a brave man to fly like a dastard to the grave.

This principle is shortly expressed in an observation of the infidel Hume : "No man ever threw away life while it was worth keeping." While life is sweetened with prosperity, even the infidel will not desire to die ; but the moment it becomes embittered with adversity, he no longer wishes to live. It is said of Voltaire, that, after sitting in conversation with an Englishman of fortune for many hours, discoursing upon the depravity of human nature, tyranny, and oppression of kings, poverty, wretchedness, and misfortune, the gravel, the gout, and the stone, and all the various ills that flesh is heir to—they worked themselves up by these imaginary evils to such a state of excitement as to propose to commit suicide together on the following day ; a good night's rest, however, and a bright sunny morning, changed the purpose of the philosopher, and when the Englishman came firmly resolved to perform his promise, and demanded of Voltaire the fulfilment of his, the wit replied—"Ah ! monsieur, pardonnez moi, j'ai bien dormi, mon lavement a bien operé, et le soleil est tout-à-fait clair aujourd'hui."

After reading all the arguments which infidel writers have advanced in defence of suicide, how cheering is it to turn and listen to such sentiments as those which Quintus Curtius has put into the mouth of Darius, who, after every ray of hope had abandoned him, says to his attendants, "I will wait the issue of my fate. You wonder, perhaps, that I do not terminate my own life; but I choose rather to die by another's crime than by my own." And, also, those of Cleomenes, King of Sparta, when, under the pressure of misfortune, he was urged to commit suicide; but who replied, "By seeking this easy and ready kind of death, you think to appear brave and courageous, but better men than you and I have been oppressed by fortune, and borne down by multitudes. He that sinks under toil, or yields to affliction, or is overcome by the opinions and reproaches of men, gives way to his own effeminacy and cowardice. A voluntary death is never to be chosen as a relief from action, but as exemplary in itself, it being base to live or die only for ourselves. The death to which you now invite us is only proposed as a relief to present misery, but conveys with it no signs of bravery or prospects of advantage." To the same purport Euripides makes Hercules say, "I have considered, and, though oppressed with misfortunes, I have determined thus: Let no one depart out of life through fear of what may happen to him, for he who is not able to resist evils will fly, like a coward, from the darts of the enemy."

These are the sayings of Pagan writers; but the noble sentiment of St. Paul expresses the true Christian principle of support under the pressure of earthly suffering, a principle which induced him, though desirous of the crown of immortality, to bear his burden with patience and resignation until his change should come. The apostle says to the Philippian Christians, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better;" or, in the stronger language of the Greek, *πολλῷ γὰρ μᾶλλον κρείττον* by much far better—the highest superlative he could employ to express the superiority of that happiness which he anticipated, and all earthly good; "and yet," he continues, "nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you." The best moral remedy which can be applied to cure a tendency in any people to the crime of suicide, is the cultivation and dissemination of the same Christianity which adorned the character of this great apostle. Nothing that philosophy can do will cure the evil; nothing that a tame system of falsely called liberal legislation can effect, will answer the purpose; nothing short of sound scriptural education, and the wide diffusion of wholesome principles, will check a tendency to the crime of suicide. We know that these sentiments are every where treated with reproach and contempt, but nevertheless we cannot close our eyes to the glaring facts which stare us in the face whensoever we glance over the broad surface of society, and see the effects which have always followed the spread of infidel principles. On this point we quote, with pleasure, the sound opinions of Mr. Winslow in his last chapter, where he is considering the question; whether suicide can be prevented by legislative enactments. On this point he observes: "In the prevention of suicide too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of adopting a well-regulated, enlarged, and philosophic system of education, by which all the *moral* as well as

the intellectual faculties will be expanded and disciplined. The education of the intellect, without any reference to the moral feelings, is a species of instruction calculated to do an immense amount of injury. The tuition that addresses itself exclusively to the perceptive and reflective faculties is not the kind of education that will elevate the moral character of a people. Religion must be made the basis of all secular knowledge. We must be led to believe that the education which fits the possessor for another world, is vastly superior to that which has relation only to the concerns of this life. We are no opponents to the diffusion of knowledge, but we are to that description of information which has only reference "to the life that is, and not to that which is to be." Such a system of instruction is, of necessity, defective, because it is partial in its operation. Teach a man his duty to his God, as well as his obligation to his fellow-men; lead him to believe that his life is not his own; that disappointment and misery is the penalty of Adam's transgression; and one from which there is no hope of escaping; and above all, inculcate a resignation to the decrees of Divine Providence. When life becomes a burden, when the mind is sinking under the weight of accumulated misfortunes, and no gleam of hope penetrates through the vista of futurity to gladden the heart, the intellect says, "Commit suicide and escape from a world of wretchedness and woe;" the moral principle says, "Live, it is your duty to bear with resignation the afflictions that overwhelm you; let the moral influence of your example be reflected in the characters of those by whom you are surrounded."

"If we are justified in maintaining that the majority of cases of suicide result from a vitiated condition of the moral principle, then it is certainly a legitimate mode of preventing the commission of the offence, to elevate the character of man as a moral being. It is no legitimate argument against this position, to maintain that insanity, in all its phases, marches side by side with civilisation and refinement; but it must not be forgotten that a people may be refined and civilised, using those terms in their ordinary signification, who have not a just conception of their duties as members of a Christian community. Let the education of the heart go side by side with the education of the head; inculcate the ennobling thought, that we live not for ourselves, but for others; that it is an evidence of true Christian courage to face bravely the ills of life, to bear with fortitude the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely; thence we disseminate principles which will give expansion to those faculties that alone can fortify the mind against the commission of a crime alike repugnant to all human and divine laws."

But there are physical as well as moral causes of suicide, which act by inducing, in the first place, a derangement of the brain and nervous system—sometimes through the medium of the digestive apparatus, but more frequently through that of the mind itself.

Mr. Winslow enters largely and philosophically into the consideration of this important branch of medical inquiry, and we sincerely recommend this part of the work to the serious consideration of all those who are affected with "black melancholy," or, "dire despair." Doubtless our mental phases depend often upon the healthy state of our bodily functions. We are lively and gay when the animal machi-

nery is well oiled, and the wheels are revolving with regularity; but when they are obstructed, then do we grow gloomy and sad. At that most disagreeable of all times, the hour before dinner, especially if, by the folly of some fellow who thinks his importance is enhanced by making a large party wait for his arrival, that awful time is prolonged to a more than usual length, who has not found his spirits flag, and who has not observed that a great effort is necessary, on the part of the worthy host, to keep his company in a good humour? but behold dinner is announced, and immediately all faces become bright with smiles; the gentlemen grow witty, the ladies lovely, and soon the clatter of knives, forks, and plates is only equalled by that of the merry lads and laughing lasses around the board. Thus do we see how intimately associated is our mental with our grosser animal nature. Reverse the order of influences, and we witness the same thing. A city merchant, as round as an alderman and rubicund as mine host of the "Crown," tumbles out of an omnibus just at the end of his own street, pays his sixpence, gives his little legs a stretch, and then makes the best of his way as hungry as a hound to dinner. Cook, as punctual as the sun, is dishing up just as he places his dexter foot upon the step and his hand upon the knocker. The door opens, and the order "bring up dinner," flies from mouth to mouth, and is obeyed almost before he has time to wash his hands and change his coat. Down he sits before one of Tucker's best sirloins, flanked with a bottle of capital brown sherry, and overlooking, like the father of a family, two lines of side-dishes filled with early vegetables and savoury morsels. One would think from his glance that he could swallow the whole feast, when, lo! a postman's rap is heard, and a letter, covered with those odd outlandish modern hieroglyphics, is put into his hands. It is from his clerk, and to inform him that his banker has just stopped payment. Down goes knife and fork; away goes Tucker's loin untouched, and prostrate fall the appetite and spirits of our friend together. Such is the effect of mind upon matter. Physical causes operating but for a short time, or at intervals, only produce transient effects upon the mind; but it is easy to conceive that permanent destruction of the soft and tender texture of brain and nerves may be induced by a rapid succession of such impulses, or their continuance for a more than ordinary length of time. Now, it is during this preliminary stage of mental disease that the medical art may be successfully applied, just at the very time when the destructive tendency of any one cause operating upon the nervous system, may be detected only by the nice tact of experience.

Insanity may be cured, as the cholera was, most easily and most surely, in its precursory stage, when its existence is not suspected by the most watchful friend, but is to be perceived at a glance by the intelligent physician. We have no doubt that most diseases are thus preceded by certain precursory signs, which, like the first droppings from a cloud, give indications of a coming tempest. We remember how gentle, how insidious, were the approaches of the cholera; a slight disorder of the alimentary canal, hardly worth attention, was, however, the sure forerunner of the dreadful collapse. And so we believe that most diseases have their warning voices; and if we would

hearken to them in time, much evil would be prevented. It is curious that this important branch of medical inquiry has not yet been attended to; but though doctors may not like the old saying, let every one bear in mind that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." *Obsta principiis*, let him try to avoid a calamity, rather than have to extricate himself; and he will have, as far as human foresight warrants us in saying, a long and happy existence. Mr. Winslow's remarks upon this point are worthy of attention. "In a great majority of cases," he observes, "the premonitory indications are well marked and unequivocal. The experienced physician and accurate observer will be able to detect, before the mental alienation becomes apparent to others, the early dawnings of derangement. He knows that it is frequently manifested by some change in the person's usual healthy habits of thinking and acting; by the exhibition of odd fancies and whims. Although surrounded by every thing calculated to contribute to his happiness, he is the most miserable of human beings; trifles annoy and irritate him; he sees in his dearest friends his deadliest enemies; talks of conspiracies, of plots, and stratagems; becomes suspicious of every thing, and every body; his former objects of pleasure afford him no delight; he avoids society, and is, occasionally, heard muttering strange things to himself. In the majority of cases these are the early dawnings of cerebral disease leading to unequivocal insanity, and yet are we so tied down to definitions, arbitrary standards, and poetical tests, that we will not admit derangement of mind to be present until the symptoms are so self-evident and glaring, that the condition of the mind becomes apparent to the most superficial observer. When this view of insanity is recognised as orthodox, and moral treatment is adopted at the early stages of the disease, much good may be expected to result." The success attending the treatment of insanity mainly depends upon an early recourse to such means as will divert the mind from its one absorbing thought; hence, observes our author, "occupation is an infallible specific for many of the imaginary ills of life. In cases where the mind is sinking under the influence of its own weight, and the fancy is allowed to dwell uninterruptedly upon the ideas of its own creation, until the individual believes himself to stand apart from all the world, the very personification of human misery and wretchedness, the physician can recommend no better remedy than constant and steady occupation for the mind and body. Burton concludes his able work on 'melancholy,' with this valuable advice, 'Be not solitary—be not idle.' Dr. Reid recommended a patient, labouring under great mental depression, to engage in the composition of a novel, which, during the time he was occupied with the task, effected much good." The mind is an active, restless thing within, and must have food from without, or it will feed upon itself—hence, men of leisure, as they are called, are so often found running into excesses of folly, that people, well employed, scarce dream of. Listlessness and idleness must be eschewed by the person predisposed to insanity, in like manner as the wine-cup must be shunned by the man who is threatened with fever. Any employment is better than the doing nothing; but if the circumstances of the patient will admit of the expense, travelling is among the most agree-

able and rational sources of amusement and occupation he can have ; but if this remedy is impracticable, let him enter into society, and cultivate a taste for social pleasures. Then, though like the astronomer in *Rasselas*, when alone he finds his mind chained down by an uncontrollable violence to one or two absorbing thoughts, by mingling with other men, and taking a part in the duty of pleasing, these thoughts will be dissipated, and the fell spirit exorcised. "I cannot conceive," observes Dr. Uwins, "a more delightful spectacle than that of an individual, whose constitutional cast is melancholy, warring against his temperament, and determining to enter with hilarity into the scenes and circumstances of social life."

That insanity and its common attendant, a desire to commit suicide, may be removed, there is no doubt whatever ; numerous cases are on record of relief both by moral and physical treatment ; but the following case shows the power of strong counter excitement in restoring equilibrium to the mind, even when accidentally applied, and also the existence of a strong innate love of life, even in the breast of the suicide :—

"A literary gentleman, devoted to the pleasures of the table, and who had lately recovered from a fever, experienced in the autumnal season, all the horrors of a propensity to suicide. He weighed with shocking calmness the choice of various methods to accomplish the deed of death. A visit to London appears to have developed, with increased energy, his profound melancholy and disposition to suicide. He chose a late hour, and went towards one of the bridges to precipitate himself into the Thames ; but at the moment of his arrival at the destined spot, he was attacked by robbers. Though he had little or no money about him, he felt extremely indignant at this treatment, and used every effort to make his escape, which however he did not accomplish before he had been exceedingly terrified. Left by his assailants, he returned to his lodgings, having forgot the original object of his sally. This rencontre caused a thorough change in the state of his mind, and his cure was complete. A similar case is on record, of a watchmaker who was harassed in the same way by a constant propensity to commit suicide. At last giving way to the horrid impulse, he withdrew to his house in the country, where he expected to meet no obstacle to the execution of his project. Here he took a pistol, and retired to an adjoining wood, with the full intent of perpetrating the fatal deed ; but missing his aim, the contents of the piece entered his cheek. Violent hæmorrhage ensued. He was discovered, and conveyed to his own house. During the healing of the wound, which was long protracted, an important change took place in the state of his mind ; and whether from the agitation produced by his tragic attempt, from the loss of blood, or from any other cause, he never afterwards showed the least inclination to put an end to his existence."

This description of moral counter excitement seems to act somewhat in like manner to the physical counter irritation, so commonly used for the relief of bodily ailments, the lost equilibrium of the nervous and sanguineous systems being thereby restored, and the over-excited and plethoric organs relieved.

We remember a patient who was admitted to a lunatic asylum with symptoms of ferocious mania, when it was discovered that she had lately healed a long-standing erysipelatous affection of the leg. Immediately by a steady course of blistering the lower extremities, her symptoms of mania gave way, and she was discharged cured. Here was what is called a *metastasis morbi*, where the external inflammatory action was translated to the brain. May not similar changes be going on internally? We doubt not the possibility of such phenomena, and therefore we earnestly call upon all persons who may even be but slightly affected with threatenings of this horrid calamity, to institute, under the eye of an experienced physician, a rigid personal examination. Changes may be taking place which by prompt treatment will be checked, but which neglected will undoubtedly lead to something worse, perhaps to a total loss of reason.

In our lucubrations upon the various remedial agents in the cure of mental disorders, the idea has often recurred to our mind, that by the judicious application of a little trickery, an insane patient may be cheated out of the notion of his imaginary ills; or by the substitution of real pain, the pseudo disease under which a hypochondriac labours may be forgotten, and the delusion effectually removed. That a patient may be cured by a little stratagem, Mr. Winslow proves by the relation of several interesting and well-authenticated cases, from among which we select the following:—

“A Portuguese nobleman became melancholy, and fancied that God would never forgive his sins. Various means were tried to subdue this morbid impression, but in vain, until the following artifice was adopted, which proved successful in restoring the lunatic to reason. During midnight a person dressed as an angel was made to enter his bed-room, having a drawn sword in his right hand and a lighted torch in his left. The imaginary angelic being addressed the monomaniac by name, who, rising from his bed, spoke to the supposed angel, imploring to be told whether his sins would be forgiven; upon which the angel replied, ‘Be comforted, your sins are forgiven.’ The poor man’s delight knew no bounds. He rose from his bed, summoned every one in the house to his presence, and explained to them all that had passed. From that moment he rapidly recovered in bodily health, and his delusion has completely vanished.”

A due proportion of wit is as necessary a constituent in the qualifications of a mad doctor as medical lore—an illustration of which will be seen by the following cases:—

“A celebrated watchmaker, at Paris, was infatuated with the chimera of perpetual motion, and to effect this discovery set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete derangement of the understanding took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination. He fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered them all to be restored to their owners, and placed upon their

respective shoulders, but that in consequence of an unfortunate mistake, the gentleman who had the management of the business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change occupied his mind day and night, on account of which he was sent to the Hôtel Dieu; and from thence he was transmitted to the Asylum de Bicêtre. Nothing could equal the extravagant overflowings of his heated brain. He sang, cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity in him to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. 'Look at these teeth,' he would cry; 'mine were exceedingly handsome—these are rotten and decayed; my mouth was sound and healthy—this is foul and diseased. What a difference between this hair and that of my own head!' To this state of delirious gaiety, however, succeeded furious madness. He broke to pieces or otherwise destroyed whatever was within the reach or power of his mischievous propensity. Close confinement became indispensable; but toward the winter his violence abated, and he was permitted to go at large into the inner court. Now the idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings; and he chalked on all the walls and doors, as he passed, the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The physician then bethought him of a plan of cure calculated to dispel his whimsical illusion. His friends were requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites, as plates of copper, and steel, watch-wheels, &c. The governor permitted him to fix up a work bench in his apartment. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was rivetted upon his favourite object, in the pursuit of which he even forgot his meals. After a month's labour, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved better success, our artist began to think that he had followed a false rout. He therefore broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated at so much expense of time, thought, and labour, and entering upon another plan, laboured with equal pertinacity for an additional fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together, and fancied that he saw a perfect harmony among them. The whole was now finally adjusted; his anxiety was indescribable; motion succeeded; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran as quick as lightning into the interior of the hospital, exclaiming, like another Archimedes, 'At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents.' But, grievous to say, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped, the motion ceased! and disappointment and confusion succeeded his intoxication of joy. To avoid, however, a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but tired of that kind of employment, he was determined for the future to devote his whole time and attention to business. There still remained, however, his other illusion to be counteracted—that of the exchanged head, which un-

ceasingly recurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humour, instructed in the part he was to play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an application of it to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied, with a tone of the keenest ridicule, 'Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? was it with his heels?' This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amidst peals of laughter, and never afterwards mentioned the exchange of his head. Close attention to his trade restored his intellect, and he returned to his family in perfect health, and has now for more than five years pursued his business without a return of his complaint.

"A man fancying he was dead, refused to eat, and importuned his parents to bury him. By the advice of his physician he was wrapped in a winding-sheet, laid upon a bier, and so carried upon the shoulders of four men to the churchyard. On his way, two or three pleasant fellows (appointed for that purpose) meeting the hearse, demanded in a commanding tone of voice, to know 'whose body they had in the coffin.' They replied 'It is poor Mr. —, who died yesterday.' 'Surely,' said one, 'the world is well rid of him; for he was a man who led a bad and vicious life, and his friends have good reason to rejoice that he has thus ended his days, otherwise he would have died an ignominious death on the scaffold.' The young man overheard this observation, at which he felt extremely indignant; but knowing that it was not consistent with propriety, or the laws of nature, for a dead man on his way to his last home, to exhibit any indication of passion, satisfied himself by coolly replying, 'That they were wicked men to do him that wrong, and that if he had been alive he would teach them to speak better of the dead.' 'It is well,' said another, in reply, 'that you are no more, both for yourself and family. You were a mean, pitiful scoundrel, guilty of every abomination, and the world is rejoiced that you no longer live.' This was too much for the patience of the dead man to endure, and feeling that he could no longer suffer such unjust aspersions to be cast on his character, he leaped from the coffin, procured the first stick he could lay hands on, and commenced belabouring his vile accusers. As it may be supposed, they gave him plenty to do, and by the time he had gratified his indignation, and well chastised his calumniators, he had become completely exhausted. In this state he was taken home, and in a few days was completely cured of the morbid idea which had taken possession of his imagination."

To the physical treatment of insanity, and especially that form which more frequently is accompanied with a weariness of life, Mr. Winslow has devoted a large portion of his book, which will be studied with interest by all classes of readers. The subject is one of the highest importance, but has not, until recently, attracted the attention of the medical faculty. Now that physicians of high character and intelligence have undertaken the examination of the diseases of the mind, it is to

be hoped, that in the course of time, they will be found as much under the control of physical remedies, as are the disorders of the body. It is not the spiritual essence which is diseased, and to which physical agents are applied; but it is the brain, the medium of communication between the soul and external things, which is deranged, and so rendered incapable of communicating to the mind correct ideas upon which the reasoning faculties may work. A man may, from some diseased condition of the sense of smell, fancy he perceives a disagreeable odour; and though his mind is sound, he will hold his nose, and rush into the air, and use his utmost efforts to rid himself of his unpleasant companion. Another, from some derangement of the optic nerves, may see strange spectres about his bed, and although he may seem convinced that it is all a delusion of sense, he will not be very comfortable alone in the midst of his spectral attendants. Just in the same way, a man who fancies he is made of glass, by avoiding collision with a hard body, lest he should be broken, reasons correctly, though the false data upon which he proceeds, lead to the commission of absurd actions. It is not the reasoning faculty that is affected, it is only the glass through which the mind looks that is obscured. If our eyes were so deranged as to bring all distant objects to appearance near, we should go groping with out-stretched hands, and ever fearing a collision with the things before us; but our actions, absurd as they might seem, would not be owing to a loss of reason, but a defect of sense. Now if this is the case where one sense is out of order, we may expect more singularity of manner, and more absurdity of action, where the whole nervous system is deranged, and where false and ridiculous combinations of ideas are ever forming in the mind. This state, under the excitement of fever, is termed delirium—under the stupifying effects of sleep, is dreaming—and under the permanent influence of diseased brain, is insanity in all its forms.

If this hypothesis be correct, then are we to look to medicine for the removal of mental as well as bodily irregularities; and so in reply to the question—

“Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?”

We would answer, yes; take a dose of physic—lose a little blood—be careful what you eat—give employment to the body, and amusement to the mind—and if this is done before the diseased condition of the brain has advanced very far, a cure may be effected, and a dreadful calamity avoided.

Diseases of the stomach and liver, as Mr. Winslow observes, frequently dispose to suicide; hepatic affections notoriously disturb the equilibrium of mind. Many a case, he continues, exhibiting an inclination to suicide, has been cured by a few doses of blue pill.

Experience will enable a physician to detect at once the suicidal disposition, as there is an expression of feature which, if once seen, cannot easily be forgotten. A surgeon attached to one of the large metropolitan lunatic asylums, informed our author, that in six cases out of ten he could detect, by the appearance of the eye, the existence of a desire to commit self-destruction. A young gentleman, a few days previously, had been admitted into the house as a patient. The surgeon, after examining and prescribing for the lunatic, said to one of

the keepers, "You must watch Mr. — carefully, for I assure you he will attempt his life." Every thing with which he might injure himself, were he so disposed, was taken from him; but it appears that he had resolved to destroy himself, and had carefully concealed a pen-knife in his boot. On the evening of the day on which he was admitted, he made a dreadful gash in his throat, but did not injure any large vessel. He confessed that he had determined to sacrifice his life, and said, "It has been pre-ordained that I shall fall by my own hands, and I am only fulfilling my destiny by cutting my throat." Shortly after this he was removed, and subsequently succeeded in killing himself. To the same purport is the following:—A physician dining with a friend, met by accident a young lady who had exhibited for a few days previously, a shrewdness and oddity of manner that attracted the notice of her associates. He also noticed a wildness and incoherence about her ideas; but what particularly struck his attention was, the peculiar expression of countenance which so often denotes the presence of suicidal mania. He felt convinced, in his own mind, that the lady meditated self-destruction; and so firmly persuaded was he of the fact, that he seriously spoke to the gentleman, at whose table he was dining, on the subject, and urged him, as he was intimately acquainted with the young lady's family, to suggest the propriety of having medical advice, and of carefully watching her movements. The suggestion was treated with ridicule, and of course the subject was not again broached; but, two days after the conversation took place, intelligence was brought that the lady had poisoned herself with laudanum.

All these facts go to confirm us in the opinion we have stated, that the physical causes of insanity are many, and are only to be removed by a prompt and judicious application of the healing art; and even where the disease has been induced by moral causes, it will still be found that these have acted, by superinducing a morbid condition of the body, which has proved the immediate cause of the mental aberration. In the examination of the bodies of diseased lunatics, abundant evidence has been discovered of extensive morbid changes in various organs. Out of 1333 cases so examined, only 100 presented no apparent structural change. On this subject, however, our author observes:—"It is not our wish to throw discredit on, or to underrate the value of morbid anatomy; but with reference to the peculiar branch of inquiry under investigation, we must confess that very little practical importance can be attached to the structural lesions which the industry and scalpel of the anatomist have enabled him to discover in the bodies of those who have committed suicide. The morbid appearances are so varied and capricious, that they cannot lead to a sound conclusion as to the exact seat of the disease. In many cases, the brain is apparently free from structural derangement; and yet, reasoning physiologically, we must believe that in every case the sentient organ must be affected, either primarily or secondarily. There are many instances in which there cannot be a doubt but that the cerebral organ is the seat of the disease, but in which, after death, no vestige of the malady can be discovered!"

This, however, may be said, that although in all cases we are not able to trace the original causes of diseased mind by the most careful

autopsical examination, we are not therefore to conclude that no structural change has taken place. There are many bodily diseases, especially those affecting the nervous system, of which no trace can be found after death; but no rational physician would conclude, from this circumstance, that no organic affection has existed. This fact only proves our little knowledge of the ultimate principles, which constitute what is called the nervous system. We are able to trace the ramifications of those minute threads apparently to the very confines of the animal frame-work; but there is a distribution still more delicate, which no dissection has been able to follow. And there is, beyond this, the physiological difficulties which have hitherto baffled the research of our ablest anatomists. In fact, little or nothing is known as yet of the nerves, beyond their origin and ramification.

But, because this is true, we are not to conclude that little is to be done by medicine for the removal of these obscure affections. Practical tact and experience may be advanced to a very exalted pitch of excellence, even under the disadvantages we have noticed. And we are led to believe, from Mr. Winslow's valuable book, that mania, even in its most violent, and, to common eyes, most unconquerable forms, may be much relieved, if not entirely cured, by judicious treatment.

As we have brought a gloom over our own mind, and doubtless over our reader's, by our dull reflections, we will now turn to a more lively chapter in the book before us, and notice some of the singular cases of suicide there mentioned.

"How we abuse the article of life! some people pluck it
Out with a knife; some blow it up with powder—others duck it—
One thing is sure, and Horace
Has already said it for us,
Sooner or later, all must kick the bucket!"

But the following method, e'en the poet's fancy dreamed not of:—

"A Frenchman, whose mistress proved unfaithful, called up his servant,—informed him that it was his intention to kill himself, and requested that after his death he would make a candle of his fat, and carry it lighted to his mistress. He then wrote a letter, in which he told her, that as he had long burnt for her, she might now see that his flames were real, for the candle by which she would read the note, was composed of part of his miserable body. After this he committed suicide."

"Two young men, mere youths, entered a *restaurant*, bespoke a dinner of unusual luxury and expense, and afterwards arrived punctually at the appointed hour to eat it. They did so, apparently with all the zest of youthful appetite and glee. They called for champagne, and quaffed it hand-in-hand. No symptom of sadness, thought, or reflection of any kind, was observed to mix with their mirth, which was loud, long, and unremitting. At last came the *café noir*, the cognac, and the bill, when one was seen to point to the amount, which gave rise to fresh bursts of violent laughter. Having swallowed each a cup of coffee to the dregs, the *garçon* was ordered to request the company of the *restaurateur* for a few minutes. He came immediately, expecting to receive the payment of his bill, minus, perhaps, some extra charge, which the jocund youths might deem exorbitant.

"Instead of this, however, the elder of the two informed him that the dinner had been excellent, which was the more fortunate, as it was

decidedly the last that either of them should ever eat ; that for his bill, he must of necessity excuse its payment, as, in fact, they neither of them possessed a single sous ; that upon no other occasion would they have violated the customary etiquette between guest and landlord ; but that finding this world, with all its toils and troubles, unworthy of them, they had determined once more to enjoy a repast, of which their poverty must for ever prevent the repetition, and then take leave of existence for ever ! For the first part of this resolution, he declared that it had, thanks to the cook and his cellar, been achieved nobly ; and for the last, it would soon follow, for the *café noir*, besides the little glass of his admirable cognac, had been medicated with that which would speedily settle all their accounts for them.

“The *restaurateur* was enraged. He believed no part of the rhodomontade but that which declared their inability to pay the bill ; and he talked loudly, in his turn, of putting them into the hands of the police. At length, however, upon receiving their address, they were permitted to depart.

“On the following day, either the hope of obtaining his money, or some vague fear that they might have been in earnest in the wild tale they had told him, induced him to call at the place mentioned in the address left by them in his hands ; and there he heard that the two unhappy boys had been found that morning, lying together, hand-in-hand, on a bed hired a few weeks before by one of them, both dead and cold.

“On a small table in the room lay many written papers, all expressing aspirations after greatness, that should cost neither labour nor care ; a profound contempt for those who were satisfied to live by the sweat of their brow—sundry quotations from Victor Hugo, and a request that their names, and the manner of their death, might be transmitted to the newspapers.”

The author, towards the end of his book, asks the question, can suicide be prevented by legislative enactments ? and, therefore, we will conclude with a short reply to this important query. We stated our opinion freely, at the commencement of this article, upon what we conceived to be a common moral cause of suicide ; namely, the poison of infidel principles, [and we strengthened this position by referring to the condition of France since the period of the revolution : and here we take the opportunity to remark, that in those parts of France where the Roman Catholic faith is still venerated, the crime of suicide is of rare occurrence ; but in the northern provinces, where religion is almost extirpated, it fearfully predominates. Here we see that the Christian religion is the best preservative against the prevalence of crime. Let it then be nurtured by the legislature of the land. Let it be the great object of our statesmen to propagate that pure faith which will alone nerve a man to bear the ills of life, and inspire his breast with the animating hope of future bliss. Let them determine to check every base attempt to subvert our holy religion, come from what source it may. And let all those who value peace, security, and happiness below, join in a holy crusade against those infidel doctrines which are struggling for existence in this land. We have no fear that these pernicious opinions will ever prevail, to any great extent, in England ; but still, when we remember the ignorance and sing which al-

ready abound, we must acknowledge that there is fuel for the fire ; and though we fear not that Christianity will be subverted, we fear that many of our poor deluded countrymen will bring down upon their own heads the vengeance of God ; and entail upon themselves and families, wretchedness here, and misery hereafter.

It is not a high intellectual education that is wanted : human virtue and happiness are compatible with a very small amount of knowledge ; and we believe it will be found upon a close and fair examination of the subject, that innocence and docility of character always abound in an inverse ratio to learning, or a mere philosophical cultivation of the mental faculties. The temptations to crime are many, especially among the poor ; education furnishes often only the power of indulging it. "It is clearly proved," says Brown, "that in Finestre, where the people are in a deplorable state of ignorance, and education is entirely neglected, only twelve in a hundred inhabitants being able to write or read, few suicides occur, at least only in the proportion of one in 25,000. In Paris, that focus of all that is brilliant and imposing in science and literature, the crime is of common occurrence. In Corèze, where only twelve in the hundred can read or write, one suicide in 47,000 occurs ; and in the High Loire, one in 163,000. On the other hand, in Oise and Lower Seine, both places in possession of the highest degree of general instruction, and of the means of advancing in improvement, suicides occur in every 5000 or 9000 inhabitants.

When we speak of the evils of education, let it be observed, we refer only to those modern, new-fangled notions on the subject—respecting which we say, with all deference to those of an opposite opinion, that the idea of giving the lower orders of this country a merely scientific education, is the most absurd that ever was engendered in the brain of man. Give the poor, by all means, that kind of instruction which they want, enable them to read and write, or at least to read ; but fail not to guard even this avenue to crime with the wholesome corrective of a religious education. How this may be effected upon a uniform system, while so many and such opposite doctrines are propagated, it is difficult to determine. We know, however, that we possess channels already duly branching off into every village, and nook, and corner of the land. Why may not this machinery be used ? Why may not the wholesome waters of life be made to flow therein, that the river of God may irrigate and fertilize the land ? The legislature, we conceive, can do no more than use preventive means ; but these, as the conservators of all our fathers handed down, and all we have been taught to love and venerate, they are bound to use, in order to preserve entire that precious legacy—the British constitution :—for the very same causes which lead men to undervalue life, will make contemptible in their eyes all our political and social institutions.

We are pleased to find the author of the work before us sustaining the same views we have here advanced ; and we recommend his book to all classes of readers, promising them both instruction and amusement from its perusal. It is a valuable collection of facts, upon the subject of suicidal insanity, and contains some highly useful and philosophical deductions therefrom. We have no doubt of the success of this work ; but so far as our recommendation may be useful in making it known, we gladly and gratefully bestow it.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

POETRY.

The Hope of the World, and other Poems. By CHARLES MACKAY.

London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1840.

THE capricious metres of modern poetry have fixed too much attention on the form to the neglect of the substance. Novelty of form is all, and has been mistaken too frequently for originality of substance. It is possible, however, to convey new truths (if any truths are new) in our common ten-syllable metre. This is performed in the poem before us, which is rendered charming by the Goldsmithian tendency which marks its style of sentiment and versification.

We have the melody of the old music still ringing in our ears, and Mr. Mackay has caught much of its simplicity and sweetness. The theme of his song is as delightful as his song itself. The Hope of the World? It is Christianity!—our hearts respond to the assertion, and history corroborates the feeling. Yet, in the name of religion, in all ages, what crimes have been committed!

“Lo! the first murder-spots that stained the land
Came from the wounds made by a brother's hand:
Lo! the first flower that sank into the sod,
Flowed in contention at the shrine of God!”

Ages have rolled since the first fratricide; yet men, notwithstanding many improvements in the arts and sciences, are still the

“Slaves to hate, revenge and lust,
Fiends to their neighbours, to themselves unjust.”

Yet—proceeds the poet—

“Yet, who shall say these evils shall not cease,
And earth awake to happiness and peace?
They err who say that man to grief is born,
That hopeless thousands are but made to mourn:
Heaven has not issued such a harsh decree—
Man's is the guilt, as man's the misery!
They are no dreamers who, with steadfast hope,
Comprise all nature in their lives' wide scope,
And see afar that bright approaching day
When human sorrows shall dissolve away.
Great though the evils that affect us yet,
The sun has risen, and never shall it set!”

The rest of the volume consists of Sacred Melodies—Reveries—Songs for Music—and Ballads of various degrees of merit—but all good. In fine, we commend Mr. Mackay to our readers as an elegant poet, in whom nothing is meretricious, but all is sincere, honest, genuine, manly, and christian.

PHYSIOGNOMY.*

It cannot be denied that we are all, in a great measure, practisers of Physiognomy. When any new acquaintance is introduced to us, we habitually read his features; and from them we imbibe impressions to his advantage or otherwise. This we do intuitively; without ever reasoning upon the matter. Hence, certain men being possessed of greater powers of observation than their fellows, and being desirous of finding a reason for every action done by man, because they were convinced that every action must proceed

* Essays on Physiognomy; designed to promote the Knowledge and the Love of Mankind. By John Caspar Lavater. Third Edition. London: Blake, Bell Yard, Temple Bar. 1840.

from something previous to itself, proceeded to investigate this strange and universal practice which prevailed among mankind. The result was, that they discovered, or thought they had discovered, that each passion left its peculiar expression on the countenance; and having, in a manner, classified and defined those expressions, they erected the sciences of Physiognomy and Pathognomy.

Physiognomy* is the knowledge of the signs of the powers and inclinations of men—Pathognomy is the knowledge of the signs of the passions.

Physiognomy therefore, teaches the knowledge of character at rest; and Pathognomy of character in motion.

Character at rest is displayed by the form of the solid, and the appearance of the moveable parts while at rest. Character impassioned is manifested by the moveable parts in motion.

Such are the definitions upon which this science (for, in reality, Physiognomy and Pathognomy are but two branches of one science) proceeds. No one can deny its *partial* truth; but there lies at its foundation a fatal error, arising from its judging results instead of their causes. As will be seen by the definitions we have above given, it deals with the *signs* only. Now nothing can be more unsatisfactory.

We will grant that passions which are prominent in the constitution of any particular man, are ever recorded on his countenance. We will grant that each passion has its peculiar expression, by which we can always detect its presence. We will grant that these expressions may be classified and arranged—may be reduced to sufficient order to form the groundwork of a science; but we declare that, notwithstanding these classifications—these arrangements may be as correct as the demonstrations of Euclid, the science which is founded upon them will be lamentably in error. *We will show that the mere signs of passions are totally insufficient to test the character of man. We will demonstrate that the means employed by the science, are inadequate to the attainment of the end proposed to be reached by them.*

First, we must insist on the general principle that causes can never be judged by their results; and that any science which does so judge, must be necessarily imperfect, and being imperfect, must be erroneous. If it should be said that this objection would lie against all science, we reply, that no science, except Physiognomy, is ambitious enough to come within the reach of our proposition. Besides the cases are not in analogy; for there is a wide difference between the moral and the physical. What we would allow to the latter, we would utterly deny to the former. And why? Because the physical being itself only an effect, can only treat of effects, while the cause is altogether beyond it. But the moral involving in itself the cause—treating of the cause, and searching for the cause, must altogether proceed after a different fashion. Physical science is always groping in a darkness, which, do what it will, it can never enlighten—moral science is already placed in the midst of light, which can only be obscured by the mistakes of its own inhabitants.

Now applying this rule to Physiognomy, what a poor figure does it make! It treats of the knowledge of the signs of the effects of the cause, and by this roundabout road seeks to obtain an insight into human motives—actions—and character. Such a road seems to us to be only calculated to mislead the student into numberless errors; at any rate, he can never, by following its endless twistings and twirlings, reach the truth, his final goal.

The broad declaration of the Physiognomists is, that by accurately observing the signs of the passions imprinted on the exterior or superficies of man,

* The definition given of this word by Lavater: "I use the word Physiognomy to signify the exterior, or superficies of man, in motion or at rest, whether viewed in the original or by portrait." He, however, makes a slight distinction between the word and the science, which does not accord with the English language.

you may form an accurate judgment of his disposition. Now the reign of the passions themselves is a transient thing. They may be subdued—they may be destroyed; but after having once existed in an individual, the record of their existence will remain for ever; and the longer and stronger the struggle has been, in which they have been destroyed, the broader and more legible will be the record. What is the Physiognomist to do in such cases to avoid arriving at a wrong conclusion? Will he deny that passions can ever be subdued? We will oppose him with the universal testimony of philosophy and religion; both of which hold, that the passions can and ought to be subdued. Will he say that such objections are unfair, because the passion having once existed, the veracity of his science remains unimpeached? We will rejoine, he thus admits his science to be so imperfect, that to apply it personally to any man would be the greatest injustice we could do him; since it only deals with the first inferior developement of character, and takes no cognizance of the subsequent superior ones. We should pronounce the science to be worthless, useless, and dangerous, if the Physiognomist could set up no better plea in its defence than this.

Thus, we see, Physiognomists in the very outset of the argument are found wanting. The *cause* has remained the same, but the *effect* has altered, therefore the sign can do no other than mislead them. If, indeed, they could get at either the cause or the effect *directly*, there would be some *remote possibility* of their being enabled to correct the error. As this, however, is out of the question, the Physiognomists are left in a fatal dilemma—a dilemma which they share equally with all supporters of such sciences. They all split upon the rock of judging from the signs instead of the things signified—from the effect instead of the cause.

The reasonings of Lavater are often singularly inconclusive. For instance, in one Essay,* he argues from analogy, in the following manner: "What merchant," says he, "if he be unacquainted with the person from whom he purchases, does not estimate the wares by the physiognomy or appearance of those wares? If he purchase of a distant correspondent, what other means does he use in judging whether they are or are not equal to his expectation? Is not his judgement determined by the colour, the fineness, the superficies, the exterior, the physiognomy? Does he not judge money by its physiognomy? Why does he take one guinea and reject another? why weigh a third in his hand? Does he not determine according to its colour, or impression; its outside, its physiognomy? If a stranger enter his shop as a buyer or seller, will he not observe him." * * * * "How does the farmer, walking through his grounds, regulate his future expectations? By the colour, the size, the growth, the exterior, that is to say, the physiognomy of the bloom, the stalk, or ear of his corn; the stems, the shoots of his vine tree? 'This ear of corn is blighted,—that wood is full of sap—this will grow, that not,' affirms he, at the first or second glance—'though these vine-shoots look well, they will bear but few grapes.' And wherefore? He remarks in their appearance, as the Physiognomist in the countenances of shallow men, the want of native energy. Does he not judge by the exterior?"

Now really this is, without mincing the matter, the most unmitigated nonsense we ever read. What does the author wish to prove by it?—or, rather, what can he prove by it? Surely there is some difference between the spirit and the flesh; and if there is, the whole analogy must go for nothing. The merchant judges rightly of his wares by their superficies and exteriors, because their merit lies in the beauty, the stability, the strength of the substance of which they may be composed. But this, certainly, is not the case with regard to man. We do not want to decide upon the quality of a person's flesh—we do not want to know whether his flesh is good flesh, or bad

flesh; strong flesh, or weak flesh; beautiful flesh, or ugly flesh. No; the aim of the Physiognomist is to gain a knowledge of "*the internal man*" from the "*visible superficies*;" or, in other words, to form a conception of the inclination of the soul, from a careful observation of the shape of the body. To make the analogy prove anything, Lavater would be obliged to assume the identity of body and spirit; at the bare mention of which, we have no doubt, he would have shuddered with a pious horror.

Again, in another part, having stated, that there is no rose perfectly similar to another rose, no egg to an egg, no eel to an eel, no lion to a lion, no eagle to an eagle, no man to a man, he continues:—"Confining this proposition to man only, it is the first, most profound, most secure and unshaken foundation stone of physiognomy, that, however intimate the analogy and similarity of the innumerable forms of men, no two men can be found, who, brought together, and accurately compared, will not appear to be remarkably different. Nor is it less incontrovertible that it is equally impossible to find two minds, as two countenances, which perfectly resemble each other. This consideration alone will be sufficient to make it be received as a truth not requiring further demonstration, that there must be a certain native analogy between the external varieties of the countenance and form, and the interior varieties of the mind. Shall it be denied that this acknowledged internal variety among all men is not the cause of the external variety of their forms and countenances?"

The whole of the above extract is founded on error. Both the cause and the effect must be of like nature—a truth which Physiognomy seems never to recognise. Therefore it is evident that if we ascribe a moral effect to a physical cause, such cause is an inadequate one; and if we ascribe a physical effect to a moral cause, such cause is degraded, and made to perform work quite foreign to its nature. *Moral effects must be ever produced by moral causes; and physical effects must be ever produced by physical causes.* What, then, can the mere coincidence of the mind, being different in each man, and the countenance, &c. being different in each man, prove? Nothing!

We are naturally doubtful of any theory, when we find it supported by such unsatisfactory, not to say contemptible, arguments. It was said by some general (we forget whom), that his enemies fought so badly, that there was neither credit nor pleasure to be gained by beating them. Applying this saying to our opponents the Physiognomists, we must say that they argue so weakly and loosely, that in controverting them it is almost impossible to show any of one's skill. They do not even possess logical ingenuity, of which they might have availed themselves largely. Few sophists would have wished for a better loom to weave their arguments upon, than the universal instinct of man before mentioned.

The whole of Physiognomy is a self-delusion. It is undeniable but what certain habits of thought, of feeling, of passion, will leave pretty legible traces upon the countenance: yet these traces being so far removed from the cause as to be only the signs of some of its effects, are much too vague—too uncertain, to enable us, through them, to form any conception of that cause. We wish to give every one his due. There is much sublimity in some of the speculations of Lavater; but the theory they support is, in the extreme to which he has carried it, absurd. The universal instinct in mankind proves nothing, though Lavater seems to think otherwise. We know those instincts are far from being infallible; every man's experience tells him of men whose aspects are as forbidding as their tempers are amiable. To be sure, the ill-disposition might *once* have existed; but, surely, it is wretchedly unjust to judge a man by what, at some indefinite period of time, he might have been, and take no notice of what he is. Yet this is what Physiognomy must ever do.

Notwithstanding the exceeding doubtful nature of the truth of Physiognomy, there is that in Lavater's *Essays*, despite of their insufficient reason-

ing, which renders it desirable they should be preserved in the studio of the scholar. Enough praise cannot be awarded to the translator of the present edition, for the accuracy, elegance, and carefulness, he has exhibited in the execution of his labours.

ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK.*

We approach thee with reverence, O! glorious language of Homer, *Æschylus*, *Demosthenes*, and *Pindar*. Thou prince of all European tongues—sacred, clear, inexhaustible fountain of all that is eloquent in prose, or poetic in verse. If we were to write a book of odes, our first ode should bear the name of the initiative lyric of *Klopstock*, entitled, “The Disciple of the Greeks.” Having mentioned it with this applause, we cannot forbear quoting it for the delight of our readers. Here it is—extracted from an English Version of *Klopstock’s Odes*, now preparing for publication.

“*Klopstock’s Disciple of the Greeks.*”

“He whom the glance of Genius beheld, when he was born, with initiating smile; around whom, when yet a boy, you flew, poetical doves—once *Sminthean*† *Anacreon’s* fabulous companions—and cooed round his *Mæonic*‡ ear, that he might not be fatigued with scholastic commentaries,§ and lent him the shade of your pinions, that he might not see the antiquity of their wrinkled forehead:

“Him calls in vain the conqueror, proud of his laurels, which the maledictions of the people make wither, into the iron field [of battle.] Where no motherly ‘Alas’ anxiously sighed from bleeding breast when giving the farewell-kiss, can rescue the dying son from thee, inexorable, hundred-armed death.

“If, however, fate has associated him [the poet] to kings: unaccustomed to the sound of arms, he sees, shuddering with thoughtful sternness, the corpses silently and soul-lessly outstretched; his blessings follow the spirit, who flies into regions where no killing hero conquers.

“[The poet, too, must die:] him leaves cold the kind praise or immortalization of him who lavishly bestows honours; cold the gazing fool, who, full of admiration, shows him to staring friends; [cold] the smiling look of a woman, merely handsome, for whom *Singer*¶ is too obscure.

“But tears for better glory will associate him to immortals, to those ancient immortals, whose lasting worth [like swelling rivers] fills each long century, and will make him enjoy those rewards which the proud one merely dreamt of.

“To him [the poet,] (if fortune favours him—which she seldom does)—with a reflective [female] friend, each tear which his song draws from her eyes, is a predictor of future tears [from the sympathies of posterity].”

The little works under review are the most important approximations to the true system of Greek Grammar that have yet appeared, and furnish admirable facilities to the student. Truly philosophical, and therefore truly simple, they differ immensely from all the elaborate and intricate systems

* “*An Introduction to Greek Grammar on a New Plan, for the Use of Schools and Private Students*, by THOMAS FOSTER BARHAM, M. B.”

“*Greek Roots in English Rhymes, illustrated by Examples for fixing the Sense and Assisting the Memory.*” Baldwin and Cradock.

† “*Smintheus*, one of the surnames of the Phrygian *Apollo*.”

‡ “*Homeric.*”

§ “The German word is ‘*Scholien*,’ the definition of which would be: Commentaries on Greek and Latin Classics, the compilers of which were called ‘*Scholians*.’”

¶ “*Elizabeth Singer*, a German lady, who was married to the English poet *Rowe*. She wrote: ‘*Posthumous Letters to the Surviving.*’”

that have so long perplexed the schools. Gregory, Sharp and Vincent had already told to the English student, that the *essential grammar* of the Greeks was a very different thing from the Eton system. Dr. Barham has illustrated the truth of their observation by an analytic method which is every where established by original authorities. His theory, as remarked by Julius Hare and other eminent scholars, forms an era in the study of Greek in this country, and must excite the attention of all future writers on the subject.

In the little work which forms a supplement to the Grammar, entitled "Greek Roots in English Rhymes," the author has imitated or emulated the system of the Portroyalists, or Jansenists; Hubigant and Nicoll, who arranged the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin roots in French verses. Dr. Barham's little work is, however, far less elaborate, and far more playful, than theirs; he has purposely made it as amusing as possible, in order to convey instruction to children through the medium of fun and laughter. He has not represented the Greek η and ω by \hat{e} and \hat{o} circumflexed, but by eh and ow —however this is a matter of taste.

As these works form, as we have before stated, an era in Greek literature; and, as they have become scarce, we shall bring them before the attention of our readers, quoting portions of the author's original prefaces. The preface to the Greek Grammar runs thus:—

"To swell a little book by a long preface would be unreasonable: although, therefore, something in the way of apology will naturally be expected from one who undertakes to add another Greek grammar to the long list of those which are already before the public, it will be fitting that this part of the author's task should be dispatched in as few words as possible.

"To come then at once to the point, the author conceives that in the elementary works on Greek grammar at present in use, notwithstanding the many improvements which successive authors have made, there still remain several serious defects which it is possible to remove. The principal of these we proceed to notice.

"In the first place it may be remarked, in general, that in the models which they exhibit, our grammars do not give a due prominence and precedence to the *standard* or generally approved forms of the language, as distinguished from such as have no claims to that character. We find, on the contrary, a variety of dialectic peculiarities and obsolete or even imaginary forms, mingled on equal terms with those forms which are really in current use, or even substituted in their place. On the impropriety of such a method it is scarcely necessary to dwell, and I will therefore proceed to illustrate my meaning by a few particulars. In the optative mood, for example, of the aorist active, the common grammars present the learner with two distinct forms, one in $-αιμι$, as $τυψαιμι$, which is given as the standard, and another in $-εια$, as $τυψεια$, which is called *Æolic*, and then leave him to comprehend this anomaly as he can. Now the fact is, as is well known, that neither are both these forms in use, nor either of them exclusively, but a certain form that is made up by borrowing some persons from one of them and some from the other. Again, for the imperfect of the verbs $τιθέναι$ and $διδόναι$ we are presented with $τιθην$, $εδιδον$; yet it is certain that these are forms which in the singular number are hardly ever employed. A similar remark may be extended to the aorists $εθην$ and $εδον$. An erroneous impression is likewise conveyed in regard to those forms both of nouns and verbs which, as actually met with, have commonly undergone contraction, but which in our grammars figure away in their uncontracted state in parallel columns with the contracted examples, as if both equally represented the Greek language; nor is the learner at all clearly apprized that one only is the real model, and the other often no more than a creature of the imagination, and at all events not such a form as he is at liberty to use. Thus, for example, a boy is taught to say $τιμαω$, $τιμω$, $τιμαεις$, $τιμας$, &c. and naturally regarding that as the prin-

cial which stands first, he takes *τιμαω*, a word which is hardly Greek, for the common and proper form of the verb, and will be likely to use it as such when he comes to do his exercise: which would be about as much to the purpose as if in English one should say, *a fourteen-night for a fortnight*, or *I slepted for I slept*.

"A similar error is committed in teaching boys to refer diverse verbs to imaginary or obsolete roots, rather than to those with which they actually correspond in practice. How much worse than useless is it, for instance, to put into the learner's head such words as *λεβω* and *θηνω*, as the presents of *ελαβον* and *εθωνον*. It would be a similar case, and not at all more unwarrantable, if an English grammar should put down *I wend, I wright*, as the presents of *I went, I wrought*. The writers who indulge in fancy-work of this kind seem hardly aware that, for aught we know, it is as likely that the present was formed from the aorist as the aorist from the present, and that at any rate it is the duty of a practical grammarian to exhibit a language as he finds it, and not to substitute for its real forms others which, though more compliant with his system, have the defect of being wholly fictitious.

"But I have now to notice what I conceive to be an error of a still more injurious nature. We have seen the grammarians filling up their forms with obsolete and imaginary words instead of those in real use: I now observe, that by the same system of fiction they multiply unduly the forms themselves, inventing several which do not exist. I allude especially to the tenses of the verb. I think it can be indisputably proved, that *no less than seven tenses* have in this way been allotted to the regular Greek verb, *βριπ μωρον* namely, *a second future, active, passive, and middle; a second aorist, ditto, and the tense called the perfect middle*. All these tenses, be it observed, are represented in our grammars as naturally and properly appertaining to the declension of the common regular form, and as forming a part of its just complement of tenses, as much as any others whatever. Now I maintain that in this procedure mere redundancies or duplicates of formation, occurring only in a few particular verbs, have been erroneously represented as a part of the regular and essential development of the Greek verb in general.

"In the opinion just expressed the author is not guided exclusively by his own judgment; indeed, were that the case, he would feel less confidence in its correctness. It has, however, in substance, been brought forward repeatedly, although it has not, so far as I know, been either pointedly insisted on or explicitly stated. It seems to be practically adopted to a considerable extent in the grammar used at Charterhouse-school in London; and the following passage from Matthiæ will show that the facts on which it rests are distinctly acknowledged by him. After giving an account of the formation of the tenses, he adds, 'There is no single verb that has all these tenses that can regularly be derived from it. It is very seldom that a verb has the two tenses aor. 1 and aor. 2 act. as *απηγγειλα* and *απηγγελον*, the aor. 1 and aor. 2 pass., and perf. 1 and 2, at the same time. When it has these tenses, they commonly belong to two different dialects, or two different ages of a dialect, as *ειπεν* only in the old Ionic, *επεισα* in Attic and the rest; *απλλαχθη*, *συνελεχθη*, in the older Attic dialect; *απλλαχην*, *συνελεχην* in the new; or they have different significations, as *τεπραχα* in an active sense, *τεπραγα* in a neuter sense.'—*Blomfield's Matthiæ*, p. 244.

"There are some other particulars of minor importance, which, however, it will be proper just to notice. It will be perceived that in the tables of the declensions of the nouns and verbs the *dual* number is commonly omitted. This was thought expedient from considering that this form is comparatively but rarely used, and in the sacred writings never, while at the same time a few very simple rules will enable the student to form it from the plural at all times when he has occasion. Hence it appeared better not to encumber with it those forms which it is necessary to be continually repeating in the exercise of parsing. By omitting the dual we also preserve an analogy with the grammar of other languages.

"The verb has been further simplified by consolidating the middle and passive voices, the two middle tenses receiving a place among the passive, to which both in sense and formation they are closely allied. Thus the voices are reduced from three to two, and that, we are confident, with practical advantage to the learner.

"In respect to the syntax, it is proper to state, that we have been guided very much in that department by the authority of Matthiæ, and have borrowed many of our examples from his elaborate work. Our aim has been to admit nothing into the rules that is not at once clear, practical, and important; and to sustain them by no examples but such as are derived from the best authors. Many pains have been taken with this part of the work throughout; but, after all, the author knows that he has reason to crave indulgence for its imperfections. He believes, however, that on one important point at least, namely the use of the moods and tenses, more precise and condensed information is here afforded than can be found in any work of similar extent. Indeed, in almost all our common grammars this interesting subject has been strangely neglected."

The preface to the "*Greek Roots in English Rhymes*," is as follows :—

"If it were proposed to study the *English* tongue by its roots, it might be objected that such a proposal involved the study of various other languages, both ancient and modern, in which alone those roots can be found. This remark would also apply to most of the present European languages, and in great measure even to the ancient Latin, but with the Greek the case is different; for this is a language whose derivative and compounded words are generally deduced from originals within itself, and may therefore properly be called *self-contained*, or to use a phrase of its own, *autarkous*. In Greek there is a certain limited number of primary, or radical words, from which almost all the others are derived by regular etymological process, and the knowledge of these words has always been justly regarded as a key to the language at large. Hence vocabularies of *Greek Primitives*, in considerable variety, have been offered to the public, and been often used in education.

"Several of these, such as the Port Royal, Valpy's, and others, are very excellent publications, and accomplish very well all that they undertake; but I have thought, that with a view to making so dry a thing as a vocabulary, rather more engaging, and so monotonous a thing, by better relief, more practicable for the memory, some further expedients might with advantage be adopted. The expedients here employed, in addition to rhyming couplets, which are not now, I believe, for the first time brought into this service, are three. The first consists in expressing the Greek root in *English* letters as well as Greek: the second in accompanying each root with an illustrative example of its use, in some brief *English* phrase or sentence. Hereby its signification is conceived to be more *distinctly* and more *impressively* conveyed, than it could be by merely giving its *English* equivalent. The other device consists in introducing the Greek root into these illustrative examples, not exactly as it stands in the original, but in a *naturalized English form*, such as it would most properly adopt if transferred, as many of them have already been, to our own language. By this method, not only is the Greek word brought into a form more congruous with its *English* context, but an advantage is commonly gained in exhibiting its really *radical* or *essential* part to the learner's eye, divested of the appendages of servile *prefixes* or *inflections*.

"It deserves to be remarked, that the utility of a knowledge of the Greek roots is by no means confined to those who seek a general acquaintance with the Greek language. Perhaps the greater part of these roots is involved in derivatives which are already transferred into our own tongue, and of which, therefore, the mere *English* scholar is concerned to apprehend the proper sense. Now for enabling the *English* scholar of either sex to acquire this very useful knowledge, I know of no method so direct, compendious, and

effectual, as that which this little book is meant to subserve, namely, committing to memory at once the principal roots of the Greek language. This, when duly facilitated, is not a very formidable task, and it accomplishes almost all that is wanted. A key is thereby furnished, to the unlimited and ever varying multitude of Greek derivatives, which the requisitions of science and literature are daily bringing into use. A work of the kind now offered will, therefore, I think, be found a useful assistant in general education, even where no ulterior study of the classical languages is proposed.

"I will only add, that the more advanced pupil should be exercised in assigning to each root such English derivatives or affinities as belong to it: and that this exercise may readily be turned into a sort of game. A young party may spin with a numbered teetotum from root to root, in turns.—He that can repeat the couplet and name a derivative affinity to the root which he lights on, wins; he that cannot, forfeits.—Thus, suppose that one of the players turns to the root *agros*; then by reciting the couplet, and quoting the derivatives *agrarian*, or *agriculture*, he may win the counter. Had he turned to *bous*, he might have referred to *bucolics*, or *butter*. It is evident that this game may be commenced in any part of the book."

As a specimen of the comicality of the verses, we quote the first seven:—

“ΑΒΑΞ	<i>ABAX</i> , a table, board, or tray: an <i>abak</i> served to count or play.
Ἀβρός	<i>Habros</i> , is dainty, delicate: as thorns had torn her <i>habrous</i> feet.
Ἀγαθός	<i>Agathos</i> , good: a child though young knows what is <i>agath</i> , and what wrong.
Ἀγαλλεῖν	<i>Agallein</i> , to honour or adorn: We <i>agall</i> ourselves as nobly born.
Ἀγαλμα	<i>Agalma</i> , a statue: let us raise the <i>agalma</i> to the patriot's praise.
Ἀγανακτεῖν	<i>Aganaktein</i> , to be displeased, offended; don't <i>aganaktehse</i> , but try to mend it.
Ἀγάπη	<i>Agapeh</i> , love: and happy they who live with thee, sweet <i>agapeh</i> ."

The Rise and Progress of the Laws of England and Wales; with an Account of the Origin, History, and Customs, Warlike, Domestic and Legal, of the several Nations, Britons, Saxons, Danes and Normans, who now compose the British Nation. By OWEN FLINTOFF, Esq. London: Richards & Co.

This book deserves a far longer notice than we have room to give it in our present number. It is a very condensed and learned epitome of a variety of legal memorials that lie scattered in the works of Selden, Camden, Reeves, Hales, Crabb, Madox, Barret, and Turner. We presume Mr. Flintoff is a Welshman; at any rate he reviews with particular devoutness the legal antiquities of Cambria, some of which we recollect seeing in Davies' Celtic Researches, &c. The author has done himself much credit by this publication, which we can conscientiously recommend. On a future occasion we hope to write a critique more worthy of it.

The Church of England Quarterly Review, April, 1840. London: Painter.

In a periodical especially devoted to the promotion of the interests of a party, it would be unreasonable to expect any other than sectarian views. Our aim, on the contrary, has been always to extend universal philanthropy; being convinced that it is more desirable to have "peace on earth, and good will to ALL men," than never-ending recrimination and discord. This is a principle of which we are sure every Christian, whether Churchman or Dissenter, will allow the righteousness. It is natural for man to differ—it is

natural for man to err, because he is a fallen being ;—if he did neither of these things, he could not any longer, with propriety, be termed such. In the absence of all directly *positive* certainty, a man can do no better than follow his own honest convictions, when those convictions have been formed *disinterestedly*, without any relation to his own personal prejudice or advantage. We believe such convictions will be his sufficient justification in the eye of God.

The case standing thus, it is surely very absurd for one party to abuse another, merely because they hold different tenets. We have no objection to see each man defending his opinions with boldness—we can even honour him for his attempts to spread them, since these attempts imply, in him, a sincere wish to propagate what he believes to be truth—but we do declare that he ought to allow all other men the privilege which he himself thus assumes. He ought to treat other men's opinions with courtesy, and resort to no weapons more carnal than those of legitimate and even friendly argument.

The Church of England Quarterly Review is conducted with much talent and spirit ; talent and spirit which we would fain see used to better purpose. We, however, prefer dealing with the purely literary portion of the production. An article on Milman's poetical works, is a well-written analysis ; and bating a few points, a just one. The paper on "Rural Life," is one to which we can give every commendation. Our country aristocracy was once our pride and our boast ; but now we have none worthy of the name. They were the grand supporters of our public spirit—of our national character—of our monarchy—of our arts—of our manufactures :—some day we shall bitterly regret the political extinction of this class ; an extinction which was finally consummated by the Reform Bill. This, however, is only one of the evils for which the enactors of that bill will have to answer. Posterity will decree them a righteous reward.

The Daughter of the Air ; a Mythic Tragedy, in Five Acts, after the idea of Calderon. By Dr. E. RAUPACH, translated from the German by W. DUNN, Esq. London : W. Marsh.

This is a fine poetical tragedy on the story of Semiramis (the daughter of the air). It has been much admired abroad, and we are happy to see this able version of it in our native tongue. There are no less than nine tragedies extant on Semiramis, whose mystical character, and gorgeous history, particularly invite the attention of dramatists. On the whole, this composition of Raupach's need not fear comparison with its rivals—for it is a more perfect artistical performance than any of them.

Vert-Vert ; a Poem, in Four Cantos, translated from the French of J. B. L. GRESSET, with illustrative Notes, by M. MONTAGU. London : Henry Stare.

Here is the master-piece of Gresset, in an English dress. Vert-Vert, as our readers are probably aware, is the name of a certain parrot, who was most religiously brought up in a French convent. The fame of Poll's piety and eloquence having spread far and wide, the loan of him was demanded by another convent a great way off. On the journey, however, Poll fell into bad company, and picked up all manner of profane and indecent expressions, so that he exceedingly scandalized the religionists he came to visit, and was sent back in great disgrace. After having undergone a variety of severe discipline, his moral character is restored, and he dies at last in the perfect odour of sanctity. This most ingenious burlesque, written in the serio-comic vein, is very neatly turned by the translator, whose version excels that of Cooper, and another by Dr. Geddes.

The Song of the Bell, and other Poems, translated from the German of
SCHILLER. London: Hatchard & Son.

As it is our purpose, ere long, to review Schiller at large, we shall say little here. The present is, on the whole, the completest version of this celebrated song, but it wants grace and ease—it wants the *ars celare artem*. Many of the lines are forced into very ungraceful attitudes. The translator, in his zeal to do justice to the German, is too much inclined to pollute the deep, clear well of English undefiled. In these respects, it is inferior to Merivale's version. Our translator has, however, some capital passages free from these defects, and his representation of Schiller's minor songs is often excellent. That on "The Distribution of the Earth," is, perhaps, the best.

Belfagor—a Tale: wherein a wife worried the Devil himself out of his life. Versified from the celebrated Novella of Machiavelli. London: Henry Storie.

This translation is immensely superior to that of Schiller. The translator has here found his forte—with very few exceptions, he has done the task in first-rate style. He has entered into the full spirit of the "very choice Italian," and sprinkles attic salt profusely over every paragraph. The story has been so often given in French and English, that we need not repeat. It is the most tremendous satire on bad wives ever written. It is painful to us to be so limited for space as not to be allowed the privilege of quoting. Perhaps, however, the ladies will pardon us in this particular instance, as it happens to be libellous matter against the women's authority. As a specimen, we will quote of our author's notes:—

"One of the most impudent, if not atrocious libels ever put forth on the sex, is certainly that famous, or rather infamous, French sonnet of Sarrasin's (a Saracen indeed). It deserves the severest reprehension, and would doubtless long since have fallen into merited oblivion, but that the world does so love the propagation of slander. We here give it translation, merely to show how malicious some people can be on that subject.

EVE.

(From the French of Sarrasin).

"Losqu' Adam, vit cette jeune beauté."

"When Adam first beheld the youthful fair,
That bounteous heaven had given him for a bride,
If much with her enamoured—on her side
She, nought unkind—drove him not to despair.
I really think, and you 'll with me concur,
That then was one true woman. Undenied;
But how should she not have been so—untried,
She had alone that single man with her.
Yet do we both deceive ourselves in this,
For, although Adam was a likely man—
Young—handsome—witty, and in nought amiss—
She better loved, indifferent at what hurt,
To listen to the Devil's small talk—than
To be a woman—and forbear to flirt."

The History of the Celtic Language. By L. MACLEAN, F.O.S., author of "Historical Account of Iona," "Sketches of St. Kilda," &c. &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Maclean, in this very neat treatise, has endeavoured to prove that the Celtic language is based upon natural principles, and, elementarily considered, contemporaneous with the infancy of the human family; and to show its great importance in order to the proper understanding of the classics, including the sacred text, the hieroglyphics, the cabala, and other kindred

studies, among other interesting arguments, he insists that the names given by Adam to beasts of the field are an echo, or rehearsal, of their voices severally, and are still preserved in the Celtic language and its cognate dialects, and form important roots. This view is illustrated at considerable extent.

We have received Part II. of "Whiston's Josephus," and Part III. of "Canadian Scenery," both published by Virtue; also Part XIV. of the truly beautifully "Illustrated Shakspeare," by Kenny Meadows—No. VII. of the new series of "Heads of the People"—and No. XVII. of Tyas's "History of Napoleon"—all good books. Room must be found, ere long, for an article on Charles Lamb's poetical works—how truly beautiful are the adventures of Ulysses. Moxon's "Beaumont and Fletcher" is now completed.

Mr. Moxon has intrusted to the taste and talents of George Darley, the author of Thomas à Becket, the task of introducing this splendid edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, which was originally designed for the pen of Robert Southey, the poet-laureate. Ah! Southey! and is it come to this with thee, that thou art no longer able to labour—thou, to whom labour was a delight? We feel this at our heart; for Southey was our earliest literary friend—nay, our latest—a man who never omitted an opportunity to promote our interest, and has ever helped us in all points wherein we could not help ourself. He prophesied a speedier and a brighter noon than that to which we have attained—and, it may be, a later and less dim evening to himself. But even thus it is, that we rough-hew our ends, and God shapes them. His purposes are not ours—or rather ours are included in his, and transcended by them. His will be done! On sending us the last collected edition of his poems, Southey told us that his work was nearly ended—ah! more nearly than he expected—but the setting of his mind is, nevertheless, in peace. His latest letters to us prove this—its silence is but the serenity of reposing intellect—its apparent darkness but light invisible. In the evening shall be light. To us—(i. e. the Editor of this Magazine)—Dr. Southey has been the guide, philosopher, and friend—our first adviser, and our last supporter. It is now twenty years since we received his first letter of encouragement: we had published a volume of poems, the first of which, entitled *the Legend of St. Loy*, had been written at the age of eighteen. Southey was the *only* literary man to whom we sent it (for we had inscribed it to the memory of Henry Kirke White), and stranger though we were, he proffered his counsel and assistance at once. Well he kept his word—and by his recommendation nearly all the additions have been made to our income which our extra wants required. The world's neglect—the reviewer's insolence—are nothing to the mind which is corroborated by the support of such intelligences as Southey, Wordsworth, and the Coleridges. It has lately afforded us much gratification to find that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, a disciple of the same school, has been willing to commit himself in the praise of *The Roman Brother*. We regret that the state of the theatres should have drawn down upon him undeserved wrath—he is, in fact, their victim as much as we are, though in a different way. Let us hope, however, that better times are coming. We would regenerate, not overturn.

Minds of any worth are kindred one of another—they are all members of the same community. There is an allusion to George Darley as well as to ourself, in Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's preface. We wish, with him, that the author of Thomas à Becket had written, and that he would still write, with a view to the stage. Dramatic production should not be wasted, like water poured on a desert—its exhibition, in a form adapted for the theatre, will create the theatres that we want, and put an end to the fatal jealousies that now exist. Apollo speed the time. The Syncretic Association, established as it is for carrying forward *all* good purposes, irrespective of sect, party, or country, already numbers many dramatic writers of the greatest talent among its members, and is hard at work in devising plans of amelioration

First of all, the monopoly must be destroyed—it will then be possible to get a poet's theatre. We have had an actor's—that was an improvement—a great improvement—the poet's will be still better, and should be the best. As to Mr. Webster, at the Haymarket, he declines to take upon himself the privilege of judging as a manager—he can only be come at through the actor—and the press has decided that this medium shall exist no longer—that this mediatorship shall be exercised no more. The author of *Glencoe** has smarted too severely for it. Let us take care that with the destruction of the old system, we have the materials for a new.

GREEN-ROOM CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POET, THE ACTOR, AND THE PUBLIC, WITH SOME REMARKS ON MR. SERJ. TALFOURD'S "GLENCOE."

A Letter addressed to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Having before me the second edition of Mr. Serj. Talfourd's *Glencoe; or the Fate of the Macdonalds*, the preface to which concludes with some remarks on the state of the drama and the necessity of a free stage, which are in perfect accordance with the sentiments that have delighted the lovers of dramatic literature in the *Monthly Magazine*, the influence of which, on the progress of theatrical affairs, has lately become no little significant, as I happen to know well from mixing in the circles in which such matters are topics of living interest—I feel impelled, by a sympathy of motive, to address you on the point. The entire question, as Mr. Serj. Talfourd seems to acknowledge, has been of late altered—an impression at one time having passed current, that if tragedies were not produced, it was for the want of poets to write tragedies that would act. This impression is no longer tenable—Mr. Serj. Talfourd acknowledges that there have been plays lately published superior to any that have been acted, and that these superior plays have no chance yet until a free stage be obtained—for the very obvious reason that the holders of the present narrow monopoly will serve themselves before strangers—and have a right to do so, for charity ought to begin at home. Now this is the true and quite tenable argument for a free stage, and until it is obtained, there will—there can—there ought to be no peace for the occupants of the close-borough stage. You, sir, have already said very well in regard to Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer's *Richelieu*, that as the lowest round of the dramatic ladder it is a very acceptable production—but is open to strong objection if presented as the best drama that can be got—in other words, if, on the score of private friendship, it is made to substitute the better that may be had. That the last is the fact having been placed beyond question, public intelligence, at length, became awakened in favour of the excluded. What then? shall the excluded be included? By no means; that were to exclude ourselves. Appearances, however, must be saved—the constant recurrence of the names of two or three writers as the only dramatists for the stage will else, at length, produce a revulsion in theatrical audiences themselves, that will close the only remaining theatre which is at all sure of having a sufficient audience.

The manner in which Mr. Serj. Talfourd acted to save appearances, is now before the world; and he seems to have proceeded in it with that delicacy which marks the tone of his mind, and distinguishes his character. He determined to offer, as a stranger, his drama to the influential actor; but through a medium which should give it the best chance of success. Mr. Dickens was the friendly go-between—he recommended the play, as the work of a Mr. Collinson, to Mr. Macready, and Mr. Macready to Mr. Webster. For some

* *Glencoe*; or the *Fate of the Macdonalds*, a tragedy in five acts. By T. N. Talfourd; first represented 23rd May, 1840. Second Edition. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

time, the friendly actor was, no doubt, in doubt whether the play might not have been the production of Mr. Dickens—as sufficient reasons could not be given for the non-production of Mr. Collinson. It seems, that it was not until after the acceptance and first rehearsal of the play, that the real authorship was avowed. In all this there was nothing done but what Mr. Collinson might have done, if he had possessed Mr. Dickens for a friend, and as warm a friend of his as Mr. Dickens is of Mr. Serj. Talfourd. Under such circumstances a stranger might have succeeded—but could such circumstances have attended him? Certainly not!

In all this, I repeat that we perceive only the exertions made by a delicate mind to get rid of certain untoward conditions, which, though not standing in the way of accomplishing a laudable desire, yet loaded the accomplishment itself with an invidious responsibility, from which it was politic, if possible, to escape.

No escape, in fact, was possible; but the attempt to escape might be made—with what success, sir, I refer you for answer to the almost universal indignation of the press on the subject.

What I have written has been mainly to relieve the transaction from the necessity of that inference. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is a gentleman who manifestly takes delight in dramatic composition, and has a right to employ all the influence of his character, station, and connexion in procuring the production of his own pieces on the stage. The fault is not his, that, in the event of his succeeding, there is no other stall in the market for another candidate. The sympathy that he has expressed for those less fortunate, does him high honour, and entitles him and his works to every consideration.

There is a sentiment—a polish—a finish in Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's writings which is quite charming to the cultivated mind, between which and his own a sympathy is readily excited and easily maintained. As might have been expected from a genius so refined by instruction and corroborated by the best models, nay, deriving in fact his own inspiration from those models, the beauty of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's writings is rather of an abstract than individual character. This tendency might, perhaps, have been corrected by the knowledge of life derivable at the bar from the conduct and evidences of the witnesses examined. Yet there, however, life is viewed through a medium—at second hand—and by report rather than from actual observation and practical participation in its business. The habits of a pleader, besides, are inveterate, and deal rather with results than premises—his function is to make out a case for the judge and jury—to defend one party, and to impeach another, by means of the general deductions which it is possible to draw from the particular details. The rest of the trial may be interesting to others; but this is specifically the part that he has to play in it. No wonder that, in the composition of his dramas this tendency should appear, and that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd should seek rather to generalize than individualize his characters. Clear enough it is, that it matters not to the writer whether his persons or manners be Grecian or Caledonian; a certain abstract humanity, suffering under a variety of evils, is all that he appreciates. The active man, making conditions and ruling circumstances, is not among his resources. Whether in Glencoe or in Argos, there is the same invisible fate, for the concealed motive spring; and the whole of the *dramatis personæ*, whether they strike or are stricken, are alike unfortunate, and none criminal.

Apart from the writer's peculiar profession, there is another and more sufficing reason—the general tendency of the social mind, in the course of human progression, to the abstract and the ideal. Character is, in rude ages, distinguished by defects; but, in proportion as each individual approaches the standard of perfection, in that precise proportion every man so resembles his fellow, that his separate identity is almost lost in the common type of the species. Now, with the Greeks, character was a defect, and the mark of nobility consisted, and perhaps with us still consists, in the ab-

sence of characterization. The poet who proposes to himself an ideal drama, will be apt to raise his persons into as close an approximation to the moral standard of man as possible; and hence they will think alike, speak alike, act alike; distinguished only by certain subtle lines of demarcation—perhaps by nothing but the differences of actors.

In the course of time, the drama must come to this; for the human race, as it seems to me, must come to this. Then, not by any external marks, but by interior distinctions seated in the depth of the human being itself, the personal must be discriminated. A very refined and exquisite species of analysis must be exercised on the part of critic and poet. What we now have of the kind is in the way of transition.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's "Ion" was a fine example of this sort of transitional drama.

It has been lately asserted that actors prefer those plays which have least character and passion, because they can make of their parts whatever they please. It must be confessed, sir, that in the plays which have been produced, there is too much ground for this charge; and that there has been a fault in the system which *compelled* the best actor of his time to become the patron of such poets as were his personal friends. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, however, deserves not reproof on this score, whatever censure may be merited by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd never professed to bear the burden of the drama's redemption—never told the public that unless he had rushed forward to its assistance, the drama of Britain would have become extinct. No, sir, these worse than absurdities of which Sir E. L. Bulwer was guilty, have no support in the example of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. He knew himself and his contemporaries better than this; and has at length declared the fact to be diametrically opposite to the assertion. Dramatic production is so abundant, that new theatres must be provided, and an academy for the education of good actors instituted.

But, sir, there are some foolish notions abroad on the relation between poet and actor. A tragic writer has been publicly censured, because he corroborates his own opinion of his drama being performable by that of a great actress. Surely the writer of an unacted play has a right, under present circumstances, to avail himself of every help that he can procure. Is there not a prejudice against every unacted drama, going to the extent of fore-arming both reader and critic against its stage-eligibility? What better mode can be adopted by the author of such a work, than to corroborate his claims by the testimony of those who have the *entré* to the stage as dramatic authors, and flourish on the stage as eminent performers? Is not the cause a *public* one? Such testimonies *must* be made public—not merely to lead the public judgement, but, above all, to prove that it is not because there are *not* professional opinions in its favour that a play is rejected, but in spite of their existence. The stronger the case made out in favour of every *unacted* play, the stronger becomes the general cause, and the more sure we are of ultimate success.

For, sir, see what such a circumstance proves!—that, as a general fact, the actor has no power to patronize the poet. No—there is only one who has such power, and he is rightly retained by those to whom he is attached from friendship or taste. It is only Mr. ——— who has assumed the position that enables him to serve the dramatic author. Mrs. ———, Mr. ——— may use their interest or express their desire in vain. Let this be understood, and that, in the meanwhile, the manager positively declines to proceed upon his own judgement, treating with the utmost possible contempt the writer who comes without the *imprimatur* of the one performer.*

When these circumstances are taken into consideration, with the acknowledged fact that there are new unacted tragedies of stronger dramatic elements published than those which have succeeded on the stage; behold, sir,

* Our own experience, however, of Mr. Webster has been of a courteous kind.
—ED.

what power is given to the Voice that is now crying in the Wilderness, "Prepare the way for the Regeneration of the Stage!"

At the same time, Mr. Editor, I do not wish you to be deceived as to the part which the Public plays in every piece that is presented. What is *theatrical* fills a theatre much more readily than what is *dramatic*. Mr. George Darley has some appropriate remarks upon this point, in his introduction to Beaumont and Fletcher, deserving of every consideration. "They had," he says, "a keen theatrical, if not dramatical, spirit: that is, if we limit the term *theatrical* to a talent for composing such plays as will fill theatres. Beaumont and Fletcher (especially Fletcher) seldom lose any time, like Shakspeare, upon grand effusions of abstract poetry, fitter for the closet, or upon materials beyond or above their simple stage object—popular applause. Mr. Hallam" (he continues) "alludes to this peculiar talent of our authors; and if his expressions imply no more than it, mine are but an echo of his. If, however, by asserting Fletcher 'superior to Shakspeare in his knowledge of the stage,' he meant not what fills theatres, but what *ought* to fill them, issue might be joined on the question. Fletcher's liveliness, bustle, his easy flowing, ear-catching language, felicitous jumble of piquant details, are sure to titillate a mixed audience, though they would often fatigue a reader; while Shakspeare's plays, represented as written, would oppress such an audience under the load of their intellectuality, and put half of it to sleep or to flight. But in skilful and nice conduct of his plot, in harmonious combination of effective circumstances, in poetical (not to speak of moral) decorum, clear development of characters, omnipotent command over the passions, ubiquitous insight into nature—Shakspeare has almost every pretension, Fletcher almost none. Now these, and not the other, are the supreme theatrical qualities, and evince true artistic knowledge of the stage. Shakspeare catered for the popular taste, Fletcher *pandered* to it, without thought or reck whether it was vicious or not: the one would have raised his audience to him, the other lowered himself to his audience. Shakspeare knew what the stage required—Fletcher what the spectators. Public intellectual taste has perhaps always a tendency to decline, and it is the proper business of writers to counteract this; being left unperformed by Fletcher, if we cannot thence conclude he was ignorant of a stage author's function, we have no right to infer his knowledge."

Most playwrights, I fear, would rather *Fletcherize* to the public no-taste than *Shaksperize* for the judicious; and most actors prefer the drama that would do the former, than the one which proposes the other. The *excellence* of a tragedy is the grand objection to it. "Oh," say they, "it is too good for the public." Oh, Public! what shame to thee is it that such profane things of thee should be viridically avouched.—Rise in the pits of our theatres against all theatricalities, and relieve thyself from the foul imputation. But what are we to say when men of talent are found to declare that even so it should be and no otherwise?—for, sir, I am afraid that Mr. Hallam means that that which *is*, is also that which *ought to be*. He is contented with things as they are; the popular cry with him is to decide the fate of works of art. If so, then I say, let the education of the people proceed, that they may learn how to appreciate such works. But in order to such education, such works must be given to the people to study—and how are the people to study them if they be not presented in the appropriate arena of exhibition? The stage is such arena for the drama; and the purest specimens of such must be produced there, previous to the formation of the taste for them, in order that such taste may be formed. Now, this is the true difficulty—and the management to surmount it must be a truly public spirited, a truly poetic, and a truly manly management.

As Mr. Darley's introduction still lies open before me, and furnishes me with some passages, which should set every honest mind, at the present juncture, against a mere stage-effective play. I beg to cite them:—

"If we look," says this eloquent writer, "for the compound perfection of

poetry—beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art—we shall find no very large measure of it in Beaumont and Fletcher. Their accumulated works deserve much more than Shakspeare's to be entitled '*un fumier*'—but a *fumier* filled with jewels of the brightest, often of the purest, most celestial lustre, which a little rooting will discover. These make the real value, and form the real attraction of their 'plays,' altogether unplayable now; even in their own time it made their chief merit, I repeat, manure their stage-effectiveness. For if stage-effectiveness be the proper test of stage-merit, a sentimental melo-drama, that acts like a mere onion on the public eyes, will be superior to 'Macbeth,' and 'The Tempest' as an opera—to 'The Tempest,' as Shakspeare wrote it. Let us take that test—the drama degenerates at once! A fine stage-drama must be effective; but convert this proposition and say, an effective stage-drama must be fine, no conclusion is less legitimate. Such conclusion Beaumont and Fletcher seem to have drawn. Had they only reflected, that drama, however frivolous, superficial, or tasteless, may yet prove effective upon an audience more frivolous, superficial, and tasteless still, they would have discovered the unsoundness of their creed, and the error of their practice. Were anything else requisite to establish the above truth, it may, perhaps, be found in this—stage-effectiveness is a most *variable test* (changing with the knowledge and judgement of the audience), while the test of stage-merit ought to resemble the test of every other real merit, in being fixed. 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' and 'Hamlet,' had always the same intrinsic stage-merit, though when public taste was degraded, these dramas were less stage-effective than those of Beaumont and Fletcher: private discriminative taste even then recognised that merit. If not so very immoral, the plays before us might 'have a run' at present, like Maturin's 'Bertram,' or 'Tom and Jerry,' or those favoured quadrupedal performances of Astley's or Van Amburgh's *corps dramatique*. Would this stage-effectiveness demonstrate their stage-merit? I thought well to enlarge thus upon a dangerous doctrine held by almost every one, and of late apparently pronounced orthodox by an influential writer upon our literature."

Alas! Mr. Editor, there are too many Hallams among the influential writers upon our literature.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your constant reader,

DRAMATICUS.

. We much thank our correspondent for many of his remarks; but we venture to suggest that they appear in rather too isolated a form, and require composition in a joint result to produce their proper bearing on the important subject at issue. That of stage-effectiveness now, with the abstract characterization to which dramatic efforts tend, should be considered together. It should also be mentioned to the credit of both writers who have recently taken possession of the stage, that they commenced rather with the dramatic than the theatrical. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd certainly, in his "Ion," did this, and, indeed, sacrificed very little to stage-effectiveness even in "The Athenian Captive." It has, however, clearly been his endeavour, in the tragedy of "Glencoe," to combine both styles of writing. Hence he has sought a medium in the Highland manners for effecting an union between Grecian sentiment and popular apprehension. What Mr. George Darley says concerning the imitation of manners is very significant. "Beaumont and Fletcher," he remarks, "place a mirror of their period before our eyes, which reflects it better than Shakspeare's mirror of all time does his own particular time." A late critic in a Sunday paper asserted that Shakspeare's characters differed from others in being so strictly defined on his page as to leave no choice to the actor in the representation of them. No error is greater than this! Beaumont and Fletcher particularize their persons with intense anxiety—Shakspeare is solicitous to generalize the individual as much as possible. Thus his great characters are symbolic of the species. Minute

references to Roman manners in a Roman play might improve it as an antiquarian chronicle, but would spoil it as a poem; moreover, in the chief person, it is of much more importance to show the man than the Roman. There is but one humanity. Sensible and intellectual developments coexist *not* with entire moral desolation. Such beings were not men. It is only that the moral is obscured, not destroyed; the visible and intellectual only preponderate, they do not altogether substitute it.

We give Mr. Serjeant Talfourd credit for endeavouring to resist as much as possible the melodramatic tendencies of his subject. Is it, however, possible to aim at stage-effectiveness without perilling an unsatisfactory compromise? Should, then, stage-effectiveness be sought by the dramatic poet? And if not sought, will managers, under the best of circumstances, produce his play? We propose these questions, because we do not wish absurdly to idealise, but practically to resolve this point, in respect to the great question now at issue—Whether a free stage is desirable—and if desirable, whether the purer kind of dramatic composition will stand a better chance than before? A free stage will produce and reward a greater number of dramatic writers—that is clear: but the character of their productions is of still greater importance. Shall we follow the example of Beaumont and Fletcher, or of Shakspeare? We will not put this alternative to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer; first, because he is no poet, and secondly, because his taste is evidently fixed. He has chosen to write for the multitude. Success with the crowd is, we fear, with him the test of art—he prides himself in it. But we do put it to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, and venture to suggest the composition of another “*Ion*,” if only for the sake of the good example. What is now done will be the seed of what shall be done. Glad are we that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd recognises the claims of the unacted drama; but we are also anxious that the removal of the monopoly should encourage the reign of good taste rather than that of bad. We desire not to promote theatres but dramas. This—this is our heart’s desire; for this we have *sacrificed* our supposed personal interest in the stage, for at least some time to come. We have, at all points, treated the question as a *public*, not as a private one; and have, perhaps, acting on this principle, albeit not without great reluctance and pain, overstepped some proprieties which ought otherwise to have been strictly observed. But Public Duty has its own Laws, and must be performed at the risk of every thing less inclusive.—ED.

A FEW BRIEF REMARKS ON HER MAJESTY’S RECENT PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

Two or three circumstances connected with the late atrocious attack on the life of our beloved sovereign and her illustrious consort, are calculated to cement more closely the union between the Queen and her people; and while they inspire, on the one hand, a confidence in the moral courage, from the dauntless demeanour, of Her Majesty, afford on the other additional proof (were it needed) of the devoted loyalty of the British people. Who is there that could read without emotion the statement of her Majesty’s thoughtful attention to her illustrious parent, when, under the immediate excitement of the murderous attack on her person, she ordered her carriage to be driven to Ingestrie House, that she might herself communicate the alarming fact, and at the same time remove, by her presence, every apprehension as to her personal safety. Such a mark of filial attention, whilst it has the effect of silencing the base tongue of calumny, adds a lustre

even to the exalted station occupied by her Majesty. The undaunted demeanour of the Queen under the excitement of the sudden traitorous attempt is above all praise, and altogether worthy of her illustrious descent, and of the ruler of a great and brave people.

The spontaneous burst of loyalty and affection which greeted the royal pair on their return from the ride at the commencement of which the assassin's arm had been raised against their lives, must have been truly gratifying and cheering to them; and the loyalty and devotion displayed by all classes in their anxiety to express their detestation and abhorrence of an attempt so atrocious, afford conclusive evidence that her Majesty's throne is based on a people's love. In some of the churches, on the first day on which the thanksgiving to Almighty God for her Majesty's escape was read, the National Anthem was performed in the place of the first voluntary:—the unanimous response on the part of the congregations, shown by a simultaneous rising from their seats, bore ample testimony to the eagerness with which every opportunity was seized to mark the sympathy and regard they felt for their sovereign. The wretched perpetrator of the diabolical act, whatever his motives might have been, and probably a thirst for distinction was the chief, has, like most bad men, proved an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, for the benefit both of the governor and the governed; giving an opportunity to the sovereign (so rarely presented to a female) of distinguishing herself for personal courage, and to her subjects of evincing their devoted loyalty and attachment to the throne.

The loyalty of the English people is so jealous of its character, that it will not permit the supposition that the perpetrator of such an act, as the one which now suggests these few remarks, could be in his proper senses at the time of its committal. No sane Englishman can be so disloyal as to aim at the life of his sovereign;—such is the dogma of the national loyalty. To this sentiment the young villain will probably be indebted for his worthless life. The milder punishment also will most likely succeed in subduing the passion for regicide which the more severe might have a tendency to excite. Against a monarchy, which proves that mercy is the brightest jewel in its crown—none but the most hardened would yield to the impulse of imitation, in contriving measures of destruction. No, no! the life of the Queen is safe from any new attempt, as the result of the present. There may, of course, be other causes in operation.

We should particularly notice that this attempt is concurrent with several of the most atrocious murders on record. We have already suggested the cause in the Jack Sheppardism of the age. The manner of the murderer's proceeding in the case of Templeton, is copied from Mr. Ainsworth's romance—it was the novelist who told him how to manage the execrable deed with safety and success. Courvoisier has confessed, that it was reading and seeing Jack Sheppard which induced him to the assassination of his noble master. Can such things be—and yet the present state of literature excite no interest? Wherever we turn—to the drama or to the novel—the essay or the poem—all is the same, with a very few honourable exceptions, and for them the public has no ear. The adder is deaf to all but the discord of hell.

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THE MANAGER'S, THE ACTOR'S, AND THE POET'S
THEATRE.*

WE have been anxiously looking for Mr. Bunn's book on *The Stage, both Before and Behind the Curtain*, under the impression that it would most clearly represent the interior of a manager's theatrical operation, and thus account for the exterior failure; the fatal influence of which, on dramatic literature, is still so deeply felt. We are not disappointed: the manager's theatre is here portrayed to the life—with all its unconscious incompetence to the business it undertakes, whether in the higher or lower departments—its want of capital of all kinds, whether intellectual or pecuniary—its confessed subserviency to the declared arrogance of actors—and its acknowledged injustice in every possible shape to every author, accepted or unaccepted, who had incurred the misfortune of having so far cherished dramatic ambition as to become a candidate for stage representation. A career of swindling and robbery, such as characterises no other calling on the face of the earth, is here disclosed and considered with an undisguised effrontery, which was to have been expected from the character of the subject. From all which we have gathered some few particulars.

The manager of a theatre is, in the first instance, a speculator without capital, who takes to the conduct of a stage, for the sake of an arena in which he may live by his wits, and exercise the noble art of thimble-rigging—so long as the proprietors of the house will endure the continuance of the humbug. His utter want of character is, with him, his only stock in trade; and he relies upon it to the utmost possible extent, and finds it answer for a considerable time. As he never had any thing to lose, ultimate bankruptcy presents no terrors at any time; his state, meanwhile, being one of perpetual insolvency. His daily occupation, accordingly, is to cajole on the one hand, and to browbeat on the other—to flatter the actor, and to rebuff the author—to disappoint or mislead the public, and to jeopardize or ruin the renter. He lies, he cogs, he swears, just as it suits his interest, real or imaginary; while acting declines—the drama languishes—and the

* *The Stage, both Before and Behind the Curtain*, from "Observations taken on the Spot." By Alfred Bunn, late Lessee of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Covent Garden. 3 vols. Bentley, 1840.

children of genius perish for want of food and raiment. Let us not be mistaken as applying these remarks to Mr. Bunn, or to Mr. Webster, or any other individual, in any sense at all personal—but as points simply qualifying the species or genus—the necessary attributes, without which no manager can exist, and be what he professes. By fatal need, these villanous appendages are the native deformities of every unfortunate and altogether despicable wight who trades in the results of the arts in which he is not himself sufficiently, if at all, skilled; if, too, he becomes the proprietor of the artists themselves, as the manager of a theatre does and must, his position is all the more perplexing, and his influence still more pernicious.

Let the manager be a first-rate actor also! Well—the experiment shall be tried. With what result? The gratification of the great actor's vanity was provided for—he appeared in the characters he best liked, and in the pieces that he preferred—he shelved such of his brethren as he would remove, and when their removal was most convenient to himself—played fast and loose with authors just as it suited his own private objects; and ultimately admitted no poet to his stage, but some two or three long-standing personal friends whom it was impossible to refuse. This is the dark side of the picture—but it had a bright side also. He undertook to revive Shakspeare, but not reverently; Shakspeare purified, but not restored to perfect purity. He deluded himself with the vain imagination that the actor was wiser than the poet. One good, however, he did; he consecrated spectacle as the servant of poetry, and so far rendered it less possible to become again its substitute. For this good a grateful public showed its gratitude by securing him from the loss that might have attended the venture; and had he proceeded on still higher principles, would have rewarded him with the largest possible amount of profits. But this it did not—for he had fallen short of his vocation.

When all this was over, the actor and his friends were satisfied; they even declared that a triumph had been won. But men of the highest taste and greatest genius were dissatisfied. The poets, above all, felt themselves wronged, for they at first had conceived hopes from the respectability of his character and his talents, but were compelled at last to exclaim, that no trust was to be put in a leading tragedian. When we say poets, we mean, not men who had dreamed of being such, but who were really such; and who at length made their claims so manifest that the most talented of the actor's friends, whose pieces he had produced, were fain to confess that the unacted drama was superior to that which had succeeded in procuring representation.

Such are the two pictures! and how unsatisfactory. Both of them are gorgons before which the drama is struck stone-dead:—and well it may be so, for from the beginning things were not thus. In the early ages of the drama, the poet was the monarch of the scene.

The fountain-head of most of the faults that infest the theatres lies in the fact of their being in this country the subject of private speculation, and, therefore, considered only as sources of profit to the speculator. This is the reason why every one undertaking this responsibility becomes, however he begin, a scoundrel of the darkest die—the reason why he is despised and betrayed by the performer, who extorts from

him whatever he can get, under the just impression that no man has the right to be proprietor of another man's talent, and make a large profit out of genius which is not his own. Mr. Bunn tells us that this evil arises from the fact of the English not being a dramatic or theatrical people. This is an extraordinary assertion to be made of a land which boasts of a Shakspeare ! But grant it ; there has been a cause for this defect ; and this cause has been the discouragement of dramatic authors. Manager and actors have scrambled for the profits of theatres between them, and both have done without authors so long as they possibly could. This is the true secret ; opera, ballet, and spectacle had been all along permitted to substitute the poet, who was dishonestly thrust out of doors in consequence ; and accordingly the theatre has been left by people of taste and breeding as the fit resort of those of none. Nor can it be expected that a mere speculator will take a theatre from an abstract love of the drama—will go to the expense of creating a taste for its highest efforts—and wait until the tide, so long since diverted, shall turn in his favour. If it be impossible or inexpedient here so to connect the stage with the state, that it shall be, in a great measure, supported out of the public taxes, yet much might be done for it by an association of the patrons of dramatic genius, who, as the condition of their assistance, should require the fulfilment of a certain contract ; and, in particular, that a specific sum should every season be paid to dramatic authors for a stated number of new pieces, in regulated proportions—whether for tragedy, comedy, or farce—the choice of the pieces being confided to a man of undoubted judgement and poetic feeling—if of received dramatic genius, all the better—limiting, in that case, the number and run of his own productions, thus precluding him from taking all the field to himself. On such a plan as this, we should recognize the existence and influence of a laudable and worthy purpose—and, depend upon it, all the objectionable parts of the actor's character would subside with the occasions that have hitherto provoked them into undue prominence.

Mr. Bunn confesses, what lately the manager of one of our theatres confessed to ourselves, and afterwards had the meanness to deny, that the performers are the masters of the manager—and a pretty set of masters they are—as the following description may testify :—

“ Her Majesty's dominions do not contain a funnier set of people than actors, a great portion of whom are styled, by courtesy, Her Majesty's servants. Their avocation, to be sure, is drollery ; and if it were confined to its proper place—the stage—we should have no cause of complaint ; but that is the very last place where they seek to be amusing. If a man who has dealings with them will but call in to his aid a sufficient degree of philosophy (of course he will stand in need of more than an ordinary quantity), he will find them the most diverting set of creatures in existence ; and when he has exhausted all the patience at his command, he will find them something else. Taken as a body, and standing apart, as they do, from the rest of the community, they must be judged by rules of their own creation to be understood ; but if examined upon the principles that regulate society at large, they are altogether unintelligible. They are the most obsequious, and yet the most independent set of people upon earth—their

very vitality is based upon 'the weakest of all weakness—vanity,'—almost every sentiment put into their mouths is at variance with every action of their lives—their whole existence is an anomaly. The feverish state of excitement upon which their fortunes depend is a perpetual drawback to any exercise of the judgement they are supposed to possess. Their occupations bring them for ever before a tribunal, whose opinion, being decisive for the moment, induces them to mistake temporary approbation for permanent respect, without once referring to circumstances. They virtually serve two masters—their employer *behind* the curtain, and the spectator *before* it; but upon the established principle of not being in reality able to serve both at one time, they select, in all cases of emergency, the one they deem the most powerful—*vox populi* is with them *vox Dei*. That mysterious line of light across the stage (yclept, in theatrical phraseology, the float,) through whose rays such a false colouring is for the most part given, appears to them to establish a strong-hold of their own, which may set at defiance any other upon earth. The framer of our language must have had a performer in his eye, when he compiled the word—*SELF*! for performers never think of any thing else. Compliant beyond measure when making engagements, insolent in the extreme when they have once obtained them, and in the exercise of the duties belonging to them, they verify that couplet of Churchill at every turn,—

‘On this great stage, the world, no monarch e’er
Was half so haughty as a monarch-player.’

“The dramatic literature of the country, for any neglect of which a manager is at all times unceremoniously belaboured, lies entirely at their mercy—the feelings of an author are solely dependent upon their disposition—the welfare of the theatre they are bound to is balanced upon their pleasure. In all this, *SELF* is the mighty ruler—*SELF* the predominant feature. An actor, who, from his peculiar position, has the power, will sometimes bind down his employer by an article of engagement that renders the very opening of the doors almost a personal favour on his part. If you fulfil such article, you injure the profession at large, and every other member of it; if you do not, you injure him—at all events in his own opinion. Clamorous as a hungry dog until you place him favourably and perpetually before the public—the moment you do so, he complains of being overworked.”

The vanity of authors and actors is, according to Mr. Bunn, not to be compared but contrasted—that of the latter being so out of all relative measure. Mr. Bunn, however, from the false elevation of managerial authority, looks down on both with equal contempt. He evidently wishes us to imply that the unaccepted plays, proffered for performance during his management, were not eligible for performance. On the contrary, we *know* that there were many with such claims upon the stage as should not have been neglected. Such as were accepted also were produced under unfavourable circumstances. Thus, after having exhausted the town with the spectacle of *The Jewess*, the *Provost of Bruges* was permitted to linger a few nights at the end of a season, and accordingly failed to bring profit to the treasury. But

were not the public told as distinctly as possible by the manager's arrangements that this play was not designed for the attraction of the season, but merely a *succedaneum*. The conductor here, too, seems to be very sore because he had to pay Mr. Lovell, the poet, the sum of twenty pounds per night for a short period.

The *Provost of Bruges* was recommended to Mr. Bunn by Mr. Macready, and his choice of this play suggests some reflections. It is a pretty—very pretty play—but not a *great* one. *Great* plays were in the hands both of Mr. Macready and Mr. Bunn at the time—but were declined in favour of the pretty. Had either party been sincere in his love of the high drama, the spectacle that preceded might perhaps have been counteracted. A stern overpowering tragedy might have done this—but courage was wanted. A similar want of courage was exhibited by Mr. Macready in his own management. The production of one such tragedy—(and more than one exists)—would revolutionize the stage. But, after all, this line of conduct is against the actor's supposed self-interest; and this is the reason why he sets himself against it. He dreads the supremacy of the poet as much as the atheist dislikes the belief in a Deity. And why? The ruinous salaries of actors, says Mr. Bunn, preclude the possibility of remunerating authors on such a scale as becomes a scholar and a gentleman to accept. Hence it is that so much merit is taken for what is called the Revival of Shakspeare. To Shakspeare there is nothing payable; and though experience proves that, on a great stage, spectacle must be added to the drama to make the performance attractive; yet the same is as true of a new as of an old play—and the expense of remunerating the poet is at any rate saved.

No—no! The true way of promoting the drama is not by revivals—but by original productions. It is to the encouragement of the living author that you must look for the regeneration of the drama—the living author, selected for his merits only, not by personal favour, or only on account of his rank and influence, other than as a dramatist and a man of genius.

In the proportion in which Mr. Bunn was himself an author, he has proved, in the book before us, the beneficial effects of it on his management. His own operas, whatever their degree of merit (which was in fact but small), helped him through several difficulties. In a loftier department, had he been a comic or a tragic poet, he might have been equally, or more successful. A theatre, large or small, with a Shakspeare at the head of it, could not fail.

This, then, is the sum of the matter—that the theatres have failed, because the poet has been crushed—and the poet has been crushed by the monopoly, which has so restricted the arena of exertion, that a sufficient number of dramatists could not be encouraged. The same is also true of actors—for, whatever may appear to the contrary, they have suffered from the like cause. We are told, for instance, that Macready and Farren were able to demand ruinous terms; but what then? these are but two men out of a large number.

Out of that large number, are there not other actors of genius? We cannot tell, because by the contracts entered into with the principal tragedian or comedian, the manager is precluded from encouraging

rising talent. It was only lately proved that a new actor may successfully contest the palm with an old one—and be shelved in consequence. Mr. Phelps's *Othello* is superior to any other on the stage; but because it carries the laurels from Mr. Macready's *Iago*, the tragedy is not repeated. If Mr. Charles Kean had accepted Mr. Macready's insidious offer to alternate great parts with him at Covent Garden, he would have been jockeyed by the plausible manager, as was Phelps the first season, and both Phelps and Vandenhoff the second. Now, Mr. Bunn's book shows that the minor theatres can afford to pay and employ a star or two—but here are the patent theatres, both under his management and Mr. Macready's, paying indeed stars, but not employing them, and irritating them almost to madness by non-employment, literally making dog-stars of them. Rather than be thus obscured, every one of these would gladly shine, each on his separate stage, if the patents were but as legislatively destroyed as they are practically. It is thus witnessed that actors are suffering, as a body, as well as authors; and so it will be found that their interests are always and in every place identified. Let them sympathise in a common aim, and effect a common prosperity.

We are aware that the authority of Colley Cibber may be quoted against a number of theatres. But what says he?—Why, that if the theatres are increased in number, the dramatists must be so too. Granted: his complaint then was against the multitude of theatres and the paucity of authors. But what is the case now? That poets are complaining they cannot get their works represented—poets whose worth is acknowledged, and works the dramatic spirit of which is not denied. To increase the evil, such productions as have been exhibited are not the best that might have been got. It is confessed, indeed, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, that the unacted drama is superior to the acted.

Whatever advantages may attend the modern division of labour, they are liable to many deductions. In the palmiest days of the drama, the poet, the actor, and the manager were the same person. It was well with the stage, when the poet was more closely connected with it than he now is; nor, as we have said, will the stage become what it ought to be, until the poet reign on that arena paramount, with a public possessed of taste rightly to appreciate the poetic spirit. Glorious things are yet left to be done in the drama—things yet unspoken—unmeditated.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

NO. II.—VICTOR COUSIN HIMSELF.

VICTOR COUSIN, whose *System of Eclecticism* we reviewed in our last number, professes to be a son of the present epoch, and one of those who are desirous of comprehending the nineteenth century and

* *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, edited by George Ripley, 4 vols. America.—Boston: Hilliard, Gray, and Company, 1838, 1839.

its mission. Not masses of the population, he exclaims, "but it is the ideas, the causes for which they combat, that appear on the field of battle. Thus, at Leipzig and Waterloo, the causes which encountered each other were those of paternal monarchy and military democracy. Which prevailed? Neither the one nor the other. Which was the conqueror? Which was vanquished at Waterloo? None was vanquished. No! I protest that none was vanquished; the only conquerors were European civilization and the charter!" Such is the language of Cousin: such the tone of his thoughts. He is eminently a believer—to doubt even, with him, is only a manifestation of faith. If, he tells us, a man believes that he doubts,—if he affirm that he doubts, then, inasmuch as he affirms that he is doubting, he affirms that he exists. The sceptic is, therefore, a believer—he believes himself. In days of crisis and agitation, such as the world has lately gone through, together with reflection, doubt and scepticism enter into the minds of many excellent men, who sigh over and are affrighted at their own incredulity. Cousin declares himself willing to undertake their defence against themselves; he would prove to them that they always place faith in something.

This argument Cousin makes use of in the following important passage from his *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie*:—

"God is; He is, with all that constitutes his true existence; He is, with three necessary elements of intellectual existence. We must go on, gentlemen, we must proceed, from the idea of God to that of the universe; but how are we to proceed thither? What is the road that leads from God to the universe? It is—creation. And what is creation? What is it—to create? Shall I state to you its vulgar definition? It is this, 'to create, is to make something out of nothing,' that is, to draw something forth out of nothing; and this definition must necessarily appear to be very satisfactory; for, to this very day, it is every where and continually repeated. Now, Leucippus, Epicurus, Lucretius, Bayle, Spinoza, and indeed all whose powers of thought are somewhat exercised, demonstrate, but too easily, that from nothing, nothing can be drawn forth, that out of nothing, nothing can come forth; whence it follows, that creation is impossible. Yet by pursuing a different route, our investigations arrive at this very different result, viz. that creation is, I do not say possible, but necessary. But, in the first place, let us look a little into this definition,—that to create, is to draw forth from nothingness. This definition is founded upon the very identical idea of nothingness. But what is this idea? It is a purely negative idea. The mind of man possesses the power of making suppositions of every kind; he may, for instance, in the very presence of reality, suppose its contrary; but truly, it is a most extravagant folly, from the mere possibility of a supposition, to infer the truth of that supposition. This supposition, however, has, in addition to those of many others, the misfortune of involving an absolute contradiction. Nothingness is the denial of all existence; but what is that, which in this instance, denies existence? Who denies it? It is thought; that is, you who think; so that you who think, and who exist, inasmuch as you think, and because you think, and who know that you exist, because you know that you think,—you yourself, in denying existence,

deny your own existence, your own thought, and your own denial of existence. If you will attend to the principle of your hypothesis, you will find, either that it destroys your hypothesis, or that your hypothesis will destroy its own principle. What is said of doubt, what Descartes has demonstrated in regard to doubt, applies with greater force to the idea of nothingness. To doubt is to believe; for to doubt, is to think. Does he who doubts believe that he doubts, or does he doubt whether he doubt or not? If he doubt whether he doubt or not, he destroys his own scepticism; and if he believes that he doubts, he destroys it again. Just so, to think is to be, and to know that we are, it is to affirm existence; now, to form the hypothetical supposition of nothingness, is to think; therefore, it is to be and to know that we are; therefore, it is to construct the hypothesis of nothingness upon the supposition contradictory to it, that is, upon the supposition of the existence of thought, and of him who thinks. Vainly should we strive to go beyond thought, and to escape from the idea of existence. Every negation is founded upon some affirmation; every hypothetical supposition of nothingness, implies as its necessary condition, the supposition of existence, and of the existence of him who makes this very supposition of nothingness.

"We must therefore abandon the definition, that, to create is to draw forth from nothingness; for nothingness is a chimera of thought implying a contradiction. Now, in abandoning this definition, we abandon its consequences; and the immediate consequence of abandoning the hypothesis of nothingness, as a condition of existence, is another hypothesis: for, once entered upon the career of hypothesis, we go on from one to another, without being able to get out of that career. Since God cannot create but by drawing forth from nothingness, and as nothing can be drawn forth from nothing, and nevertheless, the world, incontestibly, is, and could not have been drawn forth from nothing, it follows that it has not been created; whence it follows again, that it is independent of God, and that it formed itself, by virtue of its proper nature, and of the laws which are derived from its nature. Hence follows another hypothesis, that of a dualism, in which God is on one side and the world on the other, which is an absurdity. For all the conditions of the existence of God are precisely absolute contradictions of the independent existence of the world. If the world is independent, it is sufficient for itself; it is absolute, eternal, infinite, almighty; and God, if he is independent of the world, must be absolute, eternal, almighty. Here, therefore, are two entire powers, in contradiction, one with the other. I will not plunge farther into this abyss of hypotheses and of absurdities.

"What is, to create?—not according to the hypothetical method, but the method we have followed,—that method which always borrows from human consciousness that which, by a higher induction, it afterwards applies to the divine essence. To create, is a thing which it is not difficult to conceive, for it is a thing which we do at every moment; in fact, we create whenever we perform a free action. I will, I form a resolution, I form another, and another; I modify it, I suspend it, I pursue it. What is it that I do? I produce an effect which I do not refer to any other person, which I refer to myself as its cause, and as

its only cause, so that, in regard to the existence of this effect, I seek no cause above and beyond myself. This is to create. We create a free action, we create it, I say, for we do not refer it to any principle superior to ourselves; we impute it to ourselves exclusively. It was not; it begins to be, by virtue of that principle of causality which we possess. Thus, to cause is to create; but with what? with nothing? Certainly not. On the contrary, with that which is the very foundation of our existence; that is to say, with all our creative force, all our liberty, all our voluntary activity, with our personality. Man does not draw forth from nothingness the act which he has not yet done and is about to do; he draws it forth from the power which he has to do it; from himself. Here is the type of a creation. The divine creation is the same in its nature. God, if he is a cause, can create; and if he is an absolute cause, he cannot but create; and in creating the universe he does not draw it forth from nothingness, but from himself; from that power of causation, and of creation, of which we, feeble men, possess a portion; and all the difference between our creation and that of God, is the general difference between God and man, the difference between absolute cause and a relative cause.

“I create, for I cause, I produce an effect; but this effect expires under the very eye of him who produces it; it scarcely extends beyond his consciousness; often it dies there, and it never goes far beyond it; and thus, in all the energy of his creative force, man finds very easily its limits. These limits, in the interior world, are my passions, my weaknesses; without, they are the world itself, which opposes the motions of my volition. I wish to produce a motion, and often I produce only the volition of motion; the most paltry accident palsies my arm; the most vulgar obstacle resists my power; and my creations, like my creative power, are relative, contingent, bounded; but after all, they are creations, and there is the type of the conception of the divine creation.

“God therefore creates; he creates by virtue of his creative power; he draws forth the world, not from nothingness which is not, but from Him who is absolute existence. An absolute creative force, which cannot but pass into act, being eminently his characteristic, it follows, not that creation is possible, but that it is necessary; it follows, that God is creating without cessation and infinitely, and that creation is inexhaustible and sustains itself constantly. We may go further. The creations of God are from himself; therefore he creates with all the characteristics which we have recognised in him, and which pass necessarily into his creations. God is in the universe, as the cause is in its effect; as we ourselves, feeble and bounded causes, are, in so far as we are causes, in the feeble and bounded effects which we produce. And, if God is, in our consciousness, the unity of being and of intelligence and of power, with that variety which is inherent in him, and with the relation, equally necessary and equally eternal, which unites these two terms; it follows, that all these characteristics are also in the world, and in visible existence. Therefore, creation is not an evil, but a good; and thus do the holy scriptures represent this truth, ‘and God saw that it was good.’ Why? because it was more or less conformed to Him.

"Thus, gentlemen, we behold the universe created, necessarily created, and manifesting Him who created it. But this manifestation, in which the principle of manifestation renders itself apparent, does not exhaust that principle. Let me explain myself. I will, and I produce an act of volition; my voluntary force appeared, by this act, and in it; it appeared there, for it is to it that I refer this act. Then is it there. But how is it there? Has it passed all entire into this act, so that there is nothing more left of it? No; for after having produced such an act, I may produce a new one, I may modify it, I may change it. The interior principle of causation, while developing itself in its acts, retains that which constitutes it a principle and a cause, and is not absorbed in its effects. So, if God makes himself appear in the world, if God is in the world, if God is there with all the elements which constitute his being, he is nevertheless unexhausted; and, at once one and threefold, he remains, after having produced this world, not the less perfect, in his essential unity and triplicity.

"We must therefore regard in two different points of view, the manifestation of God in the world, and the subsistence of his divine essence itself; in order to see the true relation between the world and God. For it is absurd, to suppose that God, in manifesting himself, should not in some measure transfer himself into his manifestation; and it is equally absurd, to suppose that the principle of that manifestation should not still retain all the superiority of a cause to its effect. The universe is therefore an imperfect reflection, but still a reflection of the divine essence."

Cousin, notwithstanding his orthodoxy, is a tolerant believer. Like a benevolent Eclecticist, he wishes to regard all things on their fair side. "When you lack truth," says he, "on one point, attach yourself to that portion of truth which you still possess, and increase it successively. So also, when you behold one of your fellow-creatures, who, not being able to deny his own existence (an effort of strength to which few feel competent), sets about denying the existence of the world (no very common occurrence either), and particularly the existence of God (which without being so, seems more easy and is more common), say to yourselves, and repeat it constantly, that this being is not degraded; that he still believes, because he still affirms something; and that his faith only lights upon, and is concentrated in a single point; and instead of incessantly viewing him, in regard to what he wants, as an atheist or a sceptic; consider him rather in regard to what still remains to him, as a man; and you will see that in the most partial, confined and sceptical reflection, there will always still remain a very considerable element of faith, and of strong and extensive convictions. So much for reflection. But besides reflection there still exists spontaneity, which is within reflection; and when the scholar has denied the existence of God, hear the man; ask him, take him at unawares, and you will see that all his words imply the idea of God; and that faith in God is, without his knowledge, at the bottom of his heart."

In relation to the sceptic and atheist, our benevolence would exceed Cousin's. We would not thus flatter him in his delusion, but rouse him out of it. We would show him that doubt was incapable of operation

as a principle, since it never could be valid for all the links of the series. Faith establishes its right to be a principle by its universal validity—doubt itself, as we have seen, is only an apparent, not a real exception. Doubt is suicidal—is annihilative—faith is vitalising—is creative. We would then show the sceptic and the atheist the impossibility of his own theory, and, in the name and the love of the wisdom which he affects, show him the foolishness of his heart, that he might root it out once and for ever. Legitimate doubt is but a step in a scientific process, valuable only as leading to another, and when it has served that poor office, to be utterly rejected. It is the resource of ignorance, in order to its riddance—he is no *scholar* who has not thus used it and spurned it—he is still an ignorant schoolboy—not a man! Childhood and manhood are alike in this—in their perfect state, they are both believers, in themselves, in the universe, and in God!

Victor Cousin is, as a philosopher, an aristocrat. According to him, though the masses always and everywhere live in the same faith of which the forms only vary, yet the masses do not possess the *secret* of their convictions. "Truth," he adds, "is not science. Truth is for all; science for few. All truth exists in the human race; but the human race is not made up of philosophers. In fact, philosophy is the aristocracy of the human species. Its glory and its strength, like that of all true aristocracy, is not to separate itself from the people, but to sympathize and identify itself with them, to labour for them, while it places its foundation in their hearts. Philosophical science is the rigorous account which reflection renders to itself of the ideas which it has not created. We have already shown, that reflection supposes a previous operation to which it applies itself, since reflection is merely a return upon what has gone before.

"If there had been no prior operation, there could have been no voluntary repetition of this operation, that is to say, no reflection; for reflection is nothing else; it does not produce; it verifies and develops. There is therefore actually nothing more in reflection than in the operation which precedes it, than in spontaneity; only reflection is a degree of intelligence rarer and more elevated than spontaneity, and with the condition, moreover, that it faithfully represent it, and develop without destroying it. Now, in my opinion, humanity as a mass is spontaneous and not reflective; humanity is inspired. The divine breath which is in it, always and every where reveals to it all truths under one form or another, according to the place and the time. The soul of humanity is a poetical soul which discovers in itself the secrets of beings; and gives utterance to them in prophetic chants which ring from age to age. At the side of humanity is philosophy, which listens with attention, gathers up its words, registers them, if we may so speak; and when the moment of inspiration has passed away, presents them with reverence to the admirable artist who had no consciousness of his genius, and who often does not recognize his own work. Spontaneity is the genius of human nature; reflection is the genius of a few individuals."

Notwithstanding, however, his sympathy with the few, Cousin neglects not the claims of the many. Here he is, as a politician, a democrat—as such he recognizes the difference between reflection and spon-

taneity as the only difference possible in the identity of intelligence. He has proved, as he flatters himself, that this is the only difference in the forms of reason, in those of activity, perhaps even in those of life ; in history also, it is the only difference which separates a man from his fellow-men. Hence it follows, that we are all penetrated with the same spirit, are all of the same family, children of the same Father, and that the brotherhood of man admits of no differences, but such as are essential to individuality. In his personal attributes, therefore, he is aristocratic—in his public relations, he is democratic—and his philosophy is the synthesis of the two extremes, reconciliatory of the antagonism always existing between the few and the many. We doubt, however, his predicate of inspiration as applicable to the latter exclusively. Have not the selectest few been the prophets of the race ? Is not Cousin's assumption too great a concession to the *vox populi* ?

In regard to the religious influence of Cousin's philosophy, we have the following testimony of M. Vincent, one of the pastors of the Protestant church at Nismes, in his able work entitled, "Views on Protestantism in France." We would bespeak the attention of the theological reader in particular, to the following extracts. They bear the date of 1829.

"The moment, in which I am writing these pages, presents an interesting spectacle to the friends of philosophy. After a long interval of repose, during which the philosophical schools that had governed the world of thought for two or three generations, have peaceably ended their career; after an almost total abandonment of philosophy, occasioned by the inroads of the most pressing material interests, and the most certain dangers; tranquillity has awakened again the spirit of meditation. The mind, repulsed from without, has turned in upon itself. Disgusted with affairs, it has gone back to man. Weariness with the visible world has impelled it to the centre of the moral world. It has contemplated in that another order of things, other laws, other principles, other ends, in a word, entirely another nature, not less real, not less interesting, than that which appears to the eye, and which resists the hand. From that moment, philosophy was restored. It resumed the place which it ought to occupy in the estimation of men. And, at a single stroke, it changed its direction and its nature. It ceased to be an insignificant and confused branch of physical science, or rather a slender bough of this branch, which had become so contemptible, that is, merely the science of medicine, considered as a subordinate department of physics. It assumed an eminently spiritual character. And from that time, it has found its own world, its peculiar universe as an object of study. It has been ennobled itself, at the same time that it has ennobled man, its eternal and inexhaustible subject. As this higher movement is strongly impressed on the prevailing ideas, every thing must needs have been brought into accordance with it. This is the most certain token and pledge of its triumph. Ideas concerning humanity, morals, legislation, politics, religion, social institutions, the fine arts, literature, poetry, history, eloquence, must all have borrowed their direction, their form, their colour, from these ideas, which had taken the place of the old materialism and sensualism. The human mind never advances a part at a time. And when

it is strongly taken hold of in the very principles of its developement and its action, every thing which proceeds from it bears the seal of its internal being, and is nothing but the impression of the opinions and the ideas which compose the foundation of its intellectual life.

“A twofold movement therefore is going on in respect to philosophy. In the first place, the public which formerly appeared to care nothing about it, returns to the subject with fresh interest. The Lectures of M. Cousin have almost as many readers as the Journal of Debates. On the other hand, philosophy itself has changed its direction. It is no longer a material philosophy. It has become essentially spiritual and moral.

“Not that every mind is in the same path; nor that the spiritual system which has made its appearance, has overcome all opposition, and gained a peaceable dominion over the masses. Far from it. The systems which have hitherto prevailed, still number many adherents. Epicureanism will never entirely die out. It is the first philosophy, that is to say, the philosophy of the man who has no philosophy at all, and who yields to his outward impulses. But the power is not equally divided between the old and the new philosophy. The one is advancing, the other declines; the one takes possession of the mind, the other departs from it; the one holds those who are going off, the other seizes and captivates those who are coming on; the one is ending, the other beginning. I suppose there can be no reasonable doubt as to the result of the struggle.”

We find, indeed, in M. Vincent's work, a *resumé* of the entire system, of which we shall immediately avail ourselves. The sensual philosophy, in his opinion, was not calculated to endure. “The exclusive attention to sensation compelled men to say that sensation could not explain every thing. It was in vain to transform it; the production of a multitude of ideas, which are inherent in the soul, and which are possessed by all men alike, could never be accounted for in this manner. It was soon perceived that with those principles, which claimed to be taken from nature, it was impossible to comprehend and to justify the great laws of human intelligence, without which we could see nothing and comprehend nothing in nature itself. Such, for instance, is the law of causality. No explanation being found for this in the facts of sensation, in external nature, in the not me, it was necessary to seek it in the inward nature, in the me. Here then commences the second series of philosophical systems,—those which have their basis in the me. These are essentially spiritual, as the former are essentially material.

“As the inadequacy of all the explanations which derive thought only from sensation was more and more felt, the soul in itself began to be made the object of study; the processes of thought were watched; its different faculties were analyzed; the laws of their action were investigated. As the inquirers lived much in company with the soul, as this was the constant object of their labours, its existence, its thought, which was always found active and independent, whenever the attention was turned within, were the phenomena which produced the strongest impression. Every thing was made to converge towards this centre; and hence the system which was embraced was decidedly

spiritual. This point was always reached, whenever one withdrew from the world for intimate communion with his own mind. It was the experimental system, the system of observation, still timid, but just and profound, by which the system of Locke and that of Condillac were for ever overthrown. It was the same circle which had been before marked out by the Scottish philosophers. It was this philosophy, to which M. Royer-Collard had given currency in France, and which has been continued with such brilliant success by some of his principal disciples. The works of Dr. Reid, those of Dugald Stewart, the Lectures of M. Royer-Collard, and the writings of M. Jouffroy, are the sources from which the most thorough knowledge may be gained of this remarkable philosophy. The introduction of this philosophy into France gave a mortal blow to the philosophy of sensation; and marked the revival of spiritualism among us. The soul held an independent place in that philosophy as an essentially immaterial and thinking force. In reading the works of these philosophers, especially those of Reid, and even of M. Laromignière, we feel that they are invincible in their attacks upon sensualism; they clearly show that sensation accounts for nothing, not even for the primary ideas which arise in the mind on occasion of sensible impressions; but we also feel every moment, that we have not yet obtained every thing necessary to exhaust the subject, or to solve the problem under consideration. We feel that we are brought to the vestibule of another order of ideas, of another universe, as it were, but that we have not yet entered it. This at least is the impression which I have often experienced in reading the profound and original work of Reid on the Human Mind, according to the principles of common sense. It was necessary that the door should be opened, and the world within explored. One man has done this. It is perhaps the most sublime intellectual conquest of the eighteenth century. This honour was not reserved for France.

"To seek in the nature and constitution of the human soul, and not in any result of sensation, those ideas without which we can feel nothing, perceive nothing, judge nothing, comprehend nothing; to make of these ideas, and of these laws, which the school of sensation undertook to deny because it could not produce them in its system,—which the Scottish school recognized and established without seeking their origin,—to make, I say, of these ideas, and of these laws, essential forms of the human mind, which it inevitably impresses on all the materials which are furnished by sensation; instead of making them the result of sensation, to make them a property, an active force of the soul, which is indispensable to the possibility of sensation, judgement, and consciousness; to explain in this manner space and time, substance and cause, all the operations of intelligence, the invincible limits which restrict it, and the principles of beauty, religion, and conscience; to prostrate scepticism and materialism at once; this is the unquestionable merit of the astonishing labour which Kant presented to his age; a work of genius, if ever there were one, whatever opinion we may form of some of its details. In itself, it is yet little known, but the spirit which animates it begins to display itself; it is at the bottom of the writings which now gain the greatest popularity. Although we cannot expect to see it propagated in France, just as it

proceeded from the mind of its author, since it has already received important improvements in the country of its birth; it may be said with truth that it is destined to furnish the broadest foundation on which a new and permanent philosophy will be established.

"In continuing, in the same direction, the study and analysis of the soul and of its developments, one of the first and most important ideas which we meet with, is that of faith; that is to say, the belief of the soul which is founded neither on reasoning nor on experience, but on its own essential nature and inherent tendencies. These convictions are numerous and profound in every mind; even in those individuals who stand the most upon reasoning. They are vital, but inexplicable, except by our consciousness of them. We believe these facts, just as we see the lilies white and the meadows green. Such is the make of our eyes. Conscience, moral order, religion, God, and futurity, are thus placed beyond the sphere of reasoning and experience; and brought within the sphere of faith. They are revealed to us by the tendencies of the soul towards the Infinite and the Absolute; but they escape as soon as we attempt to seize them by reasoning and experience.

"It is in this way that we explain the eternal influence of these ideas upon humanity, in all of its manifestations. They do not come to man; they form the very essence of man. He does not invent them; he feels them in his soul whenever he looks within. They are never more powerful than when he attempts with all his might to crush them.

"These convictions assuredly belong to a different sphere from those at which we arrive by experience and syllogism. We need a word to distinguish them from others. The word faith has been chosen, which, in this sense, is opposed to the knowledge given by experience and reasoning.

"It is evident that religion is inconsistent with every material system, under whatever form it may be presented. Religion is the acknowledgment of a moral order, of a spiritual world, which the eyes cannot see, nor the hands touch; the recognition of a Ruler of this universe of intelligence and conscience; the desire to regulate life, in view of this order, of this universe, of this Ruler. What have these ideas in common with corpuscles, organs of secretion, or transformed sensations? Religion gains or loses, lives or dies, in the human mind, in proportion as these systems obtain more or less authority. It cannot coexist with them. If this were not proved by speculation, we might appeal to experience. Wherever the opinions of the materialists have prevailed, religion has receded before them; and within our own notice, we never see them combined in the same mind.

"In this respect, the return of opinion to spiritual systems, the popularity no less general than unforeseen of the philosophy taught by M. Royer-Collard and M. Cousin, are of immense advantage to religion. They have opened the path for it. They have dissipated the prejudices, without appearing to attack them, which were hostile to its progress. Without professing to be its champions, they have prepared the way for its triumph. They have pointed out in the soul those powers, which the senses did not give, and which terminate in religion. They have brought to light, in humanity as a mass, some-

thing besides the physical wants, which are provided for by industry. They have separated, in some sort, from the chaos of complicated historical facts, a vast spirit of humanity, which directs and animates it in all its manifestations; and this spirit has nothing in common with material interests; it resembles religion more than any thing else. The new movement of philosophy is therefore as favourable to religion, as the preceding was disastrous to it. If I may so express it, it is full of humanity; while the former, with all its refinements, annulled humanity, in order to bring sensuality into its place."

Cousin and Guizot, and a few others, were the first, after the restoration of peace from the wars of the Revolution, to awaken the attention of their countrymen to German science and literature. Cousin accomplished this particularly in regard to German philosophy. "Whoever among us," says Schelling, "should imagine that the advantage of this is altogether on the side of the French would betray a singular narrowness. For it is now pretty generally acknowledged, that in point of a simple, lucid, and well-considered mode of exhibiting scientific subjects, we have something to learn from our western neighbours. But style, if any value at all be ascribed to it, always reacts on thought, on the subject-matter of discussion. The Germans have so long philosophized merely among themselves, that they have been gradually departing more and more from what is universally intelligible, both in thought and expression, and the degree of this departure has at length been almost assumed as the standard of philosophical superiority. It is hardly necessary to adduce examples. As families, which, avoiding the general intercourse of society, live altogether with each other, at last, among other disagreeable peculiarities, come to use a singular phraseology, intelligible to none but themselves; so the Germans have proceeded in philosophy; and, as after many ineffectual attempts to spread the philosophy of Kant beyond the limits of their country, they have renounced the idea of making themselves intelligible to other nations, they have been led also to regard philosophy as something existing for themselves alone, without considering, that the original purpose of all philosophy,—which is never to be lost sight of, though it has been so often unsuccessful,—is to arrive at universal intelligibility. It certainly does not follow from this, that works of thought are to be judged of as exercises of style; but it does follow unquestionably that a philosophy, whose essential doctrines cannot be made comprehensible to every cultivated nation, and accessible to all languages, for that reason alone, cannot be the true and universal philosophy. The interest accordingly, which is manifested by foreign nations in German philosophy, cannot fail to exert a favourable influence upon that. The philosophical writer, who some ten years ago could not lay aside the scholastic language and forms which he had once assumed, without prejudice to his reputation as a scientific man, will more easily free himself from this restraint. He will seek for profoundness in his thoughts; and at least, a total incapacity and unskilfulness of expression, will not be considered, as has been the case, a token of philosophical inspiration.

"Cousin has been reproached with his love for German philosophy, as an anti-national tendency; but, on the contrary, he has remained

true to that national character, of which he says, that it makes an absolute point of purity, precision, and clearness of connexion. If any man is called to give to France a correct notion of the progress and the historical developement of modern philosophy, it is Cousin, who combines, in an eminent degree, in himself, and has displayed through his whole scientific career, the indefatigable research, the acuteness, the moderation, the honourable impartiality, and in short, all the peculiar qualities which form a philosophical historian of philosophy."

Victor Cousin was born at Paris, the 28th of November, 1792, of unwealthy parents, who sent him, for his early education, to the humble schools of his native city. By his love of learning, they were induced to stretch a point, and placed him at the *Lycée Charlemagne* of Paris, in which he won every year numerous prizes, particularly in rhetoric; and thus became entitled, on account of having received the highest honours, to exemption from conscription, and admission into the council of state as auditor, with an annual grant of 5000 francs. He engaged, however, in the profession of Public Instructor, and his name was accordingly the first on the list of the pupils received into the Normal School at its commencement. After the revolution of 1830 he became its principal.

M. Cousin was eighteen years of age, when he first entered the Normal School, in 1810, and after two years became instructor in the department of Literature, at the close of 1812, and in 1814 was made Master of the Conferences, in the place of M. Villemain. At the same time, he was employed as assistant teacher in the different Lyceums of Paris. In 1815, he was entrusted, during the Hundred Days, with the class in philosophy at the *Collège Bourbon*. In this manner, M. Cousin passed through the successive functions of secondary instruction.

He had not yet however discovered his true sphere. He has himself described, in the Preface to his *Philosophical Fragments*, the impression which he received upon his entering the Normal School, from the course of M. Laromiguière, and a short time afterwards, from that of M. Royer-Collard. After hearing those celebrated professors, his heart was irrevocably given to philosophy. But his patron, M. Guérault, Principal of the Normal School, entertained different views with regard to him; and after many useless struggles, M. Cousin found himself condemned, even by his very success, to the teaching of Literature. He did not lose his attachment, however, to his favourite science; and all his wishes were at last fulfilled, when towards the close of 1815, he was appointed by M. Royer-Collard, who had been placed by the new government at the head of the University, to succeed him as Professor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature.

From that time, M. Cousin devoted himself entirely to philosophy, at the University and at the Normal School. For five years, he sustained the burden of this double teaching. His course at the University gave a lively impulse to the public mind, and produced a more general taste for philosophical studies; while his teachings at the Normal School were adapted to call forth and cultivate those young men who have since so ably seconded his labours.

"M. Cousin," says Damiron, "possessed a very simple, but very

powerful means of success in his Lectures. This was the eloquence with which he was inspired by his thought. His manner of being taken possession of by his ideas ; his facility in representing metaphysical abstractions in graphic sketches ; the lively bursts of his mind ; the bold expressions of consciousness, which made up those *improvisations*, at once so animated and so serious, so graceful and so imposing, —all conspired to impress and captivate his numerous auditory. As he was not merely a simple demonstrator, a cold and unimpassioned witness, but an earnest observer and an enthusiastic teacher, a philosopher and an orator at once, both in his chair and out of it, at the Normal School and in the familiar conversations which he was always ready to engage in with his young friends, he announced the truths of philosophy with that glow of feeling, that profound earnestness, that elevation of thought, which moved and carried away every mind. His Lectures contained something besides doctrine. They displayed the labour by which it was prepared, the method which led to it, the love and the zeal with which it was investigated ; these passed from his soul to that of his pupils, and inspired them with the very spirit of his philosophy."

Of his labours at the Normal School, M. Cousin has given an interesting account in the Appendix to his volume of *Philosophical Fragments*. He refers to the period from 1815 to 1820, during which, as he says, "in profound obscurity, master and pupils, equally feeble, but full of zeal, we were uninterruptedly employed in the reform of philosophical studies. The course of instruction at the Normal School included three years, after which the pupils were sent into the provinces to take possession of the vacant chairs. As Master of the Philosophical Conferences of the third year, it was my office to prepare them for the important duties on which they were about to enter. All the pupils of the third year attended my course ; but it was particularly intended for the small number of them, who were destined to a philosophical career. They bore the weight of the labours of the Conference ; and were the principal source of the interest which was taken in those labours. They were present also at my Lectures in the Faculty of Literature, where they might have the opportunity of obtaining more general ideas, and breathing in a more vigorous life in an atmosphere of greater publicity. Within the interior of the School, the teaching was more didactic and rigid ; the course bore the name of Conferences, and deservedly so ; for every lecture occasioned a discussion in which all the pupils participated. Formed to the philosophical method, they made use of it with the professor as well as with themselves ; they presented their doubts, their objections, their arguments, with perfect freedom ; and were thus exercised in that spirit of independence and of criticism, which I trust will one day bear its fruits. A truly fraternal confidence united the professor and pupils ; if the pupils took the liberty to discuss the instruction which they received, the professor also felt authorized by reason of his duty, his intentions, and his friendship, to be severe. At this day, we all love to recall that period, so cherished in our memory, when ignorant of the world and unknown by it, buried in the study of the eternal problems of the human mind, we passed our life in attempting those solutions of them, which, though

they have since been modified, continue to interest us, on account of the labour which they cost us, and the sincere, earnest, and persevering researches of which they were the result. It was under this austere discipline, but at the same time free from every narrow, mechanical restraint, that we were all formed : and, in truth, if I do not deceive myself, many of my friends owe me some favour for my severity at that time, for having so often made them recommence their imperfect compositions, for having required more precision in the details, and a closer connexion in the whole performance ; and above all, for having endeavoured to inculcate upon them so earnestly the spirit of philosophical method,—that psychological sense, that art of inward observation, without which man remains unknown to man, and philosophy is nothing but an assemblage of lifeless conceptions, of arbitrary formulas, more or less ingenious, bold, comprehensive, but always destitute of reality. For myself, I confess, that the exacting zeal of the Conference has often been of use to me ; and I feel a pleasure in recording here the expression of my regret for that epoch, so tranquil and so studious, of my life.”

In 1817 and 1818, M. Cousin employed his vacations in travelling in Germany, with a view to increasing his acquaintance with the German philosophy. His intercourse with the most distinguished philosophers of that country is described in the Preface which forms the second article translated in this volume.

In 1820, he made a voyage to the north of Italy, for the purpose of comparing the manuscripts in the public libraries, with reference to his contemplated edition of the unpublished works of Proclus. But on his return, he found a great change in the state of affairs in France. M. Royer-Collard was no longer at the head of the University. He had been dismissed from the council of state, together with M. Guizot ; and both the government and public instruction were subjected to a retrograde influence. M. Cousin himself was suspected of liberal views in politics ; his course at the University was suspended ; and he remained in disgrace for seven years. The Normal School was suppressed in 1822. During this interval, M. Cousin, though deprived of all public employment, and destitute of fortune, did not abandon his philosophical mission. His writings at this time served to increase his own reputation and to advance the cause of philosophy.

A singular incident took place in 1824, which added, in no small degree, to his previous well-earned popularity. While travelling in Germany with the eldest son of Marshal Lannes, the Duke of Montebello, he was arrested at Dresden, and conducted to Berlin, where he was detained in prison for several months. This affair, however, terminated to his honour, and to the shame of his enemies. He displayed through the whole process a firmness and moderation which gained for him the high esteem of the Prussian government, and indeed of all the enlightened men of Germany. It was demonstrated that M. Cousin was entirely innocent of all the plots which he had been accused of forming against the German governments, and that the whole secret was to be found in the policy of the Jesuits, who wished, by means of Germany, to be revenged upon him for his conduct in France. In fact, although a philosopher, or rather because he was a philosopher, the pupil and

friend of M. Royer-Collard could not remain a stranger to the affairs of his country; and, at all times, he had exhibited the most liberal principles, and regulated his conduct in accordance with those principles. Thus, in 1822, having accidentally become acquainted at Paris with the Count de Santa-Rosa, who had taken such an honourable part in the Piedmontese revolution of 1820, struck with the noble character of the unfortunate Italian, he formed an intimate and fraternal friendship with him. When, without the slightest pretext, Santa-Rosa was arrested and thrown into prison, M. Cousin did not hesitate to offer himself as security for his friend; and after the perfect innocence of Santa-Rosa had been proved by inquiry, and, as he could not be condemned, he was banished to Alençon, M. Cousin went as his companion. It was for crimes like these that M. Cousin became odious to the Jesuits. As they dared not accuse him at Paris, they persecuted him in Germany. They only gave him the occasion, however, of gaining new titles to the esteem of every honourable man. M. Cousin displayed the utmost energy of character while a prisoner; and no less mildness after his restoration to liberty. Satisfied with the marks of respect which were given to him by the Prussian government, he forgot all feelings of resentment in the midst of the old friends whom he found at Berlin, and among others Schleiermacher and Hegel.

Upon his return to France in 1825, he was not permitted to resume his Lectures. It was not until after the elections of 1827, when M. Royer-Collard was re-established in the Presidency of the University, that he received a new appointment as Professor in the Faculty of Literature. He resumed his course in 1828, with a brilliant success, such as has been rarely known in the history of philosophical instruction. At the same time, his Lectures were distinguished by the greatest moderation in philosophy, in religion, in politics, in every thing.

At the Revolution of 1830, with the high reputation of M. Cousin, his singular talents as an orator, his practical energy, and the popularity which he had gained during the three celebrated days, he might easily have entered into the Chamber of Deputies and taken part in public affairs, with his two colleagues, M. Guizot and M. Villemain, and his friend M. Thiers. But M. Cousin declared that he would remain faithful to philosophy. "Politics," said he, at that time, "are an episode with me; but the foundation of my life belongs to philosophy." The only change, which he was willing to accept, was the passing according to the most rigid forms of University advancement, from the Faculty of Literature to the Royal Council of Public Instruction, and the principal direction of the Normal School, which he re-established and organized. To give place to one of his most able pupils, M. Jouffroy, he exchanged the Chair of the History of Modern Philosophy, for that of the History of Ancient Philosophy. He refused to accept any political function, confined himself entirely to the University, and devoted his well-known activity to the continuation of his philosophical writings, which had been interrupted by his lectures. From 1830 to 1835, he published a great number of works; four new volumes of the translation of Plato; a new edition of the *Fragments*, with the Preface already alluded to; an edition of the posthumous works of M. Maine de Biran, with a Preface, which is itself a treatise

of philosophy ; and finally a labour of considerable magnitude on the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle ; to say nothing of numerous special memoirs and dissertations. He is now occupied with extensive researches on the Scholastic Philosophy, and has just published the unprinted manuscripts of Abelard.

The merits of M. Cousin, as an historian of philosophy, are admitted by all to be of the highest order. His labours embrace almost all of the great epochs in the history of philosophy. 1. For antiquity, a *Translation of Plato, with Critical Notes and Introductions*, of which nine volumes have been already given to the public ; the *Metaphysics of Aristotle* ; six volumes of *Alexandrine Commentaries* ; a volume entitled *New Fragments*, treating of the most difficult points of ancient philosophy. 2. For the scholastic philosophy, a large quarto on *Abelard*. 3. For modern philosophy, a complete edition of Descartes, and a multitude of special dissertations. 4. Finally, for the general history of philosophy, several volumes, comprising the most original and fruitful views, and at their side, the translation of the valuable *Manual* of Tennemann.

The efforts of M. Cousin for the improvement of public instruction have gained him no less honour and far more popularity than his philosophical career. "The education of the people and the progress of philosophy," says M. Cousin, in a letter to an American correspondent, "are to decide the future condition both of your country and mine. These are the holy interests to which I would devote my life ; and for which I rejoice to see so many good and useful exertions in a country called to such a high destiny as the United States." The services of M. Cousin to the cause of popular education are generally well known among us, and have awakened a deep interest in his name with many who are comparatively strangers to his philosophy. It is gratifying to perceive that the two great objects, which should never be separated,—the instruction of the people and the advancement of philosophy—have found such an earnest advocate in the most popular philosophical writer of the day. M. Cousin is admirably qualified for the formation of an improved system of education, no less by his practical experience, than his native abilities. This subject, it is said, has too often occupied the attention in France only of speculative men, like Rousseau, who, unacquainted with the affairs of life, have proposed theories, without reference to existing facts, and which could not be realized without destroying the actual institutions ; or of men who were conversant only with practical details, and incapable of comprehending any general views. M. Cousin, acquainted at once with the schools and with philosophy, combines all the elements which form an accomplished teacher. As the historian and critic of the most important systems of philosophy, he could not remain the slave of ancient routine ; and as a pupil and professor of the Imperial University he was not tempted to destroy the illustrious body, at whose bosom he had been nursed. Hence the course which he has pursued as one of the magistrates appointed to preside over the interests of education. It has been his endeavour to enlarge the frame-work of the University, without deforming it.

From the commencement of his labours in the Council of Instruction, M. Cousin has been employed with two principal objects, namely, the organization and direction of the Normal School, and the arrangement of philosophical studies in the colleges. He is the author of the present constitution of the Normal School, and of that admirable system of studies, which does the utmost honour to his practical talents. Nor have his services been less valuable in the improvement of the teaching of philosophy in the colleges of France. He has thus laid a broad foundation which promises the happiest results for the growing advancement of philosophy in that country, and consequently, in every country on which it exerts an influence.

M. Cousin is no less interested in the schools for primary instruction. He has, in this way, acquired a new title to the gratitude of France. He is a true friend of the people. He sprung from them. He wishes for their happiness. He delights to labour in their behalf. He is never weary in pleading their cause. He looks less, however, to change of government, than to their own elevation, for any permanent advantage. The regeneration of the people, he is persuaded, must come from within. He would have no pains spared to give them true light,—the light of morality no less than of knowledge, of pure and virtuous principles as well as of scientific instruction. "Primary instruction," says M. Cousin, "is not to be found in the programme of the *Hôtel de Ville*; it is the genuine benefit which the Revolution of July should procure for France. The practical part of my life is devoted to the labour of procuring this instruction. As a philosopher, I address myself to the *élite* of thinkers, to fifty individuals in Europe. In labouring for primary instruction, I labour for the masses of my countrymen."

In 1831, M. Cousin solicited of the French government a special mission for examining the establishments of public instruction in Germany. He received the appointment, and left Paris, May 24, 1831, for the discharge of his duties. He inspected all the public establishments of the city of Frankfort; of the Grand-Duchy of Weimar; of Saxony, and particularly of Leipsic; of Prussia, and particularly of Berlin; and was on his return to Paris about the middle of July, having sent his Reports to the minister, dated at Frankfort, Weimar, Leipsic, and Berlin. These Reports have been received with an almost universal interest in every civilized country of Europe, and in the United States.

M. Cousin has been elected a member of the French Academy,—an honour which was justly due to his eminent talents and extensive literary acquisitions. In 1832, he was made a Peer of France.

He has recently been employed in examining the establishments for public instruction in Holland. The last work of his, which we have seen, is entitled, *De l'Instruction Primaire a Rotterdam*, Dec. 28, 1836.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 17.—“*Mahomedan Vengeance.*”

DURING my being in Persia that awful event took place at Tehran, of massacring the Russian ambassador, M. Grybydoff, and his suite, saving M. Maltzoff, a secretary, and three Cossacks, being thirty-nine in number. The Persian history scarcely presents so barbarous an outrage on humanity, nor need I narrate the circumstances which were soon after so ably set forth in Blackwood's Magazine. It was a storm of fanatic fury, raised by the moolahs, which swept away these devoted victims. Islamism was said to be in danger; the “Ghiaours” had insulted their religion, and never was the fury of the Persian populace supposed to have been so excited as by those provocations offered by the Russians. The government had no power to check the sanguinary impetuosity of the mob—they did their utmost. There can be no doubt that the Russian ambassador brought upon himself this heavy judgement, principally, I believe, occasioned by wicked servants around him; yet this cannot be offered as an excuse for one of the most horrid and barbarous tragedies ever committed in any nation on those who sought its hospitality and protection in the character of majesty's representative. The Shah immediately sent a letter to Abbas Mirza, detailing the events and requiring his assistance. Having procured copies and translations of this, and of other royal letters on the subject, they may be deemed interesting, since they have never appeared in print, and are strictly from the Persian documents now in my possession. From Ali Shah, dated 5th Sharbon (1st March, 1829). “The condition of bleeding hearts who can tell! your feelings will participate with mine. This courier I send by the express orders of his Majesty, which if I do communicate to you, how can I anticipate your sorrow and grief; if I do not I am in peril of the King's command; what I am desired to do I am bound to perform. The Russian ambassador, when he arrived in this city, every civility due to him on the part of the King and government was shown, and all the chief officers of the court occupied themselves in thinking how they might please him and send him back satisfied; likewise as regards his personal comforts, that he might give a good account of the impressions he had received. Many unpleasant circumstances originating with the ambassador, the court passed over in compliment to him; amongst others that of two Armenians who had murdered a Mahomedan, and took refuge in his house, and the King forgave them for his sake. A Georgian, by the name of Roustum, a servant of the ambassador, who had been brought up from his infancy as a slave, had done many offensive things; a few characters, similar to him, were taken by the ambassador as his servants and guides; their behaviour was very disgusting to the public; they imposed on the ambassador by false accounts, and did every thing to irritate the two governments by wrong information. The following is an instance:—A person of the royal Kajar tribe (as the literal translation has it, “having an illness in his nose,” meaning want of sense), who speaks random phrases, the am-

bassador took him to his house by the advice of Roustum, from whom he heard every thing abusive of the King and his government, which he was encouraged to speak. Mirza Yhacoub, an eunuch and chief manager of the "Andaroon," for many years a Musselman and in the employ of the King, formerly an Armenian who was bought as a slave, was for a long time a trustworthy servant, but latterly he had stolen cash and jewels to a large amount, and took refuge in the ambassador's house. The King said he would present him to the ambassador if he wished it, but the property must be returned. The ambassador replied, that his Majesty must recover it by law; the government made no objection to this, but were disposed to do so. Mirza Yhacoub, being protected by the ambassador, having referred to a court of justice, was convicted of the theft. He then publicly blasphemed the Prophet and abused the King to the whole court; he also began to abuse the people as well as the government; every one in the city felt indignation at this act, and would not endure it. In the midst of these affairs the ambassador's servant came to inform him that there were two women, formerly brought from a Turkish province as slaves, in the house of "Allaya Khan Kajar," that they were Georgians, and wished to return to their country. The ambassador demanded them instantly, but the Khan told him they were brought from the Turkish provinces, and not Georgians; he would not admit these reasonings, and insisted on their being given up. The Shah finding himself cautious not to offend the ambassador, ordered Allaya Khan to send the women with his servants, that the ambassador might question them personally, and find that they were not Georgians. By the order of the King he did so; but the ambassador sent the servants back and kept the women. The custom of the country is never to permit a woman to remain in a strange man's house, which attaches disgrace to them and their family: besides keeping the women, it happened that Mirza Yhacoub had an evening party amongst the servants of the ambassador, and that he brought a low woman to the house; the Armenian women were then brought to join this mixed party of Russians; they began to sigh and grieve. The people felt very much the grievances which these two women suffered till the morning; many applications were made by the servants of "Allaya Khan" to give up the women, which was refused. The first dispute took place between the ambassador's guards and these servants, which guards were Persians. A quarrel ensued, after which a mob collected, but the ambassador's friends and his servants began and killed a few of the mob with their swords and their guns. The friends of the dead collected and raised a greater mob; the news reached the King's palace. The moment it occurred, my humble self, with two or three thousand men, proceeded to the spot; we made all haste; as we proceeded we began to beat our way to quell the people till we reached the ambassador's house, but the business was finished; all I could do was to save one of the ambassador's secretaries, and three of the Cossack guards. I brought them through the midst of the mob and saved them; all the rest were killed; and the guards of the King who were posted at the ambassador's house, and did their utmost to protect it, were all killed; from thirty to forty of the men with me were wounded, but I had rather they had

been all killed than this business should have taken place. By my God and the salt of the King, I had rather myself and children had been all killed, than thus shamefully to stand before you. I don't know, when this letter reaches you, and you know its contents, in what condition you will find yourself. His Majesty says, "from the revolving of the heavens this has taken place."* I am here with the ambassador's first secretary, to whom the King makes his apologies and attempts at condolence, and you will do so likewise to the English ambassador and the Russian chiefs that are there: make all apologies you can, and send a person off to Teflis, to explain the proper circumstances; nevertheless, the whole empire of Persia is bashful and ashamed at this event, but we wish them to know that our servants were not knowing of it; in any way that you think fit to apologise don't fail to offer them."

The Prince immediately sent off a letter to General Paskevitch, at Teflis, of which the following is a copy, (after enumerating his titles with many compliments, &c.) "As being much confused and surprised by the circumstances of the times which we have lately received from the unhappy event which has taken place, we do not know how to open the gate of conversation to you. Mr. Amburger was here (the Russian consul at Tabreez), and he has witnessed our present state; of course he will explain to you to what degree we are grieved and confounded; that we were willing for all our brothers and all our families to be sacrificed than that such a stain should remain on the country. You, I hope, will judge, this is not a thing any human being could have thought of, or that means would have been taken to prevent it; but 'tis a business so sudden and accidental, done by the low and ignorant people of the town, and their shameful deeds are left to our future days. But at this moment all the government servants, and all the chiefs of the town, are in grief and mourning at the event, and the King has a thousand grievous thoughts for the same; to-day, on the 17th Sharbon (February), his august firman has reached from Califat to our graceful selves, and a strict command from his Majesty respecting this event to receive your advice on the subject, and by the same to judge in what way we are to justify ourselves in the presence of your Emperor; to receive it from you, and by this to present the event to his Imperial Majesty. Agreeably to the order of the King we have written this to you, and have sent Mirza Macsood to your presence, that he may on this matter consult you, and if you think proper that Mirza Macsood should proceed on to Petersburg with the letter to his most high Excellence, the great and supreme Emperor of the Russias, &c. The letter from the King of Kings to the benign Emperor with apologies will follow by Mr. Maltzoff, in order to reach the imperial gate of his Majesty; but the King's orders are these, that the Persian government has purchased the friendship of the Russian government with heart and soul, from which his Majesty would not withhold his hand. Tehran and Petersburg he considers under one government. If such circumstance had happened at Petersburg, of course the chiefs would have taken some course to remedy

* The Persians have an idea that the heavens revolve, and that each change produces an event, and according to the doctrine of the Koran they are fatalists.

it. We expect you to let us know what plan would be attempted in the case, without considering that we are separate governments, that we should execute your advice without any change, that we should act upon this advice, and after doing so to apologise for the deed which had been done at Tehran, that we should not leave the government under the load of shamefulness. However, the circumstance of the event which has happened this year has affected me the most from six sides (the heavens, the earth, and the four quarters of the world). I have melancholy grievances, but as you with your pure heart and kindness of nature brought to a close every thing last year, I expect from your usual frankness, that this affair will be concluded amicably, so as to convince his Imperial Majesty that we were not at all aware of it, and it was without our knowledge or wish : he must be convinced that the Persian government will do their utmost to punish with vengeance the individuals committing this offence, and that none of them will be spared. His Majesty is exerting himself to do away from himself this shameful transaction, and to receive from the Russian government their assurances of satisfaction for what he has done. Mirza Macsood will explain to you wholly on the subject."

No. 18.—From the Shah of Persia to his son Abbas Mirza.

"My auspicious and blessed son.—I am at a loss to report to you concerning the changeableness of this revolving sphere. Glory to God ! what wonderful accidents may sometimes happen. After that Mirza Grybydoff, the ambassador and the independent minister of the excellent government of Russia, arrived at the capital, and we were glad to find his arrival to be the means of the accomplishment of the treaty between the two governments, and we treated him with every possible kindness and hospitality, to please him beyond every thing, at the different courts held by his Majesty, by various attentions and inquiries, and he takes his leave exceedingly pleased and contented. By some unexpected folly of Mirza Yhacoub, some delay takes place at his departure ; at length the affair comes to this sort of wonderful disgrace, and there happens some circumstances which nobody has yet seen to happen in this government, nor has imagined it could ever happen. It would never come to my mind that the lower class of the metropolis ever could or would become the means of such imprudent conduct. After Mirza Yhacoub went to the ambassador to seek his protection, the ambassador sent him, accompanied by Mirza Yani Khan, to Eich Akase, or the chief eunuch of the seraglio, with a message that we are going to take Mirza Yhacoub with us. Some of the nobles of the court and those who dealt with Mirza Yhacoub then complained to his Majesty that Mirza Yhacoub is concerned with the money affairs of the treasure, and the management of trade with the harem and the treasury ; and, so far as we can see, at least 40 or 50,000 tomauns of the money of the government is in his hands at present. His Majesty was pleased to command that they should detain him till all should be discharged—his accounts settled, and the different affairs in which he is concerned, then he might be given up to the ambassador. From our respect to the ambassador, and being always willing to comply with his wishes, we commanded that no one should

interfere with Mirza Yhacoub at present, and let him be sent back to the ambassador accompanied by an interpreter, that in the presence of the ambassador he may settle his accounts; in short, it was determined that they should go to the law the next day. When Mirza Yhacoub, accompanied by the people of the ambassador, was at the court of law in the presence of the judges and moolahs, and some of the inhabitants of the metropolis, he began to insult both the religion and the government; his impertinent speech terrified and afflicted both high and low, and a great disturbance arose amongst the people, wherefore, in the capital of Islam this degree of insult should be offered to religion; but as the people had seen the degree of kindness of his Majesty and the nobles towards him, they bore his insults for a time, and remained silent. In the meanwhile, two women from the court of *Moosh*, who had formerly become prisoners, and had fallen into the hands of the general, were demanded by the ambassador, under the pretence that they were persons of Kirklesia, notwithstanding the inspectors had inquired, and knew perfectly well that they were not so. Yet, as the ambassador desired to inquire personally, we, in order to comply with his wishes, commanded that the two women should be taken to the ambassador, and that he might do so and send them back again; they were taken—he inquired and knew that they were not Russian subjects, and yet he would not send them back, and kept them for a pledge for some uncertain prisoners which he claimed, however much he was desired to send back these women, who for many years were Moslems—and whenever we know of any prisoners whom you mention, we will send them to you—this was no use; the complaint and lamentation of the women, who were highly displeased and dishonoured at being in his house, reached the hearing of the people, and became the means of increasing the tumult; yet from the fear of the punishment of his Majesty, no one showed any boldness in it. It happened that on the night of the same day of the transaction, some of the people of the ambassador had seized a woman in the street and had carried her off violently, and had insulted, the same day, one of the syeeds* at the public bazaars beyond every thing. On the following morning, the lower orders and the rest of the community in a mob (washing their hands with their souls), with the intention of bringing out the women from the house of the ambassador, unexpectedly attacked his house; and on the other hand, the people of the ambassador and his guards opposing the people, they killed four or five Musselmans with the blows of the musquet balls, and wounded several. The people on seeing the bodies of the wounded, would not be pacified by any thing, nor listen to their moolahs, and the very children of the town, who were the leaders of the ignorant, with clubs and stones in their hands, ascended the roof and gate of the ambassador's house: the soldiers of the ambassador, and amongst them were some of your servants, Sulyman, the nephew of Eich Akasi, and others, who, by command of his Majesty had carried a message to the ambassador from his uncle concerning the settlement of the affair in question. By some fatal acci-

* A Syeed is a presumed descendant of the Prophet, and is always distinguished by a green turban.

dent, a blow reached the Elchee himself, who was killed, and this disgrace was brought upon our government. At first, when the report was brought to his Majesty, the children of the Prince Zelli Sultaun, my chief guard, with the cavalry of the guards, and the rest of my servants then at the court, were sent for the prevention of this disturbance, but the excitement of the mob was to such a degree that they could not quell it. Moreover, the lower orders in this revolution insulted and abused Zelli Sultaun himself, and at last the uproar of the mob extended so far that the gates of the palace were closed, but the soldiers of the guards, and the servants of Zelli Sultaun were able to do so far as to save, with the greatest difficulty, the first secretary and three others of the ambassador's servants. His Majesty is puzzled why and astonished that, notwithstanding the willingness which our mind cultivated between the treaty of these two governments, these wonderful things should happen, and particularly such as has never happened before in this government—the uproar of the mob and the resolution of the ignorant people have never had any connexion with this government. Now and then news would reach us from other governments that the people had set up some revolution, having done so and so, dismissing some minister, or changing the government. We are always surprised and astonished to hear how the affairs of sovereignty may be carried on with these difficulties. In those days when Hadji Khalib Khan, ambassador from this government, was killed in India by some accident of this sort, we would not believe it at first that it was not done intentionally—till we experienced the kindness of the English government, and beheld the firmness of their promise and contract, then we became assured the accident happened providentially, not intentionally. However, the grief and anxiety which have found their voice to our royal mind, will not come into any description by writing, and I need not explain and represent them. We value the friendship and treaty of that government more than you, my son, but our sorrow is beyond expression at this accident, because the publication of the circumstance will be the cause of disgrace to this government; although no sensible man would expect this sort of outrage, yet we deem it necessary that we should inform that son his excellency Mirza Amburger is there—you must inform him of the truth of this perfectly. We don't consider any difference between these two governments in regard to our friendship and union. Tehran and St. Petersburg are the same—let them suppose that this accident has happened in that metropolis, not in this—and whatever they would do in such a case, we will do the same, according to any two religions or laws of either government. Whatever punishment is to be inflicted, or recompense given, we are perfectly ready to do so; and moreover, certainly the regards of the friendship and the cultivation of the contract is beyond any thing in our consideration; the expulsion of this disgrace from our government is our duty, and we shall do it. The bodies of the Russians are all buried with due respect to them, and we have treated with the greatest kindness, and shall continue to do so, the secretary and others saved. The leaders of the mob we have punished already in some degree, and shall continue to do so, and are expecting to receive some intelligence from that son concerning the

accomplishment of some reparation for this accident by Mirza Am-burger, and we are about to send the deputy ambassador, accom-ppanied by Razan Alikhum with an answer to the correspondence of the Emperor, with royal firmans to General Paskevitch within three days; these people, being present, having witnessed the transactions, they can state the truth better than any one else. In short, we demand assistance of that son in reparation of this disgrace."

His Majesty's Gazette of this horrible outrage being so very copious, leaves me but little to add respecting it; the ambassador, from the time of his arrival in Persia, had made himself very obnoxious at the court of Tabreez in various ways—amongst others, that of coming into the presence of the Prince with dirty boots, thereby soiling his carpets, than which nothing can be more offensive, and which only the courteous urbanity of an Abbas Mirza would overlook; at Zenzaun, on his way to Tehran, he took upon himself to interfere amongst the Armenian and Georgian subjects, to the extent of tying up and punishing most severely a Mahomedan, for having, as he said, inveigled away an Armenian woman, in which there was no truth; this gave such offence to the people, that they began to complain of their Shah, that he had not power to protect them against the Muscovite infidels; at Casvine he did the same, offering protection to all the renegadoes of the government, and interfering amongst the Georgians and Armenians in such a manner, that the people were quite indignant at his conduct; and he was seriously advised to leave the place, or they would not answer for his personal safety; arrived at Tehran (here the King tells his own story, and I have only to add a few *et cæteras*).

The guard spoken of by his Majesty consisted of a hundred men from the choice troops of the Shah; at Tehran his personal conduct was most indecent before the King; coming into his presence without that ceremonial and respect which is so much thought of in Persia; in fact, his Majesty's forbearance went so far, that the people began to complain of his being under Russian influence, and that he was no longer an independent monarch, and consequently unworthy to govern his people; the ambassador's house became a refuge for all the disaffected to the government—amongst others, to Mirza Yhacoub, who seems to have been the original cause of this tragical event. The women alluded to, as being detained all night, were most barbarously used by the Russians; in the morning they fled from the house almost naked, running through the streets imploring to be revenged on the infidels; this attracted a large crowd of the people, who, inflamed by their cries, went towards the ambassador's house, full of revenge for the injuries they had received. The guards (already alluded to) fired, and killed six of the Musselmauns: this excited the mob to the greatest fury, the bodies of these true believers were taken up and exposed at six different mosques, the moolahs made use of them to excite the people to a sort of frenzy, and to revenge the spilling of Mahomedan blood on their murderers the Muscovites. A body of 30,000 people had now congregated together, with the inflammable feeling which nothing could resist, and such a tide poured towards the ambassador's house as threatened annihilation to it and to its inmates; seeing the mob advance, it is said Mr. Grybydoff went forward with his sword drawn, but he was immediately knocked down by a stone on the temple;

the mob crying out, "the Elchee is killed;" then determined to massacre every one of the Russians, they broke in and dispatched most furiously about thirty of them, including Cossacks. In the mean time the King hearing of the tumult, sent his troops to the aid of the Russians, with Ali Shah at their head, as already described; Mr. Maltzoff, whom he saved, he smuggled through the mob in a Persian uniform; the three Cossacks were concealed in a stable; the number of the mob which were shot by the Russians was about thirty; never was the fury of the Persians supposed to have been so excited as by those provocations offered by the Russians; the moolahs at the mosques displaying the bodies of the true believers butchered by the infidels, excited against them a wild demoniac rage, which nothing could stop; they mounted the roofs of the houses, and rushed forward with ungovernable fury. Mirza Yhacoub was the first that fell, and they dragged his body around the city, and flung it into a ditch. The mob, not content with massacring the poor victims, made piles of the human rubbish, dipped their hands in the blood of the Muscovites, and with horrid shouts mocked and derided the fallen dead. One fellow, in particular, was so incensed as to be seen cutting pieces of flesh from the wretched slain. The body of the ambassador was found under the devoted heap with a finger cut off, supposed to have been for plunder; it was deposited in the Armenian church, and the remainder were given over to the Armenians of the town, who have interred them in their own receptacles for the dead. They searched diligently, even with lighted candles, through the house for more victims, it being intimated that there were some concealed (these were no doubt the three Cossacks alluded to); they then proceeded to the stables of the British residence, where they murdered seven or eight Russian servants, and carried off all their horses. The unfortunate Mr. Grybydoff was only 32 years of age, a man of extraordinary talent as a linguist, and as an author he had much distinguished himself; his lady was at that time at Tabreez, the daughter of Prince Tcheftekwadze, of Teflis. I saw her go off with the Russian consul already spoken of, though she was kept in ignorance of the tragical death of her husband. On arrival of the news at Tabreez, the consternation of the Prince was excessive; he immediately sent for Colonel Macdonald to consult with him what was to be done; a general mourning was ordered for two months; the news arrived on the day of some grand fête; he gave immediate orders for all rejoicings to be stopped, on the penalty of twelve tomauns each person, and losing their toe nails. Mirza Macsood was sent off to Teflis to General Paskevitch with the letter, of which a copy has been given, and sometime after the body of the murdered ambassador arrived on its way to the same destination for interment; it was lodged in an Armenian church outside the town, the Persians having a superstitious prejudice to corpses being received within the city gates.*

* I never heard this explained; but instances have come before me confirmatory of this prejudice; the gallant and much respected Major Hart, whose name was a passport for every thing that was honourable and generous, died outside the city of Tabreez, in June, 1830. To bring him in for interment in the Armenian church, the body was dressed up in full uniform, and brought in a Takht Ravan, in an upright posture of seeming vitality.

It was first stated that the apologies offered to General Paskevitch were deemed sufficient; and that to confirm the amicable feeling of the Russian government, another ambassador would be sent to Tehran, General Dolgorouky; and it was then thought the storm had blown over, but by a second dispatch it was stated that the affair must be settled at St. Petersburg, and not at Teflis; this occasioned great consternation to Abbas Mirza, who, at length, sent his son, Khousroof Mirza, with the "Ameer y Nizam," to the Russian capital on a mission of apologies.*

I shall close my report of this tragical event at Tehran by a copy from the Petersburg Gazette respecting it, which I saw at Arz Roum, when in the Russian camp, where the officers were very curious to hear my version of it from Persia. Monsieur Rodofinikin, the son of the Oriental dragoman at the court of St. Petersburg, at whose tent we were at dinner, read the said Gazette, of which the following is a copy:—

"March 15—27, 1829. Letters received from Tehran inform us of a horrible catastrophe, which took place in that city on the 29th January, in consequence of a quarrel between some of the servants of our minister, Mr. Grybydoff, and some of the people. Some idlers being assembled in front of the minister's house during the quarrel, thought they ought to take part in it; and some amongst them being killed, an immense crowd flew from the bazaars to revenge their countrymen, forced the door of the house, scaled the walls in spite of the resistance of our Cossacks, and that of the Persian guards, who lost four men in this attack, and succeeded in penetrating into the interior apartments, where every one who ventured before the rage of the infuriated mob was massacred. In vain the Shah himself, accompanied by his son, Zelli Sultaun, Governor-General of Tehran, arrived with a considerable armed force to arrest and disperse the wretches; it was too late—Mr. Grybydoff and his suite had been already victims of the assassins; the first secretary of legation Mr. Maltzoff, and three other individuals, have alone escaped the carnage. The Shah, Abbas Mirza and all the court are in the greatest consternation; the latter has ordered a mourning for eight days, anxious to give us all the satisfaction which we require. He proposes to send for that purpose to the Count Paskevitch d'Erivan, his eldest son, and the Caimacan, to bring all the

* I happened to overtake the Persian mission at Tula, on my way to Moscow; they were that morning visiting the "Fabrique d'Armes," a very large establishment of which the Russians are justly proud; so falling into their train, what with my Persian cap, pelisse, &c. I was taken by the authorities as belonging to their suite. Once or twice they looked at me very hard, as to say, "Who are you?" still I passed on. The "conductor," a Russian officer (as I took him to be), at length seeing that neither the Prince nor the Persians addressed me, began to suspect that I was not one of them, and a lady coming up inquiring how it was that I was not at the theatre last evening with the Prince, I was so completely posed, that the officer could no longer forbear asking me who and what I was; on my replying, "Un voyageur Anglois," he burst into a loud laugh. "Well," said he, "and I am all the way from Birmingham." It was a Mr. Jones, who wore the Russian epaulettes, as superintendent of his Imperial Majesty's "Fabrique d'Armes." I spent the evening at his house, and was introduced to his family; the cause of his emigration was, his talent being worth more at Tula than at Birmingham.

details, and all the explanations which the commander-in-chief can require respecting this disastrous event."

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of the Persian mob, of whom it may be said—

"They played such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As to make e'en angels weep."

None of them were punished by the government; and no compensation was required of their government. Khousroo Mirza was fêted every where in Russia; his reception by the Emperor was gracious and flattering, and, for the season, the Persian Prince was the lion of St. Petersburg.

No. 19.—Royal Firmans.

The inflated style of the Persian royal decrees, or "firmans," amused me much; I therefore copied the following:—

"Preamble of a treaty between Futtee Ali Shah, King of Persia, and the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General of India, by Sir John Malcolm.*

"Praise be to God, who said, 'Oh you who believe, perform your contracts, perform your covenant with God, and enter into covenant with him, and violate not your engagements after the ratification thereof;' after the voice is raised to the glory of the God of the world, and the brain is perfumed with the scent of the saints and prophets, to whom be health and glory, whose rare perfections are perpetually chaunted by birds of melodious notes (angels), furnished with two, three, and four pair of wings, and to the highest seated in the heavens, for whom good has been predestinated, and the perfume mixed with musk, which scenteth the celestial mansions of those that sing hymns in the ethereal sphere, and to the light of the flame of the Most High, which gives radiant splendour to the collected view of those who dwell in the heavenly regions. The clear meaning of the treaty which has been established on a solid basis, is fully explained in this page, and is fixed as a prescription of law, that in the world of existence and trouble, in this universe of creation and concord, there is no action among those of mankind that tends more to the perfection of the human race, or to answer the end of their being and existence, than that of cementing friendship, and establishing intercourse, communication, and connection betwixt each other. The image reflected from the mirror of accomplishment is a tree fruitful and abundant, and one that produces good both now and hereafter. To illustrate the allusions that it has been proper to make, and explain these metaphors worthy of exposition at this happy period of auspicious aspect, a treaty has been concluded between the high in dignity, the exalted in station, attended by fortune of great and splendid power; the greatest amongst the high viziers in whom confidence is placed, the faithful of the powerful government, the adorned with greatness, power, glory, splendour, and fortune, Hadgi Ibrahim Khan, on being granted leave, and vested

* This treaty was formed in 1800, at Sir John's first visit to Persia, and had reference to the Persians supplying a large force to protect the Hon. Company's territories from the incursions of the Affghauns.

with authority from the principal post of the high king, whose court is like that of Solymán, the asylum of the world, the sign of the power of God, the jewel in the King of Kings, the ornament in the cheek of eternal empire, the grace of the beauty of sovereignty and royalty, the king of the universe, like Caherman, the mansion of mercy and justice, the Phoenix of good fortune, the eminence of never-fading prosperity, the King, powerful as Alexander, who has no equal among the princes exalted to majesty by the heavens in the globe, or shade from the shade of the Most High, a Khoosroo, whose saddle is the moon, and whose stirrup is the new moon, a prince of great rank, before whom the sun is concealed."

[Then follow the Arabic verses, or compliments to the envoy.]

"Thy benevolence is universally dispersed, every where drops are scattered, thy kindness shadows cities, may God fix firm the basis of thy dominion, and may God fix and extend thy power over the servants of the Almighty; and high in station and dignity, the great and able in power, the adorning of those acquainted with manners, Captain John Malcolm, delegated from the sublime quarter of the high in power, seated on a throne, the asylum of the world, the chief jewel in the crown of royalty and sovereignty, the anchor of the vessel of victory and fortune, the ship on the sea of glory and empire, the blazing sun in the sky of greatness and glory, lords of the countries of England and India, may God strengthen his territories, and establish his glory and commands upon the seas! in the manner explained in his credentials, which are sealed with the seal of the most powerful and the most glorious, possessing fortune, the origin of rank, splendour, and nobility, the ornament of the world, the accomplisher of the works of mankind, the Governor-General of India.

"The treaty between these two great states shall be binding on race after race, while the world exists, and act in conformity to what is now settled.

"Article I. As long as the sun, illuminating the circle of the two great contracting parties, shines on their sovereign dominions, and bestows light on the whole world, the beautiful image of excellent union shall remain fixed on the mirror of duration and perpetuity, the thread of shameful enmity and distance shall be cut, conditions of mutual aid and assistance between the two states shall be instituted, and all causes of hatred and hostility shall be banished." (Then follow four other articles, the treaty being bound by the following conclusion). "While time endures and while the world exists, the contents of this exalted treaty shall remain an admired picture in the mirror of duration and perpetuity, and submission to the fair image on this conspicuous page shall be everlasting."

"Firman granted by the King to an annexed treaty.*

"In the name of the beloved and great God (then comes the King's seal), the earth is the Lord's, our august commands are issued, that the high in dignity, the exalted in station, the refuge of power and glory, the noble, the great in authority, the chiefs of high nobles, the Beg-

* This treaty was of a commercial nature, and was formed by Sir John Malcolm on his second visit to Persia, in the year 1810.

lerbegg, the Haukeins, the Naibs and Mossudies of the kingdom under our protection (who are raised by our royal favour), become acquainted that at this period the dignified and eminent in station, the prudent, able, and penetrating, the greatest of the exalted followers of the Messiah, Captain John Malcolm, deputed from a glorious quarter, from the government of the King of England, whose court resembles the firmament, an emperor in dignity, like Alexander, possessing the power of the globe, and from the repository of glory, greatness, and nobility, endowed with arbitrary power and justice, the Governor-General of the kingdom of Hindostan, for the purpose of establishing union and friendship between the two great states, has arrived at our threshold, founded on justice, and has been honoured by admission to our royal presence of conspicuous splendour, and has expressed a desire that the foundations of amity and union should be laid between the two states, that they should be connected together in the bonds of friendship and harmony, and that a constant union and reciprocal good understanding should exist. We, from our august selves, have given our consent, and have granted the requests of the high in rank above mentioned, and a treaty sealed with the seal of the minister of our ever-enduring government has been given to him; and you, the exalted in station, are positively enjoined of the necessity (after you become informed of our royal and august order) for all of you acting in strict conformation with the conditions of the treaty concluded and exchanged between the high in rank, the exalted in station, the great and glorious in power, near to the throne, in whom the royal confidence is placed, Hadji Ibrahim Khan, and the high in rank, the envoy, Captain John Malcolm (whose titles have been before enumerated); let no one act contrary to this high command, or to the contents of the annexed treaty, and should it ever be represented to us that any of the great nobles conduct themselves in opposition to the stipulations of this treaty, or are in this respect either guilty or negligent, such will incur our displeasure and punishment, and be exposed to our royal anger, which is like fire, and let them view this as an obligation.

“Dated on the ninth of Shauban, in the year of Hegira, 1215.”—
(January, 1801.)

Signed by nine ministers.

Royal Firman relative to the Mines in Persia, from the Shah to his Son, Abbas Mirza.

In the year of the Hegira, 1245. (A. D. 1830.)

“The royal and auspicious command of his Majesty was issued (to wit) that the keys of the gates of prosperity, and the brilliancy of the soul of Royalty—the accomplished and distinguished son—the deputy of this everlasting Sovereignty, Abbas Mirza, may he be blessed and happy. And be it known to him that according to what has been represented to our illustrious presence, that incomparable son has granted to the sagacious, faithful, and highly distinguished servant, his Excellency ———, the important affairs of the mines of Ajerbijan, and has committed the execution of that important service to the charge of the endeavours of the above-mentioned distinguished gentleman; and since the manners of the sagacity, and the intellectual power of the above-mentioned gentleman has become manifest to the presence

of his Majesty, We have from the beginning of the year 1244, and the time to come, granted the execution of that important affair to the above-mentioned gentleman, that according as it suits that distinguished gentleman's natural talent, he may employ his skill and services towards that concern, he may bring the well-informed miners from whatever country he may find out, and employ according to his own management and sagacity; so that he may prove the manifestation of his services in procuring the fruits of the mines. And we further command, that that son, according to what he had agreed, will confine the execution of that important science to the above-mentioned gentleman, and all the accessary helps on your part should be stored upon him, and to establish him in his important service, and heal him with your royal favour. We further command that their Excellencies the distinguished nobles of the Court of Exchequer, and the Ministers of the supreme Court of Royalty should preserve copy of this royal Firman in their respective registers, and preserve them from any alteration or forgery."

(Sealed with his Majesty's imperial seal, and registered and sealed by the grand Vizier and twelve other Ministers of State.)

Royal Firman from Abbas Mirza, relative to the Mines.

"The royal command is issued, viz., that the object of our illustrious mind is this—that the mines which are in the country of Ajerbijan, as far as are under our dominion, should not remain useless nor unproductive—nay, they should be useful and profitable; and as his Excellency ———, &c., &c., on whose learning and the high degree of his service we have great confidence, and are sensible of. He in the auspicious presence of his Royal Highness, requested that he should be appointed to execute this important service, and have committed to his charge the mines of the above-mentioned countries. We have granted for the space of twenty-one years, that he may procure miners from England whensoever he should approve them to be learned and distinguished in this art, to open the mines; and by the help of God they should employ all their endeavours and efforts that this important affair should be terminated with success, and so may be the means of the increase of the royal favour towards him," &c.

(The grant was confirmed by the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Persia.)

*Firman from Mahmoud Mirza, the present Shah of Persia
(Son of Abbas Mirza).*

"This royal order denotes, that since the powerful and penetrating command of his Royal Highness the superior and my Lord of Bounty, the mighty deputy of sovereignty to whom my life is devoted, has established the honour of working the mines," &c. &c. (recapitulating as before.)

"We, therefore, obediently to the royal commands, according to its contents, it having been commanded and ordered to us, who are the most obedient of servants, that we should also pass and order agreeably to the royal command. We, therefore, obediently to the royal commands of his Royal Highness (our father), in the manner that that royal order has passed, from the beginning of the present

year until the time above-mentioned, have granted that important affair to the above-mentioned distinguished gentleman, in order that without interruption or interference of any one, he should work the above-mentioned mines. We further command that the great marshals and the superior nobles—the governors of the different districts of Ajerbijan, shall obey this command, and consider all the requisites and necessities therein confined exclusively to him; their Excellencies the secretaries of the blessed state should register and preserve the contents of the royal Firman, and having preserved it from the guile of any alterations, and obey it necessarily.”

Firman from Abbas Mirza accrediting the before-mentioned “distinguished Gentleman” to the Government of the Sublime Porte.

(After various salutations.) “We represent that in conformity to the friendship and unanimity which exists between the two sublime powers, the constant desire of our heart is that we may make inquiries respecting the true state of your Majesty’s health in a becoming manner, and evince in an appropriate way the degree of friendship which exists in our heart towards your Majesty.

“Wherefore at this time, when the ‘Alijah’ (the illustrious) the ornament of Christian nobles, —— being about to proceed to that country (Turkey) we have written this epistle expressing our sincerity.

“The afore-mentioned ‘Alijah,’ one of our agents, on his way to England, by Constantinople, for the accomplishment of some affairs, and intends to return after a while; it is therefore requested from your Majesty that during the stay of the said ‘Alijah’ in Constantinople, and before his departure for England, whatever he may require with regard to the affairs of the sublime power of Persia, and shall make known the same to your Majesty according to the friendship existing between the two sublime powers, you will be pleased to take notice of them; so that, if it please God, by the assistance and attention of your Majesty, the affairs that are committed to him may be accomplished.” (The conclusion in peace.)

Reply from the Caimacan Pasha to Abbas Mirza.

(After the customary titles.) “We have received through the channel of the most excellent amongst the noblest of Christians, ——, who is on his way to the British Government on the part of the illustrious Government of Persia, the letter which your Royal Highness has addressed to his Highness the Supreme Vizier, to request that a favourable reception be given to the demands of the above-mentioned Khan relative to your affairs; we have perfectly understood the meaning thereof.

“The Sublime Porte of everlasting duration have always had at heart to receive favourably and agreeably to treaties, all subjects and agents of the kind, belonging to the illustrious Government of Persia, bound in sincere friendship with the Sublime Porte.

“It is for this reason, and in consequence of the above-mentioned Khan having made known to us that he is going to proceed to England, agreeable to the instructions given to him, that we seize of the circumstance to address the present friendly letter to your Royal Highness.” (Many compliments follow.)

EMBLEMS OF DESTINY.

DID'ST ever mark an eagle in the sky,
 Cleaving the azure as he soars on high
 In royal pride,
 Fall from his glory, and with wounded wing
 Lie on the earth a pierc'd and stricken thing,
 And so has died ?

DID'ST ever watch a flow'ret in the spring,
 With the first tint of beauty glittering,
 No bud so fair,
 Fade, fall, and wither 'neath the cruel blast
 Which nipt the blossom as it rudely past,
 And left it there ?

DID'ST ever in some hour of melting mood,
 When care or sorrow had thy heart subdu'd,
 Strike some old lyre,
 Whose broken chords awoke no joyous tone,
 Whose every note of harmony was gone,
 And fled its fire ?

DID'ST ever mark upon some sapling green,
 One lonely leaf, amid its verdure seen
 Of blighted hue,
 So dark and drear, it mock'd alike the beam
 Of April's sunny sky, and fresh'ning stream
 Of summer's dew ?

DID'ST ever meet within the forest glade
 A broken fountain, on which time had laid
 His hoary hand ;
 Its waters dry, its venerable stone
 To ruin crumbling, or with moss o'ergrown,
 Not long to stand ?

DID'ST ever see a shatter'd gem or stone,
 Or watch amid the heav'n-bespangled zone
 A falling star ?
 Then these, all these, if thou hast ever seen,
 The mirrors of my fate, have ever been,
 And still they are !

NORSE PAPERS.—No. II.

BY GEORGE DOWNES, M.A.—M. R. I. A., &c.

AUTHOR OF "THREE MONTHS IN THE NORTH," &c.

Antiquitates Americanae.—Second Notice.

IN the diminutive group of islets between Shetland and Iceland, properly called FÆROE—for the name *Færoe Islands* involves tautology*—there has existed from heathen times a stock of traditions, more than commensurate with their superficial contents and circumscribed situation. These are, in the insular dialect, called *kvæjir*, and differ but little from the Icelandic *rímur*, the Danish and Swedish *kæmpeviser* and *kæmpavisor*, and the English *ballads*: a few of them are of demi-historical importance. A large number of these "*Færiiske Kvæjir*" was published in 1822, at Randers, in Jutland, by H. C. Lyngbye; and another, in manuscript, collected in 1781 and 1782 by J. C. Svaboe, is deposited in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. The published volume treats largely of the redoubted Sigurd and his posterity, who is celebrated in the Edda as the slayer of Fofner or Fafner, and is identical with Sivrid or Siegfried, the hero of the far-famed Song of the Niebelungs.

The ballad, of which a rather close translation is here given, is printed in the original Færoeish, accompanied by a free Latin version, in the *Antiquitates Americanae*, which does so much credit to the critical acumen and unwearied industry of Charles Christian Rafn. It was selected for publication by the professor, not from any belief in its historical foundation, but because the scene is partly laid in Vineland, the most important among the American discoveries of the Northmen. It shows how widely the reports concerning that remote region had spread over the North, and also that the belief of an early intercourse between Ireland and America prevailed among the Færoe islanders: indeed it appears, on the authority of the Rev. J. H. Schröter, of Thorshavn (the capital of Færoe), that a current tradition exists in those islands, that Vineland was first discovered by Irishmen, who made a descent upon the country, and waged war for its possession.† And it may not be irrelevant here to record that—in addition to the mass of evidence in favour of an ante-Columbian discovery of America, advanced in the *Antiquitates Americanae* (against which the dogmatism of one modern work and the scepticism of another will have but little weight)—a gentleman, who lately visited St. Petersburg, heard from an American merchant, residing in that capital, that a tradition connected with the Norse invasion still exists in the songs of the Indians, inhabiting what may be styled the *Scandinavian* portion of North America.

* The name *Færoe* is derived from the Danish *faar*, "sheep," and *oe*, "island," from the flocks with which the islets were found covered when first visited by Norwegian fugitives in the days of Harold the Fair-haired, and which are supposed to have been lineal descendants of the live stock of certain Irish ecclesiastics, who had also, at an earlier period, sought refuge from persecution in this remote region.

† See NORSE PAPERS, No. I.—in No. III. vol. I. of this Magazine, for March, 1839.

The poem is divided into 104 stanzas, of four lines each. The following—the 87th—will give an idea of the metre :—

“*Finnar rufur uj Herin fram,
Aj vil han undan fluggja,
Trajour um annan Vajakongan,
Klejo han uj Latir trajgja.*”

Ingeborg * (*Ingjibjörg*) not being an Irish name, that of *Inibheaca* is suggested by the Danish editor. As the poem is but pseudo-historical, the Irish annals would hardly throw any light on the subject.

A certain earl dwells in Upland † (it is good to proceed from the beginning): he had two sons, whom I can readily name. He had two sons, whom I can readily name: Holdan the Strong, and Finn the Fair well can summon warriors. ‡ Holdan was the elder brother, Finn was the younger. He was in every way excellent, yet fortune fell heavy on him. Finn is at play §—he thus addresses his fellow-warriors :—

“Where have you known my match? this have I long thought on.”

The youths answer their lord :—“Why dost thou thus inquire? ¶ Best knowest thou thyself whither thy mind inclines. We cannot tell thee aught more truly: Ireland’s king has a beauteous daughter. Ireland’s king has a wise daughter; if thou canst get her for thy spouse, she can certainly adorn thy life. Ireland’s king has a daughter, beauteous is she as the sun; the colour of the virgin is, to look upon, as of blood which flows on snow.” ¶

“If she is so desirable as ye set forth, the daughter of Ireland’s king shall be wooed, betide me whatever may.”

So Finn the Fair has his ships prepared; he has all the ropes twisted of red gold. So Finn the Fair has his ships prepared; he has beer and wine stowed at each side. Finn has his ships fashioned at his good leisure; of gold were the planks which rose above the waters. Pitched were the beaks, the planks were blue, the mast-tops were of red gold, they shone in the sun. Pitched were the beaks, carved was every beam, the poop and rudder of red gold; then was the sail on high. He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold: he never lowers it to the lading ** till he has reached Ireland. A herd is walking through the pasture, guarding sheep and goats: he sees a

* This rather common northern name is thus explained in the Notes to STRONG’S Translation of *Frithiof’s Saga*: p. 9 :—“The citadel of youth, i. e. prepared to stand a siege.”

† Not Swedish, but Norwegian Upland, an obsolete division of the latter country.

‡ The original—“*Drajangum stevna*”—means either to provoke to the combat, or to summon on military service.

§ Engaged in athletic sports.

¶ Feroëish, “*spirjun*,” the Scottish “speer.”

¶ “On a time then her tutor was slaying a veal calf in the snow, outside in the winter, to prepare food for her, she saw a raven drinking the blood in the snow: Then she says to Levarcam—Lovely, truly, would the man be who were marked with those three colours; that is, the hair like the raven, and the cheek like the blood, and the body like the snow.” O’FLANAGAN’S Translation of *Deirdri*, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*: p. 155.

** Furls and deposits it on the lading—the various articles about the deck.

ship coming over the sea, and making for the haven. He drives all the sheep together into a green field; he then puts on his blue cloak, he goes to the king's hall. He then puts on his blue cloak, he goes to the king's hall:—

"In one thing truly I am wiser than you all. In one thing truly I am wiser than you all: I see a ship coming over the sea, with sails as white as snow."

"Seest thou a ship coming over the sea with sails as white as linen? Doubtless some prince approaches, to woo my daughter."

When his vessel has touched the fair land, he casts anchor on the white sand. First Finn the Fair sets foot on land, twelve corsletted warriors at his right hand. Then went up from the strand powerful men and strong. Rollers broke and the earth shook, as they set the bark in its station. Up in the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe,* and thus clad goes he into the high halls. And thus clad goes he into the high halls, where Ireland's king sat at table with men in hundreds five.† Finn went into the hall in a silk-bound cap; his cheeks are red as lobsters' claws, and his eyes are like a dove's. Finn goes across the hall-floor, and conforms to ancient usage: he tells the whole in one word, he salutes, and makes proposals. Finn stands on the hall-floor, and declares his business:—

"Hail, Ireland's powerful king! give me thy daughter."

Then answers him Ireland's king, as he sits girt with a sword:—"Thou shalt tell thy race, and from what land thou art come."

"I myself am called Finn the Fair, Holdan is my brother, Earl Ulvur is my father, Dame Gertrude is my mother."

"There seems to her friends and kindred to be a very great inequality; she is a king's choice daughter, thou art an earl's son."

Finn is standing on the hall-floor, he studies his advantage:—"This same knight thinks he is thy equal. If thou wilt not give me the maid, ere I go hence, it shall be thy ruin, and that of many of thy warriors. If thou wilt not give me thy daughter in marriage, I offer thee another condition; life shall employ hands."‡ Finn ran across the hall-floor, both nimble and eager; he then overthrew eighteen warriors ere he got out. Finn ran across the hall-floor both with caution and in safety: just as many fell in his cause, and thus were the numbers of the slain made equal. Eighteen were the warriors, who bore wounds under their clothing ere they got Finn the Fair into prison.§ They took the fair Finn, and put him in bonds; they spared neither steel nor iron about his bright hand. They took the fair Finn and put him

* The word here translated "grass-plot"—"*Grðsagäri*"—is in the Latin version rendered "*Aorto*." From the similarity of the passages it is probably cognate with the Swedish original of "castle-yard," in the following extract from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*: No. 49; p. 26:—"From the high bower-stair see they the coming of the stranger-knight, and how he in the castle-yard taketh upon him his fine cloak, may be of precious skins." Færoicish, "*Skjia*," "Skin"—a robe lined with precious skins.

† Literally:—"and hundreds five," by the figure which rhetoricians call *hendiadys*.

‡ We must fight till either fall. Some reciters give a different reading of two lines, according to which the meaning would be that the king should contend for his life and lands.

§ Færoicish:—"Mirkastovu," "dark room"—the black hole.

in cold iron; then it was that Princess Ingeborg was seized with anxiety and grief. Then it was that Princess Ingeborg went to her father barefoot, in a night-dress and linen fillet. Then it was that Princess Ingeborg fell upon her knee:—

“Do what beseems thy manliness, and grant the knight to me.”

“There seems to thy friends and kindred to be a very great inequality; thou art a king’s choice daughter, he is an earl’s son.”

Ingeborg hastened out of the hall; at that moment she was wroth:—

“God let me never live the day I ask of thee counsel more! Hear this, good father mine; the matter rests with thee: a messenger shall go for strong Holdan, so stands thy life in jeopardy.” She calls to her foot-page, and clothes him in rich attire:—“I have, in truth, found that thou hast been faithful to me.” He was swift of foot who was to bear the message; she has all his clothes adorned with roses and lilies:—“Hear this, my little page, and fix it well in thy memory: thou shalt not enjoy sweet sleep till thou hast first found Holdan.”

He was swift of foot who bore these tidings forth to the lands where powerful Holdan was. It was then the little page approached the court of the dwelling; powerful Holdan himself was standing without before him. It was then the little page went into the hall; Holdan sat down on the high-seat: he was of changeful countenance:—

“Welcome, little page, that hast come now to my house; drink what thou likest better—mead or wine.”

“Little it recks me of thy mead and much less† of the wine; I have another errand here to-day for thee. Know thou this now, powerful Holdan, I bear a message unto thee: thy brother, who is in Ireland, is placed in great danger.”

Then it was that powerful Holdan pushed his table, all the brown mead flowed on the hall-floor. Holdan sprang forth across the table, both in fury and wrath; fifteen were the golden cups he brake asunder then. Holdan has his forces collected both of serfs and freemen—here came two when one was bidden—to avenge Finn the Fair. He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold; he never lowers it to the landing till he has reached Ireland. He casts anchor on the white sand. First Holdan the Strong sets foot on land. He went off secretly from the strand, none were of that aware; he burned both women and children within, when he came to any dwelling. Then remembered Holdan all that had been done: he sets fire to the castle, and beams against the door. He set fire to the castle, and beams against the door; he burned Ireland’s king within, which should rather have happened before.

Answered then Ireland’s king, he calls both sharp and high:—“What sort of evil have I done that I am burnt to-night?”

Then answered Holdan the Strong, he speaks thus forth:—“Truly thou knowest, Ireland’s king, that I once had a brother.”

Then answered Ireland’s king in such heavy need:—‡ “Finn is in prison, he is not dead.”

* The *daïs* of the Anglo-Saxons—the elevated part of the room.

† Literally:—“half less.”

‡ The “*grand mot de nécessité*.”—FÆGIER.

Holdan went to the prison's entrance without any hinderance; he cleaves the door of tough iron, he unlooses the valiant captive. He cleaves the door of tough iron, he unlooses the valiant captive :—"Stand up, Finn, brother mine, if thou art able to walk."

Up leaped then Finn the Fair, he bore his cheek so bold :—"I have to pay the king reckoning for this cold iron." Finn leaped out of the prison, to ire was he inclined :—"I have to pay the king reckoning for this dark house."

Then answered powerful Holdan, the so distinguished hero :—"Hear this, Finn, brother mine; vengeance no more can light on him." Then he seated himself, and thus addresses him :—"Hear this, Finn, brother mine—he has been burnt with fire."

They went from the prison, both in quiet and safety, then both into the high bower † to Ingeborg :—"Hail Princess Ingeborg, the fair and the bright! Wilt thou choose one prince here above all?"

Then answered Ingeborg :—"The worst is still remaining: if ye had slain the Vine-kings †, ye might then wed me."

Then answered powerful Holdan :—"It may make women weep: whoever sails on Vineland's sea, dangers must he meet."

Finn leaped out of the hall with might and main :—"I will go to Vineland, even though I may not come back again." He hoists his silken sail, the edge weaved of gold: he never lowers it to the lading till he has reached Vineland. Up in the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe, and thus clad goes he into the high halls. And thus clad goes he into the high halls, as the Vine-kings were sitting at table with men in hundreds five. Finn went into the hall, and stood before their table. The kings are sitting on the high seat; they utter not one word. Early was it in the morning, at dawn before the sun: then the Vine-kings themselves had armed twelve hundred men. Then the Vine-kings themselves had armed twelve hundred men. Singly § Finn the Fair against them all rode forth. Finn rides forth upon the host; valiant was he to look upon; he hews so fast on both hands that he fells two and three. Finn rides forth upon the host, the might within him waxes; he hews so fast on both hands that he fells five and six. They fought two full days; fires blaze from swords; he touched not the earth, he trampled trunks of men. Finn rides forth upon the host; thence he will not flee: it has been told me as a fact that only three remained. Finn rides forth upon the host, the report spread far; he seizes the first Vine-king, he clove him into parts twain. Finn rides forth upon the host; thence he will not flee; he seizes the second Vine-king, he clove him into parts three. Finn sat down upon the ground; now must he thence flee; a dragon flew up into the air, and began to spew venom. || Venom

* With a look of spirit.

† *Færoekish* :—"Loft," "loft."—the female apartment in the uppermost story.

‡ Kings of Vineland, the country now called New England. Some have founded the *Vinland* with the *Vindland* of the Icelanders, and also with *Finland*. *Vindland* is the land of the Wends, or Slavonians, now Pomerania.

§ *Færoekish* :—"Afnæmadhur," "a lone man."

|| Those who have visited the picture-gallery in the Christianborg Palace, at Copenhagen, will remember the interesting piece by a living Danish artist, representing the fate of the evil spirit of Scandinavian mythology, *Loke*. "Secured upon

spews the foul dragon down on Finn's corslet; he was not overcome by arms, he desires it to be denied.*

When Holdan saw this, that his brother was fallen, terribly with mighty wrath he rushed forth upon the host. Terribly with mighty wrath he rushed forth upon the host; he seized the third Vine-king, he clove him into parts twain. Then rides the powerful Holdan through the green wood, neither hawk nor hound follows him with its voice. He hoists his silken sail, the edges weaved of gold: he never lowers it to the lading till he has reached Ireland.

Ingeborg stands at a glass-window, she speaks these words:—"It is not Finn the Fair that is standing on the lofty stern." Ingeborg stands at a glass-window, both fair and wise:—"It is not Finn the Fair that is sitting on the lofty stern." Ingeborg stands at a glass-window; she lacks not wealth:—"It is not Finn the Fair, that can I well see."

He casts anchor on the white sand: first Holdan the Powerful sets foot on land. In the middle of the grass-plot he puts on his rich robe, and thus clad goes he in to Ingeborg:—"Hail, Princess Lugeborg, the fair and the bright! Wilt thou promise to choose this prince as Ireland's?"†

Then answered Ingeborg, she holds red gold:‡—"I promise no prince, since Finn is dead." Ingeborg answered in such heavy need:—"I promise myself to no living man since Finn is dead."

She slept one night in the castle; she slept in Holdan's arms. It has been told me as a fact that she became heart-broken with grief. With grief for him she became heart-broken—that so powerful dame: I swear this oath by my troth, the like befalls no woman now. Then it was that powerful Holdan had a castle built for himself; therein he wasted his life away in grief and heavy sorrow.

Ætendol.

A spur of gold around my foot I bind,
To tame my steed to run before the wind.

Dublin, 19th June, 1840.

a rock which sustains him on three acute apices, by ligaments composed of the entrails of his own offspring, he would be exposed to a perpetual guttalous descent of burning venom from a poisonous serpent suspended over his face, *did not his wife Sigene*, notwithstanding his former infidelity, remain *constantly seated by his side*, holding a vessel with which she intercepts the falling drops. It is only during the interval whilst she empties the overflowing vase, that his flesh receives the caustic, which inflicts pain so tremendous that he howls with horror, and writhing his agonized frame, occasions earthquakes."—Notes to Strong's Translation of *Fritiof's Saga*: p. 167:

* The Danish editor supposes that Finn requests his brother to testify the manner of his death.

† To choose me for your husband, who will thus become heir to the Irish throne.

‡ Probably a gold ring or collar, a form of adjuration, prevalent among many ancient nations. Those acquainted with Irish antiquities are aware of the oath:—"By the collar of Moran." Near Slagelse, in the Danish island of Zealand, "were found, in the year 1817 three oval and very massive gold rings cut across, the form of which renders it probable that they were sacred rings, of the kind used in heathen times, on taking an oath. Human figures, holding rings of the same form in their hands, are found on Gallo Germanic coins."—See the *Nordisk Tidsskrift for Oldkyndighed* [Northern Chronicle of Antiquity]: vol. 1; p. 182.

JACK.

MONSIEUR Beau was a Frenchman, his age I won't tell,
 Who in Paris past off for a beau and a swell;
 And wishing to make himself equally grand,
 In our own little island a voyage he planned;
 And embarked in a steam-boat the channel to cross,
 Called "*The Salt Water Omnibus Patent Sea Horse.*"

Derry down, &c.

Now wishing to make himself perfectly pat
 With our dear English ling and slang, and all that,
 He always inquired the signification
 Of every new word with extreme animation;
 And of all the new words that most took him aback,
 The hardest that puzzled poor Monsieur was Jack.

Derry down, &c.

On hearing this strange word so often repeated,
 Our Frenchman determined no more to be cheated;
 So calling a Jack-tar he held by his jacket,
 And inquired what Jack meant on board the steam packet;
 Why my name is Jack, sir, the sailor replied,
 And my dear, jolly messmates are all Jacks beside.

Derry down, &c.

The Frenchman he stared, and he said, Sare, what mean you,
 Why have you, you rascals, but one name between you?
 No, sir, said Jack Johnson, the whole British navy
 Has no name but Jack at the service of Davey;
 Every Jack has his Gill, sir, when we go ashore,
 And Jack is the name, sir, we'll bear ever more.

Derry down, &c.

The Frenchman now found that the name of poor Jack
 Was the name that John Bull always wore on his back;
 And he laughed at the thought of discovering a nation
 Of Jacks—but no Jacobins—thanks to potation
 Of ale, and roast beef, and jack pudding, which give
 Such fame and renown to the land where we live.

Derry down, &c.

While Monsieur was laughing at this in his sleeve,
 He heard the rough voice of the Captain, Jack Greve,
 Crying out, Hoist the Jack, boys—the colours were spread,
 And up went the Jack to the ensign mast-head;
 Poor Monsieur was puzzled and looked rather blue,
 For he felt that in Jack was much more than he knew.

Derry down, &c.

And then they went down to the dinner below,
 And here Monsieur found in poor Jack a new foe;
 For he sat by a pike, a magnificent fish,
 Which graced the first course—'twas a capital dish;

And ladies and gents. to our Frenchman applied
For a slice of the Jack, and would not be denied.

Derry down, &c.

The Gallican looked every way but the right,
And appeared in a very considerable plight ;
Till the steward just whispered that pike was a Jack,
And the ladies were hungry and wanted a snack,
Which our hero with infinite grace handed out,
And gave very great satisfaction no doubt.

Derry down, &c.

And now all our wits tried the length of their tether,
All tongues were let loose and all chatted together ;
When a whirley and hurley, and creaking was heard,
Which made conversation a thing quite absurd ;
And our Frenchman inquired the cause of this fluster,
Pray what is this noise, sare, which makes such a bluster ?

Derry down, &c.

Oh, sir, a tall Jonathan said who sat by,
I guess that this noise is no more than the fly
Of the Jack in the kitchen our dinner that dressed,
As I calculate, tho' it is not professed ;
Our Frenchman he bowed, tho' he felt in his heart
A strange grudge 'gainst poor Jack, as he cut up the tart.

Derry down, &c.

And now the port wine they'd been sipping no doubt
Affected the elderly gentry with gout ;
And a new cry for Jack was repeated around,
Poor Monsieur he started and stared at the sound,
Till seeing the boot jack which none could dispute,
He muttered, By Gar, is that Jack of de boot ?

Derry down, &c.

But scarce had the Frenchman regained his command,
When the cabin-boy entered to summon the band ;
They called him Jack Sause, and Jack Pudding, and then
Jack-a-lantern, and Jack in a box, and Jack Wren,
Which put our Gallican friend on the rack,
Who swore there'd be never no end of dis Jack.

Derry down, &c.

The steward was now seen with a bundle of game,
His larder most certainly did him no shame ;
That fellow, said one, is surrounded by Jack,
Jack hares, and Jack snipes, and that neat little pack
Of Jack Dories, a smart jack of all trades is he,
As ever a jackanapes bred to the sea.

Derry down, &c.

Poor dear Monsieur Beau, how he grieved he had started
From Paris, poor dear ! he felt quite broken hearted ;

So faintly he murmured, O Mr. Jack Bull,
 Jack, all Jack, and nothing but Jack is your rule;
 Oh! ho! said a wag who loved good jokes and farces,
 But Jack Bull always calls silly Frenchmen jackasses.
 Derry down, &c.

ROSE CLINTON.

A VILLAGE STORY, BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

"*A dark fate is thine, fair lassie,*" said old Sybil Murrian, after duly examining the little white hand of Rose Clinton, one bright sunny evening, when a party of fair maids were severally soliciting a few words from the gipsy's mysterious oracle.

"Pooh, pooh, Sybil," replied Rose, smiling archly, "you always tell me this gloomy tale. Come, come, think again; do tell me something cheering, there's a good old woman!"

"I have said it, lassie: a dark fate is thine! Ye may laugh and think I know little now, but a time will come when wi' tears in your eye, an' sorrow in your heart, ye will confess I told over true a tale."

Rose Clinton was decidedly the prettiest girl in the village of Harewood, and her kindness and good temper were proverbial with all who knew her. She had been brought up solely under the care of a kind but delicate mother, her father, a British officer, having died while engaged in foreign warfare during the first year of her infancy; when his widow, being straitened in her pecuniary circumstances, had retired with her tender charge from the noisy bustle of London to the village before mentioned, where she resided up to the time of the commencement of our narrative.

Rose had now attained her twenty-first year, and a more lovely creature it would be difficult to imagine. She was truly beautiful! yet, notwithstanding this, and all the flattery and attention which beauty is sure to elicit, even in so remote a village as Harewood, she was modest, affable, and unassuming; courteous and cheerful with companions of her own age; and respectful and submissive to her elders. She was a general favourite. How then could she, for one moment, give credence to the awful predictions of Sybil Murrian? "*A dark fate is thine, fair lassie!*" were ever the awful words sounded in her ears.

As the little party were returning home, conversation naturally turned on the several predictions of old Sybil.

"I am sure," said one, addressing herself to Rose, "the old woman can know nothing about our fortunes, or she wouldn't say what she does about you."

"No, indeed," repeated a second, "for we all know, Rose, that you are to be married to Frank Wilkie, and a better or a kinder lad there isn't in the whole parish."

"What nonsense," replied Rose, blushing deeply at the remark made by the last speaker; "Frank Wilkie, you know, it is said, is going to marry Mary Harcourt, so it will be very unlikely."

"Nay, that is very unlikely!" exclaimed little Susan Grey, a pretty

brunette, a bosom friend and confidant of Rose ; " Frank Wilkie will never marry such a proud, conceited creature as Mary Harcourt, as long as there's such a dear girl as Rose Clinton in the village."

" Why, Susan, are you going to torment me, too ?"

" No, Rose ; but I must speak the truth, and I'm quite sure every body must observe that Frank always pays more attention to you than to any one else. Did he not dance with you in every dance at the last harvest feast ; and then, you know, love, when a certain young man meets a certain young woman on her way from church every Sunday night, it certainly appears as though there was —"

" What, pray ?" said Rose, again blushing deeply.

" Why, a little *partiality*, to say the least of it. And, believe me, Rose, you need not blush so deeply when we chance to mention Frank ; he's a very nice young man, and you'll make a very comfortable couple ; therefore, I don't care how soon I have to dance at your wedding. Oh ! I shall be as light-hearted and as happy as a fairy ! My dear Rose will look so exquisite in a new white dress, and a smart new bonnet ; and, then, the bridegroom, too, will be so gay, and"—

" So grateful to his friend Susan Grey for pleading so strongly in his behalf," cried the very young man in question, coming suddenly from under the cover of a thick, bushy hedge-row ; behind which he had heard, unobserved, the last sentence of the fair speaker.

After the first greetings and exclamations of surprise were over, Frank politely offered his arm to his fair favourite, who, evidently not very much surprised at this mark of preference, courteously accepted the offer.

Frank Wilkie (as one of the girls had remarked) was certainly the best and kindest young man in the village ; he was also one of the finest looking men into the bargain ; therefore we need not wonder at the kind reception he always received from the fair sex. He had been instructed in the profession of an artist, and was now busily engaged in prosecuting his studies—the profits of his labour being sufficient to enable him to live respectably, and, at the same time, to support a venerable father, whom age had rendered unfit for the cares and bustles of the world. Why Frank had fixed his residence in so secluded a situation, I know not ; but, even shut out from the world, as he literally was, his name was not long destined to remain in obscurity. His drawings had already attracted the attention of more than one leading member of his profession—fame spoke loudly in his praise—and fortune seemed smiling with propitious ray on the destinies of the young painter. Letter after letter arrived, offering him advantageous engagements under the first masters in the metropolis, but all offers were speedily, yet courteously, rejected. The village had too forcible ties on his affections. There was his grey-headed father wearing out the little remnant of his days in the unutterable sweetness of solitude—and solitude, be it remembered, is not less soothing to old age than bustle and merriment is invigorating to youth ; and there, too, was another tie. Frank Wilkie did, indeed, love Rose Clinton ! He had not, however, made a confession of his passion ; but no one could mistake his object. He and Rose were partners at all the village festivities—they wandered, arm-in-arm, through the shady groves on

an evening—they smiled together—sang together—in short, they did every thing that young people generally do under such circumstances ; consequently, every body believed them sacredly plighted to each other ; and gossiping old maids (plague take them !) even went so far as to name the day of the wedding, and a dozen other attendant et ceteras.

“ Rose,” said Frank, after they had separated from their companions, “ I have a question to ask you, but you must first promise me that you will not be angry ?”

“ Why need I promise you that, did you ever find me so very naughty, Frank ?” replied Rose, anticipating, from the embarrassed manner of her companion, what would be the result of his interrogation.

“ No, dear Rose, no ! but I have never ventured to ask you such a question before.”

“ Well, I promise you, unless it should be something very bad, I will not be angry.”

“ Then,” said Frank, placing his arm round her well-formed waist, and looking inquiringly in her eyes, “ Will you love me, Rose ?”

Rose was silent.

“ Will you give me your hand ? Will you ”—

“ La, Frank, how can you be so ridiculous ?” replied Rose, suddenly interrupting him, “ we are too young even to think of such a thing.”

“ No, no ! Youth is the season of love ; and wedlock without love is rarely productive of any thing but misery and trouble.”

“ Well, Frank, if I grant you all this to be correct, there is yet another obstacle—I am poor, and poverty, you know, is a bitter foe to love.”

“ Rose, I am also poor, in the worldly acceptation of the word, nevertheless I am enabled, by honest industry, to reap a sufficient provision for the necessaries, though not the luxuries, of life. I would, for your sake, I had been born to a luckier fortune.”

“ Nay, repine not, Frank ; I would rather share the small wages of honest industry than the countless riches of oppression !”

“ Come, then, why not say you will be mine ? Give me your promise !”

“ That is impossible ; you must first ask my mother, and should she give you her consent, why, then, I perhaps may—may think about it !”

The youthful couple now hastened merrily towards the village, and by the time they had reached Mrs. Clinton’s cottage, Rose had entirely forgotten the prediction of Sybil Murrian.

Mrs. Clinton was a very good, though a singular, woman. She had naturally a powerful understanding, united to an ardent and sanguine temper, ever craving, as such tempers generally do, some new art or science on which to indulge its wayward fancies. She had seen just sufficient of the fashionable world to be disgusted with its vanities and hypocrisies ; more especially with the foibles and the coquetry of many of her own sex. She looked upon candour and decision in woman as we are taught to look upon bravery and humanity in man—as

two of the first traits of the human character—nor had she failed to impress these sentiments on the mind of her daughter.

Since the time Mrs. Clinton had taken up her residence in Harewood, her leisure hours had been devoted to general reading and the study of botany, in which science she was no mean scholar, as the arrangement of her neat little garden very clearly testified. A sweeter little paradise I never remember having seen; there was something so calm and tranquil, too, in its situation, that it would have been impossible not to admire it; but above all I used to love the little jessamine bower, where, after I became acquainted with the family, I have sat reading for two or three hours together. It was the very place to peruse the soft thrilling minstrelsy of Cowper—nature there appeared in its calmest, sweetest repose. In this very bower Frank Wilkie and Rose found Mrs. Clinton on their arrival at the cottage. I was present at the time, and never do I remember Rose looking so lovely, so transcendently beautiful as at that moment. A soft crimson blush suffused her fair cheeks and forehead, over which her bright auburn ringlets, damped by the evening air, fell in a careless yet becoming negligence; but, above all, there was a master charm in her bright hazel eyes, now brightly glowing with the first beams of virtuous love. Oh, how I blessed that sweet girl as I sat with my eyes rivetted on her fair form, little thinking, alas! that I should ever live to see— But I must proceed: trouble ever comes too soon upon us, therefore, let us not anticipate it before it really arrives. Affable and courteous were the greetings between Mrs. Clinton and young Wilkie, the former, as a matter of course, mildly thanking him for his kind attention to her daughter, little suspecting at the time the true intention of Frank's visit, who, let me observe, like most other men in love, appeared to less advantage than usual. I know not how it is, but the tender passion has invariably a strange effect on *mankind*—they become restless, fretful, and dissatisfied with every body and every thing save the *one* enchanting idol.

"Certainly, Mrs. Clinton, you have displayed much taste in the selection of your plants and flowers," observed Frank, as the fair lady directed his attention to some particular specimens which had cost her more than ordinary trouble.

"Then, pray, tell me which of all my flowers you most admire?" This was said with a little vanity, for Mrs. Clinton with all her good sense was, beyond all doubt, vain of her superior knowledge of botany.

"Really, Mrs. Clinton, this is a difficult question to answer; your geraniums are so very fine; your balsams so very rare; but, then, your roses are so rich, so uncommonly beautiful! oh! they are my favourites decidedly!" and a smile here lit up the countenance of the speaker, who turned his bright eyes slyly towards Miss Clinton, as though he would have added, "You, love, are the sweetest Rose of all."

Foreseeing, as I imagined, the wishes of our young artist, I immediately offered my arm to Rose; and, after making a slight apology for departing, retired with her to the cottage, leaving Mrs. Clinton and Frank Wilkie still wandering in the garden. Supper was at last announced—Poor Rose! I shall never forget her agitation at that

moment; nor the piercing glance of her inquiring eye, as her mother and Frank, after being summoned by the maid servant, entered the room where we were seated. But a moment, and her confusion was over; the happy smile with which Frank handed her to a chair cleared all doubts. Mrs. Clinton had consented!

After this night Frank became a regular visitor at the cottage; and in less than three months the bridal day was appointed, the dresses ordered, and little Susan Grey bespoken as bridesmaid. Oh! it was a sweet yet a melancholy time? I never see preparations for a bridal but I am sure to feel a strange childish weakness; I have often schooled myself for giving way to this foolish feeling. Foolish did I say? No, no; it is not foolish. Who can, unmoved, behold a fair young creature, all happiness, gaiety, and love, preparing to leave the friends of her childhood, and the home of her infancy; where everything, even to the flowers in the window-sill, awaken some sweet remembrance in her memory, and form some tie on her affections; to enter on a new life, a sea of inexpressible peace or interminable storm; building her hopes solely on one idolized object, whom death might sever from her side for ever—and this, too, ere she has turned from the altar.

"Well, my dear Rose," said Susan Grey, as she bounded gaily into the cottage, the morning before the wedding was to take place, "I am so glad. What do you think? But, la! what nonsense for me to ask such a question; how is it likely you can think about anything but love, or any body but dear Frank Wilkie?"

"What a plague you are, Susan," replied Rose, "but I shall live to see you in a similar situation to myself, and then—"

"You'll plague me in return, eh? No, no, Rose, you will be an old married woman then, and instead of tormenting me with jokes, you'll be worrying me with advice. 'Now, Susan, you should think seriously—you should do so and so.' Yes! that's the way; I know very well how it will be."

"Well, but, my dear Susan?"

"Now don't interrupt me! Though, by-the-by, Rose," continued the little lively creature, happening to turn her eyes towards a small side-table on which was carefully placed Rose's bridal bonnet, as it had arrived from the milliner's that very morning, "that is the prettiest bonnet I ever saw; you will look so charming!"

"Not half so charming as yourself, Susan; and I shouldn't be at all surprised if Harry Forrester were to make you an offer."

"Oh! I don't like Harry Forrester; he won't do for me, Rose. But, la! here I keep chatter, chatter, chatter, and forgot to tell you what makes me so happy this morning. My brother Fred. will be at your wedding."

"What! has he returned from Spain?"

"Yes, Rose, he arrived last night, and he does look so well in his regimentals; but, then, he is so spoiled with those ugly moustachios—oh, they are horrid!"

"Is he alone, Susan?"

"Alone! no, indeed, he has brought with him a Mr. Harry Vernon—such a wretch! (though he's Fred.'s friend, by-the-by.) He does

nothing but smoke cigars, take snuff, drink brandy and water, and swear between almost every sentence he utters. He is such a horrid bore, Rose, you cannot think ; how Fred. endures him I cannot possibly conceive !”

“ Oh ! he has some good quality or other, or your brother would not have made his acquaintance. You are too hasty, my dear girl.”

“ Well, well, probably I am ; but you know, Rose, if a man does happen to possess a superior knowledge of any particular science, it does not follow that he should render himself ridiculous, much less disgusting, in his *general* behaviour. And between you and I, dear Rose, I think Fred. will prove none the better for his wanderings ; but I am a giddy girl ; and, as you say, perhaps form my opinions too hastily.”

Mrs. Clinton here entered the room, when this desultory conversation was brought to a premature close, or in all probability it might have been continued for an hour longer, as Susan Grey inherited in no slight degree the volubility of her sex.

This was a busy day at the cottage—and while the ladies were attending to the folding of gloves, bride’s-cake, &c. &c., Frank Wilkie and I were busily arranging with postboys, and the other necessary attendants. The happy couple were to spend the honeymoon in London, with an old bachelor uncle of Frank’s who resided near the Green Park ; and, as little Susan Grey was to accompany them, this excursion was looked forward to by all with high anticipations of pleasure. I often now think of that eventful day with mingled feelings of joy and bitterness !

The wedding morning arrived ; and a more lovely morning I have seldom witnessed. “ Blessed is the bride that the sun shines on !” thought I, when a couple of carriages, each drawn by a pair of grey horses, drove up to the garden gate—while the merry little birds in the cottage aviary poured forth a torrent of melody, as a happy omen to their young mistress. In little more than half an hour the ceremony was concluded !

“ She is thine, the word is spoken,
Hand to hand, and heart to heart ;
These are ties should ne’er be broken,
Nought but death should ever part.”

The bridal party breakfasted with their friends at the cottage ; and afterwards, accompanied by Susan Grey (the prettiest and sweetest bridesmaid I ever met with) started for London.

Frederick Grey and his friend Harry Vernon were present at the wedding !

Harry Vernon was decidedly a man of the town, acquainted with all the follies and vices of the great metropolis—he had lived amongst them from his childhood, and few men had quaffed deeper of the cup than he had done ; yet experience, instead of teaching him wisdom, had only served to make him a more confirmed reprobate. How Frederick Grey first became so intimately acquainted with him I am at a loss to imagine, for I have known the time when he would have

shrunk from such a man with horror and disgust ; but now, he appeared to make him his bosom friend, and ever proved himself ready to sanction and applaud his most ribald and obscene jests.

The bridal party, on arriving in London, was courteously welcomed by Lieutenant Heartall (Frank's uncle) to his mansion in the Green Park. The Lieutenant was a plain, rough, honest-hearted sailor—Frank had long been his favourite, and, having no nearer relative, he had determined in his own mind to make him his sole heir—a situation many might have envied. A long acquaintance with the world had given him a good knowledge of the human character, and he was not long in discovering the high mental qualities of his new relative, the fair bride, who, like her husband, soon won a prominent place in his affections. He was her constant *chaperon* at all the public amusements, and many a young gallant turned an anxious and admiring eye on his fair charge, who looked on every thing in the busy metropolis with wonder and amazement.

"Frank, you are a lucky dog, Frank," said old Heartall to his nephew, one afternoon when they were left alone in the dining room, "such a woman is worth a kingdom !"

"I am glad, uncle, you approve so highly of my choice."

"Ay, I remember your poor mother when she was just such a sweet young creature—God bless her!—Rose will make you a good wife, Frank, if you only take care of her ; but remember, my boy, a wife's conduct is materially influenced by the conduct of her husband. She is as tight a little craft as ever sailed on the ocean of life ; and, I warrant, her little heart will fearlessly brave every storm for your sake. Take good care of her, Frank."

"That I shall do, uncle. To win and then to neglect, or trifle with the affections of a woman, is criminal in all men, but in me it would be doubly so. Rose, though herself in humble circumstances, had offers of marriage far superior to mine in a pecuniary view ; but she rejected them all—to share the fate of a poor but, I think I may say, an honest artist."

"Honest ! poor !" repeated the lieutenant, "d— poor ! you shall not be poor any longer, Frank—no, you shall settle in London, your old father shall come and live with you, and as long as I've a crown in my purse, half of it shall be at your service."

"You are too generous, uncle," said Frank, in astonishment at the lieutenant's liberal offers.

"Avast there, my boy, my time's nearly run out ; a few years more and what use will all the riches in the world be to me ? No, no ; you shall share them with me while I live, and when I die, Frank, you shall have them all to use as you think proper."

Frank, more astonished than before, warmly grasped the lieutenant by the hand, and inarticulately uttered, "Dear uncle, how shall I prove my gratitude ?"

"By honouring the tars of your country ! and by being charitable to the poor. Riches are given to us, Frank, not for our own use alone, but for the use of our fellow-creatures ; we hold them in trust one for another. But come, my boy ———"

"Yes, indeed, I think 'tis time to come, lieutenant," said little Susan Grey, rushing suddenly into the room, "you must have forgotten that the new piece, at the English Opera, comes on to-night."

"New piece—English Opera!" repeated the lieutenant.

"Yes, new—piece!" cried Susan, playfully mimicking him, "don't you remember a certain gentleman promising two certain ladies that he would accompany them to the English Opera House to-night?"

"Zounds and the dev—! (I beg pardon, love!) it had clearly escaped my memory, but I'll be ready to attend you in the twirling of a hand-spike."

"That's a dear, good old man!"

"Where is Rose, Susan?"

"Oh! busy dressing.—She's going to wear the new blonde scarf you purchased for her yesterday; she will look so smart; and you must know she does so love it, and all because you gave it her—but, la! if I let my giddy tongue run on at this rate we shall all be too late for the opera.—Now do be quick."

When the party arrived at the theatre, the drama had already commenced; and the house, being crowded in almost every corner, it was with some difficulty they reached the box the lieutenant had previously selected for their use. They were, however, successful; and, unaccustomed as Rose and her fair companion had been to such scenes of gaiety and merriment, no one in the smiling circle appeared to enjoy the humour of the piece more than themselves. The curtain at last dropped, and *Peake* (rare, ever-green *Peake*!) was once more proclaimed a successful author! At this moment, the box door was suddenly thrown open, and to the utter astonishment of all, in rushed Frederick Grey and Harry Vernon.

"Why, what in the name of wonder, brings you here so suddenly?" said Susan Grey to her brother.

"Misfortune, dear Susan, misfortune. We are the bearers of sad news; poor old Wilkie—"

"What of him, sir, pray tell me!" cried Frank, happening to overhear the last few words, "is he ill? is he dead?"

"No, no, not dead, no, no,—but don't distress yourself—"

"Pray then, sir, tell me the worst?"

"He is ill, very ill! Immediately after your departure from Harewood, he had a severe attack of paralysis, and—and, in short, if you would see him alive the sooner you leave town the better."

This sudden announcement fell like a thunderbolt on the hearts of all present. After a brief consultation, it was agreed that young Wilkie should start for the country that very night; and, that no time might be lost, his fair bride and her friend Susan were to remain in London under the protection of the lieutenant. A cab was immediately called, and after bidding all a brief but painful good-bye, Frank started for the *Belle Sauvage*—the little party immediately afterwards rising to leave the theatre. Frederick Grey, who had been cunningly watching his opportunity, courteously offered his arm to Rose; who, lost in sorrowful abstraction at the fatal events of the last few moments, readily accepted it, and was hurried, unconsciously to the colonnade, where Harry Vernon had a carriage in waiting into which she was

placed before the lieutenant and Susan had time to observe their movements. In a moment more the carriage was rapidly rolling over the pavement, and the mourning bride, unsuspectingly, hastening from the metropolis. From the first moment of Harry Vernon's beholding Rose, he had secretly plotted her ruin, and aided by his fellow-reprobate, they had thus wickedly devised the tale of old Wilkie's illness to obtain their ends.

* * * * *

It was morning, and the little sea-port town of Boulogne presented a scene of bustle and merriment. The fishermen returning with their cargoes, the old bathing women hastening to perform their daily labours, and the smiling nurserymaids, with their rosy children, rambling about the piers, presented a scene at once imposing and cheerful. Yet there was one who looked from the casement of a little cottage on the cliff, with weeping eyes and downcast heart—this one was the deceived Rose Wilkie. It was but a few days since she had wandered through the gay scenes of London, cheerful, healthy, and contented—and now, alas! she stood pale, trembling, and bowed down with misery and despair.

Her betrayers had conveyed her to her present abode, direct from the metropolis; and she was at once a stranger and a prisoner. Harry Vernon was standing near her, trying with cunning art to win her to forgetfulness.

"Come, come, Rose, 'tis a shame to see so sweet a face as yours overcast with sorrow—smile—be happy—"

"What, sir," answered Rose, with a bitter sigh, "can you bid me smile—bid me be happy—you, who have thus cruelly betrayed me—you who have robbed me of all that is dear to me on earth—and now, to complete your barbarous victory, would have me yield myself up a shameless victim of debauchery. Happy! never, sir, 'till you restore me to the arms of my husband, shall I again know what it is to be happy!"

"Your husband, pooh, pooh! you must forget him—come, come, Rose, Harry Vernon will love you better than Frank Wilkie."

"Sir, add not insult to insult. Oh! as you hope for forgiveness of your sins at the hands of your Creator—spare me—save me!"

"Rose Wilkie, let me have no more of this: you are here—and here you must remain; I have risked much for your sake, and think not I shall now let you return to him whom time and change of scenery will shortly teach you to forget. Come, come, remember you are in my power—give me your love—your—"

"Love! Oh, sir, you know little of woman's heart, or you would have spared me this. No, sir, sooner could I love the meanest, poorest wretch on the face of the whole globe than such a mean, abject thing as you, who hold virtue as a mere marketable commodity—and can coolly rob a peaceful family of its earthly happiness."

"Rose!"

"Stop me not, sir! for, let me tell you, if I am in your power, I will not calmly give myself up to your dominion. You are a disgrace, sir, to the uniform you wear—it is your place to protect and shield, not to deceive and betray, your countrywomen! Oh, sir, if you at all

value your honour, which should be as dear to a soldier as his existence, convey me at once to my husband!"

"Honour! talk not to me of honour—'tis a mere by-word for children to sport with. Love! love! shall be our theme, dear Rose!"

Frederick Grey here entered the room, when Rose, falling at his knees, thus earnestly besought his protection:—

"Frederick Grey, you have deceived me—you have betrayed me into the hands of a bad man—but oh! if you have one spark of pity left within your bosom, in atonement for your past errors, now shield and protect me. Oh, Frederick, little did I think when we were children together that you would ever act thus—little did I think, when we played together on the green of our native village, that I should ever live to see the day when you would be the first to ruin and destroy me! Remember, Frederick, you have a sister, a fair, good girl, and if not for my own, for her sake, save me. Oh! picture her to yourself in my place!"

Frederick Grey here turned away, evidently touched by the artless appeal.

"What, you pity me, Frederick; you already repent having brought me to this situation! Well, well, restore me once more to the protection of Frank Wilkie, and I will forgive you—yes, Frederick, I will bless you—pray for you!"

Harry Vernon attentively observing the change which the last few moments had wrought in the heart of his companion, at once determined to bring the scene to a conclusion—and, taking Frederick Grey by the arm, he hurried him from the apartment, leaving their miserable victim in solitude to mourn over her misfortunes.

Of all the crimes that darken the pages of iniquity, there is not one, perhaps, more odious in itself, or more baneful in its consequences, than seduction. Murder even gives way before it; for the blood-thirsty murderer at once plunges his weapon to the heart of his victim, and thus closes the scene of his own villainy and the sufferings of his fellow-creature. But the cunning, artful seducer, merely for the sake of gratifying his own sensual and depraved appetites, slowly implants the venomous stings of misery in the bosom of his hapless victim; he sees her sinking daily before his eyes, and is but awakened to a sense of his guilt when her cold, inanimate corpse lies stretched on the bed of death. The ruin rests not here—the curses of the widower and the agonizing cries of the fatherless, too frequently add to the enormity of the crime.

Frank Wilkie, on reaching the village of Harewood, soon discovered how grossly and inhumanly he had been imposed upon; but alas! he knew not the worst. Could he at that moment have seen his poor distressed wife in a strange land, surrounded as she was by characters deeply skilled in the darkest crimes to which human nature is prone, he would certainly have been driven to madness. As it was, he was in a state of agony more easily to be conceived than described. As it will readily be supposed, his first thoughts were immediately to return to London, and there to demand of Frederick Grey and his friend Vernon an explanation of their unaccountable conduct.

He started for the metropolis as early as circumstances would per-

mit ; and the anticipation of again meeting his dear Rose tempted him for a moment to forget the insult he had received. Within a quarter of an hour after his arrival in Ludgate Hill, he was quickly tracing his way through the Green Park towards the mansion of the lieutenant, where he shortly became acquainted with the fatal tidings.

“ Alas ! to the heart that is rent,
What nostrums can soundness restore ?
Or what, to the bow overbent,
The spring which it carried before.

The lieutenant's tale was soon told. After he and Susan Grey discovered that Rose had been carried off, every means had been resorted to, to discover the place of her captivity, but in vain. They had not been able to obtain a single incident on which they might build the slightest hope.

Thus day after day passed on ; and days at last gave place to weeks, and still no tidings came to hand. Poor Susan Grey no longer remained the lively, happy little creature she was wont to be ; her fair cheek had now lost its brightness, and her dark piercing eyes were seldom free from tears. She wandered about like one bereft of her senses—lonely and disconsolate ! The friend of her childhood, whom she had loved more than a sister, had been betrayed—ruined by her own brother ! Her brother no longer ; he had now forfeited all title to her affection ; and if there was one man she loathed on earth—one man whom she would have had placed in the hands of justice, it was he. Yes (though such a thought would once have filled her with horror and despair), she would now have gladly come forward as his accuser.

We must now pass over a period of twelve months.

It was a dark, gloomy night in December ; and the snow, which had fallen in large flakes during the day, completely covered the cold streets of Boulogne, which were only enlivened by a stray passenger, now and then seen hastening to his abode. Many a cottage presented a cheerless and poverty-stricken appearance, but not one might be compared to the miserable home of the unfortunate Rose Wilkie. She still remained an unwilling tenant of the little house on the cliff, where we last parted with her, but it was no longer calculated to afford comfort or protection, every article of furniture of any value having been disposed of, and the money applied to the extravagances of its owner, Harry Vernon, who had now become a perfect adept in all sorts of villainy.

Any one who had seen Rose on her wedding morning would not have recognised her at this time. From a pretty, gay, light-hearted girl, she had become a haggard, care-worn woman, bowed down with trouble and misfortune—no longer worthy of him she had so long and so sacredly loved, and for whom she would have willingly laid down her life. She had not a single hope—her ruin was now effected, and the fiend, Vernon, left to triumph in his victory. Pale and haggard, she lay stretched on a bundle of straw in a dark corner of the room, anxiously listening for every approaching footstep, while the hectic flush, which, at times, kept flashing over her sunken cheeks, proclaimed her the victim of a wasting fever. The long, dreary night

passed over, and still no foot crossed the threshold of her cottage; and Rose, worn out with watching, had just fallen into a calm slumber, when the door was hastily thrown open, and Frederick Grey stood by her side, his cheeks pale as the newly-fallen snow, and his lips bloodless and quivering.

"Where is Vernon, Frederick?" said Rose, indistinctly. "Why did he not bring me food, as he promised—cruel—cruel—Vernon—but may—"

"Hold, Rose, do not curse him—poor Vernon—Oh! God—such a sight—mangled—bloody—"

"Frederick Grey, what more trouble do you come to heap upon me—tell me all—my cup of misery is full!"

"Rose Wilkie—I am driven to distraction—I have been a villain, and shall come to a villain's end. But I must be gone—here, take my purse—return to your husband—you are now free—Vernon is—is dead—murdered! Oh! God—God—my brain will split. Rose, farewell, do not curse me!"

Without uttering another word, Frederick Grey rushed from the apartment, and immediately started on his road for Paris. The last sentence, so full of mystery and dark forebodings, struck heavily on the heart of the distressed mourner, who, uttering a faint shriek, fell back on her straw couch in a swoon, from which it was long ere she recovered. And when that recovery at last took place, the change which had overspread her whole countenance, too clearly showed the fatal consequences which were likely rapidly to ensue. The past seemed like a dream—strangely mysterious. Janet (an old domestic who had been her constant attendant since her arrival in Boulogne) was now her only support—and she watched over the fair ruin with more care and anxiety, than could have been expected from a woman of her debased character.

The morning following that on which Frederick Grey had so suddenly departed, brought the whole affair to light. The following paragraph appeared in ——— newspaper.

Fatal Quarrel.—As three gentlemen were leaving a noted gambling house, in the ——— about six o'clock, yesterday morning, a quarrel arose between two of them, respecting some dispute which had taken place during the previous evening. After much altercation, we understand, one gentleman imputed to the other (an Italian, of whose name we are in ignorance) an act of dishonesty, when the latter, in a state of frenzy, drew forth his stiletto and immediately fleshed it to the hilt in the bosom of his opponent, who expired almost instantaneously. The unfortunate victim was a British officer, of the name of Vernon, who has, for the last twelve months, been a constant, and mostly an unfortunate visitor at the house before mentioned. The third gentleman, like the murderer, has taken good care to effect his escape, and it is supposed he is now on his way to join the Spanish legion, under Don Carlos."

This paragraph, as it will readily be imagined, not only went the round of the Parisian, but also of the London press, and Frank Wilkie was amongst its readers. A week had passed over since this fatal occurrence took place, and Rose had evidently been wearing gradually

away during the whole of that period. The contents of the purse which she had received from Frederick Grey were also nearly finished, and hunger and distress soon threatened to add to her already lamentable condition.

"Oh, Janet," said she, one morning, when she awoke from her broken slumber, "I have dreamt such a dream. Methought I was carried back to my native village, and there was my mother, and poor Susan Grey, and Frank Wilkie—dear, dear Frank! all so happy; and I, even I, Janet, was happy, very happy, for they all loved me as they used to do. Yes, yes, and Frank told me I should be his wife—his, only his! And then I thought it was my wedding day, and we were all so cheerful, and—but alas! Janet, it is only a dream. I am in misery, in a foreign land, dishonoured and disregarded—there is no one to love me now—Janet—no, not one. Yet heaven knows I—I am blameless—I am innocent. Poor Frank, could I but see him—see him for a moment to obtain his last blessing, I could die happily. Oh! my poor heart—ache—ache—"

"Nay, nay, madam, you will soon be better; do not weep."

"Better! Janet—yes, in heaven. I feel, I know, I shall there be better, but never again on earth. No! I have partaken too deeply of the cup of misery, ever again to revel in the sunshine of contentment and happiness. Yet, Janet, I was happy once—oh, yes, very happy—and it was hard to be cast down so soon—so young—so cruelly—but—but God forgive them! Hark! hark! did you not hear?"

"What, pray, madam?"

"A footstep—there—there again—listen! Ah! 'tis my husband's."

Rose uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor, as the door slowly opened, and Frank Wilkie and Susan Grey entered the miserable cottage. What were their feelings at this moment, it would be impossible for pen to describe. It was some time ere Rose showed the slightest symptom of returning sensibility; and when at last a slight change was observable, it was so faint that it was feared her reason had been impaired. Her husband sat with her pale thin hand firmly grasped within his own, watching, with breathless anxiety, every little alteration in her countenance. She at last opened her dark eyes, and resting them fondly on those of Frank Wilkie, faintly murmured, "Frank, will you not kiss me?"

Poor Frank, mad with despair, immediately pressed her cold lips closely to his own, when a smile, such as is shed by a lingering sunbeam over the dark waste of night, instantly lit up her once lovely cheek, and with a strong effort, she breathed her last few words:

"Frank, husband! (yes, you are still my husband,) God bless you! We shall meet in heaven. Fare—farewell—"

All was now over. Rose Wilkie was no more!

Reader, would you know more of Frank Wilkie, let this suffice; he is still living, and resides at present in the house his old uncle, the lieutenant, used to occupy in London, and no artist of the present day enjoys greater popularity or is more deservedly respected. He is still a widower; and will, I am fully persuaded, ever remain so. I often now see him weep like a child over the portrait of his first love, and often, too, hear him exclaim: "Poor Rose! there was but one

Rose in the world! And alas! as Sybil Murrian predicted, '*A dark fate was hers.*'" Mrs. Clinton and the lieutenant have both been laid at rest in their last homes—the grave! And for Susan Grey, she is Susan Grey no more, but Mrs. ———, the wife of a rich city merchant of that name; and a better wife or a kinder mother, it would be difficult to meet with. What has become of her reprobate brother no one knows. He has never been heard of since his departure from Boulogne.

HOURS WITH THE POETS.

WHAT a charm there is in poetry! It soothes the spirit, delights with its ethereal nature, and elevates with aspirations after the noble and the beautiful. It introduces into a new existence; or rather, appealing to the most exalted portion of our nature, it draws forth, raises, and refines it. Luxuriating in the delights it offers us, we throw aside in forgetfulness the low, earthly, common-place of our nature, and mind, and spirit-feeling, predominate over matter and insensibility. Oh! with poesie, and an hour in which to enjoy it, little we heed the sneers of the prosaic—the despisers of feeling—the stigmatisers of nature and nature's loveliness. Little do we envy their apathy—blessed apathy! that assimilates them so nearly to the grade of creation next, in the descending scale, to man, by giving to the most degrading portion of their nature pre-eminence over the noblest.

What a charm (we repeat) there is in poetry! Listen to L. E. L. whose very soul was poetry:—

"This is the charm of poetry: it comes
On sad, perturbed moments; and its thoughts,
Like pearls amid the troubled waters, gleam.
That which we garnered in our eager youth,
Becomes a long delight in after years:
'The mind is strengthened, and the heart refreshed
By some old memory of gifted words,
That bring sweet feelings answering to our own,
Or dreams that waken some more lofty mood
Than dwelleth with the common-place of life."

And now, as we sit in our solitary "*sanctum*," surrounded by the memorials of gifted spirits—records of some, whose names are well-trumpeted by immortal Fame, and whose breathings are dear to every true lover of the beautiful and the pure—intermingled with others which the world has never seen—the first poetical outbursts of some young and ardent spirits, whose tender sensitiveness has not yet been blunted by contact with this working-day world, and whose ardour and enthusiasm have not been damped by its coldness—and as our eye glances over these records of deep, pure, passionate feeling, and glowing thought, surely *our* "mind is strengthened," and *our* "heart refreshed;" and these gifted words surely waken in us a "more lofty mood than dwelleth with the common-place of life."

Are you incredulous? Doubt you the power of these sweet words of poesie? Oh! come, read with us, and say, is not your own spirit

touched, and are not your best feelings awakened? They are—they must be surely, if the blood of a gentle humanity flows in your veins.

Here, we offer first some of the poetical breathings of one, whose delicate feelings and whose gentle spirit met with little from the world but frowns and unkindness. Well, however, was he beloved by the Spirit of Deity, if, as the poet fondly imagined, “The favourite of the Gods dies early.” Well did we know him in years gone by, and many a tear has the memory of his early sleep in the quietude of the undisturbed tomb called forth from these eyes. But what avail tears *now*? He is at rest. Peace to his ashes!

“LOVE NEVER SLEEPS!”*

“‘Love never sleeps!’ The mother’s eye
Bends o’er her dying infant’s bed,
And as she marks the moments fly,
While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart;—‘Love never sleeps.’

Yet even that sad and drooping form
Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
O’erburdened nature sinks to rest;
But o’er them both another keeps
His midnight watch;—‘Love never sleeps.’

Around, above, the angel bands
Lean o’er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes, and eager hands,
They raise the soul to peace again.
Free as the light their pity sweeps
The tide of time. ‘Love never sleeps.’

Around, beneath, and over all,
O’er men and angels, earth and heaven,
Another bends; the slightest call
Is answered, and relief is given:
In hours of gloom, when sorrow steeps
The heart in woe,—He ‘never sleeps.’

Oh, God of Love! our eyes to thee,
Tired of the world’s false radiance, turn;
And while we view thy purity,
We feel our hearts within us burn,
Convinced that in the lowest deeps
Of human ill,—‘Love never sleeps!’”

Lay aside that manuscript, and look at this volume of “Willis’s Loiterings of Travel.” Tell us if any language, save that of gentle poesie, could have conveyed half as sweetly the sentiments of this scrap. The traveller, remember, after a long absence from the home of his childhood, is returning with the bride of his heart, and thus addresses his only parent in the prospect of being again welcomed home by her. The lines are entitled “Homeward-bound,” and are dated from the “English Channel, May, 1836.”

* Never before published.

" Dear mother ! when our lips can speak,
 When first our tears will let us see,
 When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
 And thou with thy dear eyes on me,
 'Twill be a pastime little sad,
 To mark what weight Time's heavy fingers,
 Upon each other may have had,
 For all may flee while *feeling* lingers.
 But there's a change, beloved mother !
 To stir far deeper thoughts of thine.—
 I come—but with me comes another
 To share the heart once only mine !
 Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
 One star arose in memory's heaven,—
 Thou, who hast watched *one* treasure only—
 Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
 Room in thy heart ! *The home she left*
 Is darkened to lend light to ours,
 There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother, in thy heart—place for her in thy prayer !"

As we look around us, on these volumes that lie on our table, there are two thoughts that seem very forcibly to suggest themselves ; the one is, that our age, England's Victorian era, is peculiarly distinguished by the numerous and talented female writers of whom we can boast. Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., Mary Howitt, Caroline Bowles (we beg the dear lady's pardon, Mrs. Southey), and many others, have afforded us many an hour's pure pleasure, which we here record with gratitude. But the second thought, and "second thoughts," they tell us, "are best;" the second thought is, that if we are to glance into, and read parts of, all these volumes, more than one uninteresting extension of the muscles of the face will be effected before we close. But fair and softly, dear reader, we will not perpetrate such enormities at one sitting—or detain you too long—but if you tire of us—wish us "gude e'en" and go to bed. However, look at this of Mrs. Hemans's, and say is it not sweet :—

" ANGELS' CALLS.

' Hark ! they whisper ! angels say
 Sister spirit, come away !
 Come to the land of peace !
 Come, where the tempest hath no longer sway,
 The shadow passes from the soul away,
 The sounds of weeping cease !
 Fear hath no dwelling there !
 Come to the mingling of repose and love,
 Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
 Through the celestial air !
 Come to the bright and blest,
 And crowned for ever ! 'midst that shining band,
 Gathered from Heaven's own wreath from every land,
 Thy spirit shall find rest !

Thou hast been long alone :
 Come to thy mother ! on the sabbath shore,
 The heart that rocked thy childhood, back once more
 Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left :
 Come to thy sisters ! joyously again
 All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
 Shall greet their long-bereft !

Over thine orphan head
 The storm hath swept, as o'er a willow's bough :
 Come to thy father ! It is finished now ;
 Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode
 Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
 And, oh ! bright victory ! death by love no place !
 Come, spirit, to thy God !"

Reverting, for a moment, to L. E. L.—what an interest and a mystery is there associated with her brief life and early death ! What a touching, saddening strain of melancholy pervades her spirit-breathings, and what a shade of sorrow seems to dwell over her history ! Disappointment and earth-sickness must have been her lot, and surely the epitaph which marks the final resting place of our friend John Keats, would not be inappropriate if inscribed over her quiet tomb : "*Here lies one whose name was written in water.*" Turn to her writings. Read,—

" Oh ! she had yet the task to learn,
 How often woman's heart must turn
 To feed upon its own excess
 Of deep, yet passionate tenderness !
 How much of grief the heart must prove,
 That yields a sanctuary to love !"

Have you read her " Ethel Churchill ?" If not, read it just to see what a dark scene life presents to some gazers—to mark what an overburdened heart some of your fellow-pilgrims have, as they traverse scenes which to your eye may present a flowery appearance—roses without thorns ; like beautiful serpents—lovely in semblance—while the deadly venom which makes them fearful, is unobserved.

Look at this ; it is the motto at the head of one of the chapters :—

" My heart is filled with bitter thoughts,
 My eyes would fain shed tears ;
 I have been thinking upon past,
 And upon future years.
 Years past ! why should I stir the depths
 Beneath their troubled stream ?
 And years that are as yet to come,
 Of them I dread to dream !
 Yet wherefore pause upon our way ?
 'Tis best to hurry on :
 For half the dangers that we fear,
 We face them, and they're gone."

But we promised to try not to tire you. If you are not quite wearied,

perhaps you will the more readily accompany us again and spend another "Hour with the Poets." Many are there who invite us, and we are not disposed to turn a deaf ear to their invitations. For the present, gentle and fair reader, we bid you "God speed," praying your forgiveness if we have detained you too long.

A. St. H.

THE QUIZZICAL LAWYER;

OR,

SUNDRY SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF JACOB SPYGLASS, ESQ.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

MONUMENTS have been raised, pictures painted, in commemoration of the great and noble deeds performed by men who have rightly been termed the "benefactors of their species." Most extraordinary then it is, that such an estimable character as Mr. Jacob Spyglass, who spends the whole of his time in endeavouring to make himself useful to his neighbours, should have been so long overlooked. In vain have we searched the newspapers for a notification, that a subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting his statue in Norbut Street, the scene of his praiseworthy labours; in vain have we looked down the table of contents of every new volume of poems for at least a sonnet addressed to him by some grateful author, whom he had preserved from the dreadful mischance of being obliged, some unfortunate night, to go to bed in the dark, owing to the felonious abstraction of the solitary inch of candle possessed by the luckless wooer of the muses; in vain did we search the catalogue of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy for at least a miniature of this truly great man—it appears to be the fashion to neglect him.

Finding, therefore, that neither the poet would sing his praises, nor the artist limn his features, we at last,—determined that merit, however humble, should not wither in neglect,—have taken up the pen, in order to rescue our worthy friend from the obscurity in which envy has enveloped him; and, showing his deservings in their true and radiant colours, enable the public to reward him according to his deserts.

Our respected friend, Mr. Jacob Spyglass, is in person a little thin man, four feet in length, and not much above half-a-foot in breadth. His nose, however, as if nature had wished to make up, in that feature, for the smallness of the rest of his body, is of a most disproportionate size, and of the genus which usually takes its name from that useful vegetable—a potato. His eyes are small, peering and *rather* bloodshot; while his mouth is so very little, that it is said, when a baby, his nurses had the greatest trouble in the world to feed him; an ordinary sized tea-spoon being much too large to have any chance of obtaining an admission into the tiny orifice. Hence it was a mercy, as his good old mother says, (who day after day, sits, with spectacles on nose, and Bible on knee, perched in a great arm chair, at the drawing-room window, amusing several little urchins, her grandchildren, with looking at the pictures contained in the bulky volume), that he was not starved; a doom which many of his enemies devoutly wish had over-

taken him. In his dress there is nothing peculiar, except that now and then it is rather shabby, occasioned, it is supposed, by the extreme paucity of those who avail themselves of Mr. Spyglass's legal abilities.

Mr. Spyglass has always devoted himself to one great object most eminently useful, from the pursuit of which the greatest difficulties have not been able to deter him. To do good to his neighbours, even against their wills, has ever been his maxim. Although he has frequently had to endure being termed by those unconscious or envious of his high worth, a "*troublesome busybody*," a "*meddling fool*," an "*old ass*," a "*squinting blockhead*," and sundry other epithets equally complimentary, yet has he, with the true spirit of the ancient martyrs, unswervingly persevered in what he conceives to be his duty, namely, early and late to watch out of his windows, whether the domestics of Norbut Street conduct themselves properly. And what makes this case all the more meritorious is the fact of its being self-imposed, he having merely undertaken it out of a pure and commendable desire to serve his neighbours. He was never desired—never requested to trouble his head about these matters, therefore his motives must be of the most disinterested character. Indeed his perfect disinterestedness will appear thoroughly astounding when we let the reader into the secret of his being a lawyer; but our friend has happily set himself free from those selfish considerations which sway many of his professional brethren.

It may be asked, why, since Mr. Spyglass is desirous of being useful, he does not turn his talents into a higher channel? It may be asked, why he does not turn his attention from the servants of the kitchen to the servants of the state, and prevent them from cheating their master, the much-duped public? But, no! Mr. Spyglass is content with an humblersphere. So long as he can inform the mistress of some luckless servant-maid giving away a pennyworth of cheese out of the house, he is content.

It cannot be supposed that Mr. Spyglass should be thoroughly appreciated by his neighbours. Where is the man who ever was? We have many other instances besides this of Mr. Spyglass, of the public disregarding their most useful men. *His* case is certainly a most damning one. Many of his neighbours think so little of the benefits he confers upon them, as to nickname him as before stated. But Mr. Spyglass is far above caring for such petty effusions of envy and spite—he still,

"Unmoved, though thunders peal and lightnings flash,"

pursues his course of usefulness. Good, worthy man! If liberals and political economists can boast of the millions they have, by their sponge-squeezing, pocket-screwing, desert-neglecting, genius-withering, thankless policy, "*saved*" the country, thou also canst boast, with full as good a face as they, and with quite as good a title to reward, of the many cheese-parings and candle-ends thou hast prevented servants from appropriating to their own use, or that of their friends.

However, notwithstanding his immense talents, Mr. Spyglass has sometimes found himself in awkward dilemmas. This fact, it must be owned by all intelligent persons (as for the rest, who cares for them?)

does not militate to his prejudice; for even the greatest and best of men are not free from misfortune. It is not, therefore, with any wish to caricature him, or improperly to show him up, that we now take the liberty of relating sundry of his sayings and doings; but merely out of a philanthropic desire to make the public acquainted with peculiar deservings, of which it is a shame they should have remained so long ignorant.

Once, upon a dull, murky, mizzling morning in November (the month when one-third of the English people are deliberating as to the propriety of buying a rope and hanging themselves, and would quickly do so, if they could but summon enough resolution to venture out into the desolate, slippery street to procure a yard or two of that useful commodity), our friend witnessed such an enormity, that, if he had concealed it, in peace he could not have died—he saw a supposed servant, at half-past six in the morning, absolutely give away a whole loaf to an old char-woman. Not that Mr. Spyglass was in the habit of rising so early, for indeed he was a little of a lie-a-bed; but happening by chance, on this said morning, by the especial request of his loving spouse, to pull aside the curtain which shrouded the window of his sleeping apartment, to ascertain the state of the weather, he then and there discerned the iniquitous occurrence. It would be in vain for us to attempt to describe how his blood boiled with indignation, when he perceived this abominable breach of trust on the part of the servant, since no words could adequately depict his emotions; suffice it to say, that this monstrous crime agonized his waking and sleeping thoughts, until a quarter past ten, his usual breakfast time. Hastily dispatching his coffee and toast, burning his throat with the former in his anxiety, he slammed on his hat, hind part before, and proceeded to the house of Mrs. Williams, the lady who had been so shamefully aggrieved by her servant. Giving a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door, it was quickly opened by the person whom he came to accuse. Darting at her a look, intended to wither and appal (a proper lawyer's look), he skipped into the passage and violently rubbed his feet on the mat, in order to give vent to his spare energy.

"So, so, madam," he began, "I've found you out, have I? 'Tis thus you repay kind treatment, is it? O shame! shame!"

"Sir!" said the other, in indignant astonishment.

"Aye!" continued Mr. Spyglass, giving vent to all the wrath which he had so long bottled up, and which now in the presence of the criminal, effervesced and banged like ginger beer; "things done in the dark are not always hid. Can you dare to show your face before an honest man, when you know that you have been robbing ——?"

"I robbing!" almost screamed the woman.

"Yes! robbing, shamefully robbing those who have trusted you, who feed you, who pay you, who do every thing for you! Don't you think that, if any one deserves punishment, you do?"

"Murder! Help! help!"

"You may bawl; but that we might not disturb our good neighbours, I'll take the liberty of shutting the street door!"

"Oh! oh!" screamed the woman, when she perceived Mr. Spyglass

put his design into execution, "here's a murderer in the house! Williams, come! bring the poker! any thing!"

"That's right! I want to see your mistress."

"Mistress, sir!" said the woman, "I have no mistress. O you scoundrel! Williams, why don't you come!"

"Your master, then," said Mr. Spyglass, with a most unlaywerlike disregard of terms.

As he thus spoke, a small, thin slip of humanity emerged from a dark staircase leading to the kitchen, dragging with some labour a ponderous kitchen-poker.

"You confounded coward, you!" cried the woman, addressing the little man and snatching the poker, "why didn't you come, you ass, before? but you'd like to see me murdered—you would! you would!"

Mr. Spyglass began to be a little daunted when he perceived the woman had commenced very martially to flourish the poker, bringing it into inconvenient proximity to his pate.

"Where's your master?" asked he of the little man.

"I have no master, but herself," was the reply.

"Now out with you—you scoundrel—you villain—you murderer—you blackguard!" bawled the woman, describing sundry circles in the air with the poker. "Williams, why don't you get the door open?—but you would like to see me murdered, you would! you would! You have hired this villain to murder me! Away with you, sir!" continued she, sweeping the poker within an inch of Mr. Spyglass's head, "unless you want a broken skull!"

"I want to see the mistress of the house!"

"Well! you do see her, sir—you see her, sir!—and I'll be mistress of it, yet, for many a long day, in spite of you, and *him*," replied the woman, turning the poker towards the little man, until its point almost touched the end of his nose; "although he would like to see me murdered—but I won't be murdered yet, for all the gang of you! so get out of *my* house, sir!"

A new light now burst all at once on the intellectual optics of Mr. Spyglass, and he saw he had made a sad mistake.

"I am afraid there has been some misapprehension here," said Mr. Spyglass in his blandest tones; "will you allow me to explain?"

"Well, sir!" said the lady, cautiously lowering her weapon of defence.

"You must know, madam," continued Mr. Spyglass, "that I saw a person giving away bread out of your house this morning, and I came——"

"That was I!" exclaimed the lady. "What, mustn't I give my own bread out of my own house, without being called a thief for it? This is all your contrivance, Williams, but I'll pay you for it—you see if I don't! Though I don't keep any servant, yet I brought all the money, and I won't be treated in this way—that I won't—that I won't!"

"My dear madam!" interposed our worthy friend.

"Dear enough, I dare be sworn! None of your flummery, sir—none of your flummery, sir! Williams, open the door, sir, this minute!"

Don't you hear? You know he won't hurt you, for you are both in a tale!"

The little man, creeping stealthily between his wife and Mr. Spyglass, timidly opened the door.

"And now, sir," said the lady, resolutely taking hold of Mr. Spyglass's shoulders, "if you won't go by fair means, you shall by foul! There, sir!—take that, sir!" cried she, giving Mr. Spyglass two tremendous pushes, which sent him trundling almost into the middle of the street, "you insulting blackguard!" And slam! went the door.

Thus ignominiously expelled, Mr. Spyglass picked up his hat, which had taken a journey from his head to the kennel, and bent his steps towards his home, a great deal worse in body and mind than when he set out on his luckless errand.

Poor Mr. Spyglass! this unfortunate encounter, it might not unreasonably have been supposed, would have sickened him of his philanthropic endeavours to save the property of his neighbours from those plundering domestic animals all are obliged to entertain—*yclept* servants. But it is one of the properties of Mr. Spyglass's vast and comprehensive mind, to rebound from misfortune as a ball does from a wall, uninjured, and ready for another throw. Reflecting that where the motive is pure, the action must be commendable, he has persuaded himself that he was very ill-treated by Mrs. Williams, and that not he, but her vulgarity, was to blame. Seeing that this belief is likely to be productive of so many benefits to the public, we would not willingly shake it; let him still remain in the useful delusion!

It is a maxim nearly as old as Adam, that when a person busies himself very much about other people's affairs, he can never find time to attend to his own. A most remarkable instance of the truth of this maxim is Mr. Spyglass. Although he is thus active—thus self-denying—thus indefatigable—thus industrious—thus unflinching in watching over the conduct of other people's servants, his own contrive, somehow or other, to escape his quick-sighted vigilance. They punctually report to him every instance of misbehaviour on the part of their fellow-servants of Norbut Street, and yet are guilty of much worse offences themselves. One of them, who styles herself cook, admits every night a host of friends through the area gate, and has never, to the best of our knowledge, been discovered. The nurse is famous in the street for intriguing with a footman residing next door—yet Mr. Spyglass knows nothing of it. Nay, even a little bit of a chit, about ten years of age, who is hired as a sort of general helper, goes home every evening laden with edibles, but Mr. Spyglass remains in a state of the most blissful ignorance. Mr. and Mrs. Spyglass cannot go out of an evening without their servants having the blind fiddler in the kitchen, and a dozen acquaintances to dance, but not a whisper of it comes to the ear of our worthy friend, and we don't think it worth our while to tell him:—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!"

Heartily do we wish long life to Jacob Spyglass, Esq. attorney-at-law, the untiring censor over the morals of the servants of Norbut Street. Long may he live to exercise his useful functions; and may

he never again meet with such a mischance as the one we have related. Surely, O virtuous Spyglass! if any one has deserved to be rewarded by a grateful public, thou hast. In thy zeal for their welfare thou neglectest thine own; preserving their property from their servants, thou lovest thine own. Thou art like many physicians, who, curing others, never can manage to cure themselves—like many sooth-sayers who, seeing the fate of other people, are ignorant of their own. Yet, O most useful, if not most famous of the sons of men, we wish thee all happiness—all felicity—all gratification which this sublunary state can afford! Farewell!

SELWYN COSWAY.

EVA.

*An Evening Scene, near Broxbourne, in company with C. W * * E * **
and A. H. 1837.

BY R. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "COSMO DE' MEDICI," &c.

THE spell of silence deep,
And dream that is not sleep,
Intensely reigns above the magic scene;
O'er the weird pulse of air,
And wooded isle's dark hair,
And o'er the water's tomb-like depths serene.

The influence of dream,
Tho' bound to sleep it seem,
A wider sphere with visions doth enwreath;
O'er nature's zone 'tis wound,
Diffus'd through life around,
In joy, in sorrow, and perchance thro' death.

Oh, I have spent my youth
In sadness and in truth,
With feelings deep that no return have known;
So from fond hope I wove
Imaginations of love,
Tasted of heaven—then woke—and all was gone!

But now my soul hath found
A balm for every wound,
A refuge, a twin-spirit—long denied—
And mute with deep excess
Of unhop'd happiness,
I pause with thee, fond EVA, by my side.

Dim Trance lies in the trees,
And Awe, that fear half sees!
With sense of elemental life we dwell;
In sweetness and mild pain,
Like some unearthly strain,
Our souls yearn forth and mingle with the spell.

The mill-wheel's voice is mute,
 No lonely owlets hoot,
 Nor bat's wild cry, or frighten'd shade obtrude ;
 The wind lies clasp'd in death,
 Who sucks its last faint breath,
 And spell-bound on a stone sits Solitude !

The grief-hair'd willows weep
 Slow dews, like tears of sleep,
 And mute enchantments float invisibly ;
 Only a thrill around,
 Seems often like a sound
 Of whispers—trickling drops—and far-off sea.

Athwart the distance dim,
 Three magic cygnets swim,
 With necks and wings unearthly in their motion :—
 Like spirits, in their pride
 And death-white shape, they glide
 Now here—now there—mute as our wrapt devotion.

The dripping wing and hum
 Of water-insects come
 At intervals—but unlike life or breath :
 O'er moveless reeds and grass
 Illusive visions pass ;
 Oblivion floats in undecaying death !

A pallid flickering teems
 In superhuman gleams,
 And steepes our sense in dimly working charms ;
 While movelessly we lean,
 United with the scene—
 A trance that broods beneath o'er-marbled forms !

Yet doth one vision flow,
 For we are such as know
 Each other's inmost thoughts and feelings deep ;
 So that the subtle power
 Whose presence rules the hour,
 Unites in us, and like one pulse doth creep.

The world is far away,
 Its heart ache and its clay ;
 And all the narrow springs of evil powers,
 Like snakes in darkness wind,
 Leaving no trace behind
 To soil the beauty of our opiate bowers.

Each hope and passion wild
 Sleeps like a languid child,
 And dim Imaginations glide, and rest—
 His star-crown melts away—
 Cloud-throne and sceptred sway—
 Into one living dream, deep welling through each breast.

Ah, me! that thus sublime
 Could pass an age of time—
 A silent rapture of divinity!
 With nought to think or move,
 Save an absorbing Love,
 Melting our souls into eternity.

But now the thrilling scene
 Wanders—and Time again
 Lifts his dull head, and shakes his locks of grey!
 Slowly thy steps do wend,
 And silently, my friend,
 Thou bear'st thy deep-devoted Love away.

Oh, shall I turn mine eyes
 To gaze upon *thine* eyes—
 Or dream ungazing?—O'er the murmuring ford
 Their hazy forms now pass,
 Like ghosts o'er the morass,
 And I am left alone with thee, my soul's adored.

DRUIDS AND DRUIDISM.

AMONG our notices of the various occult sciences and systems of initiation, the history of Druidism is entitled to a distinguished place. We have already had occasion to remark that Druidism was no rude and barbarous institution, like some of those to which it has been compared, among the North American Indians. So far from this, it was a most elaborate and subtle theory of philosophy and mythology as profound as the Cabalism of the Jews, and as complicated as the Brahminism of the Hindoos. The ancient Britons, heaven rest their souls! were never savage barbarians in the vulgar sense of the term, but as gentlemanly in their way, two thousand years ago, as they are at present. Perhaps the main difference will be found to be, that while they painted their bodies, we moderns paint our souls—they used yellow ochre, and we the devil's ink. So warmly attached have the Britons been to the memory of the Druids in the olden time, that their name at least has been perpetuated by a secret society of initiates that now flourish in great force at Oxford and other places. They rank as high in character and respectability as any body of theosophists in the country, excepting perhaps the Freemasons. Much general analogy subsists between these two orders, which have mutually illustrated each other's history without any unseemly bickering. The periodical, bearing the title of the *Druid*, has won nearly as many laurels as the *Freemason's Quarterly*, a work of considerable excellence. A curious story is told of the Druids, showing how they found it necessary to give a handsome present to a certain individual, who was going to expose their initiations *ad profanum vulgus*. But let that pass. Lodgemen manage to get over these little rubs with a tolerably good grace, for a spirit of benevolence prevails among them, which throws a mantle of charity over all offences. It is astonishing

how some men can agree, when they find it their interest to agree. The settlement of recent schisms among the Freemasons will illustrate the proposition—but, *verbum sap.* Those of our readers who wish to search the history of Druidism further, may consult Toland's Treatise on them, and Oliver's History of Initiations. But, above all other writers on the subject of Druidism, would we recommend Davies, the author of the Celtic Researches. His History of the British Druids is a perfect mine of information on their most recondite antiquities. We understand that the whole remaining stock of this celebrated work has come into the hands of Mr. Brown, of Old Street. Davies, though not free from the hyper-enthusiasm which always runs in the blood of the Welsh, has never been excelled by any writer who has yet discussed Druidic literature. Let those who are inclined to blame him write a better work if they can; but this is a challenge they will not accept.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Tatham's Chart and Scale of Truth. The Chart and Scale of Truth, by which to find the Cause of Error. Lectures read before the University of Oxford, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By EDWARD TATHAM, D.D. late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. A new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, from the author's MSS. with a Memoir, Preface, and Notes. By E. W. GRINFIELD, M.A. late of Lincoln College. Pickering, 1840.

TATHAM'S Chart and Scale of Truth has long been celebrated as a very talented system of inductive or analytic logic. Originally published in a very crude and undigested state, it still contained a vigour of thought, a ripeness of learning, and a pungency of style, which excited not only the attention of the university but the public. In consequence of the demand made for the first edition, its copies were nearly exhausted, and had risen to an enormous price, when Mr. Grinfield was called on to prepare an improved edition. Furnished by the surviving relative of Dr. Tatham with all his MS. notes in relation to the work, its editor has very gracefully interwoven them into the text, so as to preserve the chain of argument entire and unbroken. Perhaps, the critical scholar would have preferred to see an exact reprint of the old text, with the annotations subscribed at the bottom of the page. He would then have known exactly what was what, and have accurately distinguished the relative value of the sentences. Still, for a popular purpose, Mr. Grinfield has decidedly adopted the best course, and presented us with a readable and agreeable work, free from those blemishes and defects that impaired the artistic merit of the first edition. In entering on the subject-matter of the work, we must premise the principle by which its position will ultimately be determined. That principle is the prothetic one, so eloquently illustrated by the current Quarterly Review, in an article on the Alexandrian Syncretism;—a word derived from *συν* and *κεσαν*, to join, and which seeks to combine the synthetic and syllogistic system of Aristotle, with the analytic or inductive system of Bacon. Leibnitz, for instance, a notorious and avowed Syncretist of this sort, spent some years in solving this exact problem of reconciliation. Granting, with Plato and Aristotle (in this alike though in many respects so different), that there were certain eternal and universal ideas, innate and pre-existent in the soul—certain principles and axioms, moral and intellectual, which were immanent and intrinsic therein, Leibnitz allowed the integrity and priority of the syllo-

gistic method. Wherever (says he) you have a first principle of conscience, or consciousness in your soul, which your heart recognizes as intuitive rather than borrowed, in such case, take it as a first axiom, for granted. Do not attempt to discover the cause of such a prepositum, for the cause is God, whom none can find out by searching. You might as well attempt to discover the cause why you have a head or a leg. You have them, and that is enough; one is given you to think with, and another to walk with; they are themselves causes of thought and ambulation; their use is in their effect. Well, then, continues Leibnitz, if you grant, with Aristotle, the doctrine of innate ideas, it will follow that from these you may reason synthetically, that is syllogistically. You may reason directly downwards from cause to effect, from generals to particulars. Therefore, the doctrines of innate ideas and syllogisms, as many writers observe, stand or fall together. This was so clearly discerned by Locke, that in his attempt to establish the inductive or analytic system, as the sole exclusive theory, he went so far as to contradict the whole current of ancient philosophies, and advocated the gross and palpable hallucination that the soul was merely a *tabula rasa*, a flat, passive recipient of borrowed images; that it was incapable of all internal and autarkous thought, and wholly dependent on the reflexions and refractions of matter. Locke forgot that the analytic theory he sought to elaborate was merely a part of a great whole, and that the subordinate and secondary part. He forgot that syllogism is analogous to the rule of three direct, while analysis is analogous to the rule of three inverse. He forgot that it is merely a backward process resorted to when the forward fails of certainty, only resorted to on the plea of ignorance. So entirely does the analytic method depend for its integrity on the existence of the synthetic, that if by a process of analysis, we arrive at any thing which contradicts those first principles on which syllogism is founded, we feel the analysis has been wrong, and go on repeating it till we make both the ends of truth meet and amalgamate. Still, we are far from denying the excellence of the analytic, or inverse system of logic, in its own sphere; it is eminently useful as a pioneer to remove the obstructions that arise from ignorance of matter-of-fact. Light always exists, and is always ready to shine if you will let it; but light cannot shine upon a jewel hidden under a mass of rubbish; you must remove the rubbish, and then will the light shine on the jewel. Analysis does not give the light, but it removes the rubbish which obstructs the course of that light. It cannot give light, for light always descends, *ex vi naturæ* from the immaterial to the material, from the universal to the particular. But it can remove the rubbish that obstructs the course of that light, and here is its immense value. The light of a principle would be of little value to us, unless we were acquainted with some method of establishing its influence over facts. While the principle remains a sublime occult abstraction, what does it avail us, *de apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. But analysis comes in to our relief; by removing the obstructions after its inverse fashion, that baffled the current of light, we behold all things and prove all things. Analysis does that for us which a mason does when he pulls down an old partition wall. Immediately the light bursts through, and enables us to discern every individual stone of which the barrier was composed. Let the two systems of syllogism and analysis—one the ancient, and the other the modern—both walk together in philosophic amity, linked hand in hand, saving each other from stumbling and falling over the rough places of time and sense. Such being our conviction that each of these systems is useful in its own partial and particular sphere, we feel obliged to Dr. Tatham and his learned editor, for having so eloquently pleaded the importance of the inductive or analytic method. But while we say this, we protest against the idea of allowing analysis to murder syllogism—this would be an intellectual fratricide of a very fatal character. We wish analysis to stand, but we do not wish syllogism to fall; but we feel that syllogism is in no great danger.

God and the nature of the soul have established its imperishable sway—it is as immortal as the mind from which it emerges. Our friends at Oxford will not be frightened out of their senses by Dr. Tatham, and they will still exercise syllogism within its just limits, as Whately and Hamden have already done. But they will not be the less grateful for the republication of the noblest defence of analytic logic yet written, for on the legal maxim, *audi alteram partem*, they are bound to hear both sides fairly.

CURRENCY QUESTION.

Essay on Money, and its Origin and Use. By JOHN TAYLOR.

A View of the Monetary System in England, with Proposals for establishing a Secure and Equitable Credit Currency. By JAMES TAYLOR.

The Nation in a Dilemma; or which shall we alter, the Currency, or the Mode of Taxation? By J. CAPPS.

Several books of this nature have been sent to us, all stating the importance of remodifying the currency system. Their leading theory has been already stated in the "Monthly," in an article in the 14th number, and their general proposition amounts to this—that government should make a large issue of one pound notes, declaring them to be legal tenders in all transactions, and receiving them as such for taxes, &c. but leaving them free, in other respects, to the variations of market price. Their views are thus stated by the author of the "Nation in a Dilemma:"—

"OUR PRESENT EMBARRASMENTS ARTIFICIALLY CREATED.

" 'If this country has money in abundance, it will have all the trade from the whole world; and if you make money very scarce, the trade will go to other countries.'—N. M. ROTHSCHILD.

"The nature and operation of the Circulating Medium form one of the most important branches of commercial and political science; and those persons who are endeavouring to store their minds with really useful knowledge, will do well to make themselves acquainted with its principles. Perhaps upon no other subject of equal importance does so much ignorance prevail among well-educated men; and the necessary consequence is, that great distress frequently arises and prevails in the community, which might altogether be avoided—a distress for which there is no necessity in the nature of things, but which is entirely the result of our own artificial arrangements.

"It is not by any means an uncommon occurrence for us to find all at once our trade paralysed, our merchants filled with dismay and despondency, our manufacturers reduced to working half-time, and people's minds generally filled with doubt and apprehension, when absolutely nothing at all has occurred really to cause or justify such a state of things. The nation is precisely in as good a condition as it was during the previous week; it contains just the same amount of material wealth; no property of any kind has suffered destruction or even diminution; all that constitutes the riches of a community remains unimpaired and unchanged; and yet numbers of men, who, a few days previously, were very well off, are entirely ruined, and hundreds of others are obliged to sacrifice half their property to save themselves from the Gazette.

"In order to show that there is no real ground for this state of things,—but that the distress we frequently experience, and which we have described, is artificially caused, and may be made to give way to wise commercial arrangements,—we remark, in the first place, that there can be no real distress where there is sufficient to supply every want. Distress necessarily implies an *absence* of those things which are fitted for the supply of our necessities—in one word, it implies *want*. There can be no real distress

without want. Am I distressed by hunger? then my distress is want of food.—By thirst? then it is want of drink.—By nakedness and cold? then it is want either of raiment, fuel, or a habitation; and so on with every kind of distress which a human being can experience. As long as an individual or a community possesses an abundance of those things which are fitted for the supply of human wants, so long, if that individual or community be distressed, must the distress arise from artificial causes.

“Now, it is not pretended by any one that our difficulties arise from a deficiency of any of the necessities and conveniences of life—from too small a quantity of material productions. So far from this being the case, some people, absurdly enough, attribute our embarrassments to the superabundance of goods. ‘Over-production, over-production,’ these persons cry, ‘is the cause of our misery!’ not reflecting that that which they assert is absolutely contradictory and impossible. If *over-production* alone were the cause, the remedy would be *less* production. But it is notorious, that the very persons who complain of over-production being the cause of distress, are themselves exercising their ingenuity in every possible way to *increase* production. Improved machinery, lengthened hours of human labour, and the employment of women and children, all contradict the notion which people are apt to entertain *when they cannot sell their goods*, that too *many* are produced. No; let production be increased a thousand-fold, and the community will be but a thousand-fold the richer. Let coats, hats, shoes, and provisions be so multiplied, that they may be had almost for the picking up; and we shall still be at a loss to conceive how the distress of the country is increased by this abundance. The evil, then, is not in over-production; for, according to the soundest and most obvious principles of political economy, a nation is enriched by every addition which can be made to its material wealth, and not distressed by such addition.

“What, then, is the cause of the commercial embarrassment and perplexity which are experienced? for it is indubitable that such embarrassment and perplexity do exist. If it be a truth that too many commodities of all kinds cannot be produced, how is it that our merchants and manufacturers are ruined by possessing too many? The principle we have already laid down, that ‘All distress proceeds from want,’ will furnish us, we believe, with the solution in this case. It is *want of a proper medium of exchange* that distresses them. It is not want of goods, but want of the instrument by which those goods are measured and valued, and by which alone a legal transfer can be made, that distresses them. Under a monetary system, it is not enough for persons to possess an abundance of commodities to free them from embarrassment. Before they can procure those articles which they want, in exchange for those which they possess, they are obliged to procure the *measure* which alone is allowed to determine the relative values of these productions. If, from any cause, there be insuperable difficulties in the way of obtaining this measure, their exchanges must be delayed or abandoned, so that they are actually as much distressed as though they had no goods to exchange. A linen-draper who employs *fifty* young men behind his counter, may be as much inconvenienced, if he have only *two* or *three* yard measures in his shop, as though he had no goods to sell; especially, if he cannot legally do business except through the medium of these yard measures; and if he have to borrow others, and pay enormously for their use, his business may become not worth the doing.

“It is remarkable that so many mercantile men should so much have mistaken the cause of their difficulties, as to have believed that over-production was the root of the evil; and it can only be accounted for by the consideration, that this is probably the first impression that would be made on the mind of a person who is deeply immersed in the ordinary routine of business, and unable, from want of time or inclination, to investigate the cause of those effects which he witnesses. A merchant, A., brings to market

a certain commodity; and other merchants, B. and C., in the same line of business, bring the same kind of commodities. There is probably no sale for them, or, at any rate, not to any considerable extent. A. B. and C. at once conclude that too many are brought to market, because they find that the demand for them by the public is not equal to the supply which they have furnished. They rest here, and go no further. It never strikes them to inquire, *why* is it that there is no *greater demand* for the goods?—The supply is obviously greater than the demand, but the fault may be in the *demand* instead of the supply. And so it is, in the majority of instances. While A. B. and C. are concluding they have made too many goods, D. E. and F. are looking at these goods with longing eyes, wanting, but not daring, to buy them. They are in the same condition as A. B. and C.; they cannot obtain a sale for their respective commodities, otherwise A. B. and C.'s goods would not stand long on hand. All this time their own commodities are wanted by a third party in the same state as themselves; and so all are in turn distressed, not for want of wealth, for they may be actually possessed of property sufficient to supply all their real wants, but for want of a proper supply of that instrument, which can alone legally transfer that property from one person to another in the ordinary course of trade.

"The fact is, that the great mass of the population is wanting those very things of which it is said there is too great a supply. The supply is not too great abstractedly; but the demand is suppressed and forcibly held down by the stern necessity of first providing that which, from many causes, is frequently unattainable. Though the property of this country has been calculated to be worth upwards of three thousand millions of pounds sterling, yet not fifty millions' worth is at any time represented by legal currency; and in times of commercial pressure, this comparatively small amount is considerably reduced.

"Now this distress arising from this cause is not a natural distress, and is not at all a necessary one. It is a distress *forced* upon a community. It would not occur unless it were *made* to occur. Did any thing happen to annihilate wealth—did an earthquake, a tempest, or a fire occur, which caused the destruction of property, no one need to be surprised at distress arising; but where every thing which constitutes human wealth remains undiminished and unimpaired, it is the height of absurdity to suppose any general distress need *necessarily* occur.

"We implied, in the former part of this Letter, that general over-production could not happen; but there is a species of over-production which may occur, and which it is necessary to point out that our meaning may not be misunderstood. The over-production to which we now allude is *relative* over-production. Production may be relatively too great, if too great a proportion of one kind of goods is produced compared with other kinds. This kind of over-production would always be manifest, and would be immediately rectified, if it were not that our currency system misleads the producers of these goods, and hinders them from ascertaining when there is too great a supply of one article compared with others. The only thing by which a merchant can discover that there is an over-production of one particular commodity, is the fact that he cannot find a ready sale for it; but then this difficulty of effecting sales may occur when there is really no relative over-production; for this is not the only cause which prevents sales taking place—another, and more frequently recurring cause, is, a scarcity or a fluctuation in the supply of the circulating medium; and when two causes may be at work to produce the same results, it is difficult to tell which is the one that is operating. That kind of over-production, as it is erroneously called, which only results from the supply of the circulating medium being too limited, is really no over-production at all; for in this sense every thing might be produced in too great quantities, which, as we have before shown, is absurd and contradictory. This, however, is the kind of over-production

which our merchants generally complain of. They are too deeply engaged in the every-day transactions of their business, to stop to inquire whether the inconvenience they so frequently experience, arises from there being *too much* of commodities, or *too little* of the medium of exchange, but set it down at once as a self-evident truth, that when they cannot sell their goods *too many* have been made.

"By a similar chain of reasoning, if a person were to attempt to carry a gallon of water from a spring in a quart bottle, it might certainly be said that there was *too much water*; but if a gallon of water were required for his family at home, we think it would be preferable to say that the *bottle was too small*. And if such a person went on, day after day, exposing his family to inconvenience and distress from his non-perception of this simple truth, we might very properly say, that this inconvenience and this distress were artificial and not at all necessary; and this we assert of the principal part of the embarrassments which afflict the commercial world.

"It is well for us that our commercial panics and our trading embarrassments, which many persons think it is impossible to remove, have this artificial origin. Had they their foundation in natural causes, we might possibly strive in vain for an amelioration of them. Happily for us, our troubles arise not from want of real wealth, but from want of a proper representative of it; not from want of the substance, but from want of the shadow; not from want of that which Providence furnishes—which, in such a case, we could in no way supply—but from want of that which Providence leaves to *man* to furnish, and which by wise legislative arrangements can be supplied in a degree equal to the demand.

"Having, in the foregoing few remarks, dwelt upon the embarrassments occasioned by a false and an unsound system of currency, which we think we are at present oppressed with; we intend in our subsequent letters to exhibit, as far as our narrow limits will allow, what we conceive to be the *true philosophy* of a circulating medium; the principles of which, notwithstanding the reputed intricacy of the subject, may, we think, be as clearly exhibited as the principles of any other science."

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Practical Observations on Abortion. By J. S. STREETER, Surgeon, &c. London: Sherwood, 1840. 8vo.

The author of this little work stands high among the general practitioners of the present day. The substance of the treatise before us was brought under the notice of the *Westminster Medical Society*, in a paper read by Mr. Streeter, where it attracted considerable attention. The subject chosen is one of great importance to the profession, and respecting which much difference of opinion and misapprehension exists. All Mr. Streeter's observations prove him to be a sensible and judicious practitioner. He enters very elaborately into the consideration of the structure of the ovum, then details the nature, symptoms, and causes of abortion. The fourth chapter is devoted to the treatment of miscarriage, and lastly he details the mode of preventing such mishaps in any future pregnancy. To the professional man the work will prove highly valuable, and we predict for it an extensive circulation. Mr. Streeter has directed much attention to this department of medical practice; and he is much esteemed by all who have the honour of knowing him, for his gentlemanly deportment, and great medical and scientific attainments. That his work may succeed in making him more generally known, is our sincere wish. The work is illustrated by wood-cuts.

First Principles of Medicine. By A. BILLING, M.D., A.M. Third edition. Highley, Fleet Street, 8vo. pp. 282.

It is with much pleasure that we direct public attention to the new edition of Dr. Billing's valuable work. In this age of book-making it is quite

a relief to the mind, to peruse the writings of a physician who appears determined not to be tied down to the authority of great names, but to exercise the privilege of thinking for himself. The name of the illustrious John Hunter has long been revered by medical men. He was a man of transcendent genius. His powers of observation and indefatigable industry in the pursuit of knowledge, are unrivalled in the annals of medicine. His celebrated work on inflammation has long been considered as a lasting monument to his originality and powers of reasoning. The theory of inflammation broached in this work it has almost been considered *impious* to question, consequently few have taken the pains to examine carefully the data upon which Hunter founded his theoretical speculations. Dr. Billing has, however, dared to dispute the doctrines of a Hunter, and we think he has clearly established many of this great surgeon's notions on the subject of inflammation to be erroneous. In doing so, he also differs very widely from the opinions of Bichât, Sir A. Cocker, and Lawrence. In point of treatment, he coincides with these surgeons, and only dissents from their views on physiological and pathological grounds.

In medical literature, we have too many works devoted to the relation of cases, and too few to the developement of principles. It is astonishing how few medical men are thoroughly versed in the principles of their profession; Satisfied with the result of their own personal experience, and aided by the observation of others, they succeed in persuading the public to place confidence in their skill. There can be no doubt but that a man of *mere experience* may prove a successful practitioner. In simple cases of disease, he may answer the purpose of amusing the patient whilst nature is effecting a cure; but he is not a safe practitioner. In anomalous, and very often in apparently simple cases of disease, he finds himself at a loss. Without principles to direct him he never can prove a trustworthy guide at the bed-side of a patient.

Dr. Billing has entered into the consideration of this subject in the true spirit of a philosopher, and he has produced a work which cannot but elevate him considerably in the estimation of the public and profession. In his introduction he dwells upon the importance of the stethoscope to the practical physician. He justly observes that "one difficulty in the way of learners of auscultation is their attempting to begin on patients: this is like trying to study morbid anatomy before acquiring a knowledge of healthy structure. If beginners would first learn the sounds of respiration and of the heart, in healthy persons, which may be done in about ten minutes once for all, they would have little difficulty in detecting any unhealthy deviations from the normal state, and would very soon arrive at just diagnosis." Dr. Billing's work is essentially practical. He endeavours, and in many instances successfully, to combat the prevalent notions respecting the operation and properties of medicines, and points out the mode of using them in various cases of disease.

We would direct public attention to the following just observations on change of climate in cases of consumption:—"It is generally very unnecessary, and worse than useless, to send patients away from their friends, and often at enormous inconvenience. If they are consumptive, they will thus die in exile; and if not, they may be cured at home. Of the first, it is unnecessary to give examples—there are abundant marble records in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and in the West Indies and Madeira. A case will explain more fully what I mean by the second. A young man was condemned by high medical authority to banishment to Madeira, as 'nothing else would save him,' but there were some strong objections. In the first place, love—he was on the point of being married; and secondly, he was engaged in a valuable business, which depended much on his personal superintendence: a new trial was therefore moved for, and the case was brought before me. I decided that it was mere chronic catarrh in a relaxed constitu-

tion ; that nothing was necessary but some tonic, such as iron or bark, with animal food or fermented liquor ; and above all, exercise on horseback in the cool air. Under this treatment, he was well in less than a month, and is now the father of a family." Again, when speaking of the same disease, he says, "One thing of which I am convinced is, that the true principle of healing consumption is to support the patient's strength to the utmost ; and that though occasional complications may call for antiphlogistic treatment, tubercular disease by itself does not. I must again caution young practitioners against shutting up consumptive patients in warm rooms. I am satisfied that the want of exercise induces a languor which makes them wear out faster than if permitted to ride or walk, according to their strength, in the open air." Dr. Billing, we understand, has been highly successful in treating cases of consumption, and we would earnestly direct the attention of the faculty to his valuable observations on the pathology and treatment of lung disease.

Dr. Billing's treatise has the advantage of being as interesting to non-professional men as to medical practitioners. His style of writing is remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity ; and the absence of technicalities renders the work comprehensible to the general reader. In fact it is a book which every father of a family, and every clergyman, ought to have in his possession. To the medical student and practitioner it is indispensable. How much valuable time might be saved by the student of medicine mastering Dr. Billing's work. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the man who judiciously condenses human knowledge. The medical student has to make himself acquainted with so many branches of science that it is impossible that he can acquire more than a respectable knowledge of each. To the man who really wishes to study and practise medicine philosophically, how valuable such a work as the one before us must be. The medical man has to read many works that are really valueless in order to obtain an insight into the principles of the science he is cultivating, and, after all, he often finds his labour thrown away. It is from a knowledge of this circumstance that we so strongly recommend Dr. Billing's work. Every page ought to be studied with care. We never recollect to have read a medical treatise from which we derived so much valuable information, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of bringing it under the consideration of others.

Vital Dynamics ; the Hunterian Oration before the Royal College of Surgeons in London, 14th February, 1840. By JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, F.R.S., late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College : Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy ; one of the Surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital. London : William Pickering, 1840.

How welcome is this book to us ! We have been yearning for something like it these last fifteen years—and now we have it—from the pen of one most qualified to write it—the disciple and the executor of Samuel Taylor Coleridge ! "The popular philosophy," says Mr. Green, "has retarded the progress of science by fictions, fancies, and arbitrary assumptions ;" and he then proceeds to expose (how justly !) the inconsistencies and contradictions that perplex and bewilder the mind, in the futile endeavours to construct a scheme of the facts and phenomena of nature from merely sensuous data ; though it would not be difficult to show, that the pretended appeal to the senses is, in many instances, merely the substitution of the sensuous fancy for experience, and of pictures and figments for sensuous realities ! "What other name," he demands, "than that of a figment can we give to the so-called 'matter' of physical reasoners ? For the notion of a *materia prima*,—of a substance, standing *sub apparentibus*,—of a *noumenon* in contradistinction to its *phenomenon*,—supposes something beyond the qualities and forces with which it may have been endowed, and by means of which only it can act upon us, or become thereby a possible object of sensuous experience : and what possible object, conceptual or sensible, can remain after the ab-

straction of all and every property? How can we imagine even this *residuum*, except by mistaking the effort of straining the fancy for the notion it strives to realize? Has the natural philosopher satisfied himself that he derives any advantage in behoof of physics from the assumption of a material *substratum*? Will not some doubt mingle with his belief in examining this question, when he considers that our great Newton could admit that the particles of matter are infinitely small in proportion to the distances between them; and that others have thought it no objection to the doctrine, that the material universe might be compressed within the compass of a nut-shell? Will he find any authority or support for the opinion in the speculations of the materialist, Priestley, who leaves us in doubt whether the question between matter and spirit be not a mere verbal dispute? Let me entreat him, lastly, to weigh, whether the investigations of physics are not ever really and truly directed to the powers and forces with which matter is endowed, rather than to this imagined *substratum*, which the modern science of physics at least is content to keep out of view, as far as its doubtful nature renders it desirable, and to waive the boast of Ralpho, who

‘protest

He had First Matter seen undrest;

He took her naked, all alone,

Before one rag of form was on.’

“It is very true that the metaphysical question of the nature of the matter is one which has been lost sight of, or banished, by modern physics, and that the experimental school has been content to take matter as a *datum* unexplained, or not requiring elucidation. It is, however, more than a question, whether the inherent difficulties of a sensuous and essentially mechanical philosophy of nature have been removed, by substituting or giving prominence to the *Atomic Doctrine*.

“The modern experimentalist assumes or believes that the material constitution of the universe essentially consists in an original number of physical atoms, each distinguished by its specific properties; that these are so aggregated as to constitute bodies; that the physical atoms are so disposed, arranged and connected, as to produce the differences of solid, with all the modifications of density, of liquid and æriform, and that in all instances they are disposed segregately with interstices, which permit the permeation of the body by other material molecules, and allow of separation, division, or reconjunction, without change or destruction of the individual molecules. Now it is very true that the supposed nature and arrangement of the atoms answer two very important purposes, and offer a sensuous intuition on the one hand, of the porosity, permeability and separability, and on the other, of the solidity, impenetrability, and continuity of bodily existence; and the condition under which such phenomena are possible, is undoubtedly a necessary postulate of the human mind. But it by no means follows that the atomic constitution of matter is the condition which justifies and necessitates its assumption. In order to conceive a body, its composition and decomposition, it is necessary to contemplate it as a possible partible and *continuum*. But what, after all, is this but to say, that an extended whole or body must be conceived as separable or divisible into parts, and that, viewing the whole as an aggregate of parts, that which we predicate of all must be predicated of each? Does the atomic doctrine bring us one whit nearer to a solution of the remarkable fact of the interpenetration of æriform bodies, of their rapid diffusion through each other’s masses, so that there is no limit to their incorporation;—‘one gas,’ as Dalton expresses it, ‘acting as a *vacuum* with respect to another?’ Does it add any insight into the nature of the quantitative *minima* in the combining ingredients of chemical compounds, which the law of definite proportions has disclosed? It may be convenient for the natural philosopher to call these parts elementary molecules or atoms, but he should never forget that these physical atoms are contrivances of the sensuous imagination, for the purpose of presenting the constitution and changes

of bodies as an image: or, if he forget it, he must be reminded that, so far from explaining the material constitution of bodies, they are, in truth, themselves little bodies, of which the parts just as much require explanation as those of larger; and that the difficulty would be the same in respect of a mote dancing in the sunbeam, as of the solar system itself. If, however, the atomic doctrine pretends to be more than a language, the naturalist will find that he has only exchanged the inconvenient speculation regarding matter for the no less intractable problem which body offers, and which the assumption of physical atoms renders nowise intelligible; an exchange oppressed with similar difficulties, and which must ever beset a natural philosophy appealing to the senses for facts that cannot be matters of experience, referring to the authority of the senses for *data* that are beyond the capability of the senses to determine, and—not the least of the difficulties—endowing these molecules with forces that render the physical atoms themselves the superfluous accessories of a natural philosophy too lazy to investigate its primary *data* and postulates, and to render them consistent with each other.

“If it should be objected that the experimentalist finds no necessity for troubling himself with metaphysical questions, which he assumes to lie beyond the sphere within which he limits his exertions, and that he adopts the atomic, or other theory, only as a convenient hypothesis, or serviceable language, for conveying or recording a knowledge of the facts which he observes, or has the good fortune to discover,—that, in short, they answer a logical purpose, which it would be difficult otherwise to supply, in contemplating the constitution and changes of nature; let him bear in mind that he is adopting a picture language, which, like the paintings on the walls of Egyptian tombs, or like Mr. Bowles’s Bibles, may have the advantage of vividly affecting the senses, but is incapable of expressing more or other than what affects the senses; and therefore (if our views be correct) calculated to withdraw the mind from the true objects of physical inquiry, namely, powers, forces, causes, laws; the attempt to express which adequately in a language of the senses cannot but be a failure, attended with the disadvantage of misleading the mind from the true aims of inductive science. Shall we not, however, rather say that hypotheses, as founded upon arbitrary or insufficient *data*, are positive causes of error, and by the false semblance of knowledge, retard the progress of science. Opinions necessarily influence the statement of facts, and may keep us in ignorance of the truth, and perpetuate error, unless they have been previously subjected to philosophical criticism. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the mischief of hypothetical reasoning, and how much farther its influence may extend beyond a mere logical mode of connecting facts, in the instances of the protracted authority of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, of the doctrine of the elements and humours in medicine, and of the mechanical physiology of the school of Boerhaave;—and equivalent examples are not wanting in modern times, of which the acidifying principle of Lavoisier’s chemistry is a notable instance. It may be said, indeed, that the errors here adduced were corrected by a further and more searching appeal to sensuous experience; but were I bound to grant the objection, I might still ask;—Whence did the errors originate, except in the too-exclusive authority of the senses, and of the faculty judging according to sense; and what is to guard us in future against similar errors, except a philosophy which, in determining the grounds and aims of natural science, shall render the human mind consistent with itself, as the proof of its coincidence with universal and permanent truth.”

Mr. Green then proceeds to enforce the distinction between the understanding and reason, recognized by our elder writers, adopted by the philosophers of Germany, and insisted upon by our own Coleridge; and further states that he has undertaken the entire argument with a view of “reconciling the study of nature with the requirements of our Moral Being, and of connecting science,—which, even as the noblest offspring of our intellect, is

but a fragment of our humanity,—with the philosophy of Coleridge, which, as far as my knowledge extends, pre-eminently, if not alone, gives life and reality to metaphysical pursuits, by showing their birth, growth, and requisite foundation in the whole man, head and heart.” Mr. Green seeks, in a word, to convince the student of the true import of the doctrine of Ideas, as eternal Truths, which are, indeed, actuating Powers, in the faith of the correlation of the Human Mind with the Divine Reason, with that Intelligence whose thoughts are acts, with that Mind which is the identity of truth and reality. An idea or “Principle,” in Mr. Green’s sense, is a causative first, which predetermines its consequents and results, and therefore potentially contains them,—that is, has the power of producing them, though the power may not have been actually exerted in realizing them. Sometimes, the word spirit is used as a synonyme of idea—as in the phrase, “Spirit or Idea of the British Constitution,” which spirit or idea as a seed, *semen genitum*, having found an appropriate soil, has grown and evolved itself, as it were, by a blind and silent life; and, notwithstanding the occasional frost-blight, the shock of the blast, and the stroke of the lightning, has reared itself amid faction, invasion, and revolution, into a growth as stately as the native oak of its soil.

“Again, the terms, ‘Type, Pattern, Exemplar, Model, *παράδειγμα*,’ have been used as in some degree synonymous with Idea, since they imply that, according to which any result or product is perfected. This may be illustrated by the conception of an artist working according to a pattern, or ideal in his mind; and thus, a Praxiteles in forming a statue embodying all that is lovely in the female form, or a Fra Angelico, in realizing his supposed vision of the beatified Virgin, might be said to have an Idea in his mind, which was the ‘standard’ according to which he judged of female forms; the ‘pattern’ according to which he worked; and the ‘ultimate end’ which he had proposed to himself from the beginning, and had guided his labours throughout. Though we may say to the artist, as well as to the philosopher, in the words of Scripture, *And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was shewed thee in the mount*.—For the demand is here no less than that of giving a living presence to that, of which all the forms within our experience are but approximations; and if, therefore, such ideal types can be *contemplamina* for the human mind, they must be derived from a higher source, and more excellent birth-place; and whether we look to the works of nature or to the Ideas, which actuate man in his strivings, and become for him the ultimate aims that guide his endeavours towards perfection in his acts and deeds, we cannot but admit that the end and aim are present, and contained in the intention and design at the commencement, predetermine the means to their attainment, and secure the result. Such then is an Idea; and we may describe it as a causative principle, combining both power and intelligence, containing, predetermining, and producing its actual result in all its manifold relations, in reference to a final purpose; and realized in a whole of parts, in which the Idea, as the constitutive energy, is evolved and set forth in its unity, totality, finality, and permanent efficiency.

“In the ensuing discourse, an attempt has been made to determine the import of Ideas, in connexion with the powers of nature, as a scheme of living forces; and the term has been employed to designate those energetic acts of Omnipotent wisdom, which, as laws of nature, *formæ formantes*, are at once creative and conservative of a nature, ever changing, and yet ever essentially the same. If we contemplate them as thoughts of the Divine Intelligence, they are Ideas, the archetypes and pre-existing models; if as acts of the Divine Will manifested in nature, they are laws. But the student, in humbly raising his apprehension to the Supreme source of Ideas, must never forget the Divine Unity, nor the identity therein of unerring Intelligence, which transcends choice, and of Omnipotent Will, causative of all reality, in eternal act transcending all pause of deliberation. In surveying

the works of nature as the impress of Perfect Wisdom, which is Almighty Power, and whose thoughts are acts; no breach of unity may be conceived in the design and realization, and we can only say that the will of God is,—at once actualized, and in one act identifying originative power, final intention, and completed reality, in its highest perfection of being. God does, and then sees that it is good; for that which is done, can be only the reflex of the perfect agent.

“Although it would be here out of place to attempt to reconcile the discrepancies of commentators on the Platonic Ideas, enough, it is hoped, has been done, in evolving the essential character of a law of nature, to rescue the speculations of Plato from the opprobrium of extravagance, even of absurdity, which has been too often imputed to them, and to vindicate, as far as sound philosophy may sanction it, his doctrine;—that Ideas, *ιδέαι*, are the eternal types, *παράδειγματα* in the divine mind, according to which, and the principles, *ἀρχαί*, by the efficiency of which, all things became; and which Ideas, infused into the human mind, and recognized by a sort of recollection, it is the business of philosophy to bring into distinct consciousness. St. Augustine has with better wisdom, indeed, assigned a more sufficient cause than memory for their presence in the minds of men, in saying: ‘*Credibilis est quia præsens est eis, quantum id capere possunt, Lumen Rationis æternæ, ubi hæc immutabilia vera conspiciunt, non quod noverant aliquando et obliiti sunt, quod Platoni vel talibus visum est.*’ For, in truth, it is a statement of the Christian doctrine, that the Word, by whom all things were made, is essential light and life to his creatures;—*πάντα δι’ αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἓν ὃ γέγονεν.* ‘*Ἐν αὐτῷ ὥς ἦν, καὶ ἡ ὥς ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.*’ John, ch. i. ver. 3, 4. As a farther exposition of the same doctrine, we offer the following definition by Coleridge: ‘That which contemplated objectively (that is, as existing externally to the mind), we call a Law; the same contemplated subjectively (that is, as existing in a subject or mind), is an Idea. Hence Plato often names Ideas, laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the Ideas in nature. *Quod in natura naturata lex, in natura naturante idea dicitur.*’ And it is in accordance with this truth that I have endeavoured to show in the following Address, that, as all within the sphere of our sensible experience bears the character of the transient and fluxive, it is only by the aid of the Reason, *φῶς τὸ ἀλήθειον*, that we are enabled to look beyond and deeper, to discover the laws which gave permanence and regularity, to discern the eternal Ideas, which are the regulating types and standards of a nature ever tending to lapse into the imperfect and arbitrary, and to raise ourselves to the contemplation of the true causes, the divine acts themselves, which, in our experience of the sensible world, are hidden under the veil of the unreal and perishing representatives of the realities, from which they are derived.

“Lastly, if the Author has succeeded in drawing the attention of the student to the import of Ideas, and in exhibiting their importance in aid of a dynamic method of a philosophy and science of nature, he cannot better conclude this prefatory address, than by a passage from Schelling, in the language of Coleridge: ‘The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect. The *phenomena* (the material) must wholly disappear, and the laws alone (the formal) must remain. Thence it comes, that in nature itself the more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the husk drop off, the *phenomena* themselves become more spiritual, and, at length, cease altogether in our consciousness. The optical *phenomena* are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearances of magnetism, all trace of matter is lost, and of the *phenomena* of gravitation, which not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there

remains nothing but its law, the execution of which, on a vast scale, is the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The theory of natural philosophy would then be completed, when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that which, in its highest known power, exists in man as intelligence and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare not only the power of their Maker, but the glory and the presence of their God, even as He appeared to the great prophet during the vision of the mount, in the skirts of his divinity.' ”

Such is the glorious scheme of schemes,—such the divine system of systems,—which the Oration before us presents and illustrates. It proves that the discoveries of science, so far from their being in general the offspring of a generalization from particulars, oftener originate in observations apparently trivial and accidental, in occurrences sudden and unexpected, frequently in the pursuit of fanciful analogies, or in the trial and rejection of arbitrary hypotheses, and are the result of a mind excited to react upon its experience, unsatisfied with the hitherto adopted connexion of facts, and their want of unity, and its inventive and originaive powers thereby roused to enlarge its apprehension beyond the perspective which its own mechanism implies: and hence the discovery of any great law of nature has uniformly the character of felicity, and of a revelation, as by a flash of divine light, of the legislative wisdom of the Creator. It calls upon us to reflect on the exquisite harmony of all surrounding things, and the coherence of all to the *Κόσμος*, to the order and beauty of the world, and to raise our apprehension to the creative Thought and Energy, which produces and sustains, contemplating the Wisdom and Power which framed the worlds in those energetic acts, ideas, or laws, which constitute the divine operance.

“But,” exclaims Mr. Green; “shall we say that man, by any faculties that he dare call his own, can comprehend, or apprehend, the infinite power and wisdom of Deity? I shrink from the temerity and rashness of such an assertion. My position is this:—Man finds, in examining the facts of his consciousness, and as the essential character of his rationality, the capability of apprehending truths universal, necessary, absolute; the grounds of which being undervived from, must be antecedent, and presupposed in order, to experience:—man finds in himself the capability of inferring the reality of that which transcends his sensuous experience, and of contemplating causality, efficiency, permanent being, law, order, finality, unity:—man finds in himself the capability of apprehending, in a world of relations, the supra-relative; in a world of dependencies, the unconditional; in a world of flux and change, the immutable; in a world of imperfections, the perfect:—man recognizes in himself, as the privilege and need of a rational mind, the capability of enlarging his thoughts to the universe, infinite as the omnipresence of God, ‘upholding all things by the word of his power;’ the capability of raising his mind to the Supreme, as the Absolute Will, causative of all reality in the eternal plenitude of being. And it is in meditating on the conditions and cause of this capability that man becomes conscious of an operance in and on his own mind, of the downshine of a light from above, which is the power of Living Truth, and which, in irradiating and actuating the human mind, becomes for it Reason;—yea! which is the revelation of those divine acts, at once causative and intelligential, which he recognizes as first principles, ultimate truths, as ideas for the human mind, and constitutive laws in nature. It is by virtue of this Reason, that we hear the voice and legislative words of the Creator, sounding through the universe; and it is in the sabbath stillness of our intellectual being, when the busy hum of the world is hushed, that the strains of this divine music penetrate the soul attuned by meditation to move responsive to its harmony!”

The method of such a science, it is stated, must be *dynamic*:—that is, by contemplating Nature as a scheme of causes and laws with the connexions, and in the unity, of reason.

The theory, in which these principles are now, and were formerly illustrated by Mr. Coleridge, is liable to much misapprehension. This point may be well illustrated by a passage from a clever piece of criticism, which appeared in *The Sun*, of Sept. 5, 1834, on the ORATION delivered by us at the Russell Institution, on the death of Coleridge. We had given a specimen of Coleridge's Conversation, in which the departed sage asserted that—

"Nature is rather an appetite to be, than Being itself. Nature is essentially imperfect, and all her tendencies are (so to speak), 'to supersede herself.' Thus, the fin of a fish is a hand, but without the uses, it only serves as a fan; but there it shows that an imperfection has begun to be felt: and which imperfection is removed, more or less, in a higher scale of creatures. Nature is the opposite to God, and accordingly God can not be seen in Nature; but all things are distinguishable by contrast only; and, therefore, by means of Nature, the idea of its opposite may be evolved, which is God. Now God is a Spirit. It is between these two opposites of Spirit and Nature that there is an antagonism, and which, as existing in man, explains the principles of his structure."

Whereupon the critic proceeds to say, that—

"History, whether sacred or profane, does not inform us that fishes' fins have undergone any change in their formation since the Deity, on surveying all his works, pronounced them 'very good;' and we hardly believe that naturalists will allow a human hand to be better formed for swimming amid 'a world of waters' than the scaly substitute here pronounced imperfect. At all events we are of opinion that in nothing is the imperfection of Nature so little manifest as in her admirable adaptation of the structure of every species of creature to its locality, and means of procuring subsistence. Physically considered, all species of creatures are, of their kind, alike perfect. Some, it is true, are lower in the scale of being than others, but the difference manifests order of gradation, not imperfection.

"Neither is the doctrine of the opposition between God and Nature less liable to be disproved. The antagonism of Spirit and Matter in man, proves nothing, unless we reject the doctrine of the Fall, and its accursed consequences, which was an act of mind, not of matter. If all that is corrupt in us is the inevitable result of the disobedience of our first parents, and if that corruption is capable of purification, how can Nature, which ever works the will of God by means of His attributes, be His opposite? The whole passage is an ingenious delusion. The opposite to Nature is not God, but nonentity."

To this passage, Mr. Green's statement of the theory impugned furnishes a triumphant answer, demonstrating dynamically that what the critic calls the Order of Gradation, is relatively an Imperfection of each degree, as compared with a higher and the highest form of developement, and nothing less. According to that statement, the system, the view, advocated by ourselves and Coleridge is one "which, making us feel most, and most clearly understand the dependence of all law, order, permanence, beauty in Nature, on a Power higher than Nature, is the most favourable to religion, and the feelings that arise out of religious truths, and its author trusts that this effect will rather be aided, than interrupted, by contending that powers are manifested on their opposites, light on darkness, order on comparison, beauty on indistinction—the Spirit of God on the faces of the dark waters, and the controlling Word of God on a blindly striving, but divinely coerced and directed, Nature."

We recollect well Coleridge once saying, that Nature, governed by laws, was only, and noneother, than the devil in a strait waistcoat. Nature ever working the will of God indeed! The Laws in Nature do, but the Laws of Nature (if such be) do not. Nature in herself is at war both with herself, and man and God—but the Laws in Nature are spiritual—nay, divine; for they are, verily, the syllables of that Word by which Nature is controlled and

informed ! The doctrine of the Fall of Man is, that, by an act of will, and therefore by a spiritual act, Man brought himself within the limits of that Nature which needs controlment and information ; if, indeed, that Nature herself be not the result and mirror, or reflexion, of that very mysterious act of disobedience, and no more ! This last is the sole problem remaining, which can only be solved by whatever may serve to demonstrate that human perception has also its correlative in independent Being. . Whether as a reflexion only, or a thing in herself, she, nevertheless, serves one and the same end, that of counteracting, by external Evil, the operations of internal sin, which, originating in man's separation from God, tends still to a wider breach, and would effect it, if not providentially driven back by the opposition of physical pain ;—pain that, by reason of the laws that coerce her, Nature is compelled to inflict, and must inflict until the period of the Redemption of the Body and the Revelation of the Sons of God, spoken of by St. Paul ;—a period when man being obedient, not rebellious, shall contemplate obedience, not rebellion, in whatsoever may serve either for the medium of reflexion, or be the reflexion itself.

Mr. Green requires of the student that he should cultivate natural science, not merely for the phenomena and particular facts which it presents, however interesting in themselves, but as they are the workings and manifestations of Laws, and the revelations of Reason and of Will. Banishing hypotheses, fictions, and arbitrary assumptions, he must consider Life as a Law—assigning to it a perpetual antecedence to all the sensible phenomena of animation,—and as a measure common to all its agencies and particular manifestations ; and in that very conception of a Law, implying it as a power anterior (in the order of thought) to organization, which yet it animates, sustains, and repairs,—a power originative, and constructive of an organization, in which it continues to manifest itself in all the forms and actions of animated beings.

Physiogeny, or History of Nature, properly studied, exhibits every order of living beings, from the *polypi* to the *mammalia*, as so many embryonic states of an organism, to which Nature from the beginning had tended, but which Nature alone could not realize—to exhibit Nature as labouring in birth with man. “In each stage of the ascending scale of living beings we see, with evidence increasing directly as the ascent, at once the opposition and the harmony of the two great tendencies which must be regarded as the main factors or constitutive agents in this great work of Nature, namely—that of Nature tending to integrate all into one comprehensive whole, and, consequently, retaining each part, and, as in vegetation, building upon herself ; and on the other hand, the tendency to individuality in the parts, and for this purpose the *nissus* in each to detach itself from the preceding or to supersede them, now by building the new edifice out of the materials of its more rude predecessor, and now by destruction, as one who, by the force of the vault, should crush the platform from which he had taken the spring. Hence the states, which the individual passes through in all the epochs of its embryonic being, and which having been, disappear, are preserved in Nature, and maintain the rank of external and abiding forms. And thus the aim of Physiogeny is to present the history of Nature as a preface and portion of the history of man, the knowledge of Nature as a branch of self-knowledge.”

“History has for its subject actions, and the results and products of powers in action : but actions imply or suppose a Will, a Purpose, and must be interpreted by desires, motives, tendencies, by a something at least analogous to purpose, will, desire, and which can only be rendered intelligible by a reference to these as known in ourselves. But Physiogeny, or the History of Nature, has for its peculiar subject the activity of productive powers, or the sum and series of those actions of which the facts and phenomena of Physiography are the product—under the rule that the product of every

given power is to be received as the measure of its force and the index of its direction. If Natural History, then, be not a misnomer, an erratum in the nomenclature of science, it must be either the history of Nature assumed as an agent, or the history of a plurality of productive powers considered severally as agents, but which taken collectively are called Nature, in the active sense of the term; just as the collective products and results are called Nature, passively understood. The same reasoning applies to the immediate subject of these remarks—the investigation of the significant forms of organization, contemplated as so many Types or characters impressed on animal bodies, or into which they are as it were cast. Now Types and characters, variously yet significantly combined, form a visual language. The Types of Nature are a natural language, a language of Nature. But a language is as little conceivable without reference to an intelligence, if not immediately yet ultimately, than a series of determinate actions can be imagined without reference to a Will; and a consistent and connected language no less supposes intelligence for its existence than it requires an intelligence for its actual intelligibility. And though the language should not, like conventional language, stand in opposition to the things intended, but be one with them, this would prove nothing more than that it was not a language only."

The divisions of Cuvier's *Règne animal*, presents to us a scheme of the ascent of animal life, "as indicative of the law regulating the series of developments of organic beings,—of a law, which may be discovered in all the manifold varieties, diversities, and richness of the productions of Nature; in all preserving a unity in diversity, a plan and method in the seeming irregularities and even sports of this productive fertility. The resulting forms of animal life present not a plan which we can consider as the effect of any arbitrary combination, or of a regularity imposed upon Nature by the human fancy or understanding;—it is neither a scale, nor a ladder, nor a network; it is neither like the combination of a kaleidoscope, nor the pattern of a patchwork; it is no process by increase or superaddition:—but it is, as in all Nature's acts, a growth, and the symmetry, proportion, and plan arise out of an internal organizing principle. This gradation and evolution of animated Nature is not simple and uniform; Nature is ever rich, fertile, and varied in act and product:—and we might perhaps venture to symbolize the system of the animal creation as some monarch of the forest, whose roots firmly planted in a vivifying soil, spread beyond our ken; whose trunk, proudly erected, points its summit to a region of purer light, and whose wide-spreading branches, twigs, sprays, and leaflets, infinitely diversified, manifest the energy of the life within. In the great march of Nature nothing is left behind, and every former step contains the promise and prophecy of that which is to follow, even as the oak exists potentially in the acorn; and if Nature seems at any part to recede, it is only as it were to gather strength for a higher and more determined ascent."

The theory here propounded, when properly understood, recognizes not as an objection the assertion that in Nature all things are alike perfect. It grants that each individual creature, considered singly, and in relation to its powers and its circumstances, may be perfect, but contends that in relation to some one or more ends of the whole system of animal life, the perfection must needs be as the development. The whole chain of ascending life presents, in fact, but so many embryonic forms of the animal man. The human form is the ideal type to which they all tend.

"All the *phenomena*," says Mr. Green, "of organized Nature, from the zoophyte to the creatures that connect, as by intermediate links, the fish with the *mammalia*, are to be regarded as the gradual evolution of life into sensibility,—which process is completed when the power of sensibility shall have become central and predominant, and have manifested itself in a peculiar structure forming a connected system in itself—in other words, as soon as there exist a brain and spinal cord with abducent and adducent nerves

distributed throughout the organism, so as to be manifestly the superior and governing power of the system ;—so, and on the same grounds of reason, we must regard the *mammalia* as a process in which, through a variety of forms, Nature is experimenting the different proportions and possible harmonies of the three powers in relative correspondence to circumstances of soil, climate, and habitation, then in reference to the various pursuits, in which one class supplies an object of desire to another, next in correspondence to the free established appetites of the different classes ; but likewise, and lastly, as an increased perfection in itself, as measured by its more or less perfect adequateness to the first great principle, from which we have deduced organic Nature, and to which we must now bring it back,—the principle, I mean, of totality and absoluteness which Nature aims at in the whole, and of which, therefore, we must seek the measures in a right comprehension of the points that constitute the perfection of a whole, and its comparative excellence.

“Now we know that every whole, whether of a plant, an animal, or a planetary system, indicates a greater power as its producing cause, in proportion as the parts are more numerous, yet at the same time more various, each having a several end, while yet the interdependence of each on the other, the subordination of the lower to the higher, and the intimate union of all in the constitution of one, shall be perfected in an equal proportion. But as it has been shown before, that every whole that is really such,—and not the creature of accident, as a pebble for instance, or where the wholeness subsists merely in the percipient, as in a heap of corn or the types of a printed sentence,—that every actual whole is but the result or (to borrow an illustration from the convex mirror) the projected image of some antecedent principle, the unity of which is exclusive of parts,—there is yet another mark of advancing perfection, namely, when this partless and therefore necessarily invisible unity is itself represented by some visible and central product, to which all the various parts converge, and which therefore represents in respect of power that which the total shape or exterior exhibits in respect of sight and sense. These, I say, give the canons by which the comparative interior perfection of every whole or *integer* is to be measured. But every finite integer has likewise external relations, and here the canons of measurement are obvious, namely, the comparative emancipation and independence of the *integer*, from the alien external powers, and its comparative superiority over them, and power of commanding them ;—these two being connected by an intermediate faculty, or facility, namely, that of adapting itself to its external relations in the greatest variety, and under the greatest change of these relations. The first is a negative superiority of the animal over Nature, and of itself can never rise beyond diminished dependency. Thus the amphibious animals are comparatively less dependent than the fish, which can exist only in one elementary habitation. Actual independence of Nature would exclude the animal from the system altogether : it could neither exist as a point in a circumference, nor yet as a centre in itself, to which all other Nature formed an endless series of concentric circles. Yet as long as it is a dependence for its own purposes, and not for purposes external to itself, and while it is connected with choice, or an *analogon* of choice, selecting what it can assimilate, and repelling whatever would interfere with its processes, this dependence in the physical sense of the word becomes independence in the moral use. And when, in addition to this, a power exists of using external Nature as an alien, of using what it neither assimilates nor admits, this is more than independence, it is sovereignty.

“In applying these rules to the higher animals, to all namely in which the three powers or functions of life, reproduction, irritability and sensibility, not only co-exist but co-exist in a subordination of the former two to the third, we shall soon be reminded of a truth to which I directed your attention in a previous lecture, the existence, namely, of a variety of classes

evidently not essential to the system of Nature in the Idea, but to be explained as parts of a process hereafter to disappear, and consequently arising from the absence of some other result hereafter to come, or if come, yet from its imperfection and immaturity incapable of exerting its appropriate influences. And here it is that we are met by the principle of variety, or the tendency to multiplication of forms, to which comparative anatomists of the greatest celebrity so often appeal in the lower orders, the zoophytes, *mollusca*, and insects, but without explaining the fact by any higher principle;—this same principle, but in a more intelligible form, again presents itself in this last stage of our investigation; and I venture to assert that it admits of no other explanation than in one or other of the two following modes, or perhaps in both conjointly. The first we have already described under the bold but justifiable language of a natural experimenting, as if Nature were learning what harmonies of functions could exist under different ratios of sub- and co-ordination, what the resulting character of the whole would be, and what the resulting type or physiognomic expression of this character. Nor are the products of this experiment without their justifying use: the same absence of the creature, which implies this experimental process in order to the completed type of the same, requires these temporary orders of animals, as proxies and vicegerents in the performance of those lower ends, by which a bound or limit is placed to the multiplication of yet inferior life,—and by which, it may be added, the health of the creation is preserved, which would be endangered by the excessive multiplication of any one kind, not only in reference to the other classes of animals, but to the kind itself so multiplied. The other is that variety of type, instead of being measured, as in all the orders of animals hitherto, by evidences of ascension in the scale of life, admits the application of a canon of progressive perfection only to a small number of the *mammalia*; while the rest must be contemplated as a degradation, or, to use the language of crystallography, as decrements from the human, assuming the human form as the ideal type of the whole class. In short, in all those classes or *genera* of the *mammalia* which would remain, and which could not without derangement of the universal *organismus* be lost, even when men, and men in the full prerogatives of humanity, shall exist in all the climes of the earth, and shall every where have civilized and humanized nature—in these, I say, the former scale of gradual ascent will still be demonstrable; but the rest can be considered only as mutilated and imperfect copies by anticipation of the human, to be measured, not so much by what is possessed in each, as by what is wanted, and by the necessary influence and modifying effect of the latter on the former,—even as in the human being, that which would have been perseverance and fortitude, if a proportionate power of comparative judgement had been added, by the mere absence of this gift degenerates into brute and dogged obstinacy.”

This is beautifully stated—but Mr. Green does not leave the subject here; he proceeds to argue that “entire intelligibility can only be given to the system of Nature by an insight into an ultimate end, to which all preceding ends must be regarded as at once means and approximations,—that this ultimate end of organic nature is presented in the achievement of that sensibility, and the subordination of the two inferior powers thereunto, by which the animal exists from itself, in itself, and, though imperfectly, for itself—and that in order to the full presentation of this ultimate end, Nature must not only feel, but must know her own being. Now, this position is the same as to assert that a mind must be added to life, and consequently, that a transition from life to mind, at all events to a state in which it shall be receptive of mind, must be assumed—a transitional state, a life still retaining its essential and distinctive characters as life, but participant of mind. And in a process of such deep importance, the last step to the consummation of all that we still might dare call Nature, it may be confidently expected that even the beginnings, the nascent or initial quantities, will be marked or re-

vealed in some appropriate fact or phenomenon. Now I affirm that this indifferency, or intermediate state of life and mind, is given in the Passions. For I know no other definition of a passion as distinguished from a mere appetite (though I have looked into the numerous disquisitions and essays on the passions, from Descartes downwards) but this:—That a passion is an affection of life having its immediate occasion, not in things, but in the thoughts or judgements respecting the things. This definition, which I offer with considerable confidence, is however, I scarcely need say, a definition of the passions in their completed form; though even of these the *mammalia* will not be found deficient in striking examples, such as the vanity of the peacock, the jealousy so amusingly displayed in dogs, the rage, which animals of the feline kind connect with both the appetites,—and our friends the phrenologists would assist us to multiply instances. But these are the branches of the tree; we must go lower to the trunk, and learn to contemplate passion as the common ground of all the passions; and this ground, or passion in its unity, may perhaps be defined as a Predisposition influencing the volitions, pursuits, and acts of an animal, derived from its total life and from the obscure half-conscious sense of the same in its own character. For the life of every animal doubtless has an individual character of its own, though it may not be possible to designate it by words, or rather though the animal itself is the true word, the only appropriate and untranslatable exponent. In this, I repeat, I find one great character, and I might add end, of the *mammalia*; and here, too, the peculiar connexion of the *mammalia* with man is still preserved. We find here the base of those mighty agencies by which man, in the minority of his humanity, is impelled and governed, and which, even in his highest state hitherto realized, have not yet come to be superfluous: the Reason, which has conquered them, has taken them into the household as useful and even needful servants, though out of that household, like the wild dogs and cattle of the uncivilized earth, they are among the most dangerous of wild beasts.”

We must pursue the details of this subject in a future number.

THE PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF EGYPT AND PALESTINE.*

To those who are at all interested in the progress of the human race towards that ultimate perfection which prophecy, religion, and philosophy assure us is allotted to suffering man, the consideration of the present state and prospects of Egypt and Palestine must be a subject capable of demanding the most painful attention. Countries are these, in which aforesaid have been achieved those great and noble triumphs which have enabled us to assume the position we now occupy; and countries are they, undoubtedly destined to be the stage for the enactment of the closing scenes of the mighty drama. That all mankind are now advancing towards a common centre, and not as heretofore travelling in eccentric lines leading any where or no where, is obvious even to the grossest apprehension. No portion of the human race is standing still; but all are in motion, and striving with one consent. Religion, which was sunk in lethargy, has awakened, and is working with amazing energy. Philosophy, which had decayed into a lifeless name, has revived in a manner at once startling and complete—their aim the emancipation

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.S.A., &c. &c. 2 vols. Dublin: Curry, 1840.

of humanity from the thralldom of Mammon and unrighteousness. An impatient discontent hath spread among the nations—a discontent with the present condition of mundane things, and a yearning for something which shall better satisfy the cravings of a nature, celestial although fallen. What does all this portend? Somewhat of evil, but much, much more of good!

Egypt, one of the first nations that tasted the blessings of civilization, and one of the first which fell from that high estate into an almost hopeless barbarism, has lately aroused from the sleep of ages, and, through the exertions of a single man, has assumed an importance that not only arrests the attention of the most unobservant, but materially affects the destinies of nations who had long blotted her out of their remembrance: and all this has been effected by a poor Albanian soldier, who, in the slave markets of the country he has rescued, was once sold as a slave—a man uneducated, unassisted, save by his own strong purposes and surpassing genius!

Unfair, ungenerous, and most ungrateful is it to cavil at the deeds of a man, such as we have above described. He had a mighty task in hand, to accomplish which his means were, at the beginning, wretchedly inadequate, namely, the regeneration of a country so debased, that the hope of raising it appeared desperate. But in what he attempted boldly, he succeeded beyond expectation; and the whole world has rung with the fame of the Egyptian ruler.

There is one action of Mohammad Alee's with which every one is acquainted, and on which every body is ready to pronounce a judgement. We refer to his slaughter of the five hundred Memlooks, a race of men too powerful to be subdued by any force he could employ against them, and who were determined to resist all the improvements he wished to introduce as innovations. Yet, although this deed can never by any sophistry be justified, much may be alleged in extenuation. It was not so much an act of free-will on the part of the viceroy, as a deed dictated by necessity. Either he was to give up the thoughts of regenerating Egypt, or else remove, by some means or other, the Memlooks, who had for a great number of years oppressed and degraded her. Unable to overcome them by legitimate means, he resorted to treachery, and, under cover of hospitality, committed perhaps one of the basest murders on record; thus, at the expense of fixing an indelible stain on his own character, releasing Egypt from a set of merciless tyrants, and laying the foundation for her future prosperity. Knowing that these men were the millstones about the necks of the Egyptians, which prevented them from taking their proper station among the nations of the earth—knowing that while these men existed, Egypt would remain, as she then was, "*the basest of kingdoms*"—knowing that, if the power of these men was once broken down, he should be at liberty to execute the vast schemes for the good of his people which he had conceived—in short, knowing the Memlooks to be the curses of the land, it was a hard choice that was presented to Mohammad, when to act honourably would bring nought but defeat and disaster, while the contrary line of conduct promised advantages so incalculable to all. Any man, if asked whether he would have acted as Mohammad did, if he had been in the place of the Egyptian viceroy, would pause ere he answered in the negative. It is one of those deeds which we can neither justify nor declare could have been avoided: but it must be confessed, that if ever the end can sanctify the means (a doubtful matter at the best), it did so in this case. Is not this dark necessity for one wrong act, so continually haunting all who would elevate their fellow-men to a higher standard than they had hitherto reached, a most poignant proof of the innate depravity of our nature, which obliges us to combat treachery, oppression, and violence with their own weapons?

The progress which Egypt has made under this great man is wonderful. The arts and sciences flourish under his patronage; and now all the mysteries of gas, steam, and lithography are not only known, but are subjects of

familiar conversation in the Egyptian capital. He sent, at the expense of the state, a number of boys to Europe to be instructed; and not satisfied with that, he has erected and endowed colleges and schools at home. He has erected dock-yards, arsenals, and manufactories;—has organized an effective army and fleet, and, in short, has made Egypt rise, like the fabled bird of old, from her ashes.

Such being the present condition of Egypt, works containing any information concerning that ancient country cannot fail of being acceptable. The beautiful work of Mr. Lane gave the world much insight into the customs and manners of the modern Egyptians; while the portions of Mr. Wilde's "Narrative," which relate to Egypt and Palestine are intensely interesting. Mr. Wilde's style is easy and flowing; just such an one as is calculated to *set off* a relation of travels; and his investigations are carried on in that spirit of candid inquiry which rather seeks for the elucidation of the *real* truth, than the establishment of any particular dogmas. The chapters of his work relating to the city of Tyre, we can also mention with especial praise: but, as Christians, we feel wedded to the scenes of the events narrated by the sacred writers—Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. Wilde is, apparently, an advocate for a literal interpretation of the prophecies contained in the Bible. So are we: but we hold that they are capable of receiving a spiritual interpretation likewise, upon the principle that the physical world is but a shadow of the spiritual, and that all done in the one, is typical of what is doing in the other. If the Scriptures promise the restoration of the Israelites to the holy city—to Jerusalem, then they likewise promise the restoration of mankind to their original purity, of which the other is but an emblem. Every prophecy shall be fulfilled in the letter and in the spirit. Every revolution in the affairs of the world, is a stage in man's spiritual progress; and the rise and fall of empires mark the transition from one stage to another. Such a transition, we are convinced, is now about to take place;—the battle of Waterloo closed a cycle, and the whole world is now thrown into the throes and convulsions of a new birth. Says Mr. Wilde:

"That the age we live in is one fraught with interest, and hastening us towards the dawning of great events, is a fact the most apathetic and indifferent must admit. The theatre on which these coming scenes are likely to take place, is one on which were enacted deeds the most wonderful that ever swayed the destinies of mankind. Knowledge is running to and fro in the world; and 'tidings out of the east and out of the north,' are already beginning to trouble us. War is bursting out upon the frontiers of British India; Persia, urged on by Russia, is exhibiting a front that neither her inclination nor her power could warrant; the different independent, but hitherto friendly states of Hindostan, are conniving at, and in some instances offering assistance to powers aiming at Indian possessions; the Burmese are gaining daily strength and knowledge, wherewith to meet the soldiers of Europe with their own arms and their own discipline; China, impressed with the state of degradation to which our traffic has brought her, is threatening the very life and existence of Anglo-Indian commerce; and we have daily proofs of the weakness and instability of the Turkish empire, and the general breaking up of the Mohammadan power."

What is all this but the sign—the first distant rumbling of the coming storm? Empire is fast passing into other hands, and man is fast approaching another phase of being. Who cannot mark in England, which may be now said to be the metropolis of Europe, that supineness, that inactivity, that stagnation of enterprise and speculation, ever the precursors of great changes, moral and political? It is a crisis.

Europe is, itself, in a state of quiet; from Asia come the black clouds now hanging over our horizon. We may roll about in our carriages, squabble in our senate, and forget our danger—but it will surely come: for nations are

rising where before there existed none,—rising in such a manner as to excite unpleasant anticipations for the future. Meantime, at home, we let the children of genius who could save us, languish with hope deferred; because the benefits conferred by them are not of a nature to be seen, heard, handled, tasted, or smelt!! Methinks we are in danger of realizing the fable of the sleeper, who slept until to awake was useless.

The state of Palestine is now excitve of attention. For years had it ceased to have any political existence, and the chosen land was almost forgotten. Under the debasing sway of Turkey, it remained a blank in the history of mankind. Finding in it no security for life or property, but few travellers visited it; and those who did, represented its condition to be most lamentable. It suffered equally from the tyranny and the weakness of the Turkish government, which had strength sufficient to oppress the people and deprive them of the fruits of their industry, and yet lacked the vigour of defending them from the hordes of Arabs who people the surrounding deserts. At length, however, it was drawn into notice by Bonaparte's invasion of Syria, and his celebrated siege of Acre, in the defence of which British valour was so conspicuously displayed.

It has now, by Mohammad Alee's conquest of Syria, fallen under his influence, and he has already caused so many reforms to be made in the administration of its government, that the traveller can at present with complete safety bend his steps towards the Holy City. A large portion of Mr. Wilde's second volume is filled with speculations on the past and future state of Jerusalem; and his reasonings being based upon the positive declarations of Scripture, would be hard to refute. And why wish to refute them? We prefer, however, in the first place, to deal with Mr. Wilde's personal experiences.

Concerning the identity of the tomb on Calvary, we must agree with Mr. Wilde, that we are bound to receive the tradition of sixteen centuries, especially where no improbability appears against its validity, and no positive proof can be alleged to the contrary. The devotion of the pilgrims who visit the holy sepulchre is, according to our traveller, almost frantic. Says he:—

“On many of my visits to this place, particularly at an early hour in the morning, when but comparatively few pilgrims were present, I was greatly struck by the sincere and devotional feeling exhibited by many who slowly and reverently approached the altar on their knees, with tears of sorrow running down their cheeks; when sighs and stifled groans were the only sounds that broke the stillness of those moments, save the tinkle of the piaster, as it fell into the money-tray of the attendant-priest, who alone among the group remained unmoved. At these early and tranquil hours, I have watched the aged and weather-beaten pilgrim here bowed to the earth, and mothers prostrated around the place, offering up prayers, directed, I doubt not, by the promptings of their hearts, and with silent tears, presenting before the altar their little ones, who gazed with mute astonishment and childish sympathy at the parent, but not venturing to break the silence, or interrupt the solemnity of the scene by their innocent prattle. These were absorbing moments, and different from the scenes I witnessed during the more public and crowded hours, when hurry, bustle, and confusion, added to the vast concourse of people, rendered the approach to this place almost impossible.”

But the Christian pilgrim cannot regard the Holy Sepulchre with more ardour and emotion, than the outcast Jew experiences, when he beholds the promised land of his forefathers. He feels for it more affection than the Gentile does for his native soil, and lives in the daily hope of being restored to the long-lost heritage.

“No matter,” says Mr. Wilde, “what the station or rank; no matter what, or how far distant the country where the Jew resides, he still lives upon the hope that he will sometime journey Zion-ward. No clime can

change, no season quench, that patriotic ardour with which the Jew beholds Jerusalem, even through the vista of a long futurity. On his first approach to the city, while yet within a day's journey, he puts on his best apparel; and when the first view of it bursts on his sight, he rends his garments, falls down to weep and pray over the long-sought object of his pilgrimage; and with dust sprinkled on his head, he enters the city of his forefathers. No child ever returned home after long absence with more yearnings of affection; no proud baron ever beheld his ancestral towers and lordly halls, when they had become another's with greater sorrow than the poor Jew, when he first beholds Jerusalem. This, at least, is patriotism."

Yes, we can imagine the exiled Hebrew returning with a heart heavy and sorrowful to the city where his forefathers had dwelt in power, happiness, and splendour—yes, even we can picture him, although we have never breathed the air of Palestine. Perhaps it is an old man, on whose brow rests the snow of many winters—whose cheek is furrowed by many a care, which only the exiled—the despised—the outcast can know, who now approaches with weary steps the beloved Jerusalem! As the aged sire beholds the city of David spread at his feet, no longer a princess among the cities, but the abject thrall of a foreign foe, her children dispersed as wanderers over the face of the earth, and her streets tenanted by strangers, he rends his garments, and overpowered by the heart-racking emotion, sinks on the earth to weep over the fallen greatness of his nation. That heart—which had long been steeled, perforce, in the ways of the world, in which the hardness of the wanderer's lot had apparently dried up all the tender springs of affection and emotion—is opened once more when he beholds the city sit desolate, that was full of people! He thinks, as he views her, of the abject state of a race erewhile so highly favoured, but who now roam through every clime, without finding a home in any—whose fate has been for ages past to have their good deeds depreciated, and their evil magnified—to be oppressed by the mighty, and only saved from total extinction by the riches they have possessed.

Yet even for the poor Israelite there has remained one comfort, and a great one—they have the promise of Him whose words are never vain, that their sorrows shall not last for ever—that their heritage shall again be restored to them—that they shall again worship their God in the land of their fathers! It is the hope that this time is not far distant which has supported them in their arduous pilgrimage—which has prevented their spirit from wholly sinking under the constantly increasing burden of woes they have had to sustain for so many centuries. "Hope," as Mr. Wilde says, "is the principle that supports the Israelite through all his sufferings—with oppression for his inheritance; sorrow and sadness for his certain lot; the constant fear of trials, bodily pain, and mental anguish; years of disgrace, and a life of misery; scorned, robbed, insulted, and reviled; the power of man, and even death itself cannot obliterate this feeling."

That this continual yearning of the Jews towards Palestine, is planted in them by a Divine Providence, and is intended to serve wise purposes, will not admit of a moment's doubt. These extraordinary people have not been, for so many ages, kept apart from all other nations for nought—they are reserved as instruments in the hands of the Lord. Hitherto they have been living witnesses of his verities; a continual reproof to the unrighteous among the sons of men.

It is plainly enough declared in the Scriptures, that the Jews shall be restored; and we must say that many obstacles which stood in the way of such a consummation, have been lately removed. It was necessary in the first place, that Egypt should be rescued from barbarism, and Judea from Turkish indolence, and both of these objects have been partially accomplished. Mr. Wilde says, "that never was such a large concourse of Jews known to be at Jerusalem as there is at present; but this may be the effect of Ibrahim's repeal of the law which restricted the number of Jews residing

in that city to 300. For the first time, too, since their expulsion, the Jews have been allowed to possess as their own, land in Judea ; and never in any country did they enjoy more privileges and immunities than they do now in Palestine under the auspices of Mohammad Alee."

It cannot be expected that, in a periodical of this nature, we should enter into Mr. Wilde's elaborate consideration of the prophecies concerning the Jews and Egyptians ; but this much we will say, that he has shown they are all in a course of gradual accomplishment in the physical world ; to which we add our affirmation, that they are in like course of progress in the spiritual. We are swiftly advancing towards the goal, and we shall not stop until it is reached.

Mohammad Alee is one of those brilliant lights which sometimes rise up even in the most debased lands. It remains for time to show whether the reforms he has effected in Egypt will take firm hold, but whether they do or not, the amazing genius of the man must be acknowledged. We think, however, that it would be inconsistent with the wisdom of Providence, if such a man were only raised—

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Having been enabled to do thus much, in spite of impediments that might have cowed the bravest spirits, his exertions, surely, are not here to be stopped. Nay, we believe his name will yet be ranked among those few who are remembered as saviours of their countries.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dodd's Church History of England, with Notes, Additions, and Continuation. By Rev. M. A. TIERNEY, F.S.A. Vol. III. London: Dolman, 1840.

We have here the third volume of this interesting work, which brings down the narrative to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, detailing, with great and praiseworthy moderation and fairness, the events of that varied period ; the plots of the oppressed Catholics ; the penal enactments against them ; the Armada invasion, during which their loyalty was so conspicuously displayed, and the renewed persecutions with which it was so ungratefully rewarded ; the factions and disputes among the Catholics themselves ; the character of the sovereign, her personal appearance, abilities and temper, and a singular paper relative to her death from an inedited M.S., the statement of Lady Southwell, one of her maids of honour.

The volume, like the preceding ones, is enriched by a mass of valuable information, evincing the industry and research of the learned editor, which throws much light upon the events recorded, and affords points of view most favourable to a correct judgement upon them. The whole maintains the same accomplished and zealous, but mild and dispassionate character, alike honourable to Mr. Tierney, and the important history it elucidates. It is a work that no impartial inquirer ought to be without, as, in its absence it is impossible to form a just or competent opinion of the question it involves. It merits the serious attention of the honest and generous of all parties.

The last volume has related, and deprecated in becoming terms, the persecutions levelled at the Reformers, and, in this, we have the complement of the story in the touching account of the suffering inflicted on both sexes who adhered to the ancient religion of their fathers ; a religion which had been that of a large part of civilized Europe for ages ! hallowed in the hearts of its professors by the love which attaches to the venerable and the consecrate ! by the life of many a saint and sage, hero and martyr ; by sweet associations connected with all the household charities ; by the faith which bound for them, as in a golden circlet, the remote and glorious past, the trying present, and the hopeful future. The violence and ferocity of the Catholic party, in the reign of Mary, is here fully equalled by similar wickedness in the reformed. Penalty, and torture, and death, are plenteously imposed by those who seceded from the old church, on the ground of conscience, which, as justly

should have shielded the Catholic from all injury, as it was made their defence by those who passed over to the new. Justice, humanity and Christian charity were as recklessly violated by the Protestant, as by the Catholic before him, and if the acts of some members of a religious profession are to be taken as criminating evidence against the entire body, then must the reformed Church bear the damning and accursed character written in records of blood and agonizing tears—of tyrant, savage and murderer. But we will not be so unjust as many of our bigoted and inconsistent countrymen. Not upon the *faith* of these contending parties should the stain of such crimes be fixed. The love and charity, which the common religion of both so beautifully inculcates and enjoins, repudiates it, and to the blindness and fierceness of the age, and the evil spirit that the struggle engendered, it should be more justly ascribed. Let us rightly understand and pity, and as Christian men forgive (as we trust it has elsewhere been forgiven) this sad departure by both parties from the heavenly lessons of mercy and forbearance that their respective creeds taught. “Charity,” as Wordsworth wisely says, “is the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or the present time.”

The polemical is unsuited both to us and to the impartial spirit of our periodical, which, as our readers know, seeks to establish a ground on which all parties may meet, instead of throwing them into hostility with each other. The dogmatical differences of the two churches are regarded by us as totally beyond our sphere, nor will we employ the materials which this work supplies, to make an assault upon the established church, or to affix a permanent odium (however much after their own fashion) on many of its preachers. To criminate and condemn is not our object; to moderate and pacify is our duty. To those among the clergy of our establishment (whose names in a kindly feeling we suppress), who have of late displayed a spirit of rancorous bigotry and unchristian warfare towards those of the Catholic church, we beg to recommend a *practice* of the obligations of that creed which they profess. We are willing to believe them sincere in their pretensions to the possession of the true Christian doctrine, although their conduct has been strongly at variance with the Divine injunctions it breathes. They are honest, we are eager to hope, in their desire (to quote one of their favourite phrases with no scornful feeling) of “winning souls to Christ.” But as they value their own characters, as they venerate the sacred faith they are attached to, as they have an awful foresight of the great day of account, we beg them to cease from the systematic and slanderous attacks on their Catholic brethren. The religion of *Love* is to be advanced by *loving* means. The true creed should be adorned and recommended by a charitable and Christian demeanour, and all the graces and charms of that system, which was founded by the Prince of Peace, and disseminated by the apostles, should be the harmless, but victorious, weapons which the *sacred* hand alone should wield. Let there be no contest but this, namely, who shall most approximate to the divine standard that has been given. Let them show that they do not make a mockery of the words, which they teach the young and innocent child in their schools, so sweetly in accordance with the “heaven that lies about us in our infancy”—“*to live in charity with all men.*”

PROGRESS OF BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The British Librarian, or Book-collector's Guide to the Formation of a Library in all Branches of Literature, Science and Art, arranged in Classes, with Prices, Critical Notes, References, and an Index of Authors and Subjects.
By W. J. LOWNDES, Esq. London: Whittaker and Co.

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, used to spend much of his time in looking over the *backs* of books in the royal library. The King one day observed him at this amusement, and said, “Doctor, I wonder what benefit you can derive

from merely perusing the covers of these volumes." The Doctor, according to his own confession, was not much inclined to "bandy arguments with his sovereign," yet he ventured to return this oracular response with something more than his usual gruffness: "Your Majesty, be it known unto you, that knowledge is of two kinds—first, knowledge absolute; second, knowledge relative, or the knowledge of where knowledge may be found. It is this second species of knowledge which I derive when perusing the back-sides of your Majesty's books."

Such was Dr. Johnson's fondness for *bibliography*—the science of sciences, the knowledge of where knowledge may be found, or as he defines it in his dictionary, "the science of a man skilled in the knowledge of books." But let not the innocent reader suppose that Johnson's love of the backs of books deprived him of his relish for their contents. On the contrary, the same veritable Boszzy informs us, that he had a special knack of rapidly discovering their intestinal merits. Once, for instance, the Doctor was seen to devour a large folio during the five minutes of leisure that preceded a dinner in the house of a nobleman. Being asked what he was about, he rejoined, that "tearing out the bowels of a folio," gave him a special appetite for replenishing his own.

But jests apart, the bibliographer is the chartist—no, the chart-maker, the map-maker to the world of books. He lays down the Mercator's projection, whereby we safely traverse the hills and the vallies, and penetrate the anters vast and deserts idle of the paper universe. He teaches us to steer safely and pleasantly through every Scylla and Charybdis of erudite botheration; and under his guidance we boldly set sail on the Atlantic ocean of science, and rest not till, like Columbus, we have discovered new hemispheres, and tasted the golden apples of the Hesperides.

We regard bibliographers with profound reverence, interest and attachment. None better than they deserve the recompense of society. If *useful labour*, so advocated by the Utilitarians of the Westminster Review, is ever to receive a prize—the bibliographer is the man that shall win it.

We speak not ignorantly or unadvisedly. Even from the days of our hot youth we found the absolute necessity of bibliographical learning for any man who would be a scholar, and a ripe and good one. For some years our favourite reading consisted of the huge bibliographical works in Latin, German and French, that we could get hold of. And as for English, every thing in the shape of bibliography that has flourished for the last two centuries we tasted, swallowed and digested with the utmost avidity. Do we repent it? No. These bibliographical works contain the cream and quintessence of the greatest achievements of the human mind. The titles of books are, in fact, the definitions of long trains of thought; by them you find exactly what subjects have been most discussed and most disputed; every developement of human genius is there accurately sketched in connexion with the circumstances of time and place. Aye, from the mere catalogues of booksellers have we learned more wisdom than we could ever glean from any individual authors whatsoever.

It is unnecessary to mention here the huge bibliographical works, and dictionaries of bibliographical works, that have appeared on the continent during the last three centuries. The Germans and the French have particularly distinguished themselves for their diligence in this respect.

In Great Britain, though bibliographical science did not manifest itself so early, our literati have not failed to contend for the palm. Scholars of all ranks, from bishops downwards, have been eager thus to illustrate the treasures of literature.

But as bibliography is essentially a progressive science, growing with the growth of general literature, it has been far more productive of late years than before. Such immense accessions have been made to our store during the present century, that we now want a bibliographical dictionary of biblio-

graphical works, in order to show the book-hunter where he may seek for information.

Among the authors who have of late years distinguished themselves in British bibliography, we may mention the names of Nicholls, Watkins, Upcott, Horne, Orme, Dibdin, and Watt, author of the *Bibliotheca Britannica*. But to none of these gentlemen are we more indebted for their literary exertions than we are to Mr. Lowndes. Two or three years ago this accurate and industrious author published his *Bibliographer's Manual*, in four volumes 8vo., in Pickering's Press. This consists of an alphabetical account of the principal treatises published in Britain, with notices. Its practical utility has placed it in the position of a standard national work, and it is found in every extensive library. Mr. Lowndes, not content with this contribution, embarked in a more extensive undertaking. Knowing the Dibdin's *Library Companion*, Goodhugh's *English Gentleman's Library Manual*, and other similar volumes, were considered very defective, he resolved to supply a better.

So far as we can judge from a careful examination of the first eight parts of Mr. Lowndes' *British Librarian*, we can safely recommend it to our readers as a work of solid sterling value. It is far more complete than any thing of the kind that has yet appeared among us, and as such will be duly appreciated by all book-collectors and book-reviewers. Its fault, if any, rather consists in noticing too many than too few works on the various subjects classified; but this is a fault on the right side, and probably arose from the author's desire to please all orders of readers.

If ever literary patronage, on which we have so earnestly written, revives in this country, such authors as Mr. Lowndes will be more justly rewarded than is possible under the present selfish and sensual fashion. The march of intellect is decidedly taking a very queer turn; and while singing the song of "getting up stairs," is to our thinking pretty palpably getting down:—So mote it *not* be.

Historic Sites, and other Remarkable and Interesting Places in the County of Suffolk. By JOHN WODDESSPOON. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

This is a very delightful book, in the style of William Howitt—the biographical portion is exceedingly well written. We can besides commend it equally to the topographical and the historical reader.

The Arabs in Spain; an Historical Narrative. 2 vols. Churton. 1840.

We have here a popular work on this very romantic portion of history, with which the reader will be pleased for its elegance, and which the student will prize for its accuracy.

Botany; Ralf's Analysis of the British Flora. Longman & Co. 1839.

We have much pleasure in noticing this little work, which will prove an invaluable assistant to the young student, and, from its extreme facility, will encourage many of our fair country-women to acquire such a knowledge of our wild plants, as will add greatly to the attraction of rural life, a most important consideration, since not only the simplicity of a woman's character, but even her health and beauty, depend so much upon an, at least occasional, residence in the country. As an introduction to Botany, the Linnæan system has long enjoyed a deserved preference amongst us, though it still leaves many difficulties to be encountered, which the numerous works, hitherto constructed upon it, furnish no help for surmounting. In fact, its very facilities, and universal adoption, have been the cause why in England nothing further has been attempted; whilst the far greater difficulties lying in the path of the continental botanists, who commence their studies with the natural system, compelled their teachers to devise some easier and more practicable mode of detecting the genera and species. Hence originated Lamarch's dichotomous method, which Mrs.

Marcel so happily compares to the game of Twenty-four. It proceeds by a series of contrasts, and presents, successively, pairs of *opposite* characters, one of which, as often as may be, is the *peculiar* and *essential* distinction of one of the genera or species. In this way of exhaustion, and by more or fewer steps, according to the number of the genera or species with which it has to deal, it leads the inquirer, with the strongest probability of success, to the right name of a plant, and thus quickly places him on that 'vantage-ground, where the science of botany truly and properly begins.

It is the object of Mr. Ralf's book to connect, for the first time, this method of Lamarch with the Linnæan arrangement, and thus to remove from the system, which alone is suited to a learner, every remaining difficulty. To this analysis, which forms the body of the work, he has subjoined a shorter one of the orders and genera of the natural system—with references to the former part, for which the more advanced student will thank him. The remainder of the volume consists of a neat Preface, which sets forth its necessity and advantages, and explains its use in the fullest and clearest manner, and of an Appendix containing a Glossary—concise, yet comprehensive and sufficient for every practical purpose. This book, we predict, will supersede all the minor Floras, and, at the same time, be most useful as a key to the larger ones. We have already remarked how desirable a possession it will prove for the student, especially we would add as a companion in the field; but we would recommend that the next edition should be printed in smaller type, and thus adapted to the waistcoat pocket or a lady's reticule. We would express our hopes, that, as our fair friends can now take their first lessons in botany with so much ease, they will not rest satisfied with a bare knowledge of the names and arrangements of plants—and still less will venture to become florists at the risk of becoming ridiculous from the lack of such knowledge, as necessary in this case as the acquisition of its alphabet for obtaining the most superficial smattering of a foreign language. For a lady to talk of flowers, without knowing their names or relations, seems to us of a piece with the absurd practice, common with half-educated women, who attempt to sing Italian songs, of whose meaning they are profoundly and, perhaps, in many cases, happily ignorant.

A Descriptive Tour in Scotland. By T. H. C. Brussels: published by Hauman & Co. London: by George Whittaker & Co. 1840.

This is a very lively book, and illustrated copiously with lithographic engravings. It is dedicated to Thomas Colley Grattan, and appears to be the composition of a scholar and gentleman.

The Juvenile Historical Library. By JULIA CORNER. London: Dean and Munday. 1840.

This is well adapted for youth, schools, and families; and is designed to comprise the history of every nation in the world. Six parts are already published.

Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Third edition, edited by his Son. London: John Templeman. 1840.

This is a judicious and elegant reprint of a work which, many years ago, we read with great delight and instruction.

Meddings with the Muse. By J. A. SIMONS. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1840.

Lyra Eboracensis; or Native Lays. Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1839.

These are two volumes of verse—the last contains some good poetry, containing a brief historical and descriptive sketch of the ancient city of York, from the conquest of Severus. Local poetry *ought* to interest us more than it does.

The Universal Tendency of Association in Mankind analyzed and illustrated.
By JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. Houlston & Stoneman. 1840.

Of this excellent work we meant to give an extended review—we now can do no more than commend it. On the subject itself we shall, ere long, probably venture an article—when we shall be glad to quote several passages from this well-written volume.

Milton's Paradise Lost, with copious Notes, explanatory and critical, partly selected from the various Commentators, and partly original; also, with a Memoir of his Life. By JAMES PRENDENVILLE, B.A., editor of *Livy*, &c. Holdsworth. 1840.

Old Ebony has fallen foul of this book without much reason, and certainly without any rhyme. The memoir of Milton's life is admirably executed—the text is generally correct—though a few accidental errors have crept into it—and the notes, though confined to classic sources of illustrations, are judiciously selected. We doubt not that it is an edition of Milton which will be valued. Of course we have in our mind's eye, an ideal possible edition of the works of this great orb of song. But such an one we may attempt some day ourselves—and then shall—must—be dissatisfied with it.

The Record of Family Instruction in the Spiritual Doctrines of the Holy Scripture. London: Goyder.

The aim of this book is to show that the scheme of Swedenborg facilitates a philosophic interpretation of the letter of Scripture. We should rather call such interpretation a scientific one—since it proceeds, according to the little volume before us, by analysis and negation, rather than by synthesis and affirmation. This method is perplexed with difficulties, inasmuch as it subjects the letter to apparent contempt. Hence, the writer says, "When Jehovah God is seen in the spiritual sense of the Word of God, it is neither as descending nor ascending in space, nor as writing with his finger upon stone, nor as riding through the atmosphere upon cherubs, nor as flying upon the wings of the wind, but as wholly devoid of all the properties which belong to space and time." If we proceed in this negative series, we must describe Deity at length as devoid of being also—and, nevertheless, as the source of being. Yet how the source of being, and of space and time, if not inclusive of all these, and whatsoever they contain? Better, then, to affirm prophetically of Him as the Eternal and the Infinite, and then proceed synthetically to show that time and space, *in themselves*, are identical with Eternity and Infinity, and that Being and Intelligence are so essentially correlated and interpostulated as not even to be conceived separately. Being, and time, and space, and all that they inherit, are then the words and expressions, the symbols and exponents of Deity; and thus the language of Scripture above negated, will become affirmatory of the Divine idea, however figurative. The sense of man ought perfectly to represent the conscience of man, as the law of God producing and uttered in the spirit of man; and so it was evidently under the Old Testament dispensation, while all expression flowed synthetically, and before analysis was thought of. The author before us approves of the allegorizing of Origen, and some early fathers—nor would we be too severe on fancies honestly excited in the illustration of the highest verities. Nevertheless, we prefer the symbolic production of the verities themselves—and are very anxious that the symbolic and allegoric should not be confounded. The spiritual meaning of Scripture is better brought out by the symbolic than the allegoric method. It is accordingly more satisfactory, while the latter strikes even its professors as arbitrary and somewhat capricious. Thus for any one of the correspondencies of Swedenborg frequently no better reason can be given than that "it is so, because it is so!" It is found to hold good in a great number of instances—perhaps in all; there-

fore it is probably right. Science may be satisfied with this—but philosophy demands an undoubted intuition of every truth that it acknowledges. We much wish to recommend to this class of inquirers the affirmative methods of philosophizing—being ourselves very much of opinion with some American students that the works of Swedenborg constitute a literary phenomenon which have not been sufficiently studied. They will, however, lose much of their value, unless submitted to the test of the affirmative method of philosophizing—and we do think that the writer before us is eminently qualified for such an undertaking. We will render every assistance to such minds in the pages of this magazine—for we are utterly ashamed of the philosophical poverty of our land and time.

The Hand-Book of Health. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We can recommend this conscientiously, and believe that if its directions are followed, the health of the individual may be preserved. The directions are simple and so easily intelligible as to be generally available.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

We are desirous of drawing attention to “The East India Steam Navigation Company,” started for immediately establishing a line between Suez and Calcutta. The largest steam vessel will be sent out without loss of time, and it is proposed to build seven steam ships, of tonnage and power applicable to the route by the Cape of Good Hope, in case of any interruption through Egypt, thereby precluding the possibility of any impediment to carrying out the proposed measures of the company. It is stated, that the number of passengers annually passing between Calcutta, Madras, and Ceylon, and Europe, may be taken at 2500 to 2600, but this number may be calculated on being considerably increased, if we are to judge from the increase which has taken place by locomotives on land, or steam navigation with America and the Continent, while the facility which will be afforded of conveyance from port to port in India will naturally tend to augment the income of the company.

THE GREEN ROOM.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Jessonda ; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By GEHR. The Music by L. SPOHR.

Iphigenia in Tauris ; a Tragic Opera, in Four Acts. The Music by GLUCK.

Faust ; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. By BERNARD. The Music by L. SPOHR.

Der Freischütz ; a Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By F. KIND. The Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Don Juan ; a Comic Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by WOLFGANG MOZART.

Fidelio ; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

The Templar and the Jewess ; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts, from Sir W. Scott's Novel of Ivanhoe. The Music by H. MARSCHNER.

Das Nachtlager in Granada ; or, a Night in Granada. A Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by CONRADIN KREUTZER.

Kosciusko, Der Alte Feldherr ; or, The Old General. An Operetta, in One Act.

Euryanthe ; a Grand Romantic Opera, in Three Acts. By HELMINA VON CHEZY. The Music by KARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Titus ; a Grand Opera, in Two Acts. The Music by MOZART.

At this theatre, Mr. Bunn is engaged in a manner which is at once

creditable to himself, suitable to his capacity and beneficial to the public. The German Operas placed at the head of this article have all been performed with great beauty and power on the part of the performers, without the aid of scenery or machinery, so that they have had to depend altogether on their music and the manner of its execution. This is as it should be, and sufficiently demonstrates that the dramatic art needs not tawdry spectacle—but that poetry and music, having to do with great ideas and strong feelings, are sufficient of themselves. Let them be trusted home. Thus occupied, Mr. Bunn will redeem himself with the judicious, and his character will emerge from the calumny which has tainted it, and the slander of which he complains. It is well, too, that we should have the opportunity of comparing things German with things Italian. The libretto of these operas is very good, and it is most excellently translated. Mr. Schloss is indeed a most exemplary publisher. Whatever he undertakes is done well.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. C. Kean's Macbeth.—How highly we esteem the drama, and what we demand of its professors, is, by this time, tolerably well known. We have not yet noticed Mr. Kean's re-appearance on these boards, because the characters in which he acted were all old assumptions, the degree of merit belonging to which was generally enough well understood. Many styles of acting are allowable, and many grades of merit may be admitted. Edmund Kean had no greater admirer than ourselves, and though the son cannot claim all his father's originality, because he is not his father, yet we are frequently reminded of his manner, and impressed with tokens of similar vigour. We are too desirous of seeing many capable of taking leading parts in tragedy, to concur in the too frequent practice of sacrificing all other actors to one. The influence of tradition is too much indulged, both on and off the stage. The *Macbeth* of Mr. C. Kean is not that of Mr. Macready, and this is saying something—and not a little in its favour. We were not altogether pleased with the performance of the first act—but with the dagger soliloquy and subsequent scene we were satisfied. The banquet scene was natural; and the last act terminated the play with spirit and stirring effect. The *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Warner was superb; and of Mr. Phelps's *Macduff* it is saying little, that it is the best that ever came on the stage. Justice will not be done to this actor until he be permitted to perform leading business again. Without any fault on his own part, this excellent actor, by the basest managerial manoeuvres, has been successively degraded to the lowest possible point, but has as often risen by the force of his own genius, which will, at last, place him at the highest. He may depend on every help we can give him to assert and reassert his merits, until at length it shall be beyond the power of any "contriver of harms" to do him injury, or even put him in peril.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

POESIES IN FRANCE.*

I. PARIS.

CITY of Saturnalias! Hail to thee!

The light blue Seine, like stream of joy is flowing
Within thine heart, and sunny skies of glee
Hang over thee like love looks; winds are blowing

* The beauty of these Sonnets, notwithstanding their strong political feeling, induces us to insert them.—Ed.

The fever from thy brow, as if with fanning
 Of eastern maidens ; and all flowers of gladness
 Gem thy long hair ; and what if thou in madness,
 A loveliness in passion, fired with banning,
 Didst tear a crown from off thy temples high,
 To wear a wreath of scorpions in its place ;
 Yet with their own vile poisonous stings they die,
 And soon will olive leaves those temples grace,
 Braided by Science, Liberty and Peace,
 With the *Immortelles* whose blooms never cease.

II. THE BOUQUET.

Small, sweet bouquet of flowers ! a song for thee
 From that wee Pandean pipe from whence there gushes
 The loved short noted sonnet's minstrelsie,
 As briefly shrill as wind amid the rushes.
 I would not hymn thee here in strange French land
 If thou wert wreath'd of fair magnolia blooms,
 Or rose-tinted cammelia's from the strand
 Of the brown Japanese, whose love builds tombs,
 For them of imagery beautiful
 With hand-wrought poesie, which gilds the dull.
 No, hushed my pipe had been to thee, but that
 Thou wert of blooms which graced my own girl's land ;
 Of blooms which we had language made, for what
 Language was made for—love, and converse bland.

III. LIBERTY.

Oh Liberty ! thou never canst be bought,
 Nor sold ; not even seas of blood can buy thee :
 As France shouts out !—But 'tis by heart and thought
 That thou must be created.—Let me try me,
 By pen, and lyre, and voice, and picturing,
 To give thee birth within each glorious heart
 Of sage and poet, patriot and lover,
 Painter and doater on imagining ?—
 For if thou once art born, like work of art,
 Thou ne'er canst die, but hoverest like a plover
 Around thy young, the green, green earth thy nesting ;
 And though rulers and ruled like rebels hover
 Upon thy flight, and banish thee from resting
 In earth's high temples, as the goddesses
 Of Love and Wisdom—Venus dear, and Pallas
 The thoughtful browed, and beautiful with tresses—
 Of fair old Greece were banished from their shrines ;
 Yet still, like them, thou wilt return in glory
 To all the world as well as classic Hellas :

Gilding each column'd vase, and sculptured story,
With all the light of heavenly sunshine,
With all the Elysium of love divine,
For other altars of each creed are gory,
And thine will bright be when their dust is hoary.

IV. CITY WARBLINGS.

I was in Paris, in the *Rue de la Harpe*,
In a small room, with ages past and coming,
When by my window heard I bird-notes sharp,
Meanings like words in octave tunings summing ;
And I look'd out and saw a spreading cage
From neighbouring window full of feather'd singers—
Canaries sunny—linnets green, the ringers
Of voice-like bells. And full of sweet love-rage
The poet finches:—but awhile mine eye
Was looking on, a free bird of the air
Flew to their cage, and tapping famously
With his small bill, said, " Fly to the fields and dare ;"
And then, methought, I'd imitate that bird
Until the caged-up human souls had heard.

J. G. B.

LOCKE'S METAPHYSICS ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN'S SOCIALISM.

REFERENCE has already been made in the pages of this Magazine to the inconsistency which exists between the religious and philosophic faiths current in the country. The Christian religion recognizes the responsibility of man to his Creator. It accounts him criminal for every transgression of the Divine law. It requires from him an entire submission of will and understanding to whatever is sacred and lovely, and attaches to an opposite course of conduct the penalty of supreme displeasure. From all this no exception is made in favour of any specific class of men, or of any particular district of the universe.

Necessarily does this creed presume for its basis, the presence of a divine law in the breast of the human being himself. A law which, though within man, is nevertheless distinct from him. It is by the operation of this law that remorse is, in almost every instance, attendant upon sin. The culprit feels that by his evil dispositions and actions, he has offended a power which is essentially at variance with them. Were no law of goodness present in the heart, remorse could not supervene upon the demonstrations of iniquity, since, in the absence of such law, there were nought for iniquity to offend.

Christianity, then, so far as the obedience or disobedience of man is concerned, contemplates only the relation which exists between the creature and the law of the Creator, as it is promulgated in the conscience of the former. It enters into no consideration of outward agencies. It treats of God's relation to man in the same way that philosophy treats of man's relation to the universe. And, indeed, it is most

consistent with the foremost rank assigned by the Supreme to humanity, predominant as it is over nature and circumstance, that it should rather be held culpable for permitting their disorder, than excused by its existence.

The presence of the divine law in the human breast has been an instinct to man in all ages. There is not a reproof administered by a parent to a child, not a trial undergone by a prisoner, not a sentence executed on a malefactor, which does not presume the violation of a righteous internal principle. For, if no such inward monitor were in being, the perpetration of the most fatal deeds would be the exhibitions of a nature intending no wrong—nay, even unconscious of wrong. For we could not be conscious of wrong unless there were a right with which to contrast it.

Nor can the right to which we here allude be the result of any outward instruction. Otherwise it were, surely, a good plea,—that the accused had been deficient in opportunities of learning sound doctrine; or that his parents were immoral characters and educated him in sin; or that he was deaf and could not hear precepts, and that his friends were too poor to have him instructed to read them. All which might, in many instances, be proved, but would never be received by a human tribunal as a justification of any offence against the moral law. And why not? Because it is felt, that however unfortunate an individual may be as to education, position in society, or character of associates, none of these can either create or destroy the power which admonishes him, that to act from love is to act well, and to contravene it, is to act ill. “Love,” say the Scriptures, “is the fulfilling of the law;” and love abides in every heart, and through the conscience asserts its claim to sovereignty. Once banish the internal law from the soul, once banish the sacred sense of goodness,—and redemption is an impossibility. For what arguments on behalf of religion could meet with response from a breast devoid of religion? Vice cannot apprehend the appeal of virtue. Virtue’s self must be present to interpret them and to use them as outward auxiliaries to the subjugation of the rebellious soul.

Strange, indeed, are the mental phenomena which illustrate the present era. We have a religious creed based on the facts of the divine law’s promulgation in the heart through the conscience. A law which emanating from the Supreme power, is no less akin to wisdom, than to love, and from the operations of which come not only truly pious dispositions, but expansive views, and intelligent perceptions. And yet in connexion with this faith is encouraged a system of philosophy directly contradicting its radical tenets—a system of philosophy which refers the doctrines of the mind and the feelings of the heart to the operation of external circumstance.

We have the anomaly of a Christian prelate rising to denounce in the parliament, necessary *conclusions of premises* which are insisted on in the text-book of the Universities.

We venture to state, emphatically, that Locke’s theory is the groundwork of Owen’s practice, and the most obnoxious dogmas of his school are fortified by the arguments of an author whose name has unfortunately become almost synonymous with that of English philosophy.

For if, as Mr. Locke contends, there is nought save deduction from the outward to form the character, man is necessarily dependent for it upon the accidental connexion which he holds with objects in the universe. And as it was not given him to choose this position, should it be associated with all that is most vicious, it is clearly a misfortune which entitles him to commiseration rather than to censure. And when the influences of those dark agencies which surround him shall have manifested themselves in the most atrocious enormities of conduct, he is a being on whom the state should rather bestow indulgence, than inflict punishment, and compensate him by some mark of its favour, for the hardships of a sin-rocked cradle.

But in the absence of all inward teaching, the distinction between good and evil is utterly unattainable. By what authority is any one action characterised as superior to another, unless by an authority resident within the actor, and prior to the objects on which it adjudicates? Do we live in the circle of the benevolent, and do we feel that its deeds are deserving of our love? On what grounds do we venture to award to the benevolent man an approval which we withhold from the selfish man? Is it merely because we have been externally taught that benevolence is to be valued? We think not. But if so, who taught our instructors? Is it replied—their ancestors? Then who taught them? who, in one word, taught the first outward instructor? It must be answered an inward one. And that spirit which taught man once, teaches him ever. The power instructing one instructs all. In this essential particular all men must be identically constituted. We may admit variety in trifling external particulars. One nation may excel in arms—another in arts—a third in morals; yet shall their common affinity as men be unequivocally manifested. Pure as alabaster, and veined as with silk, shall be the brows of one race; hued with blended crimson and olive those of another; ebon, like the night, those of a third. Yet shall there be nought to conflict with the great fact of common brotherhood. But once admit that God has uttered his everlasting law in the conscience of one man, and not in that of another, and two species are created—not a variety of one. An order exists which is man, for God has endowed it with the sense of good, and with the instinct of holiness. And an order exists, which is neither man nor beast, like man in form and stature, unlike him in nature and prerogative. An order the slave of accident, but accountable for conduct. Powerless to direct its course, yet responsible for every erring step; uninstructed like the beast with its limited capacities, yet punishable as the man with his infinite ones; a thing disgraced, because without light to guide it, and cursed with a vacant immortality. No, the supposition is monstrous. God hath originated all men of the same elements, and leavened all being with one privilege—the privilege of his law—to hallow it. In proving, then, that *one* man has existed who must have been inwardly taught, we prove the fact for *all* men.

Now let us not be misunderstood, or mis-stated. We have had experience of the aptitude of some minds to torture every assertion which they dislike to a meaning of which it is not legitimately susceptible. When we contend for the presence of the Divine Law in every being,

we do not contend for the perfection of the being in which the law abides. For, as it is by the unresisted operation of the law, through the work of the Mediator, that man is saved, it is also by disobedience to the law that man is condemned. Strange, dear and familiar reader, mayst thou think it, that we should point out distinctions so obvious. But if thou marvellest and art half indignant that we, apparently mistrusting thy judgement, should elaborately guide it where aid seems not requisite, yet be content to bear with us, while we provide against the ingenuity of rancour, or condescend to the weakness of prejudice.

Our reasoning for religion as an *a priori* reality, will apply, by analogy, to poetry and philosophy. In the sphere of the former we should be incapable of deciding as to the beautiful, and in that of the latter, as to the true, were not beauty and truth the inward standards by which the relation of all objects to them is tested and decided. Also, if this be not the case, it is sufficiently plain that our notions of the excellent in art are entirely arbitrary. It is, then, mere caprice to assign Shakspeare a higher rank than Lilly, or to decree Claude a pre-eminence over a village sign-painter. If we prefer—what is the ground of our preference? This—that we behold, in that which we most admire, the representation which best corresponds to our idea of beauty.

Be it that the juvenile or rustic critic approves more the frontispiece to a magazine of fashions, than the Venus of Titian; it must still be recollected, that although beauty is eternal, immutable, and identical in all, the perceptions which beauty generates are progressive, and even in the most gifted, immature. And as there is no doubt that man, although possessed of this great original, may reject it in favour of its representations in the outward, and by the sensual degradation of his nature may impede the developements of beauty in his own mind, the variety of tastes which exists as to the beautiful, is easily accounted for.

Yes! it is even true that in time the most advanced developements of beauty are crude and imperfect. But how far even in this sphere of sense-thralldom do the conceptions of the mind transcend its beholdings in the universe. That which is esteemed by us as most virtuous, or most lovely *here*, is only so considered with relation to the finite and the temporal. In the soul's dream of the state to come—the bourne of its toilsome journeyings—what shapes of excellent glory haunt it, before which earth's most luminous wane into dimness! Let the tourist, whose life hath been a pilgrimage from shrine to shrine of beauty, be asked to blend together, in one locality—the paragon of the universe—the varied charms of the choicest scenes he hath visited, and to accept this as a substitute for heaven. Let the man, who has been thrown into circles of pre-eminent intelligence and virtue, cull from them a peerless exhibition of humanity, and be required to accept it as the complement of the angelic nature. Would not such terms, in both instances, be disdained, and a long waiting for the far invisible be distinctly preferred to the brightest realization of the actual?

Thus do the mental conceptions and aspirings surpass all that is terrestrial, and surrender themselves to the contemplation of an ideal, which, as it excels all that is outward, the outward never could have

taught. For it will not be pretended that this ideal had its source in aught inferior to itself, and it would need an unblushing effrontery, which even the circumstantial philosophy would repudiate, to assert that the soul's visions of infinite goodness and beauty are derived from vibrations on the tympanum of the ear, and pictures on the retina of the eye.

Delusive and degrading as the theories are which have attributed a causal power to the external, we must, nevertheless, admit that they have been embraced by many eminent for exemplary and orthodox piety; and when we consider the sophisms which have been employed, and, doubtless, believed too, by the *à posteriori* teachers, there is little marvel that religious minds should have occasionally adopted subtle and insinuating heresies. For the materialists (which word we, not esteeming euphuism a virtue, when grave truths are at issue, use as a synonyme for Lockites) have avowed that—whereas the detail of our Lord's atonement, and man's contingent redemption, is a subject narrated by the Scriptures, and as the Scriptures cannot be received, except through the senses—our salvation is, therefore, essentially connected with outward agency. But if the Almighty has, in his infinite goodness, so provided against the guilty wanderings of his creatures, that, after having forsaken his inward teachings, they should be met in the external world with mementoes of the love which they have abandoned, it must not thence be inferred that such mementoes are substitutes for the operations of the Holy Spirit. It is true, that without the sacred records we should be ignorant of Christ's sacrifice, and destitute of the solace experienced in the contemplation of his unspeakable love. But it is not because the Most High has condescended to explain to us the glorious plan of redemption, that his divine purpose is more secure. In other words, we are saved by the plan, and not by its *explanation*. It will not be affirmed by any, that redemption supervenes upon the mere knowledge of our Saviour's death as a *fact of history*. No! there must be a surrender of the mind and heart to God, that the "same *Spirit* may be in us, which was likewise in Christ Jesus." It is thus that the atonement can only be made available by the inward operations of the spirit upon the soul.

Far be it from us to deal in vague speculation on sacred themes. But when we observe the way in which our Lord's sacrifice is made to obviate the necessity of conforming to our Lord's character, we deem it right to extend our suggestions somewhat beyond the ordinary limit of consideration. Piety, although doubtless it will hold doctrines, is not itself a doctrine. It is deeper than the deepest doctrine. It is uncreated by any doctrine. It is the authority for all doctrine. Not what we believe, but what we *are*, is the essential; although from what we are, should emanate the character of our belief. It is a fatal error to attribute to belief the creation of character—though of faith, it may be said, that *faith* is the essential character itself.

The death of the Mediator was the great condition upon which divine justice proclaimed an amnesty with rebellious man. There were terms, however, for man to comply with before he could be admitted to the benefit of Divine mercy. The terms were that he should lay down his arms. That he should surrender his will, his pas-

sions, and his pride—the instruments of evil—and receive from the holy armoury of heaven the weapons of a purer service. Religion, we say, is a fact of being. Yet how little is it so considered. The doctrinal—not the vital—is the characteristic of the day. Emphatic dogmas, and un-Christian feelings are prevalent to a lamentable extent in our Professing communities. Instances fall within our own knowledge of a pious ecclesiastic stating his benign intention of cursing the first Roman Catholic into whose obnoxious presence he might be cast—and of a feminine disciple, who avowed that she would subject her fair hand with less reluctance to the touch of a toad, than to that of a Unitarian. Believe us, reader, that where in earth's remote districts, an untaught heathen shall have faithfully acted out the injunctions of conscience in his breast, and shall have recognized in the generous emotions of his soul evidences of an universal goodness as the Creator of that goodness which is individual—that man shall be accepted by our common Father, through Christ's propitiation, rather than the loveless commentator on unrealized truths. We do not want mere pulpit-Christians, or mere church-Christians—or mere Sabbath-day-Christians—we want home-Christians—street-Christians—week-day-Christians—life-Christians.

Are we wandering from the argument? We think not: It is our design to show, that not only the enormities of the social theories, but the lamentable absense of vital religion from our orthodox denominations, is intimately connected with the doctrines of Locke and others of the *à posteriori* school. If Locke's assertion be true, that our ideas, whether of religion or philosophy, are deducible only from sensible objects, then certainly those ideas must have the largest measure of authority which approximate most closely to the objective world. And in pursuing out this system, it follows that, as the senses impinge upon outward objects, while the intellect is but remotely connected with them, the experience of the senses, as to what is good, must have more weight than the experience of the intellect. As for the moral feelings, they are so distant from the external universe, that they can scarcely be allowed any voice on the question. We perceive that our argument now involves an anachronism, inasmuch as if ideas be the results of objects, neither sense, intellect, or morality, have any power to adjudicate upon them, but it is only by hypothesising an absurdity that this doctrine is capable of discussion.

In making the senses, therefore, the arbiters of whatever is good, Owen has consistently adhered to the theory of Locke. With not quite so much fidelity to his dogmas, but with a fatal tincture of their influence, a portion of the religious world has assigned to its creeds a pre-eminence over every inward operation of God's spirit on the heart. The effect, in the one case, is a sensualism verging towards profligacy; in the other, an intolerant prejudice before which every christian grace is prostrated.

The immortality of the soul is manifestly undeducible from any external power. The Scriptures, it will perhaps be stated, furnish us with testimony upon this point. But the Scriptures, without an internal authority to recognize and establish their excellence, are clearly in the same position as every other object said to impress the senses.

The assertions of Scripture, as to that which is eternal, could never have received credence from a mere temporal being. But perhaps it will be urged, that we may infer from the rank which we occupy in creation, and from the extent and character of our acquirements, that a sphere of action is reserved for us proportioned to the superiority of our position. But be it remembered, that according to Locke's philosophy, we have no warrant to infer. We are the passive recipients of outward impressions, and have neither the right nor the power from those impressions to draw deductions. And (waiving this) who will say that immortality is a mere deduction or inference? The existence of the body is not an inference, but a *fact*. A touch, a sound, a sight, are all facts. What, then! shall the phenomena of time be unhesitatingly spoken of as realities, while the truths of eternity are the mere deductions of reason? Shall what is sensuous be treated as a questionless verity, and what is spiritual as a plausible hypothesis? Shall we be sure as to the corruptible, and dubious as to the imperishable? Never!

As by the capacities with which we are physically constituted, we feel our power to act as finite beings, so by the character of our psychical constitution, we feel our immortality. Of our being this is even an element, unproved, because transcending all proof, and too divinely a fact to permit of demonstration. We feel we are immortal.

We know that it is no easy task for *a priori* philosophy to explain the various mysteries exemplified in human history. That system which the Almighty authorized, He alone can interpret. But it will be found, that so large a portion of light will be delegated to every sincere inquirer, as to enable him to answer the shallow enigmas which the sensuous Philosophy is ever propounding, and the solution of which must terminate her dominion.

Amongst these riddles, none is more frequently or ostentatiously presented to the *a priori* reasoner, than the varieties of faiths, opinions, and manners current through the world. But it must be remembered, that what we said of beauty holds also as to conscience. Though conscience be unerring, as an inward monitor to the soul, yet the success of its training must greatly depend upon the conduct of the *pupil*. Whatever, in the worship of distant nations, is idolatrous, superstitious, or cruel, is no evidence of defect in conscience, although it be unequivocal evidence of our disobedience to its injunctions. It may be true, that the most impure rites are performed from a belief in their virtue and propriety; but never would such a belief have existed, if fidelity to the individual sense of right had been preserved. Whoever, as husband, brother, friend, cosmopolite, adheres strictly to the law of love incessantly suggested by the conscience, will soon forswear every mode of worship inconsistent with that law. Thus the blood-drenched wheels of Juggernaut's car, and the self-immolation of the widow on the funeral pyre, are but the illustrations of national defection from the universal intuition of goodness.

There is yet one argument of the circumstantialists, and the last to which there is necessity for allusion. It is an argument sought to be derived from the fact, that individuals who have been altogether exiled from society, have manifested few of the attributes incident to hu-

manity. Caspar Hauser's case is the one perhaps most frequently quoted. On the data furnished by it we are exultingly asked, "What becomes of man in the absence of social teaching?" "See, how completely he is the creature of circumstances." What, we return, becomes of beast, bird, or fish out of their respective elements? Simply this, that they do not exhibit the capacities of their nature. Yet, shall we be told that the ground engenders the power to walk—the air, the capacity to fly—the sea, the ability to swim? Assuredly not! Or, if you doubt us, cast a dead beast upon the earth, a dead bird into the air, a dead fish into the waters, and watch the results. Society is the element of the mind, the element in which it acts; the element which it agitates; the element which it commands—not the cause from which it originates. Alas! against what reasoners do we put lance in rest! And let it be borne in mind, that with respect to those who have been separated from communion with man, that we have neither right to pronounce on their emotions, nor to construe their actions. Both are mysteries rather for our reverence than for our exposition. The very vacancy which apparently exists may denote the plenitude of riches. It is beneath a sterile surface that the mines are found. Moreover, we find that Caspar Hauser, immured in his solitude, cut off from the universe, destitute of the various appliances to which men resort for gratification, enjoyed an instinctive peace, which was sadly contrasted with his later feelings, when more developed faculties imposed upon him the burdensome dignity of reason. Who shall say that this specimen of humanity—reflecting its back rather than its face in the mirror of the world—had not a face more beautiful by far than that of those who pitied it? What! compare one man's back with the faces of all other men? It strikes us as being scant equity. The soul of this poor unfortunate, if so you *will* call him, had a countenance, although you saw it not. Of an introverted position, it wore an inward aspect of loveliness which looked in upon love—not out upon the cold, dark earth. There was little expression in that outward eye, little faculty of speech to use those lips. Ah, well! Consider then this, dear reader! that as for charity, it oft evaporates in a slave-trade speech; tenderness gives its life so suddenly to the actor, be he of old Drury's or of some wider stage; virtue often contents itself with an oration on the just; and through these powers, which apprehend and express so well, the quintessence of our character escapes. Blessed, perchance, is he that hath no powers, as through valves, to let high qualities escape. For to make being is a process for which time is requisite. How do we spoil ourselves, by doling out in words our very being, which needed to have been consolidated, and then to have been represented.

But what we say in reference to this poor Caspar, is merely suggestive; we affirm nought. He is, or was, before his vulgarization, a deep mystery. Only there is as much opportunity for theorizing, *a priori*, on the matter, as for the reverse mode. Perhaps, after all, the circumstantial net has caught an inhabitant of the East, not famed for his tractability.

Nor must we be understood as claiming for Caspar Hauser's early position a superiority over the ordinary one of mankind. If it were

more peaceful, it was less enlightened; and though the path to wisdom lead from the instinctive, yet a dignified sorrow is worthier than an irrational joy. The wise man, too, accounts all his trials but as lessons from the Supreme; and rejoices in his education, of whatever severity it may be. Patience! patience! a wise happiness is the result of such teaching.

And now, after this contention on grand principles with the circumstantial school, we are willing to concede in the detail whatever is just. We concede cheerfully that it is better for every human being that its circle should be composed of the good and the wise, than of the wicked and the foolish. We have no objection to range around every child the best experience of the pious and the sage. For, doubtless, if the soul should elect for the better, it will advantageously use such external materials; or if its choice should be for the worse, the prosecution of its designs will meet with little to facilitate them. But, after all, the great question rests between the soul and the law—between the mind and the conscience. We may obstruct the *display* of psychical tendencies, or we may throw open the arena for their action, but over the tendencies themselves we have no control. They being immortal, are higher than our external influences, and are uncontrollable save by the Supreme.

And whatever may be the great human examples which we point out to the youthful student, let no attempt be made to inculcate a poor copy of a previous model. In the mechanical, the present already transcends the past: such also must be said as to the mental and the spiritual.

For, see how we are mere mummers, and all because we have limited originality. Nay, even those whom we now bless as originals, their friends would in youth have prohibited from being so. Fortunately, in their case, the nature was too vivid for repression, and chose utterance, at whatever cost, rather than ignominious silence. Be not deceived; it is because there is so little faith as to the original, that there is so little vitality in religion and philosophy. We are poor cravens—we fight no battles—we blazon the name of some hero on our standards, and are frequent at parade in unsoiled uniforms. Not thus gay and glittering in mirror-like armour were the champions whom we venerate. Not thus marching after some embroidered name were found Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Coleridge, or Kant. Not thus calling themselves by some human name, and exhibiting to the world in trim costume, were Luther, Wickliffe, and the great reformers of all ages. Their garments were stained in the conflict; their swords were hacked in the warfare. Say that there were fewer attestations to the merit of tailor, and to the adorning of cutler; yet were there more testimonies to valour and to earnestness of purpose.

We have little more to add—nothing more in the way of controversy. We would only observe, that if our reasoning be right, there is much reform requisite in our theological philosophy. As we have spoken, not in animosity but in charity, so we claim to be heard with patience. Were we vindictive or malicious, we should have used, in the course of our argument, not unfrequent opportunities for contemptuous satire. But God forbid! We have had sufficient expe-

rience of mankind to know that there is in its grossest fallacies, a kind of consistency not lightly to be mocked. We have addressed ourselves principally to Christian professors; to whom, if not to them, can we appeal for attention on these topics, so interwoven with the vital interests of religion? Great joy have we in knowing that within the pale of the church* are many, and those her ministers, who perceive that the consistent *à posteriori* reasoner must be an Atheist. And for this simple reason, that all impressions derived from the finite, are more transient than the finite; as every effect is less enduring than its cause. We throw down the gauntlet to the world on this one point.

The sequences of our argument are of vital import. When it is perceived that all creeds originate from the feelings, a necessity will arise for dealing, not with opinions, or the expression of opinions, but with the *source* of opinions.

The *expression* of obnoxious opinions, it will be seen, may be forcibly restrained; but *the evil opinions themselves* can only be touched through their *source*. Their source is the feelings, and these, though they may be won by love, cannot be coerced by power.

Thus, then, we have, consistently with *à priori* philosophy, loving kindness from the Church to her erring children.

If we say that the feelings may be won by charitable treatment, it is not meant to allege that the treatment exerts any influence over the feelings; but that they are thus furnished with every facility for Christian action at those better moments which, in the revolutions of time, come to all.

Again—knowing that our faith is derived from an inward and eternal origin, we shall not dread, as we now do, to come into daily contact with the wicked. There seems to be a doctrine held by many that the stars should precipitately retreat as the night comes on. But, although this doctrine be held of the stars, it has never been held by the stars. Personal exhibitions of Christianity in all its affectionate, though solemn character, are the most vital services that can be rendered to the unchristian.

Finally—it will be perceived, that as all external doctrines are but the exponents of inward principles, nothing that has yet been achieved by any outward system, whether of morals or philosophy, can compete with the inherent powers whence it is derived, nor form any boundary to limit the future theories of mankind. We shall appeal from the recorded belief of every sage, to that which inspired it. We shall not be governed by the codes of men, but we shall test their declarations by those antecedent intuitions common to us and them. Hitherto we have generally too much resembled sail-less vessels, towed by the more fortunate ones which mount their own canvass. We must hoist our own—we must no longer be attached to the sterns of those who with us constitute the great fleet of humanity. Why should we be dragged along in the course of others? There is the same breeze to urge us that impels them. And need we direction on the voyage to eternity? The wind that wafts is even the pilot that guides.

J. W. M.

* The whole (*noumenal*) body of sincere Christians is intended by the word "Church."

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MOHAMMAD ALEE, AND THE AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that we last month gave in our Monthly Crypt a current notice of Mr. Wilde's excellent work, in connexion with the past and present state of Egypt and the Holy Land;—the affairs of Syria, the threatened rupture of France and England, and the equivocal dealings of Lord Palmerston with the Russian emperor, induce us to take up these volumes again, as our text, not only for an article in chief, but our leading paper. Many a long year hath passed, since Egypt and the Holy Land were ranked among the mighty nations of the earth—since they were the residences of art, science, and civilization. Yet have they still been interesting to the Christian, as the scenes upon which were enacted the events related in holy writ: and Palestine, in particular, has been hallowed by the sufferings, the agonies, and the death of our Redeemer. The Christian cannot help regarding them, as countries which have been especially consecrated to the service of the Most High; and which by Him are destined, despite their present debasement, to hold a prominent place in the world's future history. We are ever interested in the traveller's tale, speak he of whatever nation he may; but when he discourses of these climes, his theme hath more power to bind our attention, than had the witch's slender thread to enthrall the limbs of Thalaba.

Yes! Palestine is a land dear to both Jew and Christian;—dear to the one because it was once the seat of his people's splendour and power, and dear to the other, as the birth-place of the Messiah. The one considers it as an heritage reft from its rightful heirs—as a lost possession—as a deserted father-land; but the other regards it as sacred ground, yet to be reclaimed from its destroyers by the Lord! The one weeps over the ruins of its glory—the other joys over prospects of brighter days still to come. The one images the daughter of Jerusalem drooping under the weight of affliction—the other beholds

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. WILDE, M.B.S.A., &c. &c. 2 vols. Dublin: Curry, 1840.

her casting away her sackcloth, and bedecking herself with garments of gladness.

Lately these countries have assumed a position, which imperatively demands our attention. Egypt is no longer the barbarous land she was fifty years ago; but has attained an importance, as wonderful as unexpected. In 1785, we find Volney, when in one of his walks he saw, under the walls of Alexandria, two wretches sitting on the dead carcase of a camel, and disputing the possession of its putrid fragments, exclaiming, "I am above all, led to believe that *Egypt can never throw off this yoke.*" That intelligent traveller considered the case of Egypt to be hopeless; and certainly to such a degree of degradation had she fallen, that to have prophesied her regeneration would have seemed madness. Nothing can better show the lamentable state into which she had sunk, than a short outline of her history since the death of the famous Cleopatra.

At her death, of course, her kingdom became a Roman province: and while under their dominion embraced Christianity. It remained attached to the Roman empire until the reign of Heraclius, the Emperor of Constantinople, when the people being disgusted with their governors, called in Omar, the third Caliph of the Saracens, and submitted themselves to the Mahometan power, A.D. 640. The Caliphs of Babylon continued to rule Egypt until about the year 870; at which period the Egyptians set up a caliph of their own, called the Caliph of Cairo, to whom the Saracens of Africa and Spain were subject; but the governors or sultans of the provinces, soon wrested the civil power out of the hands of the Caliphs both of Babylon and Cairo, leaving them only a shadow of authority.

About the year 1160, Assareddin, the general of Norradin, the Sultan of Damascus, subdued Egypt and usurped its dominion. He was succeeded by his son Saladin, who reduced also the kingdoms of Damascus, Mesopotamia and Palestine under his power, and about the year 1190, took Jerusalem from the Christians. Struck with the fine athletic forms and fair complexions of his Christian captives, this prince established a band of troops like the late Turkish Janizaries, composed of Christians taken in war, or purchased of the Tartars; to whom he gave the name of Memlooks or military slaves: a title highly esteemed among Mahometan princes, as it declares its possessors to be devoted in a peculiar manner to the service of their sovereign; in consequence of which higher privileges are conferred upon them than upon other subjects. These Memlooks became, in time, too strong for their masters, and in the year 1242, usurped the supreme authority, deposed Elmutan, and set one of their own officers upon the throne. Thus arose a new dynasty, known as Egyptian Sultans; and under them, Egypt sunk lower and lower into every kind of debasement. These Memlook sovereigns were a set of tyrants, few of whom died otherwise than by the bowstring, poison, or the sword, and so quickly did they follow one another, that forty-seven of them are enumerated in the space of 257 years. Nevertheless they began apparently with some little vigour, being engaged in continual wars with the Christians in Syria and Palestine, until Araphus the sixth Sultan entirely dispossessed the Christians of the Holy Land, A.D. 1291. The

ninth Sultan, Melechnassor, likewise subdued the island of Cyprus, and made it tributary to Egypt, A.D. 1423.

One of these Sultans, by name Campson Gaurus, entered into an alliance about the year 1501, with Ismael the Sophy of Persia, against Selimus the third Emperor and tenth King of the Ottoman family. Several considerable battles ensued, in which the two confederate princes were defeated. Tonombeius II., who succeeded Campson Gaurus, was deposed and murdered by Selimus, and, according to some accounts, hanged up at one of the gates of Cairo. Gazelle, one of the Memlook grandees, maintained a war for some time against Selimus; but in the year 1517, the Ottomans overcame all resistance, and Egypt was finally annexed to the Ottoman empire.

Still the Memlooks, if subdued, were not destroyed; and although the Ottoman Emperors appointed a Viceroy, styled the Pacha of Grand Cairo, to rule Egypt in their names, the Memlook beys remained possessed of their several petty governments. By this time the total prostration of Egypt was complete; for, in the expressive words of Scripture, it was a land without a prince—the prey of a multiplicity of petty tyrants. Each of the Memlook beys possessed sovereign power in his own district, and what with their quarrels, their cabals, their civil broils, and their extortion, the people under their sway became a disgrace to human nature. The Pacha, as the Turkish empire gradually declined, became too weak efficiently to curb them, even if he had the will; and if sometimes he did take upon himself to depose or behead one of them, they would as often depose the Pacha, and oblige the Porte to send another more acceptable to them; while the Grand Seigneur, rather than hazard a revolt, invariably yielded to their demands. The common people were without commerce—without arts; the most simple of which were in a state of infancy. “Every thing,” said Volney (in 1785), “the traveller sees, reminds him that he is in the country of slavery and tyranny. Nothing is talked of but intestine dissensions, the public misery, pecuniary extortions, bastinadoes, and murders. There is no security for life or property. The blood of men is shed like that of the vilest animals. Justice, herself, puts to death without formality. The officer of the night in his rounds, and the officer of the day in his circuit, judge, condemn, and execute in the twinkling of an eye without appeal. Executioners attend them; and on the first signal, the head of the unhappy victim falls into the leathern bag, in which it is received for fear of soiling the place. Were even the appearance of criminality necessary to expose to the danger of punishment this would be tolerable; but frequently without any other reason than the avarice of a powerful chief, or the information of an enemy, a man is summoned before some bey, on suspicion of having money. A sum is demanded from him, and if he denies that he possesses it, he is thrown on his back, and receives two or three hundred blows on the soles of his feet, nay, sometimes is put to death. Unfortunate is he, who is suspected of being in easy circumstances! A hundred spies are every moment ready to accuse him, and it is only by assuming the appearance of poverty that he can hope to escape the rapaciousness of power.” It is almost impossible that any nation could be more enthralled, than this intelligent author describes Egypt, in the

above passage, to have been in his time. Can we, therefore, be surprised that he considered her redemption hopeless?

Hopeless, indeed, was she! But though near expiring, she was not dead. There still remained some stray sparks of her ancient fire, which all the foregoing accumulation of misery was not able entirely to extinguish. There still remained in her the germs of a resurrection. As in many other cases, the one thing needful was **THE MAN OF GENIUS** who should have the will, the strength, and the power to deliver her from her thralldom.

Who can fail to remark, in the above historic details, a continued decay—a continued declension from bad to worse? Oppressed by their Christian governors, they threw themselves into the hands of barbarians; and at last became a land ruled by strangers and by slaves; for every Memlook, who ruled in Egypt during the whole of that long period, was born in a distant land—sold as a slave, and adopted to fill the place of one who, too proud to marry with the natives, had no successor by the wives introduced from the slave markets of Constantinople. “Many have been the causes,” says Mr. Wilde, “brought forward from ancient writers to account for this; but it has been forgotten that the land was to be ‘*wasted by the hand of strangers.*’”

Mr. Wilde has shown very satisfactorily in his masterly work, that the prophecies against Egypt have been literally fulfilled. Ezekiel declares,* that her land shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate—and her cities in the midst of cities that are wasted—that it shall be a base kingdom, even the basest of kingdoms. And in another place he hath these words: “And I will make the rivers dry, and sell the land into the hand of the wicked; and I will make the land waste, and all that is therein by the hand of *strangers*: I the Lord have spoken it.”† “Was ever prophetic language,” says Mr. Wilde, “more literally fulfilled; yea, in the full force of each and every jot and tittle? For centuries was this fertile land laid waste, and governed by *strangers*; without a sceptre and without a prince. Desolate herself by reason of her bad government and want of cultivation, in the midst of the vast desert by which she is surrounded; with her cities many of them rising out of, and formed by the very materials and rubbish gathered from the ruins of the ancient cities; and with the Arab huts and villages erected within the walls, and upon the very roofs of some of her most stately temples and edifices. And *base*, because debased by crimes that make man blush for his fellow, as utterly disgraceful to humanity; and lead us to wonder how man’s form could have clothed the spirits of wretches such as then possessed the country.”

But Egypt was not to remain thus for ever; her regeneration from all her distress was appointed. Has it yet commenced? We think it has.

The nation was, at the beginning of the present century, in its very *acmé* of desolation. Not only had it to bear the increasing broils and extortion of its own masters, but became in addition the theatre of war between France and England. Upon the removal of the

* Chap. xxix.

† Chap. xxx. v. 12.

armies, however, in the early part of 1803, something like peace ensued, and the Albanians and Memlooks combined against the Turkish power, in which, it is said, they were assisted by the emissaries of Napoleon. During the two following years nothing but anarchy and confusion prevailed; and so far were the arts of peace neglected, that the produce of the richest country in the world was incompetent for its own support. Certainly, at that time, its regeneration appeared farther off than ever.

When things get at their worst they must mend, is a proverb which has been repeated a thousand times, and has as often proved true. It was even at this period, when every thing seemed to be hopeless, that relief came from a quarter, where it was least expected. A poor Albanian soldier, of obscure origin, conceived the bold idea of settling the troubles of this country, and reducing it to a regular and efficient government. And the means he adopted to carry his idea into execution, were even bolder than the idea itself. Breaking through all the prejudices of Mahommedanism—despising its restrictions, and disregarding its precepts, he determined to effect his object by introducing into Egypt the arts, the sciences, the commerce, the tactics, and the customs of the different European Christian nations. To accomplish this, he had to overcome obstacles, which others would have considered insurmountable—he had to combat the prejudices of ages, and to contend against the insolence of power; and that, with means the most inadequate, and contemptible. Yet by him was the good work accomplished.

Mohammad Alee, the present Viceroy of Egypt, at the time the French landed, had a contingent of 300 men placed under his command with the title of Bin-Bousha. In this capacity he behaved with such gallantry, that the Capitan Pacha advanced him to the command of a party, who were to attack a fort in which the French had posted themselves. He was successful; but being afterwards employed against the Memlooks, his good fortune deserted him, and he was severely censured by the then Viceroy, for his presumed neglect or treachery. However Mohammad Alee managed to keep the Pacha from taking any active measures against him; until, having entered into an alliance with Taher Pacha and the Albanians, he expelled the Viceroy from Grand Cairo. Taher then arrogated to himself the supreme power, and thinking to strengthen himself, invited the Memlooks to the capital; but becoming obnoxious to the Turks, he was by them murdered. Mohammad, who had now attained considerable influence, played his cards so well, that Taher's successor soon became very unpopular, and the people clamoured for their favourite to assume the viceroyalty. The Sublime Porte found it expedient to gratify them, and accordingly Mohammad Alee was created a pacha of three tails, and ruler of Egypt.

Mohammad Alee had thus obtained his heart's desire; and would have immediately set about the execution of the several schemes he had formed, if he had not found himself opposed by the Memlooks. Unwilling to have his good designs frustrated, and doubtful of the result of an appeal to arms, (for the power of the Memlooks was equivalent, if not superior to that of the new Viceroy,) he determined to destroy

these destroyers by treachery. This is a deed, which has been canvassed over and over again; but all must admit that its perpetration will leave an indelible stain on the memory of this great reformer. True, while they existed, Egypt could never have advanced out of barbarity, or have taken one step in civilization, but we apprehend that a possible good can never justify a *positive* crime. That their downfall, however, has been beneficial to Egypt, subsequent experience has proved; for the land that under their dominion was a nest of savages, has since become an abiding place for science and refinement. From this period arose her power, and, as Mr. Wilde remarks, "the tide of learning that once swept over the land, and too long had ebbed, exposing the filth and offal of its degenerate condition, has turned, and the sullen roar of its measured swell is already heard, chasing from its ancient shores those unclean beasts, which for centuries wallowed in its polluted mire.

"One of the first acts of Mohammad Alee," continues Mr. Wilde, "was to invite artizans and manufacturers to come and settle in the country; and he shortly afterwards procured engineers from several countries of Europe, to explore the different parts of his dominions. But he did a greater work than even this—he sent, at the expense of the state, a number of Egyptian boys to Europe to be instructed in the different arts and sciences, many of whom were educated in British universities, and are now teachers in their own. He caused a vast number of his people to be collected and instructed in the different trades necessary to more accomplished nations. He erected dock-yards, arsenals, and manufactories, that have not only given *employment* but *trades* to many thousands that heretofore knew but the handling of a mattock or a yathagan. Not contented with having educated them in other countries, he erected and endowed polytechnic and military schools, with colleges of law, physic, divinity, and belles-lettres; in these he clothes, maintains, and *pays* several hundred boys, though such had, at first, to be dragged by the kidnapping conscription officers from the filth of mud hovels, the raggedness of a torn blue shirt, the pains of hunger, or the fare of bad beans and dowrah bread, and the more pleasing task of raising water in a bucket from the Nile, and remaining in a state of the most blissful ignorance, to receive the blessings of education."

The following is a brief summary of *some* of the labours of Mohammed Alee in Egypt:—

"In the naval college there are 1,200 pupils; in the military, 1,400; in the Eugeun, 100; in the veterinary hospital and school, 150; also a school of music; and, in addition to the several institutions and factories that I have mentioned in the current remarks, I may add, 1,000 men in the taboush manufactory at Formah; printing establishments, and paper mills at Boolac; sugar manufactories; chemical works for salt-petre and chloride of lime at Old Cairo; powder manufactory, and pyrotechnic schools, power loom, calico printing, dyeing, bleaching, and woollen cloth manufactories, copper mills, glass works, brass and iron foundries," &c. &c.

And all this has been effected by a man, who, it is said, at the age of thirty could not sign his own name!

Most wonderful has been the career of Mohammad Allee; and whatever opinions may be entertained concerning his moral character, or the right he has to the rule of Egypt,* all must concede him to be a man of the most mighty and original powers of mind. His general conduct has been of a fearless care-for-nought character. Knowing that he had taken an almost desperate task in hand, he appears to have determined to "go through thick and thin," until he had accomplished it, thinking, most likely, that the end justified the means—a dangerous fallacy which easily obtains too fast a hold on the ambitious mind.

Mr. Wilde seems inclined to think, that these achievements of Mohammed Allee, are but the dawning of that bright day which Scripture promises to Egypt after the measure of her punishment is fulfilled. In Isaiah do we find this cheering promise: "And it shall be for a sign, and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt, for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to the Egyptians, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord and perform it. And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them."† That much of this prophecy remains to be performed is obvious; but that a man like Mohammad Allee should be raised for nothing, would not be in analogy with the righteous dispensations of Divine Providence. That he has rescued Egypt from her oppressors is evident, and he may be the great saviour, or his progenitor, promised to Egypt in the above quotation—we can see no reason that he should not be so. Yet it must be remembered, that this kind of prospective interpretation is, at the best, very hazardous, and should be entered into with caution. Let us continue in faith and hope, and time will proclaim its own secrets.

Our own private opinion is, that prophecies are eternal things, in which is dimly prefigured every GREAT EVENT that shall happen until time shall cease. We mean not to say, that in them you may find all the wars and bickerings of rival states foretold; but that the great changes—the great epochs of man's progress, spiritual and physical, are therein indicated: and that much in them, which is now to us unintelligible, will, in the fulness of time, be made clear by a gradual accomplishment. But let not man presumptuously put himself in the place of the Deity, and while he yet sees through a "glass darkly," prematurely ascribe a meaning. He cannot but err, and in such a case how dangerous is error!—

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

On the justice or injustice of the Syrian war, it is needless at this time of day to dwell. The tyranny of Abdallah the Pacha of Acre,

* That right, it must be confessed, is only the right conferred by the strong arm of power.

† Isaiah, chap. xix. 20, 21, 22.

and his monstrous ingratitude to Mohammad, in some measure, at least, extenuates the Egyptian ruler. With its result, all are acquainted ; and it is only the interference of the European powers, that prevents Alee from wresting Constant'nople itself out of the possession of the descendant of Othman. Concerning his claims to independence, likewise, we shall here be mute. Providence will declare in its own manner, whether in this and other important relations, he be the man of destiny.

By reason of his conquest of Syria, the Holy Land is now under the dominion of Mohammad Alee, and it has shared, in some degree, the beneficial effects of his rule. Most miserable was its condition until it fell into his hands. Perhaps no country was ever situated so un luckily with regard to her political relations as Palestine. Ever since the birth of Christ, she has been the scene of contention ; and accordingly so much has cultivation been neglected, and so slothful are the inhabitants, that, in some measure, the chosen land has lost its ancient character for fertility. We are well acquainted with the sneer of Voltaire, who, judging of its ancient state by what it was in his time, declared he would not accept the Jew's so called land of milk and honey, if the Grand Seigneur offered it to him as a present.* Many causes have conspired to effect this hapless consummation ; but the chief of them, is the energy-freezing, indolent policy of the Turks, which ever sends a blight over industry and prosperity—a system of fatalism loading providence with labour upon labour, until there is nothing left for man to do ; unless it is to receive those blessings, for which, it would seem, he is so unwilling to labour. As in Egypt, so was it in Palestine—every thing appeared to declare war against the happiness of its inhabitants. The surrounding deserts were peopled by hordes of Arabs, who were continually, without obstruction, making incursions in the hope of obtaining plunder ; while the tyranny of the Turkish Pachas deprived the poor husbandman of the produce of his labours. Aware of the uncertain tenure by which they held their power, the governors made the most of the golden opportunities for extortion, afforded by the possession of their brief authority ; and thus imposition rode rampant over the land, and justice was sold to the highest bidder.

* This sneer, however, was both spiteful and undeserved ; for, although we must admit that the present state of Palestine hardly consists with its ancient fertility, so excellent would the soil appear to be, and so ample its natural resources, that Canaan may still be characterised as a land overflowing with milk and honey. Its pastures are extensive ; and the rocky country is covered with aromatic plants, which afford the bees, who take up their habitation in the hollows of the rocks, such a quantity of wild honey, that the poorer classes use it for food. Dates abound in the most arid districts ; and if to all these we add olive oil, so essential to an oriental, the ancient fertility of the country, when it was fully cultivated, and its inhabitants prosperous, is easily accounted for. " Those who exclaim," says Mr. Wilde, " against the unfertility and barrenness of this country, should recollect, that want of cultivation gives it much of the sterile and barren appearance which it now presents to the traveller. The plough in use in that country is one of the rudest instruments of any implements of the kind I have seen. It resembles the ancient Egyptian plough, and does little more than scratch the soil, making a furrow scarcely three inches in depth."

Now, however, the chosen land is in a much better state. Ibrahim Pacha, the step-son of Alee, has given protection to life and property ; and where, heretofore, it required bribes, promises, and force of arms to obtain a passage, the traveller can now pass with ease and security. Indeed the very name of Ibrahim is sufficient to keep the lawless robbers in awe, who used to infest the country. This is an improvement, and a great one.

The speculations of Mr. Wilde, concerning the restoration of the Jews and Jerusalem, are interesting, as such inquiries must ever be to the Christian. That both are ultimately to be restored, from the plain and unequivocal language of Scripture, will not admit of a doubt. Taking the vision of Ezekiel, contained in the fortieth and ensuing chapters of that prophet's book for his authority, he proceeds to define the topography of the restored city. This had been before done by Mr. Fry, in his "second advent;" but that gentleman never having visited Jerusalem, and the maps he consulted proving erroneous, his work was susceptible of amendment.

Well aware are we that many in this case would exclude a literal in favour of a mystical meaning ; but this we think cannot be done without great violence to the text. Doubtless the restoration of the Jews is symbolical of man's return to his original purity : yet, in such a case, the symbol to be a symbol must be literally executed—the Jews must be literally restored. Let any one read the chapters above referred to, and then say what can be their mystical meaning, if they have not also a literal one? "What exclusive spiritual import or meaning," asks Mr. Wilde, "could there be in the gates, the hills, the valleys, brooks, and wine-presses, described by the prophet? What mystical or symbolical meaning can possibly be attached to the courts, the gates, the pavements, the porches, the chambers, the houses, altars, arches, palm-trees, and decorations spoken of, and minutely described in the vision to the Babylonish captive?" The meaning of all prophecies is two-fold—sensuous and spiritual; and they will be fulfilled in a like two-fold manner. And why? Because the sensuous is never more than a type of the spiritual. Every physical advancement is attended with—nay, initiated by a corresponding moral progression. Here may the two opinions be reconciled; for both are equally true. Nevertheless, it would appear, that some few passages of prophecy relate solely to the symbol, as others seem to deal abstractedly with the thing signified. But this is a theme much too sacred to be thus lightly or flippantly touched upon.

It is impossible for us here to follow Mr. Wilde's talented investigations into this subject—the will is present, but the power is denied us. Some few general remarks made, *en passant*, as we proceed in the other portions of our theme, are all that we can afford.

If there is one place in the Holy Land excitive of more intense reverence than another, it is the reputed sepulchre of our Lord. Whether it is the true one or not, is a matter which will ever be disputed; although, as we have previously said, we think the tradition of so many centuries is entitled to much respect and credit. "It is extremely unlikely," remarks Mr. Wilde, "that while the tombs of other friends would be visited, revered, wept over, and strewn with

flowers, as has ever been the case in a country where peculiar veneration is paid to the mausoleums of relatives, the place hallowed as the depository of the body of our Saviour would be forgotten or neglected by his disciples, or earthly relatives and friends; or that this tomb would, in a short time, become unknown to the early Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. Surely, then, such a tradition would be transmitted, for at least three hundred years." * * * "Though no person can positively state that what are now pointed out as Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, are the actual places, yet, to the present moment, no sufficient proof to the contrary has been offered." However, not a remnant of the original sepulchre can now be found, and as Dr. Clarke observes, "If Helena had reason to believe she could identify the spot where the sepulchre was, she took especial care to remove every trace of it, in order to introduce the fanciful and modern work which now remains."

Dismissing this endless question, let us accompany our author in his first visit to the sacred spot. Our extract will be long, but we trust far from tedious :

"The first evening," writes Mr. Wilde, "that we visited the church it was densely crowded, and when the different processions were going their rounds through the building, and during the performance of the religious ceremonies, our attention was so occupied by the multitude of objects which were presented to our notice, that there was little time for reflection; but when we returned to the hall of the sepulchre, after having seen all the curiosities of the place, we found the crowd so much diminished, that we were enabled more minutely to observe what was going forward, and also to see some of the effects which the whole scene was calculated to produce. Several young Egyptian soldiers had collected round the door of the Holy Sepulchre, and were acting in a most disgraceful and indecent manner, pushing each other, and running in and out of the tomb by way of amusement. I confess I felt, in common with my companions, at this moment, some of the spirit of the crusaders rise within me, and was half inclined to inflict summary chastisement on the wanton intruders. Yet, on considering the matter, I saw that the conduct of these ignorant people was not to be wondered at, when I reflected that they had just been relieved from keeping guard at the outer door, where they had been stationed for the purpose of preserving order among the Christians, whose reverence for this spot should produce decorum of conduct; yet they daily witness acts of violence and desecration among the very priests themselves. Alas! but too often is this very sepulchre not only the scene of deceit and extortion, but frequently of confusion, strife, and bloodshed. About a fortnight previous to our visit to Jerusalem, an altercation took place within the walls of the actual sepulchre, between a Greek and Armenian priest, for precedence; high words were followed by heavy blows, a furious scuffle ensued, and the white marble covering of what these men believe to be the grave of the Prince of Peace was stained with the blood of men calling themselves his ministers, professing to teach his doctrine, and to walk in his footsteps. Both of these priests were instantly conducted before the Kadee, who fined their convents severely for this violation of the public peace; for

the Kadees, and other officials, are always glad of an opportunity of inflicting a heavy fine on the convents for the misconduct of any of their members.

“With the recollection of similar acts, and with the scene such as I have described passing around me, I could not avoid asking myself, as I stood at the door of the sepulchre, is this the object for which a continent rose in arms, nations sent forth the flower of their population, monarchs deserted their thrones and kingdoms, whole countries rushed forward to the battle-field at the beck of an ignorant and fanatic monk,* and thousands upon thousands shed their blood, and converted the plains and valleys of Palestine into an Aceldama; where war, famine, pestilence, and destruction, so long desolated so large a portion of the world? Many as were the engrossing topics that rushed upon my remembrance, and many as were the striking objects around me, my thoughts still wandered to the preaching of the hermit when he roused the warriors of Europe to arms, and led that rabble horde of sixty thousand, of all ages and of all sexes, across the plains of Hungary and Bulgaria, who abandoning their homes, and throwing aside the peaceful instruments of husbandry, ran forward, seized with that unaccountable spirit of fanaticism which the eloquence of Peter infused into their uncivilized minds. I thought, too, of the orders of saintly warriors and chivalrous churchmen, the Hospitallers and Templars, that were instituted in this land, for the purpose of guarding this sacred spot, which became not only the object of the pilgrim’s veneration, but the very nursing mother of chivalry.

“The view from the gallery of the building is most exciting, and on looking down on the moving mass of human-beings below, I was forcibly reminded of the scene that the court of Solomon’s Temple must have presented when the different tribes and nations who, from the various parts of the world, came up to worship at Jerusalem, were assembled within its sacred walls. I scarcely knew upon what object to rest my eye, so strange and varied was the costume of the crowd assembled beneath. The diversity of language, the flaunting of the silken banners that slowly moved to and fro from the top of the sepulchral dome, the gaudy pictures of the Greeks, the waving of censers, and the perfume of incense—the crowds of devoted pilgrims, some in attitudes of deep emotion round each sacred spot; the turbaned Greek; the high capped Persian; the shaggy coat of the Muscovite or the Siberian; the long beard, and dark down-cast visage of the despised Copt; the dresses of the different ecclesiastics; the mitred abbot, the venerable patriarch, and the cord-girt friar, shall never fade from my memory. But when to these I add the scenes that took place upon some of the succeeding days that are considered more important and sacred, when the devotees joined full chorus, though, to speak correctly, it was any thing but chorus or harmony, the effect was indescribable. Then, the organ of the Latins in full play, and the measured chaunt of their hymns rose from the vaults beneath, and with the loud nasal twanging

* We think in applying these terms to Peter, Mr. Wilde has allowed himself too great latitude. A man who could do all this, might be an enthusiast, but certainly cannot with justice be called “ignorant and fanatic.”

of the Greeks; the low drums and timbrels of the Armenians; the low plaintive murmuring of the Copts; the groans of the devout pilgrims that issued forth from Calvary; the glimmering of lamps and tapers; the long lines of the different processions; and the bustling busy hum that at intervals came from the court without, as some of the pilgrims quaffed their sherbets, or cheapened beads and rosaries, forms a scene which beggars all description. But even at those moments, when the din and clamour of this concourse, which resembled the confusion of the tongues at Babel, was loudest, there was *one* sound which, eighteen centuries before, every spot in that vicinity must have heard; a sound at which the very rocks were rent, and the earth did quake; which burst asunder the narrow confines of the tomb, and called into life the mouldering ashes of the saint; a sound the most appalling that ever fell on human ear; a sound at which all nature, animate and inanimate, was moved to send forth one groan of anguish; that sound was the *Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani*. If I closed my eyes amidst this scene, it was but to picture in my mind the bleeding sacrifice—the weeping mother—the supporting disciple—the entreating fellow-sufferer on the cross—the gaunt form of the Roman soldier—the wagging head of the reviling Jew—and the riven rocks—opening sepulchres—the rent veil of the temple, and midnight darkness—appeared, in all their reality, to my imagination.”

And such feelings are natural to such an occasion.

That a great, sudden, and unexpected improvement has been worked in these lands by Mohammad Alee, none will deny; but it may be asked, will this improvement be permanent?—Has sufficient been done to prevent Egypt from relapsing into her former degenerate condition? Time alone can effectually answer these questions; although we must say, that we think the gloom of both Egypt and Israel is passing away. Who cannot perceive that the tribulation of the Jews in the present day, when compared with what it was years ago, is as heaven to hell? Not a single land is there, whose soil has not been dyed with the blood of the luckless child of Judea. His steps have been dogged by an ever-following curse—go where he would he has been despised, reviled, and trodden under foot. Scarcely allowed to breathe the common air of heaven, he has wandered a lonely outcast over the earth—unprotected by laws which protected all others, and in jeopardy where every body else was secure. No refuge had he remaining, except that afforded by cunning—a vice to which the weak always resort to screen themselves from the tyranny of the strong; and oftentimes the fox was equal to the lion. The riches possessed by this race were both their power and their bane; at once preserving them from extinction, and bringing on many of their worst calamities. Subject to all manner of caprice—now flattered because of their wealth, and now slaughtered for the sake of their plunder—the Israelites knew not rest. Their name had become a synonyme for every thing bad, illiberal, dishonest, dishonourable, or disreputable. A Jew had no character—no station—no place in society. The very lowest—the very dregs of the population scorned fellowship with him; avoided him as a contamination. His heritage was a heritage of tears, and his life a term of misery.

Gradually, however, the lot of these outcasts has been ameliorated, at least in civilized countries; and although they are still denied some privileges, in England little prejudice at present exists against a Jew, as such. If yet regarded as sojourners and not as natives, their lives and properties are safe. Even in those climes, where they are worst off, we hear of no wanton shedding of Jewish blood; their yoke, late so heavy, has been lightened. Yet are they still as much separated from the rest of the world as ever they were: there has been no amalgamation.

It is often remarked how extremely favourable Mohammad Alee is to the Jews. Under his sway they are allowed more immunities and privileges, than they have probably enjoyed since their final dispersion. He has repealed the decree which prohibited more than a small stated number of Jews to reside in Jerusalem, and, after a judicial investigation of their right, has allowed them, as a nation, to possess a plot of land near that city on which to build a synagogue: a thing without precedent. In consequence of these favourable circumstances, the Jews have flocked into Palestine, in greater numbers than they can be remembered ever to have done before. This it has been said is permitted by the Viceroy out of policy:—But by whom do kings reign?—and whose purpose are they employed to accomplish?

One of the most wonderful characteristics of the Jews, is the extreme affection they bear to Palestine—an affection which centuries of exile have been powerless either to eradicate or lessen. Other nations, after being conquered and dispersed, have in progress of time, become one with the people among whom they might dwell, and forgotten their original habitation; but the Jews, notwithstanding their country is lost, have preserved their nationality; and are the same people wherever they are found. To suppose that they have thus been kept apart from all nations, for such a long, weary time, without an immediate dispensation of Divine Providence, is a solecism in philosophy. Equally absurd, also, would it be to maintain, that such a dispensation has been vouchsafed to them for nought. If they are not reserved to take an important part in the working out of the destinies of mankind, why are they not situated like other races, which have been conquered and expelled their countries? And why, notwithstanding they may be living in opulence and happiness in another land, do they still yearn for Palestine?—still weep for a country, in which perhaps many of them have never set foot, and when all the endearments of early associations are interwoven with another clime?

Yes! they are still a chosen people; and will yet again recover their ancient splendour. Many of the obstacles which stood in the way of such a consummation have been removed; and when we look at the present condition of Egypt in connexion with the prophecies concerning the children of Israel, we must pause and consider. As our readers are well aware, we view every thing with a sober eye, and are not likely to be led away on an impulse of the moment. But it will be evident to any one who peruses the portions of the books of Isaiah and Ezekiel which relate to Egypt and Israel, that if the regeneration of the former is at hand, the restoration of the latter is not

far distant. This is but the fair inference. Three nations are there, who are to rise from their debasement almost simultaneously—namely, Egypt, Assyria, and Israel. Isaiah thus prophecies: “In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptian shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day, shall Israel be the third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land; whom the Lord of Israel shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of mine hands, and Israel mine inheritance.”* Be it observed, that these verses come immediately after the promise to heal Egypt, which we quoted a little way back; and the time referred to under the term of “that day,” in the above prophecy, is evidently the same as that on which Egypt is to be healed of her afflictions. It is likewise declared that Egypt is to be the highway for the return of the Jews; and certainly the Hebrews are by the present Egyptian ruler treated very mildly; and, as we have said before, he has allowed them to resort to the land of their forefathers in large numbers. “This astonishing increase of the Jews in Palestine,” says Mr. Wilde, “and particularly in the city of Jerusalem, must strike even those who do not look upon it as a literal fulfilment of prophecy.† Great and mighty events, must, however, come to pass ere their restoration is accomplished; but though *the times and seasons knoweth no man*, yet the day *shall* come when, to use the metaphoric language of the east, those broken pillars, the prostrate columns and ornamental capitals of the noble edifice that once reared its head within that land shall be raked from out the *debris* of a world where they are now scattered and trodden under foot, to deck the polished corners of the gem-studded temple that shall once more crown the hills of Salem. The very wars and rumours of wars at present throughout the world tell us that we are on the eve of great events, and that the redemption of Judah draweth nigh. The flapping wings and soaring flight of

“‘The dark bannered eagle, the Muscovite’s glory,’

before she stoops upon her quarry, are already heard speaking in accents that cannot be mistaken. Come those sounds for nought, or are they the distant murmurings of those northern powers, whose part in the drama is so plainly spoken of by the inspired heralds of Scripture.”

But these are speculations. That the times we live in are fraught with great changes, moral and political, none can deny; and that Russia is aiming at the dominion of the whole of Europe, and will obtain it, unless the British nation arouse from the lethargy in which she is now immersed, is equally probable; but whether these are the “tidings out of the east and out of the north,”‡ which in the last days are to trouble the nations, it would be yet premature to decide. Certainly, our relations are every day becoming more entangled—our enemies are increasing—and our energy is melting away, yet, as

* Chap. xix. 23, 24, 25.

† Among whom we rank ourselves.

‡ Dan. xi. 44.

Englishmen, we still hope the best—we still believe that although the British lion is asleep he is not dead.

In conclusion, we must again declare our conviction, that all mankind are seeking a common centre of union. They begin to get tired of a state which affords them no repose—they are longing for the reign of peace. Out of mere languor those who possess empire are allowing it to slip through their fingers; that for which their ancestors bled and toiled, they are giving up as a thing of no worth. And why? Because there already appears on the distant horizon, a dawning of a better day, when physical strength shall be despised, and mental or moral greatness be enthroned in its stead—when the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

The above review has, necessarily, in the course of its progress, fallen in the way of Principles which demanded affirmation. Regard for eternal truth compelled their enunciation, revealed as they are to the conscience and reason, and sacredly corroborated by the testimony of scripture, tradition, and history. They must now receive political application.

France threatens England with war, because she has allied herself with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, against the claims of Mohammad Alee—that is, France has declared herself in favour of Eastern progress, *versus* Russia, or Eastern retrogression. England, however, in combining with Russia, designs no retrogression—but only the permanence of certain existing relations. The policy of our government, whether Whig or Tory, is at present necessarily conservative; at a mid-point between progression and retrogression. France alike disturbing and disturbed, is interested in maintaining the interplay of an antagonism which England desires to bring to a state of equilibrium. Egypt represents the prothetic point to be developed in the conflict of certain manifesting principles, which principles are represented by the different nations engaged in this dispute. The regeneration of the East being once effected;—will, let us reverently ask, Deity then use Asia to right the balance of Europe—or both to right that of the world? The great interests now at stake are rather, in our opinion, cosmical than national, and thus mark the important character of the age they illustrate. “The contest,” says *The Quotidienne* rightly, “would be not to know whether Syria shall belong to the Sultan or to Mohammad Alee, but whether revolution or monarchy shall govern the world? The whole of Europe would be shaken by a revolutionary war, and it does not belong to M. Thiers or any body else, to prevent such a result. Let a single gun be fired on the banks of the Rhine, and either conquered Europe must submit to the revolution, or France must be invaded. The war once commenced can end in no other way.”

That it is a War of Principle (such a war as Mr. Canning meant, when he said that “the next war would be a war of opinion,”) is contended for also by *The National*, which is, however, of opinion that the Austrian and Prussian governments, in fear for their respective thrones, will do every thing to prevent it. Five powers are thus in operation,

in whose acts, Mr. Coleridge, had he now been alive, would have recognized the working of a Divine Pentad—the God's Hand introduced into the movements of mundane policy.

France is bound by lower interests to the side of Mohammad Alee. Previous to 1789, she was in almost exclusive possession of the European commerce of Syria. Twenty corresponding houses of commerce, established in the principal towns of the country, sold annually to the value of four or five millions of French commodities, receiving five or six millions in return. The commercial intercourse of all other nations with Syria did not amount to such a sum. France seeks to recover this preponderance.

England also has her interests—the safety of her Indian possessions on the one hand, and the prevention of Russia from appropriating Turkey on the other. These are motives which place England between the two mighty opposites.

The philosophical disposition of the argument then, whether debated by words or blows, and which, in either case, will deserve to become the subject of a world-epic, stands thus. Egypt, the antecedent cause, as representative of the regeneration of the east; France and Russia the two living antitheses—England the mediator—Austria and Prussia being the yet undecided co-ordinates. The control of the balance (the equilibrium of which is thus disturbed) rests with Him, in whom are the issues of life and death, and who suffers agitation only that stagnancy may be prevented or destroyed. For it is needful that an angel should trouble the waters, ere the bathers in a pool can be healed.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.*—No. 3.

THE poet is the only true politician. What are politics but the practical and partial exhibitings (through philosophical media) of ideal excellences? The place seeker, the place retainer, the adept in tactics, is not the politician. We cannot dignify by the name of a science that which merely teaches the attainment of an individual end. He alone is the politician who aids in the developement of those principles of which the world is the heir, and an inalienable fee-simple the tenure.

The *conventional* politician is a courtly sceptic; he smiles on all, and trusts none; he curbs every feeling, tramples upon impulse, and by the light of interested calculation governs *himself*. A poor seignior however to govern is the same himself from which malcontent goodness is exiled.

But the *true* politician is a man with a heart. He loves and is wise.

The wisdom in a man is the admeasurement of the love in a man. The foolish and the selfish are inseparable. The man of love has no need of cunning. It is in the proportion that his designs are mani-

* Poetry for the People, and other Poems. By Richard Monckton Milnes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1840.

Rhyme, Romance, and Revery. By John Bolton Rogerson.—(*Unpublished.*)

tested that they are justified. The exhibition of his deeds vouches for their excellence.

We want another Burke ! The integrity of this great man is now conceded by party, and affirmed by people. He was an advocate indeed, and principles were his clients. Many are there of counsel for the left hand or the right hand of the Speaker, and these are they who have accused Burke of inconsistency.

Perhaps there is no instance on record save Mr. Burke's of a man in whom were equally combined all the elements that constitute a great senator. He had an expanded sympathy, a profound judgement, a freedom of fancy, a methodical arrangement, an energetic enthusiasm, and an unerring penetration. In his reasoning you discovered the sage; in his illustrations the poet; in his objects the philanthropist.

Poet, sage, and philanthropist was Burke; and such in our time, though avoiding senatorial display, is Richard Monckton Milnes. He has seen that reform in *human instruments* of policy must precede any reform in *political effects*. Leaving these as matters of minor import, the mere incidents of legislation, he has announced in their universal and abstract relations those principles which must progress in man before they are evolved in policy. Such a politician as Mr. Milnes we can gladly commune with on poetic grounds. Without any comment we shall at once quote the following extracts from "Poetry for the People."

"LABOUR.

HEART of the People ! Working men !
 Marrow and nerve of human powers ;
 Who on your sturdy backs sustain
 Through streaming Time this world of ours ;
 Hold by that title,—which proclaims,
 That ye are undismayed and strong,
 Accomplishing whatever aims
 May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
 These offices, or burthens fall ;
 Labour for some or other end
 Is Lord and master of us all.
 The high-born youth from downy bed
 Must meet the morn with horse and hound,
 While Industry for daily bread
 Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, He
 Is but your working comrade now,
 And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
 Might whistle by the loom or plough ;
 In vain for him has wealth the use
 Of warm repose and careless joy,—
 When, as ye labour to produce,
 He strives, as active to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
 Sad sign of vigour overwrought ?
 What toil can this new victim claim ?
 Pleasure, for Pleasure's sake besought.

How men would mock her flaunting shows,
 Her golden promise, if they knew
 What weary work she is to those
 Who have no better work to do !

And He who still and silent sits
 In closed room or shady nook,
 And seems to nurse his idle wits
 With folded arms or open book :—
 To things now working in *that* mind,
 Your children's children well may owe
 Blessings that hope has ne'er defined
 Till from his busy thoughts they flow.
 Thus all must work : with head or hand,
 For self or others, good or ill ;
 Life is ordained to bear, like land,
 Some fruit, be fallow as it will :
 Evil has force itself to sow
 Where we deny the healthy seed,—
 And all our choice is this,—to grow
 Pasture and grain or noisome weed.
 Then in content possess your hearts,
 Unenvious of each other's lot,—
 For those which seem the easiest parts
 Have travail which ye reckon not :
 And He is bravest, happiest, best,
 Who, from the task within his span,
 Earns for himself his evening rest,
 And an increase of good for man."

The other poems in Mr. Milnes' volume are refined, spiritual, and exquisite. The poet seldom deals with the sublime, or even with the intense, but he excels in whatever is fine, meditative, touching, and delicate. He is the miniature painter of the soul. Sometimes, however, the moral is so very refined as to lose the requisite prominency; and we should not be at all surprised to hear that many readers had perused the volume before us without discovering any lesson in its pages. The following we think beautiful; it suggests in so simple a manner, a history of emotions. But the reader, if he would apprehend it, must be himself a poet.

"They seemed to those who saw them meet
 The worldly friends of every day,
 Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
 His courtesy was free and gay.
 But yet if one the other's name
 In some unguarded moment heard,
 The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
 Would struggle like a captured bird :
 And letters of mere formal phrase
 Were blistered with repeated tears,—
 And this was not the work of days,
 But had gone on for years and years !
 Alas, that Love was not too strong
 For maiden shame and manly pride !
 Alas, that they delayed so long
 The goal of mutual bliss beside."

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone."

We pass from "Poetry for the People," to a most graceful and entertaining volume, entitled, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery." The poetical portion of the book is characterised by deep feeling, an elegant fancy, an expression always chaste and simple, and frequently picturesque. It includes, also, several domestic pieces which are of singular fidelity and beauty. It is pleasing to us to find, that the dominion of poetical libertinism is passing away; and that the holiest relationships of nature are not now considered as themes too insipid for song. Mr. Rogerson's book is inscribed to the author of "Festus;" and although bearing little similarity in tone of thought or style to that original work, is still an offering which a poet may be willing to receive. The prose portion of the volume (which does not so much fall under our notice) is varied, graphic, and interesting. We will not accept the following delineation as the exclusive beau-ideal of a poet's love. For ourselves, we avow a *penchant* for an aristocratic *tourneur*, and do not object to gems on seemly occasions. We know also a poetical friend, who has resolved not to wed with aught less majestic than a counterpart of Mrs. Siddons; but "*chacun a son goût*;" there is much in the coming quotation which bespeaks Mr. Rogerson's heroine worthy to compete with our own, or that of any other man.

"THE POET'S LOVE.

The poet's love; the poet's love!
She is no high-born maid,
Nor is she of that lowly race
Who dwell in cottage-shade:
You see her not at festival,
But ever by his side;
She nurses but one wish, one hope—
To be the poet's bride.

She moveth not in gaze of man
With proud and stately tread;
She turneth not from humble suit,
With high and scornful head:
Her heart is pity's holy shrine,
And timid as the dove,
She glideth—meek, though beautiful,
The poet's chosen love.

How did he woo the gentle maid?
How gain her virgin heart?
He won her not with costly gems,
But with his minstrel art.
He wooed her not in mazy dance,
Nor 'mid a festive throng;
He wooed her in her solitude,
And charm'd her with his song.

She shares with him the laurel wreath,
Her beauty and her name
Are living in his glowing lines,
Blent with the poet's fame;

And is it not a prouder joy
 Than wealth or birth can give,
 To think, when we are with the dead,
 Our memory yet may live?

And loveth not the maid to think
 She hath beneath her sway
 A child of sweet imaginings,
 A master of the lay?
 To know the son of wayward thought
 Bows to her dear control,
 To know that she hath wak'd to love
 A waker of the soul!

The poet's love, she is not clad
 In rich and gay attire;
 No chain of gold around her neck,
 To make strange eyes admire;
 She hath no jewels 'mid her hair,
 No ring with emerald stone—
 She knows her lovely unto him
 Who loveth her alone."

THE DOCTOR'S MARRIAGE.

No VII.

SELECTED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

BY ORDER. NICK. SOBER, HON. SEC.

"Huzza! huzza!" cried Ned, reeling upon his heel in a bacchanalian fashion, and waving a blue ribbon over his head—"Mrs. Rawbone has stolen a march upon the philosopher, stormed the citadel of his heart, and carried it: the treaty of capitulation is signed; Dr. Cassock-sleeve drew it up, and his clerk witnessed it, drawling out a veritable professional A-men in confirmation of the act."

"Why, Ned," cried the major, starting to his feet, "you are mad!"

"No, no, my dear major—'tis the philosopher."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, truth, that the philosopher is mad."

"O! and is that the worst of the matter?" ejaculated Manlove, with benignant simplicity, "I really thought that our learned friend had married."

"Married!" interrupted the major.

"Just so, my dear major," responded Ned, laughing, and holding the other by the sleeve; "our worthy friend is married: Manlove is perfectly right in his conjecture. Don't look so astounded, what is there to prevent a philosopher being as great a fool, now and then, as an ordinary mortal; besides, the doctor told me in my private ear, that he expected certain results wonderfully beneficial to magnetic science to spring out of this marriage; but mum! they are now merry making at the house—will you go and make one of the evening party?"

The major struck the tip of his nose sharply with his fore finger.

"Very odd!" said he, soliloquizing, "very odd, indeed, that Harts-horn did not manœuvre better."

"Not at all," interrupted Ned; "his heart's like a target, shot through and through. I doubt if there's a bit of it left—not even enough for an anatomist to swear by: the man could not help himself; Mrs. Rawbone had stolen his heart, and the philosopher, like a reflective man, married her to get it again into his possession; the campaign was ended by a treaty of peace."

"A dishonourable capitulation!" exclaimed the major; "he should have kept his ground, and defended it inch by inch, until he had not a cartridge left to make another charge. By St. George, I would have lost my legs, before I would have budged a foot."

"And, then, major, you would have thought it time to run," retorted Ned, with a taunting glance at the other's unfortunate Hibernicism.

"Ay, Ned, but not till I had got wooden ones—mind that; the fellow's an old fool! a scandal to the club; his name shall be erased forthwith. What, a married man sit beside bachelors! call me a Benedict first!"

While the major was thus fulminating his indignation against the recreant member, Balance dexterously contrived to lead him into the street; and before the worthy officer had quietly repressed his temper, he found himself within a few streets of the doctor's domicile. Moved by a very natural curiosity, Manlove and the barrister followed close behind, and our secretary not being in the humour to derive pleasure from his own cogitations, gave a significant look to the president, who, replying in his usual axiomatic style, that "a nod was as good as a wink," took Mr. Sober's arm, and closed upon the rear.

"I tell you what," said the barrister to Manlove, as they hurried along, "there has been some foul play here; depend upon it, the doctor was forced into a promise of marriage, or it is not likely that, at his age, he would have taken to wedlock."

"It is much more likely," returned the other, "that the doctor has lately got into trouble, and did it in a fit of desperation."

"Ay, true, temporary insanity—a capital case for a jury—the club must see to it."

"What's that you say?" inquired the major, who had overheard a part of the foregoing conversation.

"That the doctor's mad," replied the barrister, "and if we can only prove him so, we can procure a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, and reclaim the honour of the club."

"Nay, Subtle, you overreach the point; if the doctor's mad, why, let him keep married, for that's the most likely thing to cure him."

"Don't perplex yourselves, gentlemen," interrupted Ned, "the doctor himself will determine the point. Come—here is the door."

So saying, Balance gave a knock and a ring that might have awakened a garrison with an alarm of a volley of artillery. In a moment the door flew open, and our storming party, led by the major, immediately scaled the stairs, and made a lodgment in the drawing-room, much to the astonishment of a congregation of gray-headed

beaux and faded belles, who were eagerly discussing the various merits of themselves and friends.

"Welcome, my dear major, most welcome!" exclaimed the philosopher, rushing forwards, and seizing the officer's hand in a convulsion of joy; "this is the happiest hour of my life, the pleasure of seeing you at the present festival fills my cup of happiness."

"And, now, doctor, I hope you will allow me to fill mine," returned Ned, glancing at the preparations for joviality in an ante-room; and thus giving an opportunity to the major to collect his thoughts, for the gallant officer was evidently much discomfited by our host's hearty reception. He planted his right foot energetically on the ground, drew back, struck the tip of his nose with his finger, and then looking keenly into the doctor's face, said, in a caustic tone, "I think, doctor, you have made a great fool of yourself." The philosopher stared in utter dismay, and then retiring with a downcast visage, looked like one who had made a fool of himself indeed. Doubtless, the conviction throbbed quickly through the worthy doctor's bosom, and, for a moment, gave a prospective anticipation of the blessings of the conubial state. The major now made a step into the middle of the room, glanced round with the penetrating eye of an experienced commander, and placed himself next to a fair young lady, who had apparently, until this moment, been neglected by the assembled gossips. We have singled her out for observation, simply because the major thought proper to do so; and we warn our readers beforehand, that we have no notion whatever of making her the heroine of this paper. No, not in the least; we have hardly decided yet who is to be that honoured personage; but, at all events, it will not be the lady with the flaxen locks, next whom, with the most gentlemanlike demeanour imaginable, the worthy officer seated himself. She was, nevertheless, a lovely girl, and as we have her distinctly before our mind's eye at this moment, we can scarcely forbear describing her; but, no, it would be giving her too much importance, and we should be obliged, of necessity, to make her the heroine, which, as we said before, we are resolved not to do. Let us leave her then to an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with the major.

"I beg to offer you my warmest congratulations, Mrs. Hartshorn, on this auspicious event," said Ned, sliding up to the bride with a courteous air.

Mrs. Hartshorn simpered, essayed a sigh, and concealed (or seemed to do so) a blush behind a Chinese fan. "Hem, ah! dear me!" and Mrs. Hartshorn could not, for the life of her, squeeze out another word by way of reply. She enacted the sensitive gentlewoman most admirably; and, by way of giving the concluding touch, she puffed a volume of air from between her lips, to cool her cheeks which had become insufferably warm under the embarrassments of her situation.

"Shall I bring you a dose of lavender?" inquired her anxious husband.

"Of brandy?" interrupted Balance, with an air of pressing concern.

"Thank you," sighed out the lady, in broken accents.

"Which?" again inquired the doctor.

"Brandy, to be sure," answered Balance; "why man, you don't understand your own profession;" and, in a moment, the gallant member brought the stimulating fluid. Before, however, Balance arrived, Mrs. Hartshorn had time to recover, for an instant, to give her husband a contemptuous glance for his stupidity, and then sighed off again into incipient hysterics.

"'Tis the most delicious cognac," said Ned, returning with the re-animating liquid,—*"take it, my dear madam, it will revive your drooping spirits—really how very pale you are!"* O, if Mrs. Hartshorn could only have made herself look pale, she would have given all the blood in her veins; but she knew that she did not look pale, and she half suspected that the jocund member was amusing himself at the expense of her carnation. But what women will not turn attentions into a compliment, if there remain even the shadow of a possibility of making such an application. Mrs. Hartshorn was vain; she was a woman, and she was resolved to believe that every word Mr. Balance uttered was animated by an honest earnestness for her welfare. *"Do take it, I beseech you,"* said Ned.

"It is too strong," returned Mrs. Hartshorn, affecting to sip the liquid.

"Not at all, believe me," and Ned, turning aside, swallowed a spoonful of it, which was so little adulterated that the worthy member turned as red as a lobster, and ran a near risk of being strangled. He made an intense effort to choke down the burning irritation in his throat, and then composing himself, he again turned to the sighing lady. *"Do let me prevail upon you, it is of a most agreeable strength and flavour."* The lady took the glass, placed it to her lips;—*"Swallow it all at once,"* interrupted Ned.

"I will, depend upon it." And she did; and when Balance expected to find her struggling for breath, like a man drowning in a malmsey butt, she turned round composedly, and thanked him in good earnest for his civility.

If Ned was too well-bred a man to stare with astonishment, he could not help shrugging his shoulders; and muttering to himself, *"Ods wounds! her throat must be tanned like leather!"*

Mrs. Hartshorn immediately entertained a very high sense of the honourable member's medical skill, and began to think that he was certainly a most discreet and amiable gentleman.

"You have a fine family," said Ned, turning with a malicious smile to the doctor; *"very pretty children, indeed; and, upon my word, I think Master Bobby is very much like you."*

"The very image of him," rejoined Mrs. Hartshorn; *"I often told the doctor so before we were married; but he always looked incredulous."*

The major's gravity was almost overthrown by the eager assurance of Mrs. Hartshorn, and a playful smile of astonishment lurked about his lips. *"What do you say, doctor?"* he inquired, as he saw the philosopher scrutinizing the physiognomy of the child with much satisfaction.

"'Tis odd—very odd," replied he—*"I think so too, but I know not how to account for it."*

"And a philosopher too!" exclaimed the major, breaking into a laugh. "There are none so blind, doctor, as those who won't see. Some men jump at conclusions, and others, like you, my friend, jump over them."

A ray of apprehension seemed to beam over the philosopher's countenance, for he coloured, stared, then dropped his upper eyelid, and looked perplexed in the extreme.

"Come, cheer up, doctor," interrupted Ned; "wedlock may not be a very desirable thing, but when it becomes a matter of necessity, you know, the best virtue is resignation." The doctor drew himself up, and pursing his lips, prepared himself for an elaborate explanation. "We thoroughly understand it," interrupted Ned—"human nature is frail, and women are seductive."

Mrs. Hartshorn's rosy countenance acquired a fiery hue. "I don't understand your innuendoes, Mr. Balance," she observed, sharply.

"Does that vex you, madam?" replied Ned, with a courteous air; "a fuller explanation must be sought in regarding Mrs. Hartshorn's charms—I would speak plainer, but I wish not to be guilty of flattery."

Fortunately for Mrs. Hartshorn her rubicund complexion masked her modest blushes. She began to wonder, however, by what dulness her attractions had been hitherto neglected, and believing that Ned spake honestly, she resolved to criticise her features more narrowly this evening, than she had till now thought worth her trouble.

"I have many things to tell you," began the doctor, after a long pause—"which will prove highly honourable to my wife, and satisfactorily account for my late adoption of the married state."

"O, I know!" interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn, "you mean the affair at Plymouth—well, 'tis very strange how things come around; I never thought to see you again, I declare; you were then a very handsome young man—the mark of all eyes, and the fascination of mine."

"You flatter me, my dear," responded the husband, with an uxorious smile—the character of which our readers must fancy for themselves.

"Not at all—not at all!" hastily ejaculated the newly-made wife—"I spoke of what you were then, not of what you are now—I never mean to flatter you, believe me, doctor—but you said something of that unfortunate circumstance at Plymouth."

"Fortunate, my dear," interrupted the philosopher—"since by its means I owe you my life."

"A debt it would be cruel to pay," observed Ned. Mrs. Hartshorn sighed at the thought of it.

"I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper."

"Excuse me, doctor, was it not the Viper?" interrupted the wife, with a serious inquiring air, and as if predetermined to know more about it than her husband.

"The Griper—the Griper!" reiterated the doctor; "I served in her for four years."

"Four years and three months," rejoined Mrs. Hartshorn.

"Perhaps it was—well, it was a couple of months before my appointment that I became acquainted with you."

"Not quite so long, I think—not more than six weeks, surely."

"My memory is not quite so exact, Mrs. Hartshorn; perhaps you

will tell the story yourself," answered the doctor, with evident spleen.

Mrs. Hartshorn was very clearly making the attempt to obtain the mastery; she thought that she might be allowed to contradict the dates of a story, without being discovered in her approaches. She intended to spring a mine, as the major would say, and blow up, without remorse, every trace of marital authority. How many modes of circumvention are discoverable by a female intellect! No general officer ever employed so much ingenuity in planning and executing a campaign, as a woman will call into action to elude or oppose her husband's cherished determination. How we have been amused to mark their little tricks, to observe their close calculations, their insinuations, evasions, fictions, their hundred and one wily manœuvres to blind their husbands' suspicions, and make good their 'vantage-ground'. He who denies superior intellect to a woman, has lived in a state of celibacy. Then again, where shall we find better disputants than among women who have had the misfortune to rear a large family upon a small income. The subtlety of a Duns Scotus is self-evident to the dexterous intellectual fencing which a sharp woman will display in vindicating her economy, or her privileges. "Do what one can, one can never satisfy you!" is one of their strongest stock arguments: it is considered a complete clincher, especially when accompanied with the accent of wounded honesty: every woman uses it. What can the husband do? He must succumb, of course: his wife, upon her own assertion, has done her best, and it would be foolish and ungenerous to expect more. He heaves a sigh, and holds his tongue. Now, the husband is conquered, the battle is over; but stop! we must yet witness the triumph! The fifes squeak, and the drums roar: reproof, resentment, and exultation follow quickly: questions are put, and answers given with the rapidity of an echo; until, at length, the unwitting husband, shamed by his wife's volubility, convinced of her integrity by her earnestness, and almost despising himself for his uncharitable observations, skulks from the scene, and leaves his better half in undisputed possession of the field: admirable woman!

"My memory is not quite so exact, Mrs. Hartshorn; perhaps you will tell the story yourself."

"But I don't know it; at the least, I know that you are telling it wrong."

"You are very unphilosophic, Mrs. Hartshorn."

We beg to say that the doctor was altogether wrong: Mrs. Hartshorn did not care how the story was told; but she had a point to gain, and she was carrying out her plan on the most philosophical principles. She was determined to contradict until she had wearied her husband's patience; and she knew well enough that then a great step would be made towards the fulfilment of her object. Could she but once succeed in exciting her husband's irascibility, and then in talking him down, the doctor might as well throw up the cards—the game was won. Unphilosophic, indeed! Match us the world for philosophy against an ambitious wife! Who, so well as she, understands all the crannies and sinuosities of the human intellect; the caprices and follies of the human heart; who knows better the most

expedient means of working on them, deceiving them, and turning them to her purposes? Pooh! pooh! Unphilosophic! Nay, doctor, your judgment is for once at fault.

"You had better tell the story yourself," said the doctor. Now the worthy member said this in pique; and he did not, in his heart, think that it would be better for his wife to narrate the tale than himself. Had she, indeed, taken him at his word, it is probable that he would have inflicted some kind of summary vengeance on her tongue—either by word or deed. But we must not any longer discuss probabilities: the doctor has been nudging our elbow for the last five minutes, and has repeated as many times in our ear, "I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper—in the year ninety-five." Before, however, we attend to the doctor, we must premise, that the tale has undergone the revision of our secretary, for the philosopher delivered it in such dislocated sentences, that it would have been almost impossible to read it in its original state.

"It was in the year ninety-five, and I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper. I had received my appointment about a week, when the circumstances which I intend to relate to you occurred."

"You have not begun at the beginning," interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn. "Six weeks before that, your acquaintance with me commenced."

"As you please, my dear; well, six weeks before my appointment to the Griper, I made an acquaintance with a charming girl, at least in my estimation (umph! muttered the wife), the daughter of the widow of a lieutenant in the navy. I shall describe this lady as she then appeared to my youthful eyes, giving her credit for all the beauty and intelligence which she undoubtedly possessed." A smile passed over Mrs. Hartshorn's features.

"Her eyes were dark and brilliant," continued the doctor; "her cheeks ruddy, her figure rather tall; her habits cheerful and active. You are somewhat altered now, Jane,"—scanning his wife's features; "ah! we are both growing old!"

"I presume, Dr. Hartshorn, that you cannot be acquainted with my age," answered the wife in indignation.

"Why, my dear, you cannot be much short of—"

"Forty-five, sir," she interrupted dictatorially. The doctor stared; but his wife's mien was so confident, that he would as soon have thought of opposing her at that moment, as a soldier would think of resisting the orders of his commander-in-chief. Mrs. Hartshorn had gained *one* point.

"Mrs. Johnson lived in a very pretty cottage at Stoke, about two miles from the dock, and there I was accustomed to spend many an idle hour in company with her daughter Jane. That, at that time, I thought there were but few maidens equal to her in the possession of all those graces of mind and person to which men are wont to attribute the entanglement of their affections, cannot be denied. I loved her, and was unhappy unless when seated by her side; I listened to the throbbing of her bosom, or, coursing with her through the fields, I watched the elegance and vivacity of her movements. I declared my affection, and the deep blush and downcast eye of my beloved told

me that my services were not given unrewarded. My happiness, however, was not permitted to be unalloyed; and, as the time drew near when it was expected I should be obliged to join my ship, I began to feel some of that tender uneasiness which is accustomed to haunt and terrify the minds of men similarly situated. My beautiful Jane seemed to grow more beautiful; my affection, already strong, seemed to grow stronger; and the more I contemplated the necessity of our separation, the more incapable I felt of enduring such an event. At length the dreaded appointment arrived, and my heart was broken!"

"What a lucky thing you were a physician!" interrupted Ned in a whisper.

"Why, I loved her, Ned," returned the doctor—"and the news of the appointment struck me like a thunder-clap. I went immediately to the beloved girl, and told her the unhappy circumstance; I swore that if she would be mine, I would on the instant throw up the plans that had been laid for my advancement, and, linking her fortunes with mine, endeavour to make my way in the world as a civil practitioner. Poor Jane wept—but she had too much sense to encourage such a foolish project, and our interview ended with the determination that I was to abide by my appointment, and leave the future to fate.

"The Griper, the vessel that I was ordered to join, was lying in the Sound off St. Nicholas Island, and was expected to sail in about a week from the day I received my orders, being detained only by the delay of the arrival of some despatches from the Admiralty. Meanwhile I went on board, and was introduced to my future companions—a half-dozen of wild, giddy, mischief-loving middies, who took every opportunity of playing off their jokes upon the new-comer. It would be a stale story to relate the variety of gibes they passed off on my appearance and behaviour; as every sea-novelist, since the days of the laughter-moving Smollet, has ransacked his memory for the old jokes, and tortured his imagination to place them in the most deceptive point of view. I was a little irritated at first, but being naturally of a sedate temper, I became, in a day or two, perfectly callous to their taunts. Seeing that they could no longer provoke me, they grew familiar, and I found two or three of them to be, at the bottom, steady, warm-hearted, deserving young men.

"Having now but little to occupy myself on board, I frequently obtained leave to go ashore, and in general I took advantage of such opportunities, by hastening to pay a visit to my dear Jane."

"I remember it very well," interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn; "on one occasion you presented yourself in your uniform, and really, you did look then a very handsome man."

"The beauty of the bird was in his feathers," said the major. "But to be sure, doctor, you may have altered considerably since then. A few campaigns will always take the gloss off the brightest red coat."

"I am a little more wrinkled, perhaps," answered the doctor; "and my complexion may have faded a little also—but 'tis in obedience to the common law—the law—"

"Ay, true, we understand you," interrupted Balance, who dreaded nothing so much as one of the doctor's philosophical prelections. "Ay,

true, we understand you," said he. "But you were going to tell us, I think, that you made some infringement of the law."

"No, not exactly, Ned; I will tell you."

"It had been agreed upon on board that as many of us as could get leave should go ashore on the first favourable day, and have a surfeit of enjoyment, before we quitted our native land to undergo the dangers of the sea and war. Our plans had been well laid beforehand, and our anticipations were already dwelling zealously on the frolics in which we had resolved to engage. The day at length arrived (how often I wished afterwards that I had spent it in the society of my amiable Jane!)—the two mids., my most intimate companions, had obtained leave with myself among others, to visit the shore for the last time, and we accordingly quitted the vessel as early as possible, in order that the day of pleasure might not be unnecessarily shortened."

"As soon as we had planted our feet upon the earth, and felt the full value of a day's liberty, we shouted and hallooed like Bedlamites, and were immediately surrounded by men of unquestioned honour, and women of established reputation. As, however, our plan had been previously determined on, we did not listen to their counsel, but going forthwith to a stable keeper, hired, each of us, a horse, to taste the luxury of a country excursion. Who has not heard of a sailor on horseback? It suffices to say that our feats on that occasion rivalled any that the celebrated Ducrow ever performed,—nay, many were achieved which that agile equestrian would shrink from attempting."

"Put a sailor on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil," interrupted Mr. Geoffrey Sageman.

"Right enough, indeed," continued the doctor, "and I was afraid, at every instant, that a broken neck would unexpectedly send one of my young friends in to the winning post. It was not so decreed, however, but the same result was very nearly accomplished by different means."

"We had returned from the country, had put up our horses (but whether we had paid for the hire of them or not, I do not now remember), and were walking up Fore Street, when Jem Burton, one of the middies, catching me by the arm, said—

"Look out there a starboard, doctor—see that trim sail bearing up just under our lee-bow: by St. George! she hangs out friendly colours too!"

"To my shame be it said, we had partaken so freely of various intoxicating liquors, and I had been so far overcome by them, that I was scarcely able to distinguish the object alluded to from a lamp-post, and perhaps should have remained in utter ignorance of the meaning of my friend's enigmatical expressions, if, in a moment after, I had not felt my arm rudely seized, and a command uttered at the same time in a harsh female voice, 'to hold up my head like a man, and not to look as melancholy as a mute at a doorpost.'"

Mrs. Hartshorn fidgetted about in her chair, and was evidently annoyed at hearing of the low company which her venerated husband had fallen among. Not that she had been previously ignorant of it;

but she was afraid that both she and her husband would lose respectability by such a frank confession of the errors and inadvertencies of youthful days. The young lady of the flaxen locks hung her head and blushed, which, if the doctor had observed, he might have blushed too.

"Well, doctor, I presume you obeyed orders," said the major.

"I was too stupid to do anything," answered the philosopher, "and I remember but little of what passed after this unceremonious accost.

"The evening was growing dark, for it was early Spring, and the sky about sunset had gathered cloudy; at length a few drops of rain fell; the shower became gradually denser, and in a few moments a flood of rain seemed to pour out from the gates of heaven. We all made a rush for shelter, and I being more helpless than the rest of my companions, was left to the tender mercies of my new associate. She having separated me from my shipmates, dragged me along through a number of narrow streets and alleys, until we arrived at the door of a small house, at which she knocked twice lowly, thus, with her knuckle:" here the doctor imitated the action,—and said in an impatient whisper, to some one within—"Nancy, Nancy, be quick, do not keep us standing at the door—I have brought a visitor—hush!" The bar of the door grated harshly, as the woman drew it back, and the noise thus made caused my conductress to utter this exclamation of alarm.

"'I am glad you are come back,' said the woman who opened the door, and who, by the way, was attired in a slouchy tattered striped calico dress, with a red handkerchief thrown over her shoulders; her countenance was pale and anxious, and her hand trembled like that of one stricken by palsy. She was a wretched looking creature, and was evidently labouring under some mental distress. Although, by remembering the expression of this woman's features, I am now enabled with certainty to describe the passions and emotions that harrowed her mind, yet, at the time, I was almost wholly unconscious of any mystery brooding in the bosom of my hostess. There seemed, indeed, to be something strange and apprehensive in the conduct of the two women, but I was too much inebriated to be excited to suspicion, or to reason upon the indications that presented themselves.

"'I am glad you are come back,' said the woman standing on the threshold. 'I grew terribly frightened as the night came on, and the rain fell so heavily.' 'Pooh, Nancy! you wanted company,' returned the other, frowning, and putting her finger on her lip. 'I never before saw one so afraid of darkness in my life, as you are—what did you think you should see, ay?' The woman shuddered, and the speaker perceiving that she had put an unfortunate question, placed herself before me, that I might not observe the effects of it. 'Sit down, sit down, fool,' continued she, pressing the other into a chair, and shaking her violently as she did so, 'you are not going to treat us to an hysterical fit now—rouse up!' The tears stole, one by one, over the cheek of the poor creature, she heaved a sigh—a heart-breaking sigh—she could not close the dam upon her feelings, and she cried like a child.

"I observed her crying, but I was senseless, and pity never entered my bosom. May I be forgiven for it! As this scene lasted some

minutes, my conductress, whose name was Susan, upbraided her companion in no measured terms, and then, as if afraid that she might have hazarded too much, would utter an occasional excuse and word of encouragement.—‘Come, sir,’ said she to me, ‘let us leave Nancy to her whimperings, she is only showing off a little, she will be all right by and by.’ So saying, she took me by the arm, and actually pushed me up the stairs, for I was almost powerless, and could only with great difficulty lift my feet from one step to another. She opened a door on the first landing, which was the entrance of one of the upper rooms of the house, for it was composed only of two stories, and thrusting me in before her, she immediately closed the door and turned the key, while she ran down stairs, and thus left me alone in the dark apartment.

“I fell down at the door, and believe I slept, for I remember nothing until aroused by a noise below. I felt an anxiety to discover where I was, and by what means I had become an inmate of this room. I tried to remember what had passed within the day; and gradually, one incident after another occurred to my mind, and the scene in the lower apartment became vividly depicted. The more I reflected on these circumstances, the more alarmed I felt at the uncertainty of my situation, and the more desirous of escaping from such an iniquitous house as I felt this must be.

“I could not see an inch before me, for it was perfectly dark, the sky being cloudy and moonless; in order, therefore, to reconnoitre my situation, I got upon one knee and placed my hand against the wall, then stood upright and stared with all my might and main, to endeavour to discover something palpable through the dark mist. But the effort was fruitless; I walked along the side of the wall, groping my way as I went, turned an angle of the room, and stopped to look about me, but I could see nothing. The noise below stairs grew louder, and I distinctly heard articulate sounds, but they were unconnected; I then resolved to go to the door and knock—which, indeed, I should have done at first, but I had some misgivings at being considered a coward if I called up the house to satisfy groundless fears—I turned, and in throwing out my foot, struck something which gave out a metallic sound. I stooped and picked it up—it was a knife—the handle was clammy, and as I raised it my hand came in contact with some thick moist clots. Suspicion rushed through my mind like a flame, and horror shook my whole system. I stood aghast and trembled. I then walked a step forward, being moved by an intense curiosity, and then cautiously made another step towards the centre of the room; my foot slipped, and as I staggered to recover myself, I tripped against something, and fell upon it. The noise of my fall had evidently excited attention below stairs, for the talking became much louder, but I heeded it not, being eager to ascertain what this new object might be. I stretched out my arm as I lay, and the first thing I felt was a man’s hand! My God! how the blood chilled in my veins! It was cold—deadly cold—and stiff and rigid. I gasped in apprehension, and a cold sweat flowed over my forehead. I passed my hand along his arm, and felt the collar of his coat; it was covered with—blood!—it *must* be blood—it *was* blood! His chest was bare

—his shirt had been torn asunder—I doubted—trembled—drew back—but my curiosity overcame my fears; I passed my hand higher—higher still—I touched his neck—it had the same clammy feel—I raised my fingers slowly—dreading to place them down again—they sank into a gash! Quick as lightning, as if they had been stung by an asp, I drew them out again. I started to my feet, and for some minutes remained transfixed with horror. The fatal truth overwhelmed me. I was in a room with a murdered man, in the house of the murderers! It was horrible—too horrible to contemplate, and my intellect was almost paralyzed. Thought was swallowed up in dismay; sense and motion were benumbed by doubt and terror!

“I was awakened from my dream by the hubbub below, and immediately that I recovered the use of my faculties, my desire was to escape. Fortunately for me—or it seemed so—the clouds brake at this moment, and the apartment became light enough for me to descry a table, a chair, and some other articles of furniture. Knowing that this must be the upper room of the house, I conceived the idea of getting, if possible, through the roof; fear now lent activity to my faculties, and no sooner was the idea entertained than I endeavoured to put it into practice.

“I stood upon the table, and found that as the roof was low, I could reach it with ease. It was not plastered on the inside, but the wooden pins that fixed the slates projected beyond the laths. I was delighted at making this discovery; and working with too little caution, I had, in a few minutes, knocked out several slates, which fell, as I heard, with a crash on the pavement below. I stopped for a moment, fearing that the noise might have drawn attention to my movements; nor was I wrong; I heard the front door open, and instantly after, footsteps at the bottom of the stairs. Despair gave me fresh energy; heedless of detection, I knocked out several more by one violent blow, and seeing that the hole thus made was large enough to admit my body, I raised myself with a spring, and my shoulders projected above the roof. I struggled, both with arms and legs, to raise the lower part of my body—the effort, though short, was intense; I heard voices at the door—I made a desperate spring and fixed my knee upon a cross-beam. I was almost free—the door was broken open—lights instantly flashed through the room. ‘Seize him! seize him! or he will get through the roof!’ cried the woman Susan. The slates slid from under me—I made another effort. I was drawing my leg through the aperture, when a powerful hand grasped me by the ankle. I kicked violently, but a sudden wrench drew me back precipitately through the roof. My soul quailed for a moment, but it was only for a moment: the sense of the injustice that would be practised upon me roused all my energies, and I defended my innocence before the constables (for such they were who had seized me) with the utmost vehemence of indignation. They, resolving not to know much about the matter at present, desired me to hold my tongue, as I respected my own safety, and to follow them; and in five minutes from the time of my capture I was on my way to the prison.

“Yes, I was seized by the officers of justice, and taken to prison as a murderer. I made no resistance, for conscious of my innocence, I

could not believe that this circumstance could have a fatal termination. Hope was strong in my bosom, and though I saw no certain or even probable means of escape, yet I relied on my own rectitude. I was thrown into a dungeon, or what was little better than one—a room whose walls had been once whitewashed, but were now green and damp; the plaster had been broken down in many places, by former prisoners—with perhaps no more evil design than that of making occupation, and diverting their thoughts. There was one small window whose office was to shut out the light rather than admit it, for it was covered with filth and cobwebs within, and crossed by thick iron bars without. The roof was clouded by various marks denoting the ingress of the chilly elements: the floor was boarded, but the planks were rotten; and the pattering of tiny feet around me during the night informed me that beneath them was the habitation of rats. I had no time to cultivate their acquaintance, or I might have found them—in the spirit of true philosophy—agreeable companions. In one corner of this vile abode was a heap of straw, and the remnants of a blanket which the unambitious generosity of the jailer had placed there for my comfort; a pewter platter, a paralytic stool, and a chain and fetters, completed the furniture of my apartment. It was a prison of former days, and a provincial prison too; thanks to the good, the divine Howard, such scenes of cruelty, judicial cruelty, exist no more.

“The buoyancy of my spirits fled as my indignation cooled, and as I gradually felt the blighting influence of my miserable habitation. Despair, crowned with terrors, reigned over my mind. I began to appreciate the danger of my situation; I saw the circumstantial probabilities that would weigh against me—the fact of my being found in the same room with the murdered man—of my endeavouring to escape—of my detection in the act. I felt the dreadful force of these considerations—I knew of no means of refuting the allegations. I sank upon the floor, wearied and chilled in body, and harassed, exhausted, and overwhelmed with mental agony.

“The morn brake; but the sunbeams that struggled through the cobwebs, shone upon a miserable man. Fearing the result of these unforeseen circumstances, I began to desire, earnestly, to see my friends; or even one to whom I could communicate my unhappiness, and plan some measures for my future exculpation. While my thoughts were deeply agitated by these feelings, my jailer, to my surprise, withdrew the heavy bolts of my cell, and before he had time to acquaint me with the object of his visit, my affectionate and anxious Jane rushed forward and sprang into my arms. She said nothing; but her head sank upon my shoulder, and she sobbed deeply—bitterly. It was some moments before I could command utterance, for my soul was overwhelmed with joy and consternation; when, however, I felt capable of expressing my thoughts, I eagerly inquired how it was she had so soon gained a knowledge of my situation? whether she believed the alleged charge? what could be done for my acquittal? Many other questions I put; but they were confused, and mixed with wailings and objurgations. Jane spake not, however, for several minutes; and the jailer, who seemed affected by her grief, meanwhile quitted the room.

" 'Not a word of it ! not a word of it !' said she, as the man turned his back. 'You are innocent, I am sure.'

" 'I am, I am !' I exclaimed, and pressed her to my heart.

" 'There ! time flies,' returned she, hastily removing herself from my embrace. 'I have not come to see you unprepared. The news of your capture has spread far and wide, and I am informed of all the circumstances. You cannot escape, for this evening the coroner's inquest will be held ; and unless something is done meanwhile, nothing can save you—nothing.'

" 'The girl stopped, and the tears trickled down her cheeks.'" Mrs. Hartshorn seemed much affected at the remembrance of the scene, and the Major and Manlove both regarded her with a benignant glance.

The Doctor continued :—" Hope sprang into my bosom, for I saw that the dear girl entertained some scheme for my delivery. 'Look,' continued she, drawing a pair of scissors from the bosom of her dress, 'you must disguise yourself as much as you can, in order that the witnesses may not be able to swear to your identity, and they may be easily deceived, unless you have been formerly acquainted with them.'

" 'I thought that a shadow of suspicion passed over her features as she made this observation, and immediately assured her that, until last night, I was perfectly ignorant of the parties. Her countenance beamed with joy, and she instantly commenced the art of the *tonseur* by clipping off my whiskers and jaggng my hair, in a strange wild manner. She gave me also a huge red comforter, which she twisted round my neck, and made me tie on a white collar (though she had discretion enough to soil it that it might appear worn), instead of the striped one in which I had been hitherto apparelled. These and other minor alterations considerably changed my appearance ; and my temporary valet seemed pleased with the metamorphosis she had made, for, when the jailer entered, soon after, she departed with less distress of mind than might have been expected. Before, however, that officer came, I had taken the precaution to put on my cap and pull down the ear-pieces, so that no suspicion might be raised in his mind, during his cursory glance. Indeed, I believe he scarcely looked towards me, being more occupied with the attractions of my faithful Jane.

" 'Not satisfied with the arrangements already made, this affectionate girl went on board the Griper, stated my situation to the captain, and requested him to bear witness to my general good conduct. Although that gentleman knew little, or perhaps nothing, of me, yet, under the circumstances, he did not object to speak in my favour, and moreover ordered the middies ashore, in order that they might give evidence of the manner in which we had spent the day, and of the accident by which I had become separated from them. How much my dear Jane," turning to his wife, "do I owe to your sagacity and energy !"

" 'Ay, I loved you *then* dearly," returned the wife ; and although there seemed to be a covert satire lurking in the remark, yet she meant none ; nay, she thought only of the past, and her heart was full.

" 'The evening at length arrived, and I was summoned before the

coroner ; but why need I linger on the subject ? There was a number of persons seated on benches around the room ; and I, who had been removed temporarily from a sort of dock, was placed amongst them. The prosecutrix was brought in. ‘ Can you swear to the prisoner ? ’ inquired the coroner. ‘ I can. ’ ‘ Point him out ! ’ The woman looked keenly around the room, dropped her eye on one, then on another, then on myself, and passed to the next, a fourth, fifth, and after much hesitation fixed on Jem Burton, my jovial friend ! Jem, at first, reddened with indignation, then looked as if he should not hesitate long to commit murder on the prosecutrix. The woman Nancy was brought in ; she was dejected, and declared in tears that she could not swear to the prisoner. I was acquitted, triumphantly acquitted, of the foul charge ; and, before I left the court, pressed my kind Jane, weeping with joy, to my grateful heart.

“ The inquiry, however, did not end here ; matters afterwards elapsed, which, together with the information I gave in court, created suspicion. A serious investigation ensued. Nancy, the unhappy accessory, overwhelmed by anguish and contrition, confessed her crime. She stated, that a quarrel had occurred between deceased and Susan on account of the jealousy of the latter ; that she had assisted Susan in avenging herself on the man ; but that Susan, infuriated with rage, and dreading lest the deceased should rise again and punish her, had taken a knife and cut his throat while he lay upon the ground. Susan was afterwards hanged for murder, according to the laws of the land.

“ I,” continued the doctor, “ immediately after the trial, sailed for the coast of Africa, and I never again saw my good Jane until my arrival in London a few years ago ; and though I have been long making up my mind to get married, yet, I believe, this story will justify my choice.”

The major was perfectly reconciled, and congratulated the worthy member with much warmth of heart.

VERSES TO ———.

I was not young when first we met—
 My years compared with thine—
 But on my memory lingers yet—
 Like twilight when the sun hath set—
 The joys that then were mine.

I gazed on thee, but not as one,
 By heedless folly led—
 The race of boyhood I had run—
 And I with love’s romance had done,
 Esteeming thee instead.

But worldly wisdom scorned to deem
 A guileless passion mine—
 It saw the surface of the stream—
 Its crystal depths it did not dream
 So far away could shine.

And eyes that towards each other turned
 With pure devoted look,
 Have ceased to gaze, and hearts have mourned,
 A friendship which the while it burned,
 The world for love mistook.

But Time that mutely makes his way,
 Doth make it not unseen—
 With flower and shrub that bloom to day,
 The heart and brow alike decay,
 As they had never been.

And memory were a hidden store
 Of sweet and sacred things—
 But like a tree enamelled o'er,
 It yieldeth but a tithe the store
 Of its rich blossomings.

For in its bloom a canker lies
 Which dooms it to decay,
 As fleecy clouds beneath the skies
 To nothing melt, as doth arise
 And spread the blush of day.

But not upon my heart—if thine—
 Can Time his signet set—
 My feelings towards thee still incline,
 While green spots in the desert shine,
 I never may forget.

G. B.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 20.—*Futtee Ali Shah.*

THE late King of Persia is most gracefully introduced on the canvass of history by Mr. Morier, in his "Zhorab." I will fancy him seated on his "musnud" of royalty, bearing his "jika" of monarchy, and girded with the imperial girdle of despotism, which was in October, 1798. The young Prince was at Shiraz at the time of his uncle's death, from whence he was summoned by the Grand Vizier, Hadjii Ibrahim, who took instant measures for his succession to the throne. Whether the many striking instances of the precarious fortunes of princes in Persia—that devastating waste of life and eyes which had marked the reign of "Agha Mahomed Shah"—had harrowed the young prince's mind, or whether by nature he was endowed with a merciful disposition, which was his general characteristic, suffice it, that the quiet tenor of his reign was marked with the mildest despotism of thirty-five years' duration; during which very long period (for Persia) order generally prevailed. Civilization followed in the train, and prosperity threw her broad mantle over Iran's thirsty soil, which had been before so stained with blood, so convulsed with strife, so disgraced by those horrid scenes, the recital of which is almost enough

"to make the two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres," that she deserved being blotted out of the map of nations. His Majesty began his reign with some slight deviations, certainly, from that clemency and justice which I have endeavoured to establish for him; but this, for Persia, is thought nothing of, and there is one thing to be admitted, that in the then semi-barbarous state of the country, the ascent to the throne was generally through streams of blood. All competitors must be cut off, or so mutilated as to render them incapable of holding the imperial diadem. The brother of the deceased Shah then lived, and had entered the lists of struggle for the empire. At this time the young King showed much personal courage, and his enemy was subdued, or rather was won over to surrender himself to his nephew, on his sacred oath that he would not put him to death; the oath was accepted, and he threw himself on the King's mercy. How did his Majesty observe his oath, and conscientiously, as he thought, that is for a Persian conscience? He ordered the poor wretch to be shut up in a room, the doors and windows of which were bricked up, and there the King's uncle fell a prey to starvation, some part of the floor being found to have been dug up with his hands, seemingly to assuage the pangs of hunger. It was also said of him that one of his first orders on ascending the throne, was the execution of twelve thousand rebels at Casvine, and to have their heads rolled into the bazaars, of which they made a "kella minnar," or pillar of skulls, intending to impose respect on the people by this terrible example. This was but a trifling beginning of the reign of a Persian monarch. Another slight blot in the character of this royal "kajar" and I have done with the dark shades, from thence to the "mezzotinto," and on to garish day. The grand vizier of the late monarch, "Hadjii Ibrahim," had proved himself the devoted friend of the young King in many instances with his uncle; he was the first to proclaim the new Shah, and to bow the knee before him. A powerful rival to Hadjii poured into the royal ear the leprosy of jealousy against the minister, aided by a golden bribe, to have him displaced, and for the confiscation of his great wealth. A fearful proof

"How quickly nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object."

Gratitude for the services of the faithful minister soon melted in the royal breast at the shrine of avarice—that prevailing curse of the Persian character, and seemingly so from the earliest ages, when we see that the King Ahasueras consented to sacrifice the whole of the Jews to Haman for ten thousand talents of silver. Some pretence was necessary to degrade and punish the minister. It was soon found, and the Shah, in his pretended ire, ordered his eyes to be cut out. Poor Hadjii felt sensibly the ingratitude and injustice of the monarch, some expressions of which escaped him; the King, now in his real ire, ordered his tongue to be cut out—this being done, the minister inveighed more loudly than ever against the inhumanity of the King. (I have already shown, by Reminiscence No. 13, that the speech is not impaired if the tongue is cut out at the root.) The minister was

* I know of no word in their language which signifies "conscience;" and if there be any, it must be of the most latitudinarian dimensions.

removed, and the King beginning to relent for his cruelties, it alarmed the wretch who had been the cause of them, and lest he might be impeached, he ordered one of the "Faroshs" to dispatch him. It is not true, as some historians assert, that the King ordered the execution of his minister; but, on the contrary, he for a long time sincerely deplored the loss of this upright and faithful servant. That custom of punishment by mutilation in Persia prevails even in the present day—the hand of the thief is cut off, they say to prevent repetition of his crime—the tongue of the blasphemer is cut out, and so on. I trace a great many of the Persian customs to those of the Mosaic dispensations. In this case I see nothing similar beyond that of "Adonibezek," who, when he fled, "they pursued him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes."

The avarice of the Shah I have already alluded to; but am not surprised when I consider the extent of his harem establishment, which approached pretty near to that of Solomon's, including servants, eunuchs, &c., I have heard it estimated that there were fifteen hundred persons to be daily "salted with the salt of the palace." Again, the Shah was a family man, in the broad acceptation of the term; indeed, it may be said that "his Most Despotic Majesty" was the richest man in the world in family ties. It never could be ascertained, I believe, even by himself, the extent of his possessions in this respect, since it was not an uncommon thing to have two or three born to him the same night. The rank of propinquity (about which the Persians are so very particular) must in that case have been dubious; since no scarlet thread could be tied around the finger of the elder born, where they proceed not from the same mother.* I have heard of an hundred and fifty sons, and as many daughters. The precocious Persian youth, and the still more precocious maiden, who is often married at from twelve to fifteen years of age, soon glide into the noose of matrimony, and the consequences are generally numerous. His Majesty was blessed with the third and fourth generations, and, as I have observed, the family ties could never be told. I have heard them estimated at twelve hundred † The King was considered to have been the handsomest man in his dominions, and this is saying a great deal (though by no means an oriental trope, since the Persians are a remarkably fine race of people); the most dignified in his manners, and the most amiable in disposition; and, as his subjects said of him, "to have arrived at the summit of power, and to inhabit the mansions of wisdom and understanding." The following anecdote I think will prove his kindly feelings, as related to me by the doctor alluded to. Another "kajar" came to light—the mewling infant sickened, with symptoms of premature decay. It could scarcely be imagined that the monarch's care should be occupied with matters of so trifling moment—but it was so. With much anxiety to preserve the infant, other medical assistance was called in, and, as the doctor informed me, the King's

* "And it came to pass when she travailed, that the one put out his hand, and the midwife took and bound upon his hand a scarlet thread, saying this came out first, and his name was called Zareh."

† Some travellers in Persia estimate them by thousands, to which I would say, "fudge," with Mr. Burchell.

alarm was excessive; the unbidden tear stood in the royal socket, and he appeared agonized; the infant recovered, and the doctor was elevated to the first class of the "Lion and Sun." It is a general custom with the Persian kings to eat in solitary grandeur; the dishes are brought in, sealed with the cook's signet, signifying that they are not only wholesome, but unpoisoned. The late Shah would sometimes invite select portions of his family to breakfast with him; a dozen or two, as I have heard described by the by-stander. They squat around him in the form of a crescent, of which he is the centre; they are all placed scrupulously according to rank; the dishes are simple, consisting principally of the "narinj," or "pilau," the royal dish of Persia, composed principally of rice, with a chicken in the centre, or some savoury cotelettes. Their drink, the sherbet, is served up in splendid china or glass bowls, and drunk with wooden ladles, of excellent cunning work. Great temperance pervades Persian feeding, being unslaked with spirituous drinks; nature is merely sustained, not overloaded. The King would sometimes roll up a ball of rice, called a "lugmeh," in his hand, and choke it into the mouth of his favourite, who would swallow it with all deferential greediness.

Of Futtee Ali Shah it was said, that he was the richest man in the world, his personal treasury amounting to thirty millions sterling, besides jewels, pearls and precious stones, according to the Persian report, "by rooms full." Some remains of the plunder of the great freebooter Nadir Shah, from Delhi, remain to him, particularly the "Khor Nur" and the "Deriah Nur," those extraordinary diamonds called "the mountain of light" and "the sea of light," which form his "buzubends" or armlets, the distinguishing badges of Persian Majesty. I have heard it described by those who had witnessed it, that, to see him arrayed in his full splendour of sovereignty, it was almost too dazzling for "human ken." His "musnud" was worked with pearls, and his cushion studded with the same Persian ornaments of an enormous size. The crown increases in breadth upwards, and is adorned with three diamond plumes called the "jika," inscribed on the front, "Help from God and speedy victory." His dagger and girdle studded with diamonds. Then to see him,—

——— "As his guard of mutes
On the dread sovereign wait with eyes deject
And fixed on earth, no voice nor sound is heard
Within the wide serai, but all is hushed,
Mute and uncovered, and cowering low to earth."

His Majesty was a distinguished poet; "he could make the nightingale of the pen flutter about the full blown roses of the harem,"—

"Like orient pearls at random strung."

And he was a liberal patron of this genius in others: nay, it was related of him, that he was, at times, so "perfumed with the dew of liberality," as to give his poet laureat a thousand tomauns for each line of an ode containing twenty-three lines. The "rose and the nightingale" are the particular subjects of the poet's inspiration, of which they say, "the nightingale, if he sees the rose, becomes intoxicated." Here his Majesty had much of "the odour of reputation," as also for

princely gifts occasionally to one of his favourite wives—I heard of two strings of pearls, each costing *thirty thousand* tomanas. I have already shown that his Majesty had very materially thinned out his harem establishment during my being in Persia, conferring the ladies on his Khans as a mark of special favour. I have had many an argument with these polygamists; but what do they say! “Show me from holy writ that any crime attaches to the bigamist.” On the contrary, they tell me that *Scripture* warrants the custom. Lamech is the first we notice, of taking unto himself two wives—Adah and Zillah. Jacob had a second wife imposed upon him, it not being the custom at that time “to give the younger before the first-born.” I cannot find that this custom prevails now in Persia; but I *do* find that a man is bound to marry the widow of his deceased brother “in order to raise up seed unto his brother,” as Moses wrote, or as the Sadducees relate, that “the seven had her to wife.” Then they tell me of David and Solomon having numerous wives, and in their days, as at the present time in Persia, the royal harem formed the greatest part of the King’s expenditure. I have done with the subject, except to say, that I am a *little* inclined to the harem seclusion, but not to the full extent. In Persia, even sisters are not allowed to see their brothers after a certain age.

What then would be the astonishment of an Asiatic to be introduced at once to that garish view into the Rose Garden of Beauty, sometimes to be met with in English society—that beauty thus spoken of by the poet:—

“ Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the light
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light.”

His Majesty showed considerable ingenuity in keeping up what may be termed “the balance of power” amongst his numerous sons, all governors of provinces, so that they might not weaken the supreme authority, vested in himself, of which he was very jealous. The Governor of Shiraz was never entirely subject to him; and his last expedition was against his contumacious son at Ispahan, in search of the tribute money. Of Abbas Mirza he was also jealous, not trusting him with the means of paying the troops, but sending it to the charge of an English major. The numerous offspring of the Shah could not boast of much family concord amongst themselves; where they are not born of the same mother, they are any thing but brethren; their interests were so conflicting, and all drawing upon the Shah’s resources, that I am inclined to deem his avarice to savour somewhat of prudence, and not altogether of rapacity.

His Majesty had a very high opinion of his own dignity and splendour. The Persians have a great deal of that “overweening vanity” or happy delusion which is so beguiling in this life of delusion. At an audience once granted to an ambassador, who was much struck with his imposing magnificence, “I wish him joy,” said the King, “he has now seen every thing!” His Majesty terminated his mortal career, after a long and prosperous reign of thirty-five years, at Ispahan, aged

seventy-five years, on the 23rd of October, 1835; during which time, Persia had wonderfully progressed in civilization. It was attributed to the severity of the King—his love of justice, and facility of access, that good order was established, and his government respected. Of this great and good monarch (for Persia) all that can be now said of him is,—

“A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

The Titles of the Shah of Persia.

The Persians have almost a sacred respect for their sovereign, calling him “Zil Allah,” or, “The Almighty’s Shadow.” They esteem the very ground on which he sits to be holy; and obey the divine command to Moses, “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.” They call him also, “Hazret,” which signifies, Presence, Majesty or Highness. He is the Vicegerent of Omnipotence upon Earth—the Most Lofty of Living Men—the Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, of Honour, and of Glory—whose Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven—Equal to the Sun, and Brother of the Moon and of the Stars—the King of Kings—Agent of Heaven in this World—Object of the Vows of all Mortal Men—Disposer of Good and of all Great Names—the Master of Destiny—Chief of the Most Excellent Seat of the Universe, sitting in the Seat of the first temporal Being (Mahomet)—the greatest and the most splendid Prince of the Faithful—born and sprung from the Throne which is the only Throne of the Earth—King of the First Rank—Monarch of Sultans and of the Sovereigns of the Universe—First Noble of the most ancient Nobility—King—Son of a King—Emperor of all Corporeal Beings—Lord of the Revolutions of the World—Father of Victories—the Centre of the Universe, &c. &c. &c.

What a commentary do I find to all this splendour of mental hallucinations in the words of our poet:—

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘Here he lies,’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”*

No. 21.—*Caravan Travelling.*

This being an assemblage of merchants and travellers congregating together for mutual protection;—there is always, to a certain degree, some danger when going over the Turkish and Persian soil, which arises from that restless and untameable nomadic population, called “Kourds,” inhabiting the frontiers of those countries, despising all authority, governed by none. During my being at “Arz Roum,” they were flying about in all directions, taking advantage of an unarmed population, and almost to the gates of the city committing

* In the burial of their kings they had formerly a superstitious custom in Persia, in order to prevent any enchantment being practised on the body: three stately coffins were prepared exactly alike, in one of which the royal clay was deposited; one was sent to Koom, another to Ardebiz, and the third to Mecht; but in which of these coffins lay the kingly remains was never known. It may be presumed that his late Majesty lies at Koom, since he had given directions for the repairs of the tomb a short time only before his decease.

their depredations.* Thirty travellers had just presented themselves, plundered and stripped to the skin. There being, at length, ready about a hundred and fifty people, we formed our caravan of a most motley group, both of man and beast, that was perhaps ever assembled. I was the only European amongst them, and consequently some object of the vacant stare of the muleteers, who always afford me much amusement. The leading camel, led by a donkey, was adorned with much frippery of coloured beads and bits of glass about the head and ears, the knees, and saddle housings, &c. : of this the "chaoush," or leader of the caravan, is very proud; and as it moves on at funereal pace, there is plenty of time to smoke the pipe of reflection, whilst the sound of the camels' bells are sonorously issuing from the ravines, the train sometimes occupying a half-mile in length; the day's travel being determined either by the pasture to be found for the cattle, which is free to all comers if it be summer, or to the village supply of provender, if in the winter. As to the travellers' accommodation, that is the last thing thought of, and "to sleep with your horse" is the general order of the day. I never slept better than in a warm stable, amidst curry-comb music and clouds of dust; there is generally a small raised platform at one end of it with a chimney, and this is "the traveller's rest." Then for provisions, bread, milk, and eggs are generally to be found; and the "muffrush" or wallet, ought to contain rice, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c. or he must go without. The incidents are rather monotonous—the loading and unloading—mending the packsaddle—the bivouacking—the sundry fires for cooking their pilau, the night arrangements; the muleteers have a busy time of it, catching every momentary interval for their favourite "tchi-book."

At Delli-Baba, we fell in with the Turkish troops, and such a rank and file I suppose was never marched to Coventry,—bare-legged, badly-slipped, armed and unarmed. (I should observe that at this time, the Russians were invading the Turkish territory, which made it very difficult for a "Ferengy" stranger to pass on.) The moment they saw me, "Ruski" was sounded out, and all the village was in alarm, dogs included, and I was immediately surrounded by rank and file; they took me as "spying out the nakedness of the land," and nothing more probable amongst the ignoramuses who knew not English from "Ruski;" in fact, they have but one term for all Europeans, "Ferengy." What was to be done? I sat quietly on my horse, laughing both with and at them; they eyed and pulled me about to see if I was of the same species with themselves, grinning through their leathern countenances at having made of me "lawful prize." In the mean time, the village divan was summoned, the Agha or chief presided, and the colonel of the troops was one of the leading members. I never could find out whether I was tried judicially or court-martially. My friend, the Khan, was amongst them, urging and arguing for my release, and threatening them with his high displeasure, in case they

* It was formerly the custom of the Pasha of this city, on capturing any number of Koords, to send up their heads, salted, in sacks, to Constantinople, to be laid at the gate of the Seraglio.

detained me. How that displeasure was to have been expressed I never heard, since we were only five or six of us against a whole village, and rank and file I don't know how many. I was at length called in, and astonished to find myself of such importance, making quite a noise in the Turkish world. The divan was assembled in a hot stable, with air holes here and there to emit Turkish effluvia, which was of very varied quality, including tobacco smoke. I had therefore some difficulty to discover how many were the gentlemen of the jury; I think there must have been fifty squatting down on the straw and dung, amongst whom I came in with all possible "nonchalance," throwing my whip about as much as to say, "who dares to affront me!" I squatted myself near to the Agha, and laughed to the Khan, and said, "What is going on—I'll not stop here any longer." "Stop," said he, "no such hurry;" and then explained, of what I was before ignorant, my being taken for a "Rusky spy." Most fertile in expedients, I never saw him daunted by difficulties, and after adopting a variety of arguments to endeavour to persuade them to the contrary, he hit upon it, that I was an "Elchee," carrying important dispatches into Persia. This gave quite a new turn to the affair, for the name of "Elchee" is always respected amongst these ignorant people. It was somewhat surprising to me to find myself travelling in the diplomatic line; and though I could not quite understand it, yet the Turks certainly did; and then as if wanting to confirm this statement, they asked "what was the news contained in my dispatches." This was a poser even to the fertile Khan; however, he recovered himself, and said "it was as much as his head was worth to communicate their contents, but that they were of great importance." I was then immediately established in their high consideration; the tide of contempt had turned into the tide of respect. The Agha took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me, which is the pledge of friendship—I had nothing for it but to put it to my mouth, which I thought was paying dear enough for his friendship. Had I declined doing so, it would have been a declaration of war. The members of the divan seeing this, immediately moved off, and I, with all possible official importance, made my way through the crowded villagers; one held my stirrup, another my bridle-rein, and I galloped off with the Khan to overtake the caravan which had preceded us.

At another village we found an assemblage of similar troops, so we went to pay our respects to the colonel, whom we found in a stable, smoking, and giving his orders to a numerous train of bare-legged soldiers surrounding the door. He was very polite; the Khan put him in good humour by saying the "Ruski were fast going to 'Jehannum,'" at which he laughed, singing out "Mashallah." He ordered a stable to be cleaned out for us, and came to pay us a visit, being anxious, it appeared, for another gazette. We received him amidst curry-comb and horse-dust. I established myself in the manger, which was rather capacious; the colonel smoked with us one or two pipes, and then took his leave. The pipe-bearer is a most important personage, and is first on the staff, in preference, I imagine, to the adjutant-general. Leaving the stable odours at three o'clock the next morning, we went to rejoin the caravan, which had gathered on its

way to about double the original complement of men and beasts, there being, I should think, three hundred of each, the latter comprising camels, mules, donkeys and buffaloes. There were muleteers, camelteers, merchants, and travellers, and I the only "Fereengy," amongst them, issuing out of the dell with most amusing confusion. One silver star lit up the scene, and that which of all things surprises an ignorant people, the "star shoots," were most numerous,* as passing a rocky bed on which the stream was pouring down in jumping haste, men and cattle, almost in the dark, groping about in various detachments—the muleteers hallooing, the camel bells ringing, and sending their long echoes through the valleys—the scene was so perfectly original, and the incidents so amusing, that it requires a much more graphic pen than mine to bring them to light. When the "eye-lids of the morning" were opened, and "Nature had put off her night-clothes," the interest of the scene was much increased; there was the heavily laden ass rolling down the steep, load and all, into the stream below; the horse disengaging his burden, and making off to the confines of freedom: thus, over hill and dale we continued a sinuous way, sometimes rich—sometimes barren on the surface, with little nooks here and there so richly Octobered as to offer many interesting pages of nature's beauties; and it was an amusing sight to witness this long train of caravan clambering over the hills for more than a mile in length, the muleteers sounding out their discordant notes, the noise of which was enough, I thought, to frighten the camels. They are a patient, joyous sort of people, these muleteers, though but little removed from the cattle in their food or attire;—they eat barley as well as the horse, they sleep in the same stable with the horse, their jacket of the roughest possible cloth, their feet tied up in bags with rope sandals, and yet withal they are cheerful and happy; only give them a pipe of tobacco, and they'll kiss the hem of your garment.

Under the mountains of Dehar we bivouacked. The cattle were turned adrift to find their own food. Our hammock was formed by bales of goods, piled around as a sort of protection from the wandering donkeys. Here our carpets were spread, and the various groups, with about twenty fires burning on the ground,—black camelteers, with their white turbans,—swarthy looking Persians, all occupied in cooking their "pilau," tying up their sandals, or mending the pack-saddles, it was a very busy scene, and strictly oriental. I fancied at first that I should have no sleep, as on laying down I saw only "the spacious firmament on high," but splendidly lit up with "Nature's brilliants;" but I soon found out that

"————— Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

The next morning we progressed toward "Toprach Kaleh," when in

* The falling stars or meteors, are considered by the Persians to be the blows of angels on the heads of devils who would pry into Paradise. The fall of the angels in heaven they attribute to their being informed of God's intention to create man after his own image, and to dignify human nature by Christ's assuming it: some of them thinking their glory to be eclipsed, envied man's happiness, and so revolted.

view of the fort, a gun was fired to announce horsemen in the distance. The garrison was all in arms, signals were flying, off ran the muleteers, camelteers, "sauve qui peut," and just as we were galloping down the hill——

I have had much experience in caravan travelling, having spent countless hours in this pastime. On looking over my Journal, I find myself on the mountains of "Teches," the celebrated pass of the "ten thousand." The ascent had been long and steep; the loaded cattle climbed the hills with great difficulty, and we had passed through forests of the "rhododendron," with here and there the most beautiful sloping lawns, lit up by a brilliant sun, which contrasted with the dark foliage of the fir and the brown beech skirting the hill-tops. It was indeed a bright page of wild uncultivated nature. The rhododendron fed the bees which poisoned the Greeks, and I understand that the flower of this plant is now equally noxious. Historic recollections now crowded upon me as I reached the place where Xenophon and his followers first saw the sea, the object which could alone pacify a grumbling soldiery after their long and disastrous retreat: the spot was beautiful, and in the October month,

"—— The vault was blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below."

The rhododendron was clothed in its autumn tints. This plant is a species of laurel, bearing a purple flower—beautiful to the eye, but treacherous even to death. The poet's description is very just, which where I have met with I don't know. If memory serves me right—

"On pine-clad hills and dusky plains,
In silent state rhododendron reigns;
And spreads in beauty's softest blooms,
Her purple glories through the glooms."

As I gave a parting glance to the sea,—here, thought I, 'stood Xenophon, with his immortal band, in sight of the goal of his toils and dangers, the relation of which by the historian is so animating! What must then the reality have been? I stood on the very rock from whence the sea first gladdened his longing eyes. There can be no doubt of its identity; geography never changes in this country; 'tis called "the mountain of the ten thousand;" it was a very narrow pass, scarcely to be deemed a bridle-path—I speak of the very summit—with mountain boundaries of fanciful shapes, here and there clothed with snow. There was a sort of gloomy majesty in the solitary grandeur, disturbed only by the towering eagles, many of which I saw of an enormous size. I do love these ups and downs in the world; they are pleasanter to me than the smooth path. Nor does this apply to travelling *merely*; there were many objects of interest in this part, independent of Nature's grandeur. On a towering peak on our left stood some remains of a Genoese castle, famed as the rendezvous of the crusaders, led on by Peter the Hermit. I was interested in tracing fragments mixed up with the history of the times of "Cœur de Lion." Here would have been a fine scope for Dominee's researches, since the Genoese castles, of which there are many remains in this part

of Asia Minor, were the undoubted resorts of the champions of the cross. A German "savant," "Dr. Schultz," an "employé" of the French government, whose acquaintance I had made at Constantinople, scaled many of the walls of these ruins. He copied inscriptions. Most of the characters, as he told me, were "arrow headed:" he made many valuable discoveries.* I had no time to devote to mouldering columns—the caravan never waits for antiquaries; by me the dust which buried them was never rubbed off. There is nothing surprises the Turks so much as to see the "Ferengys" climbing old walls, turning up grave-stones, and ripping open, as it were, the womb of gone-by time. What does *he* know about antiquities! who has no idea of any age beyond that of his grandfather, and is as well acquainted with Alexander the Great as with Alexander the copper-smith.

In a little nook of friendly shelter, we sat down to discuss our breakfast, not amounting even to "a salad and an egg," as Cowper says, but a few nuts, some apples, and a morsel of bread—our thirst slaked from a neighbouring brook. What matters it, so that the chinks are filled up and nature satisfied! At one place we were attended by a guard of Turks, where the defile was considered dangerous. Our bare-legged cohort looked very fierce, carrying short clumsy guns, which occasionally, in those rocky passes where banditti might possibly lurk, they would discharge, the reverberating sounds from which Echo took up, and sent from rock to rock with amusing continuity. We

* The name of "Schultz" demands from me a momentary tribute to his memory. To collect antiquities in the east, and to make researches in the Oriental languages, he was sent out by the French government. Travel difficulties assailed him from the first, in consequence of the then existing war between Persia and Russia: from "Arz Roum" he was driven back by the plague; at Teflis he was detained six months by fever, and at length he reached Tabreez in June, 1829, after three years' journeyings to and fro, and I was the first to welcome him to that city. In the following October he set out for Roumia, being partly inhabited by the "Nas-suramees," a sect of the Nestorian Christians of the most ancient race, and possessing many books and writings very interesting to an antiquary; it is partly inhabited by Kourds also, but neither of them owing allegiance to Turks nor Persians. The chief of the Kourds at Djulamenek is the descendant of the ancient Caliphs of Bagdad, and pretends a claim to the throne of Turkey. These people live contentedly in their own country, which is almost inaccessible. They are very jealous of any one coming amongst them, particularly "Franks:" this was at a moment too, when the Russians were extending their conquests near to this country. Dr. Schultz, contrary to the advice of all his friends, would go to the town of Djulamenek; he was very well received, and treated with much hospitality by the chief, who appointed him an escort to return, intimating that the roads were dangerous. On arriving at the confines of their territory he was shot in the back by his own escort, and with some of his people thus murdered; another made his escape to Tabreez with the melancholy intelligence, where it created great sensation. The Prince declared that he would take vengeance on the barbarians, but I never heard that he did so. The poor doctor was much esteemed by all who knew him, possessing such a fund of closet and worldly knowledge; ardent in his pursuit of antiquities, neither mountains nor ravines checked him, and he would climb a time-shriven pillar with all the energy of a Syntax to decypher a motto, or to copy a hieroglyphic. I trust that his papers have been preserved, and that the public might yet be gratified by the publication of his interesting researches; amongst others, was a specimen of the Kourdish gospels, in the translation of which Bishop Seheverir, at Roumia, was also engaged, as well as the Acts and Epistles in Kourdish.

had from fifteen to twenty of them scattered through the caravan ; and as I never failed to be an object of interest amongst them, I cultivated their acquaintance as well as I could by some little pecuniaries in the way of tobacco, and had always one or two at my side, chaunting away their wild notes, and looking upon me, I thought, more as a hostage than a free traveller. I have some lurking partiality for this wilderness life : though I know nothing about crowds and etiquette in what is called " the great world." Give me the greater world, whose canopy is heaven—whose bounds are boundless !

" Are not the mountains, waves and skies
A part of me, and of my soul, as I of them ?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart,
With a pure passion ? —"

On looking again into my Journal I find myself at Avajek, the frontier station between Persia and Turkey. Now there is always danger at this pass from the Kourds, who are hovering about in all directions. Being quite alone on this occasion, I brought a letter of acquaintance to the Khan of the village, who could neither speak nor write Persian. I should observe that since the Turkish invasion of Persia, their language has never been withdrawn from it ; on the contrary, in the whole of ancient Media it is the most generally spoken. The Mirza soon arrived, who was eyes and tongue to the Khan, when I was taken into favour, a stable cleared out for me, and such supplies ordered in as the humble village would afford. My demand for escort was granted, some fifteen men—these were fierce-looking mountaineers, being Kourds, and as they were drilled in before me to have my approval, I was struck with their grotesque appearance, well armed, and with that ignorant stare, and prepared, as I thought, for any sort of prey that might offer—even those whom they were appointed to convoy, in case there was no other. However, it won't do to mistrust ~~those~~ whose protection you seek ; so marshalling my little band, I took the centre, assuming all possible importance, and thus we dashed off for the mountains. The wild features of this rocky district it is rather difficult to depict : they were not exactly those which I have previously described, but had a sort of savage hue repulsive to man and beast ; here the bandit finds his hiding-place, here the wild Kourd, " his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," wages war against his fellows ; and slowly surmounting the towering passes, you expect a surprise every moment of that uncourteous kind which the strong make against the feeble, the armed upon the defenceless. I kept my eye steadily fixed upon my guards ; one of them I strongly suspected ; he had a stubby beard, which, to me, is indicative of a bad soil. On arriving at a difficult ravine, he fired a gun, which was answered by a party below ; helter-skelter off they ran—and I was left alone, like a partridge on the mountains.

(ANOTHER PAGE IN MY JOURNAL.)

I am just now at the bottom of the " Koflan Khu," already spoken of as dividing " Irak Adjemi" from ancient Media. After a precipitate descent, having to cross a crumbling bridge over the muddy river of the " Kizzil-ozzan," our way lay through some rich pasture, and

finally by a fine beaten road to the village of Arkand; there was a good "manzel" or post-house, the water was abundant, and this was a promise of every thing else in the way of provisions. It was at this village formerly that an ambassador met with so rough a reception, and was actually beaten out of it with all his party: the villagers not only refused them all supplies, but kept them off by force of arms. The Persian custom has always been for the foreign ambassadors and distinguished strangers to travel with a "sadir" or order from the Shah, to furnish him and his suite with forage and all other necessities on the road, addressed to the different "Khans" and "Ketkodehs" of the villages through which they may pass; such travellers being attended by a "Mehmandar" or conductor, bearing this "sadir," and whose duty it is to procure the supplies and to pass them on their journey. These "Mehmandars" are so very arbitrary and oppressive, that they drive the poor villagers sometimes into rebellion, even against Majesty's order; they not only levy the requisites, but so much beyond it that they make a large profit of their journey; such a temptation to plunder is almost irresistible to the Persians. How far this "Mehmandar" had been known to the villagers I cannot say, but they mounted the roofs of their houses well armed, and absolutely kept him at bay and all his suite, and the insult thus shown to the ambassador, the Persian government had not the power to redress. Fine promises were made of extirpating these "sons of burnt fathers," and I don't know what; but nothing was done, the usual mode of settlement in this country.

This village showed dreadful waste of plague a year or two before; it appeared to contain more ruins than tenements; the crumbling walls were becoming "dust to dust," and gaunt-eyed Desolation seemed to have driven her ploughshare through it. The remaining villagers were cheerful, there is such an elasticity in the Persian character, as I have shown; from the "Khelaut" to the "Felek" is not an uncommon transition, and they rise again unsubduable.

The caravanseries in Persia are of a very miscellaneous description; some of them have been built and endowed by private persons, since the Persians are very ambitious of posthumous fame; their desire of acquiring this leads them to build caravanseries, which are consecrated to hospitality and a refuge for the stranger—some of them heavy, massive buildings, put together seemingly to defy time. The most respectable which I have yet seen is near the Sibley Pass, said to have been built by "Shah Abbas," who was famous for his public works in Persia, particularly for the great causeway which runs from Keskar, in the south-west corner of the Caspian, to Asterabad, a distance of more than three hundred English miles. This caravansery was of brick-work, massive to the extreme, and the arches of that beautiful symmetry which so characterises Persian masonry. It was of an immense extent; I lost myself in its intricacies; and so dark, being lit only by air-holes here and there, which admitted but little light—at the door the smith was making shoes for all comers, and he seemed to have plenty to do. The keeper of this huge-looking prison, who expects a small fee, has generally a room fitted up for himself, and he waits upon travellers. Water was abundant. I don't recollect finding

any thing else at this "Traveller's Rest." At "Sershem" there were some remains only, but of great original extent and good architecture. I climbed the walls, hoping to find some nook within them habitable, if it was only for a breakfast ; but withering Desolation had so completely made it her own, that it was strictly inhospitable to man or beast. Persia offers many other similar remains by the road side, intended to shelter the houseless, and as earnest of that hospitality enjoined by the Koran, such buildings having, in most cases, been erected at the expense of some good Musselman. The caravanseries within the towns are of a superior description to these. I have described the one at Casvine, where I lay for ten days ; there was another at "Zengen," not so good, but habitable. There is a tolerably good print of this in "Knight's Pictorial Bible." This is more than I can say of the British residence at Tehran, which is any thing but correct, and I presume to say, that the artist never saw the original.* But the Turkish caravanseries are still worse. I have met with them on the most desolate places, at Ordessa, &c. a ruin of mud, not a human habitation near them, nor a being to welcome you, not even a cat. I was infected with the feeling of desolation, and could exclaim with the Persian poet, "What is the world but a caravansery, where each man occupies his chamber for a season."

No. 22.—The Takht Kajar.

This palace, which is considered to be one of the Persian lions, is situated about one fursek, or four miles, from Tehran, under the refreshing mountains of Shemiroun, within a large garden of the usual mud walls. The garden, though formal, was umbrageous and fruitful, and plentifully watered—the great source of all their luxuries. The sandy soil which one is obliged to pass from the city to it, is desperately fatiguing, in a climate at 97 Fahrenheit in the shade ; but the moment you cross the little brook, from whence spring melons, grapes, and pomegranates, the wilderness smiles as it were, and the rose triumphs over the desert. The "Bauleh Kaneh" at the entrance bespoke neglect and spoil, two prominent agents under a despotic government, where all private interests are merged in the sovereign. This was a once favourite retreat of "Agha Mahomed Shah Koja," or "the eunuch," who Tiberius like, could here brood over past crimes of tyranny, and hatch for the future. A spacious avenue was intersected by a marble basin of tolerable workmanship, and some attempt at hydraulic display, but the thirsty lions gaped in drought, seeming to "blow wind and crack their cheeks." Continuing the line of path, I mounted a terrace so overgrown with intrusive weeds as to be no longer a bridle-path ; here a dilapidated building bore strong marks of the Persian blight—there were tanks, waterfalls, &c. all in thirsty decay. The palace, built on a rock at the foot of the mountains, bore every semblance to a prison, evidently fortified against surprise or force, strongly indicative of the suspicious nature of its former occupant, and on

* Mr. C. Knight is not very happy in his eastern representations or descriptions, so far as I can speak personally, which in many of his scenes of Asia Minor, I am competent to do.

thundering at the brass gate, the hollow responses of the vaulted passages gave me a dreamy recollection of "Doubting Castle." I must confess that I had many doubts if I might commit myself within its precincts; however, as I was neither haunted with the fears of the tyrant, nor with the ghosts of his departed victims, I made my way into a large court which led to the baths all lined with marble, and farther on were the harem apartments; there were likewise other suites of rooms too numerous to enumerate, the whole well supplied with water. At the extremity of the court were two large halls painted in fresco, with numerous portraits of kings and heroes, magnificently attired in Oriental frippery: the "ensemble" gave me any idea but that of a royal residence; there was a muteness over the whole—the actors were all gone—they had drunk of the sherbet of eternity; the very walls appeared to have been as it were stricken with terror, and many a tale could they have told which would freeze up the blood, "and make creation groan with human guilt." I traversed two long dark galleries which led to the baths already alluded to; not a voice was heard, not even a "peish khedmet," or head servant, to welcome me with a "bismillah" to this once favourite resort of the "Shah Koja," so I made my way to the Shah's bed-chamber, which is ascended by a narrow staircase of fifteen steps, with windows opening on the court of the harem and in the gardens, with some rude paintings on the walls, and amongst them was that of a British Envoy, but without name or date. I inquired of my conductor, who resided in the building, who they were. "Ne my donam sahib," was his pithy reply. The different monarchs in their gorgeous array, looked "unutterable things," the "Koja," in particular, displaying much of that ferocity which I will do the Persian artists the justice to say they have always been faithful to in the representations which I have seen of him, and there is a rigidity of posture and fixedness of muscle, which is any thing but true to nature. Shades of Correggio and Rubens! thought I, could you have witnessed these dumb Shahs, you would have made hasty retreats into your sepulchres.

I had a right to speculate with shadows—I was in the land of shadows, and busy memory would conjure up, from Sir John Malcolm's history of this tyrant, many a flitting recollection, which, if I may borrow from his canvass, and pause, for a moment, in the "Bauleh Kaneh," was to the following effect:—"Agha Mahomed Khan was the founder of the 'Kajar' dynasty, and the uncle of the late Shah; he waded through seas of blood to reach the throne; and the early part of his reign was distinguished by continual conflicts with the legitimate heir, 'Jaffier Khan,' and his son, 'Lootf Aly Khan,' who were at length taken prisoners, and suffered the most horrible barbarities from the usurper, and with them terminated the 'Zund' family. Of his two brothers, who materially assisted him to the possession of the empire, one of them, of whom he was afraid as a competitor, he ordered his eyes to be scooped out; and the other, 'Jaffier Kouli Khan,' to whom he was more particularly indebted for his 'musnud,' or throne, he decoyed him to the capital, on the pretence of giving him the government of Ispahan, where he was barbarously murdered under the portico of a new palace by hired assassins; and some accounts say, in the

presence of the late Shah, then called 'Baba Khan,' to whom he said, loading him with abuse, 'It is for you that I have done this; the gallant spirit which animated that body would never have permitted my crown to rest on your head in peace. Persia would have been distracted with internal wars; to avoid these consequences, I have acted with shameful ingratitude, and have sinned deeply against God and man.' The blackest hypocrisy was conspicuous in him, and his conscience was seared as with a hot iron. His atrocities at Kerman, where the inhabitants had rebelled against him, and for their having sheltered one of his opponents, "Lootf Aly," he laid a contribution upon them of so many sacks of eyes. It is said, that more than seven thousand people were thus mutilated to make up the quantity; and they now relate the circumstance in Persia as an undoubted fact, that as the eyes were brought in on trays and thrown on the ground before him, he turned them over with the end of his whip, gloating in his barbarity. It were endless to narrate all the circumstances of his bloody deeds; nay, they are scarcely known, and they display such a dark map of human depravity, that one shudders at the monster:—

“—— And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man!”

Building towers of heads, they say, was nothing uncommon, and one of them now exists at Ispahan.

The Shah was brave as well as cruel; he displayed both these qualities in Georgia, which had revolted during his reign from dependence on Persia to that of Russia. The inhabitants of Teflis were visited with his fiery vengeance; and in it was committed the usual barbarities of fire and sword, driving thousands of the natives into captivity, binding, and throwing their priests into the river, destroying their churches, wasting their habitations. The Mahomedan historian of this monarch, to convey some idea of the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, says, "that on this glorious occasion, the valiant warriors of Persia gave to the Georgian unbelievers a specimen of what they were to expect on the day of judgement." In an expedition against Sheshah, this proved to be the last of "Agha Mahomed Shah's" military undertakings. Two of his servants quarrelled; their noise disturbed him in his tent, and he immediately ordered them to be put to death. After great entreaties on the part of his grand vizier, "Hadjji Ibrahim," whom, if any one, he respected, the execution was postponed unto the following morning. The men, rendered desperate by their sentence, which they knew would be carried into effect, determined on destroying the tyrant. Either his days or theirs were numbered; and reckless of consequences, they entered the tent of the king whilst he slept. Alarmed at the noise of destroying the sentinel, which was the work of a moment, the Shah sprang from his couch, and struggled hard for life, promising pardon to his assailants; 'tis even said, that he cut down one of them, rendered desperate by his position; but the other plunged a poinard into his heart, and afterwards cut off his head and displayed it to the troops in the camp. Thus fell, by a deserved fate,

certainly the greatest tyrant that Persia had ever nourished on her soil, and a blot to human nature, such as history, perhaps, in her varied pages, Roman or Grecian, will scarcely again present us with ; it was a lust of blood, a wantonness of cruelty insatiable.*

Some are of opinion, that the latter acts of the Shah's life indicated insanity, since he was subject to fits. "Cut out his eyes," and for the most trifling offence, was the order of the day, which order was immediately obeyed, and the poor wretches had to grope through the remainder of their days in darkness at the dictate of the tyrant. Such facts are stated to show what absolute power the sovereign possesses in Persia, and what the mind of the man-monster is capable of when loosened to his own unbridled passions. I am not more astonished at the conception of his sanguinary decrees, than I am at the execution of them ; that a nation should be so awed by one individual as to massacre each other at his dictation. The Shah, when uninfluenced by those passions, kept up in his court a royal sway of kingly dignity of which he was very tenacious ; at such times he occupied himself in acquiring contributions to his coffer when he did not like to exact them by force ; he was strongly tinctured with avarice, that prominent blight of the Persian character, and many anecdotes illustrative of this are related by Sir John Malcolm, to whom I refer any inquirers which they may interest, limiting myself to one relation. The King was passionately fond of hunting ; disappointed one day at not bringing down a stag which he shot at, he became vexed and irascible. A peasant soon passed by with a deer on his shoulders. "Oh," cried the King, "that man has killed my game, cut off his ears." The poor peasant coming from quite another direction, and ignorant of his Majesty's disappointment, protested against it ; but immediately his ears were bared to the knife by the "Faroshs." "Softly," said he, "take but a slice from each ear, and I will give you all the money in my pocket," four rials (six shillings). The money offer aroused the King, who overheard him. "What does he say?" It was repeated. "I will make a better bargain with you," said the King ; "give me the money, and the whole of your ears shall be preserved."

My pause was at an end, and my vision terminated ; I looked around on this favourite room of the Shahs, some of the ghosts of whose departed days I have just been conjuring up ; the walls were adorned in the Oriental style with stained glass, Koran inscriptions, and royal poetry, all in fine characters ; there was also a young lady stepping off the glass with the rose and the nightingale, in good keeping ; the ceilings were good, and the doors of exquisite workmanship, inlaid with ivory, ebony, mother of pearl, and other ornaments. I need scarcely say, that the building was all of mud—"nothing like mud" in Persia ; and as I traversed again the lonely halls below, a chilly feeling came over me, which caused me hastily to depart. I had taken an extensive view

* The tyrant has been admirably shown up by Mr. Morier in his "Zhorab," or the Hostage. I have never seen any illustrations of Persia so graphic, so correct, and, at the same time, so ludicrous, as of this talented writer, in his "Hajji Baba." Having gone over much of the ground of his "Maid of Kars," I can speak to his descriptive fidelity.

of the surrounding country ; the sandy map below me bespoke sterility and drought ; but here and there, where the bubbling fountain sprung in the vale, it was beautifully dotted with villages ; they are numerous in this district of " Shemiroun," and their luxuriant foliage amidst the wild oases of the deserts is a great relief to the monotonous tedium of Persian scenery. The " Takht Kajar," although deemed to be one of the best country palaces near Tehran, was but seldom visited by the late Shah ; there was a quietude in his general habits of life, which rendered him contented with but few changes ; and when those of climate became necessary, he would generally go to camp on the plains of " Sultanieh," or even near Tehran these changes were easily attainable ; and 'tis astonishing at what short distances the greatest variations of the thermometer are susceptible, of from twenty to thirty degrees. I arrived at the gate of this garden in the month of August, at six o'clock, oozing at every pore ; and I found within it the freshness of Spring. So descending the terrace below, which was divided by a dry canal, a farther descent, by a covered staircase, led to a second and third terrace ; at the bottom of which was a small building likewise ornamented with paintings, frescoes, &c. ; the view from which was very pretty. From thence to the garden by another descent, which I traversed again and again. I snuffed up its sweets amidst a thicket of flowers. It was crowded with fruit trees ; and at this season so laden, as to satiate all appetite. There was the graceful cypress, and the formal plane tree. The walls were lofty, having four gates, each of them with a small room over, all in rapid decay. So wending my way back to the city, a member of the royal harem was taking the road to the palace ; it might have been a moving mummy for aught I could see ; there was a long procession of " Faroshs," headed by the black eunuch. As usual they cried out, " Baula ;" and I was obliged to diverge from the path, to avoid seeing even the shawl which enveloped the fair haremite. The sight of a " Ferengy " stranger always excites attention, when 'tis only a few years since that they have been tolerated at all. Having passed on at a most respectful distance, one of the " Faroshs " was sent back with the inquiry of " Hakeem." Had I been bold enough to answer in the affirmative, I might have had the privilege not only of seeing the bright intelligencers rolling in their sockets, but to have counted the throbbing pulsations which custom requires to be done over a gauze glove. The lady halted, but I too modestly passed on, noticing only her unseemly gait at being mounted on two stirrups instead of one.

One must be a " Hakeem " in this country whether or no. I was once called on to a patient long ill ; he had been taking a quantity of pills, but " rather grew worse." " Davau kali Kourdam Sahib." " I have eaten a quantity of pills." " Pills !" I said, " where do you get pills in this country ? has Morrison made his way into Persia !" " We pick them up at the door," said he ; " they are chickens' pills." He had thus been choking his alimentary duct with fowls' dung, which it cost me all my skill to eject. I did so, and the man was grateful with his " Alhamdulillah," " Praise be to God !"

GERSHOM.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

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PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY CONSIDERED AS A BRANCH OF MEDICAL EDUCATION.

METAPHYSICAL studies have fallen during the last century into general disuse—I may say into a condition bordering upon universal contempt; for in an age when nothing is viewed as important which cannot be applied to the practical purposes of life, conducing to the prosperity of nations and individuals, it is not to be supposed that what is too often considered as little better than the effusions of an overheated imagination, or at best but the tissue of useless definitions, and nice distinctions of terms, could long maintain a place among the useful or ornamental branches of education. Accordingly the study of psychology has been discarded by the *οἱ πολλοί* of our English universities, and only preserved in Scotland, as affording to the philosophical classes abstract subjects for disputation and English composition.

I shall not here enter into an examination of the comparative merits of any system of education, but merely observe, that though it is true that the grand object of all education is mental discipline, and it is a good or bad system in proportion to the rapidity with which this cultivation is effected, and the degree of expansion the mind receives from its influence, and that our present scholastic system fully accomplishes this object by the close and analytical reading required of all who aspire to the honours awarded by our chartered seminaries,—very little beyond this is effected. Other pursuits and studies are grappled with better effect by well trained minds; but the knowledge which has been gleaned with so much care and assiduous study from the pages of antiquity, when brought to bear upon the practical pursuits of life, is found to be almost a dead letter. It does not give the student what he ought to know when, launched upon the world's tumultuous sea, he is called upon to direct the mighty vessel of the state, or to occupy the subordinate, though not less important situation of dispenser of its laws. For these purposes, much time must be expended in the pursuit of more useful knowledge; whilst that which has been already acquired is almost wholly forgotten, or remembered only for the purpose of adding a few classic embellishments to forensic or senatorial eloquence,—a poor and contemptible recompense for the time which has been consumed in its acquisition.

Modern philosophy has taught that the mind of man is but a barren and uncultivated wild, requiring only the application and care of husbandry to prepare it for any seed. No distinctions are made as to the various capabilities of men, they being thrown with most unphilosophical indiscrimination into the same pursuits, and thus genius is cramped, and the progress of philosophy retarded. As in medicine, no certain rule can be adopted which will apply indiscriminately to all constitutions, but every case presents anomalies, subverting the

reasoning drawn from other premises, and requiring a new application of rules and remedies; so the mind of every individual displays a bias towards some particular branch of study, whilst the most unconquerable disrelish is manifested for every other.

My object is to endeavour to draw the attention of the medical philosopher to the study of the human mind in its healthy and morbid state, in order that some useful application of a knowledge of its idiosyncrasies, its various diseases and its influence over the body, may be made in the practice of his profession.

The study of the human mind,—that mighty fabric that raises its possessor to so exalted a state in the scale of creative beings,—has, in all times and ages, held a pre-eminent rank. The progress, however, of this vast and boundless field of interesting but difficult inquiry has not been at all commensurate to the growing zeal with which it has been cultivated. Hitherto, this interesting branch of research has been usurped by schoolmen and metaphysicians, who have capriciously allotted faculties to man, and dictated laws to nature. Disdaining to follow in the illustrious footsteps of the immortal founder of the inductive philosophy,—forming wild and visionary hypotheses,—assuming generalities,—and “torturing the principles to the accommodation of individual phenomena,” they have brought more discredit on the science of mind, and have excited a greater prejudice for speculations of this nature, than can for a moment possibly be conceived. We have Coleridge’s authority also for saying that the method of Plato, no less than that of Bacon, is inductive throughout. There is one induction of Facts and another of Principles.

Mind and matter are so closely associated, that it is unphilosophical to separate them. We cannot, at any rate, psychologically arrive at a knowledge of mental power abstracted from the organization with which it is connected. “The sensitive organs,” says a writer on this subject, “by which we derive knowledge, are parts of the living apparatus; and although we may virtually disunite them for systematic convenience, or for the facilities of instruction, they must be regarded as one united system of reciprocal action and mutual contribution.”

Of the utility of metaphysical studies to a person engaged in the pursuits of medical science, there can be but one opinion among the rational and thinking portion of the medical profession. Dr. Southwood Smith appears to think that mental science is too much neglected by our profession. He observes, “The degree in which the science of mind is neglected in our age and country,—may it not be justly added, especially in our profession?—that science upon the knowledge of which the conduct of every individual mind is dependent,—is truly deplorable. Medicine is an inductive science, the cultivators of which are peculiarly exposed to the danger of making hasty assumptions and of resting in partial views; yet it is not deemed necessary that a practitioner should be disciplined in the art of induction, or should be cautioned against sources of fallacy in the practice of making inferences.” To the man engaged in investigating the *science* of medicine, no preliminary studies can be productive of more real utility than those which tend to call into exertion the latent principles of thought, and that accustom his mind to close, rigid, and accurate observation. To the

medical student the possession of these powers must be of incalculable value. The study of mental philosophy thoroughly disciplines the understanding; it gives also precision to language and thought, and induces habits of close attention and patient application of mind. "The highest scientific object," says an able writer, "to which the young can be directed, is mental philosophy, or the philosophy of the human mind;—that science which teaches us the laws of our mental frame, which shows us the origin of our various modes and habits of thought and feeling,—how they operate one upon another, and how they are cultivated or repressed. The well-directed study of it calls into action and improves the highest intellectual faculties; and while it employs the powers of the mind, it suggests the best means for their culture, and the best mode of their direction. It enables us to trace the intricacies of our own hearts, and points out the proper discipline for their correction; it discovers to us the real excellences of the mind, and guides us in our efforts for the attainment of them." The business of education, it has been well observed by a great authority, is not to perfect the learner in any of the sciences, but to give his mind that freedom and disposition, and those *habits which may enable him to attain any part of knowledge himself*. The most valuable part of our knowledge is acquired by the exertions of our *own mind*. The object of tutors and professors is principally to point out to us the *right road* to wisdom, and to excite a spirit of inquiry and observation in those under their care. They may cram the mind with isolated *facts*; but this does not constitute wisdom, using this word in its proper acceptation. At our public seminaries the foundation only is laid; the superstructure we have ourselves to rear. A man may be profoundly acquainted with facts, but may have no just claim to the title of being wise. In fact, a man may possess knowledge without wisdom;—the possession of the former does not necessarily imply the existence of the latter. Cowper has made a just distinction between knowledge and wisdom; he says,

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge,—a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,—
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—*Task*, Book VI.

If we desire to succeed in any branch of knowledge, we must exert the prerogative of thinking and observing for ourselves. We must not rest satisfied with the opinions of others until, by the exertions of *our own* minds, we have found them to be correct. Lavater, the great physiognomist, exclaimed, while looking at the picture of the immortal Hunter, "That man thinks for himself;" and it was this exertion of his own mighty intellect that enabled him to make such a rapid advancement in surgical and physiological science. "I never read," the great Hunter used to exclaim to his class. "This is the book that I study"

(showing some part of the dead subject), "and this is the work that you must study if you wish to become eminent in your profession."

"The mind of man," observes Mr. Reid, "is the noblest work of God which reason discovers to us; and therefore, on account of its dignity, deserves our study." And the great philosopher Locke also observes, "Since it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantages and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to inquire into."

In studying the mind, we have the whole work to look at; for all we know of it is through those very operations of the mind which are the subject of intellectual philosophy. The study of the mind tends also very much to the improvement of the mind itself, and makes us better able to apply it with success to any other department of mental research. To the medical man, the study of the mind and its operations, passions, &c. is of the greatest practical importance. As the mind undoubtedly rules the body, unless we form an idea of its constitution, how can we know how to preserve the health of the body? We might as well pretend to negotiate with a foreign nation, without any knowledge of the nature of its government, or under whose jurisdiction its affairs are conducted.

In that dreadful malady, with which we often have to combat, insanity, or a departure from the healthy condition of mind, how can we successfully attempt its cure without a knowledge of the mind in a state of *health*? To the individual who directs his attention almost exclusively to the management of the unfortunate insane, the study of the healthy or sound condition of the human understanding is of paramount importance. As well might we attempt to grapple with the diseases of the body without a knowledge of its organization, as to endeavour to manage the different modifications of insanity without an intimate acquaintance with the physiology of the human intellect. "Medical men," says a writer on insanity, "have anxious practical duties, more pressing than any claims of mere mental gratification, and must make their studies subservient to them; but this may with truth be said, that the study of man's understanding requires to be pursued to a certain extent, to enable medical practitioners to perform an important part of their practical duties with credit. Even experience, supposing that they had opportunities of acquiring it, which they have not, would merely impart to them a little practical dexterity—very limited, and very likely to fail them in the greatest need: it is the acquisition of principles of practice which can alone prepare them for the various, the sudden, and the alarming phenomena which demand their attention in this department of medical practice."*

Much prejudice has at all times existed against speculations of a metaphysical nature. Indeed, when we come to examine the doctrines of some of the ancient, and even some of the modern writers on the philosophy of the human mind, we need have no cause for surprise at the disrepute into which this interesting and useful branch of inquiry has of late fallen. Mr. D. Stewart attributes the prejudice commonly

* Dr. Conolly. "Indications on Insanity."

entertained on this subject to two causes. First, from an apprehension that the subjects about which they are employed are placed beyond the reach of the human faculties; and secondly, from a belief that these subjects have no relation to the business of life. May we not, in some measure, attribute the neglect of this study to the more general cultivation of the *exact sciences*? To call a man (observes a writer) a metaphysician in the present age, is a delicate mode of recommending him to a lunatic asylum; and Dr. Armstrong has wittily defined metaphysics to be "the art of talking grave nonsense upon subjects beyond the reach of the human understanding." But this cannot be justly said of the researches of some modern metaphysical luminaries. Precisely what alchemy is to modern chemistry, ancient metaphysics is to mental science. The object at which alchemy aimed, and the jargon which constituted its only language, do not afford a greater contrast to the exact and useful researches of modern chemistry, and the clearness and precision of its present nomenclature, than the true objects of mental science, and the simplicity of its language, exhibit to the metaphysical speculations of past ages, and the jargon in which the vain disputations they produced were carried on,—a jargon which was at once the easy refuge of ignorance, and the constant source of mental delusion.

The object of the ancient metaphysical philosophers was the discovery of the *essence* or *substratum* of matter and mind. Not satisfied with the study of the qualities of matter, or the faculties or operations of the human understanding, they endeavoured to penetrate into the secret recesses of the mental economy, and attempted to unravel the hidden mysteries of man's intellectual mechanism. Notwithstanding they were involved in these uncertain researches, they, (observes Lord Bacon) in seeking for brilliant impossibilities, sometimes discovered useful realities. Bacon compares the ancient alchemist to the husbandman, who, in searching for a hidden treasure, turns up the soil, and pulverizes the earth, thereby rendering it more fit for the purposes of vegetation. Notwithstanding the attempts of the master-minds of antiquity to discover the essence of the human mind, we are obliged, like the illustrious philosopher, to declare, that all we know for a certainty is our own ignorance. The essence of the mind, like the philosopher's stone, remains yet undiscovered.

" 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own."

But it may be asked, ought this consciousness of our ignorance to deter us from indulging in any further speculations on this subject? Owing to an incurable deficiency of data, we can arrive at no satisfactory conclusions concerning the essence of mind; yet we are justified in analyzing its operations or powers; and it is this study of the faculties of the human mind that has given such an elevated character to the researches of some of our modern metaphysical philosophers. Speculations concerning the essence of the mind, allow of greater scope for the display of a fertile imagination than for the sober exercise of the reasoning faculty. We know nothing of the essence or substratum of matter which is cognizable to sense; and how can it rationally be expected that we can discover the real nature of that principle which can

only be a subject of *consciousness*? We know nothing of the substance that is the basis of either material or spiritual qualities; we know only their being, and reason of their nature from their qualities and sensible effects. We do not know whether electricity, heat, gravitation, &c. be material qualities, or the effects of an immaterial principle superadded to matter. Yet notwithstanding our ignorance of the proximate nature of these principles, we are daily reasoning on their qualities and sensible effects. And this is all we can do in our speculations concerning mind; we must rest satisfied with the more humble and certain inquiry into its operations.

"It certainly cannot be wondered at," says a writer on this subject, "that the human intellect has wandered upon the ocean of uncertainty respecting its own operations and those corporeal functions with which it holds so intimate a connexion, when it is considered that, until the end of the last century, but little care was taken to collect and arrange a requisite number of facts, and to direct the mind to a careful observation and analysis of the extent and nature of its operations. Until our own time, how little anxiety have the majority of philosophers shown to ascertain the stability and connexion of the data upon which they founded their doctrines; and which often led, from the neglect of that precaution, to conclusions irreconcilable with common sense and the experience of our senses."

It was not until the introduction of the Baconian principles of the inductive philosophy that the human mind was studied in a correct manner; and the improvement which took place in this branch of mental inquiry soon after the time of Bacon was most eventful. It was by following in the steps laid down by the immortal Lord Verulam, that the illustrious Locke was enabled to produce his celebrated work on the human understanding;—that work which has been pronounced the greatest of any age or country. It is no little honour to our profession that two of the greatest metaphysicians that this country has ever given birth to,—Locke and Brown,—were physicians: indeed I cannot conceive of a man more calculated to investigate the phenomena of mind than he who has previously been engaged in studying the anatomy and physiology of the human frame. We find what we denominate mind, so intimately associated with the body, that we can hardly form a proper estimate of the one without a knowledge of the other.

Setting aside the practical utility resulting from an inquiry into the phenomena of the human mind, it is a study, on account of its exalted nature, well worthy of our serious attention. In no situation of life will this species of knowledge be unavailing. To the painter, the poet, the actor, the orator, moralist, statesman, and physician, a knowledge of the mind is of the utmost importance; they all operate upon it in different ways, and for different ends, and succeed according as they touch properly the strings of the human frame.

I have now, I think, satisfactorily proved the *utility* of this branch of inquiry. "Whatever progress may be made towards the discovery of truth in this matter, we shall not repent the pains we have taken in it. The use of such inquiries may be very considerable. Whatever turns the soul inward on itself, tends to concentrate its forces and to

fit it for greater and stronger flights of science. By looking into physical causes our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take, or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service. Cicero, true as he was to the academic philosophy, and consequently led to reject the certainty of physical as of every other kind of knowledge, yet truly confesses its great importance to the human understanding, 'Est animorum ingeniorumque nostrorum naturale quoddam quasi pabulum consideratio contemplatioque naturæ.' If we can direct the light we derive from such exalted speculations upon the humbler field of the imagination, whilst we investigate the springs and trace the courses of our passions, we may not only communicate to the taste a sort of philosophical dignity, but we may reflect back on the severer sciences some of the graces and elegancies of taste, without which the greatest proficiency in those sciences will always have the appearance of something illiberal.*

POETIC VARIETIES.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

PREFACE.

SIR,—From the days of fun and frolic, "*calidâ juvenia consule planco*,"—the days of auld lang syne—when we went a gypsying, a long time ago—it has been my trick and hobby rather to mitigate the dry prosaics of human existence, with bubbles from the brunnen of Castalie. The crabbedest studies of theology, freemasonry, jurisprudence, &c., have thus been agreeably relieved by that best of mountain-dew which descends from tri-peaked Parnassus. From many a head-ache, aye, and by the smiles of my lady-loves, many a heart-ache, have the cantatas of the harmonic nine opportunely rescued me. I therefore owe them a debt of gratitude which I mean to repay with interest, "*si potentibus placet*."

This same principle—this strong necessity of relaxation—has urged my betters to similar recreations and delassements. An old Roman statesman—no less a man than Cicero—seems to have poetized in his "*horæ subsecivæ*," very much to his own satisfaction; though by no means to Martial's, who is saucy enough to rally him. Erasmus, likewise, appears to have acted on Horace's advice, "*indulgere genio*," as it is reported of him that he never studied above an hour without starting up and playing a tune on his fiddle. Sir Walter Scott adopted the same sound policy, and he speaks of his obligation to the muse in very pathetic terms, which are too applicable to myself to be omitted.

"Once and again, awake my minstrel harp,
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway,
Full little reck I of what censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains thro' life's long way,

Through heartfelt cares the world hath never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone ;
 That I endured those ills, enchantress, is thine own."

Following the example of such notable worthies, I think it no disgrace to have perpetrated, at various times, a host of translations from the bards of foreign lands, or even to have scribbled unheard-of rhapsodies of my own. These have accumulated in my album to such an alarming extent, that lest I should die of a poetic plethora, I shall charitably deliver these superfluities to the voracious public—a wild beast altogether insatiable—"monstrum horrendum informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

I know not whether the same sentence will be passed on my miscellanies, as that which Martial pronounces on his epigrams :

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

One thing, however, I promise, whatever be their faults, they shall not be guilty of *dullness*, that crying sin of our versifiers. They are not the effusions of a maudlin poetess, or a rhyming dandy, and if they are not correctly smooth, they are not regularly low. All poetry must be piquant and expressive, nothing (as Coleridge remarked) can be worse than the trite commonplaces of insipidity. I ask, with Goethe,

"Wie machen wir's? dass alles frisch und neu
 Und mit bedeutung auch gefällig sey."

Give us something pointed and racy, or give us nothing. Heaven knows we have enough of poems whose sole defect is their containing no poetry ; verses that remind us of the famous mine of coal in America, the only fault of which was that they would not *burn*.

Perhaps it is necessary to add a word of excuse on account of the numerous epigrams which occur in my poetic miscellanies. I have little apology to offer, except that they suit my taste, and "*de gustibus nil disputandum*." I confess I am heartily fond of epigrammatic points, when I can catch them. To profit, and at the same time, to please the public, is the ambition of every writer, especially the poet. Among the various species of poetry which have hitherto best solved this puzzling dilemma, stands the epigram. This witty little hand-maid of truth has conciliated very general goodwill, and notwithstanding her coquettish and provoking impertinences, has, perhaps, been found triumphant over a larger variety of hearts than any muse of the nine.

As to any hope of fame to be acquired from these poetic miscellanies, our feeling is best expressed in these beautiful words of Faust :

"The raptured thoughts that from the bosom wrung
 The half-formed snatches trembling on the tongue,
 Some blossoming while others fade away,
 All are absorbed in the wild moment's sway.
 Oft only when 't has worked its way for years,
 The matter in a perfect form appears ;
 What merely shines is only born to die,
 The sterling lives for all posterity."

HYMN.—FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

How long, my soul, wilt thou remain
In this frail form's embrace;
When shall the veil aside be flung,
From thy celestial face?

O such a cage! how ill it suits
A bird so fair and free,
That bird of paradise which pants
For immortality.

I know not how divine I was,
I know not what I am,
I only know that I am fallen
To darkness, sin, and shame.

How can I track my boundless flight
Through that empyreal sky,
While fettered by the galling bond
Of earth's infirmity.

Why is the soul that yet aspires
With seraph saints to sing,
Still crushed by this degraded coil
Of death's imprisoning.

Should my heart's purple blood be stained
With musk's most sable dye,
O wonder not—it bounds and weeps
Like musk-deer, when they fly.

Ah, look not on my orient robe,
My spirit is a lamp,
That burns within a sepulchre,
All dreary, cold and damp.

Come, then, my soul, and tear away
The curtain from thine eyes,
And soar at once to thy own sphere
Amid the blazing skies.

IDYL.—FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

When vernal zephyr fans the purple sea,
I haste to launch my shallop light and free,
To bask upon the smooth tide is my bliss,
And for a rapture of repose, like this,
I slight the muse, and all her charms ashore.
But when autumnal storms begin to roar,
When crested billows foam around my bark,
And thunder-clouds are gathering stern and dark,
I fly from ocean, and I take my stand
Firm and secure upon the solid land.
Then how delicious 'tis to court my ease
'Mid the green foliage of the sylvan trees,

Where giant pines swing echoing to the wind—
 Alas, the fisherman who fain would find
 His ship a home, and labours on the main
 To snare the cunning fry he lures in vain.
 Mine be the luscious slumber, soft and deep,
 Beneath the waving elms—there would I sleep
 While fountains murmuring, round my flowery grot,
 Shall soothe the dreamer, and disturb him not.

ON MUSIC.

Music that o'er life's troubled seas
 Fallest, like oil, and spreadest tremblingly;
 Floating in calmness, till the bark at ease
 Dwells 'mid the tempest in tranquillity.
 Sure thou art nearest kin of heaven on earth,
 Mastering our spirits with thy mystery;
 Whether thy tenderness doth weep, or mirth
 Flit in the air in hovering melody.
 Or stirring the deep echoes of the heart,
 Thou movest heroism and awful zeal;
 Or breathing till we breathe not, dost impart
 The hush of adoration—till we feel
 Nearer the Almighty One, from whom in joy
 Thou camest in thy ministry of love,
 Teaching earth's lisping children to employ
 The future accents of their homes above.

"EPIGRAMS ARE THE POINTS OF TRUTH."

EPIGRAM UPON EPIGRAMS, BY YALDEN.

How does the little epigram delight
 And charm us with its miniature of wit;
 Dull tedious authors give the reader pain,
 Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
 When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
 And what diverts, still best informs the mind.

EPIGRAM ON EPIGRAMS.—FROM THE LATIN OF BALZAC.

I'd rather write some elegy or song,
 An epigram is much too hard for me;
 There my fantastic muse skips free along,
 Here she must turn short round or break her knee.
 Elsewhere we think it well not to write badly,
 Here we must have right *salt*, or grumble sadly,
 Unless we force your smiles, your memories cram,
 We may write epics—but no epigram.

EPIGRAM ON THE FLOWER SUNDEW.—FROM THE LATIN OF COWLEY.

Nature is surely much too kind to thee,
 You lead too sweet a life, my little flower,
 With silver stem and purple drapery,
 And balmy nectar feeding thee each hour.

Thy leafy cup still opens to the sky,
 For ever filled with soft delicious dew,
 The thirsty ~~sun~~ doth never drink thee dry,
 And the fierce dogstar never scorches you.
 Proudly you view the parched fields around,
 And joyous bathe amidst your living tide,
 You drink and laugh to see the exhausted ground,
 While your bright fountain gushes at your side ;
 Your Nile still feeds you from its hidden source,
 And bids you spring triumphant as its course.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.—FROM THE LATIN OF RENATUS RAPIN.

Oh thou, upon thy grassy bed,
 Cicada laying thy merry head,
 Or dancing light along,
 Singing thy matin song.

Or sitting on the opening flowers,
 Drunk with the morning's fragrant showers,
 Or skipping at full speed
 Thorough the grassy mead.

Or chanting with concordant sound
 Among the whistling reeds around,
 Or with thy rival strain,
 Conquering the peasant swain.

Or by the babbling stream alone,
 Cheering the virgin with thy tone ;
 Or frolic revels keeping,
 O'er cattle idly sleeping.

Whether sweet heaven bestows on thee
 Its showers of nectar flowing free,
 Or pearly dews have prest
 On thy light couch of rest.

Come to your bard—the while his muse
 Builds a bright temple for thy use,—
 Where thy fond name shall shine,
 Till thou art called divine.

LOVE'S SNOW BALLS.—FROM THE LATIN.

When Julia pelts me with those snowy balls,
 Each ball, though cold as ice, grows hot as fire ;
 Nothing more chill—yet from her hand it falls
 Burning and melting like my soul's desire.
 Where shall I fly from love's delicious harms,
 If flames can kindle in the frozen snow ?
 Julia, I'll quench my heart within thy arms,
 While thine with all my passion's fire shall glow.

LOVER'S CAPRICES.—FROM THE LATIN.

Ah, hapless pair, whose love not once agrees,
 Whate'er one asks the other still denies ;
 Love kindles both—but ah, how love can tease,
 He never lights one flame till t'other dies ;
 When Corydon burns, Corinna's breast is stone,
 And when he freezes she consumes alone.
 Why doth his winter make Corinna glow ?
 Why doth her summer cover him with snow ?
 Does fire breed ice, or ice enkindle fire ?
 Oh, Cupid, throw thy cruel jests away ;
 And if you burn his breast with deep desire,
 Ah, do not turn her heart to frost I pray ;
 Warm both or neither, and reverse your game,
 Let both grow cold, or both enjoy the flame.

HOPE.—FROM THE FRENCH OF CERUTTI.

Hope the only image wears,
 Which all the world delights ;
 The only good which each man shares
 With equal claims and rights.
 But there's no flatterer, I'm sure,
 Whose words so rich—whose gifts so poor.

CHLOE.

Chloe's a belle and poetess,
 But then of both the curse is,
 She makes her face, that all men bless,
 And never makes her verses.—*Le Brum.*

COURTIERS.

Courtiers you may cyphers call,
 Their worth is in their place ;
 In favour they are millions all,
 And nothings in disgrace.—*Brebeuf.*

TO SOPHIE.

I breathe a thousand sighs a day,
 When from your loving heart I stray ;
 And know not what the deuce to do,
 Unless I see you doing too.

THE LITTLE MISHAP.

I promised my love
 To adore her till now,
 On a leaf in the grove
 I had written my vow ;
 But a little wind blew—
 Leaf and vow—adieu.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

My uncle, the million-pounder,
Is a miser more stingy than ice ;
For my Christmas-box—the flounder
Gave me—what think you—advice.—*Mallet.*

THE FRIENDS.

A thousand times they promised all,
Still each to all pretends ;
And I hate nothing great or small,
Like my dearest friends.—*Gombault.*

THE GENEROUS BUTCHER.

A butcher having cured the mule
Of a doctor of great fame,
Would not accept one sous, poor fool,
In token for the same :
No, no, he said, I'll take no fees,
From brethren of the same degrees.—*Boursault.*

MADAME URSULE.

Good morning friend—sit down and rest,
Your stay abroad had little use ;
Madame Ursule, whom you know best,
Has lent you all her spare abuse ;
Oh yes, Madame, I know her well,
She lends all lies she cannot sell.
Daillant de la Touche.

MONEY.

Yes! money is the sovereign king,
It gains us quickly all we sought ;
With money man is every thing,
Without it rather less than nought.—*De Cailly.*

THE DUEL.

How finished this outrageous fight?
Thrice they fired intent to slay ;
But being aimed at brains outright,
The balls hit nothing on their way.—*Grisel.*

EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISHMAN.

Here lies Roast Beef—the proud, the free,
Who hang'd himself to kill—ennui.

NARCISSUS.

A new Narcissus here I shine,
Who burned in his own fire ;
Not in cold water, but warm wine,
I still myself admire.
And when I see the blushing rose,
Which mantles o'er my face,
Smitten with every charm that glows,
I drink up my own grace.—*Vadé.*

HOUSE OF A JEW.

There are two doors to this same dragon's hell,
 One opes to hope, the other to despair;
 'Tis by the first we enter, plum'd and swell,
 And by the last we exit, pluck'd and spare.—*Pasquet*.

THE COMPLIMENT TOO LATE.

What is that monster, Ma'am, we see,
 Among those pretty children there?
 That is my daughter, sir, said she,
 Good heavens! and how genteel her air!—*Boulogne*.

MAN'S CHARITY.

If in distress you hap to be,
 Still feign you've all you sought;
 For man is full of charity,
 Towards those who ask for nought.—*Hoffman*.

JUSTICE.

How precious and how rare is
 The justice which we boast;
 An inch of ground your care is,
 An acre is your cost.

THE INCONSTANT.

'Tis true I'm not the same, I won't disprove you,
 For as I see you more, the more I love you.

TOPERS.

Topers, you blundering brothers,
 You think it famous fun
 To hold more wine than others,
 And all can't match one tun.

VARUS.

Varus is always enditing,
 But never reveals one page;
 He's all but a fool in writing,
 In hiding all but a sage.—*Martial*.

THE SEVEN SAGES.

If Greece, so famous in ages,
 Which still we revive in the schools,
 Could only produce seven sages,
 Why judge of the number of fools!—*Greecourt*.

THE SCATTERBRAIN.

Have you heard of our friend Mr. Black?
 Why, sir, to our general sorrow,
 He was buried a fortnight back.
 Oh! I'll call on him then to-morrow!

ERRATA.

If you read on the tomb of Judge Swelling,
 The same was a man of wealth ;
 'Tis only a fault of bad spelling,
 Read rather a *man of stealth* !
 If you read he was fond of the laws,
 And to all men freely told them ;
 'Tis a blunder from the same cause,
 It should be, no doubt, *freely sold them* !

THE CONTRACT.

You find me very plain ;
 I find you very vain :
 I'll hide my *face* from thee ;
 But hide your *words* from me.

No,
 Mr. Joe,
 That isle
 Of the earth,
 Which they England style,
 For me has very little worth.
 Who thither by steam-boat passes,
 Surely a very ass is.

The only cheer,
 Thought good here,
 Is extremely spare
 There.

Pannard.

GOLD AND IRON.

All's mine, said Gold ; I all things sway :
 I purchase man and brute.
 Down ! fool, said Iron ; you meant to say,
 'Tis mine ! and you to boot.—*Arnauld.*

THE DOUBLE CREDIT.

Sethon wrote a silly letter ;
 It sold full well—for him 'twas better.
 Sethon gains folly's double credit,
 Both his who wrote, and his who read it.—*Damin.*

CALYPSO.

Calypso wept her destiny,
 Because the goddess could not die ;
 Oh ! wherefore did she not just try
 Some quack's—*infallible remedy*?—*Boutrour.*

SIR PETER'S VERSES.

Sir Peter has done well to choose
 "Trifles" as title for his muse ;
 Such are the subjects of his lay—
 The title's worth far more than they.—*Tintagel.*

HOPELESS LOVE.

TO ———.

BY THE HONOURABLE D. G. OSBORNE.

Yes, we have met, and I have cursed
 The world and all its dull cold ties,
 That ever check the heart which nursed
 A hope of kindred sympathies.
 Yes, we have met, and then I felt
 That at thy feet upon the sod,
 In worship mute I could have knelt,
 As kneels the devotee to God!

Yes, we have met, another spell
 . Of joy has cheered my wearied heart;
 And though I breathed the word farewell,
 And though I felt it sad to part,
 Yet, as the sun departing throws
 A ray of glory o'er the scene,
 Thy last bright look in memory glows,
 Where still thou reign'st, my bosom's queen.

Oh! they may call me hard and cold,
 Because my lip can sneer or jest;
 But never must the love be told
 That dims my eye and racks my breast.
 I know that thou art far too fair
 For one like me to win as mine,
 Since e'en the best might well despair
 To merit such a heart as thine.

Why did I see thee? was it not
 Enough to bear, as I had borne,
 A useless and insipid lot,
 With none to love, and none to mourn?
 Why did thy form of beauty fling
 Across my life its fatal beam?
 Like some fair angel's glowing wing,
 That glanceth on a sluggish stream!

In daylight's glare, in night's dark hour,
 Amid the busy hum of men,
 And in the lone sequestered bower,
 Thou still wilt guide my thoughts and pen.
 In the wild revel's wildest glow,
 And in the tranquil time of prayer,
 Before me still thy form shall go,
 Thy presence still shall haunt me there.

Of thee I dream, and when I wake
 In search of thee my eyes will stray ;
 And then my heart will almost break,
 To think that thou art far away.
 The book I read recalls some thought
 That *both* have shared in days of yore,
 And then to memory back is brought
 Thy voice—when shall I hear it more ?

The pilgrim who must travel far,
 At night beneath an irksome load,
 Looks up to heaven at some bright star
 That seems to smile upon his road.
 That star which glittereth on high
 Hears not the pilgrim's muttered vow,
 It shineth on unconsciously,
 And heeds not him—and thus art *thou* !

Lady, farewell ! though many breathe
 The tale of passion in thy ear,
 Though many a bard thy name may wreath
 In verse, and hold thine image dear,
 Know there is one who silent loves,
 Though unreturned that love may be.
 One heart which, until death removes
 Its fetters, still must beat for thee !

REVIVALS. — No. III.

THE SABBATH.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In entering upon the expediency part of the Sabbatarian question, I will begin by making a few observations upon Paley's able arguments,† to account for our Saviour and his Apostles not issuing any *positive* commands on the subject of a Christian Sabbath. With every sense of their excellence, as proving their judicious conduct, in abstaining from enjoining such (with regard to time) ceremonies, as would have brought Jewish, and also Heathen, servants (*that is, slaves*) into collision with their masters, I cannot see that they prove any thing beyond this ;—that is to say, that I do not think it made out that that was the *only* motive for their forbearance ; for St. Paul, for instance, might, if he had contemplated bringing the Church *eventually* (say after *four* centuries) to a strict Sabbath, have talked in his Epistles, as if he *only* excused Christians from *present* observance, on account of so many of the members of the church not being masters of their time, but dependent upon the wills of others not of their religion. But, on the contrary, he seems to throw an air of ridi-

* The other Letters on this subject are in the April and May Numbers.

† Moral Philosophy, book v. ch. 7.

cule over almost all ceremonies of the Mosaic code, at least over the continuance of their being performed, which is very remarkable, when we consider how popular ceremonial commands concerning festivals, or any thing that admitted of pomp, would have been with most of the lower classes of his converts :* and that it is not improbable that a more imposing ceremonial exterior might soon have so increased the number of nominal believers, as much earlier to have put an end to the malignant persecutions to which the early Christians were exposed. But Christ's "kingdom" was not to be hastened on by worldly policy,† as a primary mean : *even the most powerful opponents* of Christianity were not to be allured rather than convinced. At all events, no one would sooner than Paley have admitted the impropriety of taking as our guide any thing inconsistent with what we find in the New Testament Scriptures. In them we read of a promise of our Saviour to "bind," or ratify, "in heaven" whatever his Apostles ordain "on earth," and that he will be present always in a Christian public, and private, congregation *however small*.‡ It may also, I think, be fairly assumed that, in the manner of repeated appearances after his resurrection, on the first day of the week, he intended to sanction the newly-instituted festival (just as it may fairly be assumed that he meant, in the miracle of turning water into wine, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, to gratify relations, and friends, who probably were too poor to buy it,—that he meant it to be understood that he was not hostile to festivity *within proper bounds*).§ There is also the injunction to obey the "ordinances" of the civil magistrate.|| But, with regard to the mode of observing the Lord's Day, it is incontrovertible that, in the New Testament, we only read of prayer, communion, preaching, and collection for the poor, on the first day of the week.¶ Now all this may be done without resorting to Sabbatarianism. We may go into the country, as two disciples did on the actual day of the resurrection (about eight miles, seven more than the Jewish "Sabbath-day's journey"), to whom our Lord, when he made himself known unto them, did not hint, that, *for the future*, they must never travel

* The grandeur of many of the heathen ceremonies was frequently used in argument in the earlier ages to deter people from becoming Christians.

† John, chap. xviii. v. 36.

‡ Matthew, chap. xviii. v. 18—20.

§ John, chap. ii. v. 3 ; Matthew, chap. xi. v. 18 and 19. It may be observed, that the Baptist was selected from the small, but very austere, sect of the Essenians, whose habits much corresponded with those of the preceding prophets, which makes our Lord's expression with regard to himself "eating and drinking" the *more significant*. "Our Lord enjoined no austerities. He not only enjoined none as absolute duties, but he recommended none as carrying men to a higher degree of Divine favour. Place Christianity, in this respect, by the side of all institutions which have been founded in the fanaticism, either of their author, or of his first followers : or rather compare, in this respect, Christianity as it came from Christ, with the same religion after it fell into other hands ; with the extravagant merit very soon ascribed to celibacy, solitude, voluntary poverty, with the rigours of an ascetic, and the vows of a monastic life ; the hair shirt, the watchings, the midnight prayers, the obmutescence, the gloom and mortification of religious orders, and of those who aspired to religious perfection." (Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, Part ii. chap. 2.)

|| 1st Peter, chap. ii. v. 13—17.

¶ Acts, chap. xx. v. 7 ; 1st Cor., chap. xvi. v. 2.

on the first day of the week ;* so far from it, we read something like countenancing their conduct by his example, "and he made as though he would have gone further."† We may dress our food on Sundays, as the apostles appear to have done, on the first "Lord's Day," of whom we read, that they presented "a piece of a broiled fish" to our Lord, who is not recorded to have taken the *opportunity* to explain to them, that *for the future*, it would be their duty to dress their Sunday's dinner on the Saturday (something like the doctrine of the Scotch, and some other modern Sabbatarians, which doctrine they seem to think sound, merely because the Israelites were commanded to gather a double quantity of manna on the Friday).‡ If indeed we, as Gentile Christians, are bound to keep *Sunday* holy *because* the Jews were commanded to so keep *Saturday*; if indeed there is in the New Testament any enactment of a Christian Sabbath after the *model* of the Jewish, then is there no legitimate place for discussing the expediency of the matter,—*not even* with regard to the sale of *milk*, which Sir Andrew Agnew so strangely allowed in his Bill. But the contrary of all this will appear by referring to Acts, chap. xv. and xxi. v. 20—27; Romans, chap. xiv; Galatians, chap. iv. and v. v. 1—14; Colossians, chap. ii. v. 8—23.§ We certainly have, as I have all along admitted, apostolical example for public prayers, communion, preaching, and a weekly collection for poor brethren in cases requiring such collection; and we are bound to keep Sunday|| holy in more respects than these, because the Church and the legislature command us to do so, we being in the New Testament commanded to obey both.¶

But, notwithstanding disobedience to the present law of the land cannot be excused, I may be permitted to doubt the *expediency* of continuing Acts of Parliament, which render it difficult for a man,

* Luke, chap. xxiv. v. 13.

† Ditto, do. v. 28.

‡ Ditto, do. v. 42.

§ I beg the reader's attentive perusal of these passages of Scripture.

|| The propriety of the primitive Christians using the *heathen* word "Sunday," is seen by referring to the 11th v. of the 84th Psalm (Bible Version), and the 2nd v. of the 4th chap. of Malachi, the latter of which indeed they frequently quoted as a justification.

¶ Should I be wrong in supposing that the present "Lord's Day" law might be judiciously relaxed;—nay, should it be right to continue the present *practical* strictness, or *even to increase it*, is it not idle, and at all events inconsistent with the Sixth Article of the Church, to contend, that the obligation to so observe "the Lord's Day" would be *weakened* by withdrawing that part of the Communion Service which has a *tendency* to make people misunderstand the *real Scriptural footing* upon which the solemnities of Sunday stand? I should say, that TRUTH ALONE DEPENDENT UPON would *strengthen* that obligation, because many, who do not take the trouble to investigate what is not brought under their special notice by others, are yet shrewd enough to see, that it is downright drivelling to tell them, that the fourth *Jewish* commandment about *Saturday*, proves the sinfulness of men *not Jews* doing certain things on Sunday, and that, fancying that the Church can give no better reason for the institution of Sunday duties (as well they may, seeing that she, on every Sunday and Holy-day, lays such solemn stress upon that exclusively), they, in their hearts, feel the greatest contempt for the institution, however, for worldly reasons, some of them may find it convenient to conform to custom. The 13th chap. of Romans, the 2nd chap. of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, and the 22nd chap. of St. Matthew, contain passages which might be read instead of the Ten Commandments, and be *very appropriately* followed by the responses "Lord, have mercy," &c.

whose occupation keeps him from his family and friends the rest of the week (unless his pecuniary resources are large),* to, after Church prayers, &c., enact his character of a *social* being, without infringing the law,—a law so strict, that, by almost universal tacit consent, much violation of it is winked at in this part of the United Kingdom,—a law, the most severe parts of which were enacted at a time when there was much of the leaven of preceding unhappy events remaining, events brought about chiefly through ignorance and fanaticism, or, in Scripture language, “zeal not according to knowledge,”† and consequently a law evidently making the Jewish ceremonial Sabbath the model for our “Lord’s day,” and therefore I do trust that the efforts of Sabbatarians of late years, assisted, as they were a few years ago, by the pen of the Bishop of London, will have—not the intended effect, but—the effect of inducing legislators to pass such a bill as shall *atone* for the long reign of ignorance in the land (nearly three hundred years), chiefly fostered, *I most firmly believe*, by the great offence which was taken against the Roman Catholics in other respects than their rules concerning the observance of Sunday.‡

But if there must be the *twenty-four hours* of strict cessation from worldly things, the question arises, when should those hours begin? The vigil *before* several festivals of the church, and Christmas eve, and Easter eve, being *before*—not the evening of—those festivals, would, of themselves, were there no other authority, lead us to conclude that the canonical Sunday evening is what we call Saturday evening,§ commencing at six o’clock at the end of the Jewish Sabbath, a mode of reckoning sanctioned in the very first chapter of the Bible, in which it is said, “And the *evening* and the morning were the *first* day.”|| There is every appearance, in the sixth and seven following verses of the twentieth chapter of Acts, that the “first day of the week,” mentioned with reference to St. Paul at Troas, was the Saturday evening, and that he recommenced travelling *on the Sunday morning* (probably through his anxiety, as mentioned in the sixteenth verse, “to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost”);¶ for he is described as preaching “till midnight,” which is no short time from six o’clock;

* We must remember, that if the Lord’s Day Acts were literally carried out, they would be more stringent upon the middling and lower classes than those classes find them now in practice, not to dwell here upon the increased restrictions, both in letter and practice, which Sabbatarians contemplate. As it is, a rich man has no occasion to send out to purchase the most trifling article upon the *unexpected* arrival of a visitor, whereas the poor man must resort to the chandler’s shop, having probably purchased the day before *only* so much bread, tea, &c. as the wants of his family obliged him.

† Romans, chap. x. v. 2.

‡ 1st Cor. chap. i. v. 10.

§ Thus it appears that Sabbatarian shopkeepers are, upon their own principles, as much Sabbath-breakers, by selling on Saturday nights, as by selling on Sunday mornings (Matthew, chap. xxiii. v. 24).

|| Genesis, chap. i. v. 5.

¶ The meaning I attach to the expression in the sixth verse, “where we abode seven days,” is, that they arrived at Troas on a Sunday, and reckoned that one of the seven, and left it on the eighth day, that is, the Sunday following. If this commentary is sound, there was travelling by an *Apostle* on *two* Sundays; but, at any rate, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion of there having been any travelling at all on *either* Sunday.

and, after some cessation, again "even till break of day." And 'let it not be thought this makes no material difference, for, *comparatively*, a Sabbath so reckoned would be a light burden, so that the upshot of modern Sabbatarianism is to put *even a greater* yoke upon us Gentiles—exempt, as we are, from the Mosaic code—than was imposed upon the Jews.*

From the idolatrous covetousness† of some, and the straitened circumstances of others, arising from the great competition in most trades, and the burdens imposed upon agriculture, it would be hopeless to see revived the ancient practice of allowing workmen the Saturday afternoon to prepare for the Sunday,‡ without deducting a proportionate part of their pay; but the truth is, that for a great portion of the year, the same object might be accomplished by beginning work an hour earlier on the Saturday mornings, while in the other months, much of the work of the country is concluded by five o'clock (not to speak of the practice occasionally of shortening the time allowed for meals); so that the thing is even practicable on a Sabbatarian plan; and the little inconvenience to the working part of the population, they would, I apprehend, think amply compensated by the allowance of many-innocent recreations and amusements, public and private, on the Sunday (that is the canonical Monday) evening, from which, under our present system,§ they are excluded,—the allowing of which, however, on the *Saturday* nights, appears to me *much more likely* to cause public worship on Sundays to be neglected. But this is not the plan I am concerned to vindicate, but a "Lord's Day" *festival*, commencing on the Saturday evening, and though not nominally over till six o'clock the next evening, *virtually so, in many respects*, after vespers, or afternoon prayers and sermon. Here I am again reminded to quote from the little reply to the address of the rector of St. James's to his parishioners. "Little, perhaps, need be said regarding Sunday assemblies and dinner parties, Sunday drives and parties of pleasure; but thus much to me appears evident, that the enjoyment of every one of them is *perfectly consistent* with the due observance of the Lord's Day; indeed, to assert the contrary would be entirely to lose sight of the distinction between a festival and a *day of humiliation and abstinence*, on which amusements are extremely inconsistent.¶ To me it

* Acts, chap. xv. v. 10.

† Colossians, chap. iii. v. 5.

‡ With regard to moral effects, five days and a half out of the seven would seem to be quite enough to be devoted to labour, though *perhaps*, in the present day, a remedy for the evil of our population being obliged to work six entire days is impracticable.

§ I cannot resist interrupting the reader in the perusal of this quotation, to remark upon the *heterodox* conduct of many *Sabbatarian* clergymen of the Established Church, who seem to have no zeal to spare from (so called) profanation of the Sabbath, for the *almost general* contempt and indifference manifested with regard to—not merely Ash Wednesday and the greatest part of Passion Week—but Good Friday itself—decidedly the *most solemn day* in the year according to the doctrine of all *episcopal churches*. Nay, some have no afternoon prayers on that day (such was, and I believe still is, the case at Paddington Church, the incumbent of which church was once a Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), who yet have prayers and sermon every Wednesday evening. Bishops, by allowing such *freaks*, *virtually* change the churches, or chapels, of such clergymen from Episcopal

appears, that much more good would be effected, if the *Saturday evening entertainments*, often considerably encroaching on the Sunday morning, and which, by the fatigue they occasion, particularly among domestics, are in reality a hindrance to (and furnish an apparent excuse for neglecting) the attendance in the sanctuary, were at least *reduced in number*, if not brought into *complete* disuse." This candid and common sense way of putting the matter, proceeding, as I know it did, from a *lay Oxonian*, would be more worthy, I cannot help thinking, the pen of a bishop than the pamphlet with which the Bishop of London favoured this town some ten years ago, containing many assertions of the *inexpediency* and *impropriety* of allowing several indulgences to the laity, but not one word against the carriage, dinner, and other comforts, even of the bishops themselves! It was, perhaps, an oversight; but there should not, in *consistency*, have been omitted a *promise* to *set the example* of walking to church on Sundays, instead of *unnecessarily** standing in the way of the *religious offices* and *meditation* of his coachman, who has the same need of "diligence to make his calling and election sure"† as other Christians. There should not also, I humbly submit, have been omitted a *promise* to forego a hot dinner on Sundays, which would leave his cook and other servants leisure to "let their light so shine before men, that they may see"‡ them devoting the *whole* day to religion, in obedience to the doctrine of their *earthly* master, and, as they must think, if they are Sabbatarians, of their heavenly one too. The bishop is only one, however, of a numerous party in the Church, who, in affluent circumstances, and having therefore *six* days in *almost*

into *Independent*; nor is the latitudinarianism only on one subject: would the bishops, without notice, attend them on *any* Wednesday evening, they would, in most of them, hear an *extemporary* prayer before sermon, and those Wednesdays, on which the first lesson is appointed, in accordance with the reason given in the articles they have *subscribed*, from one of the Apocryphal Books, they would find a chapter from the Old Testament substituted. I have heard, on no mean authority, that there are men in priest's orders, in London, and more especially in the outskirts, who boast that they have never read a lesson from the Apocrypha, bowed "at the name of Jesus" in the Apostles' Creed, &c., or read the Athanasian Creed. I must also observe that the gospel for Ash Wednesday, which refers exclusively to *private* fasting, is almost as indefensible and injudicious a selection as the response after the fourth commandment, whereas it *clearly ought to be taken* either from the second chapter of St. Mark, or the 5th chapter of St. Luke. "The book of *The Pastor*, so much respected by the ancients, says, that on that day, people ought to begin from the morning to retire to prayer: that they ought to take nothing but bread and water—and that only towards the evening—and give to the poor what they would otherwise spend more than that. In fact, alms were always joined with fasting; and fasting itself enabled them to give alms, by retrenching a part of the ordinary expenses of the table. . . . The church observed these fasts in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ; thus applying what he had said, that she would fast when the bridegroom was taken away."—(Abbe Fleury's "Manners of the Christians," Cordell's Translation, part ii. sect. 4, chap. 9.)

* I say "unnecessarily," not only because a bishop can, in dirty weather, change his shoes in the vestry, but also because I have, in Scotland, seen bishops of the Scotch Episcopal Church, with less income than that of nearly, if not quite, all English curates, make the neatest appearance in church. However, with the early additional services I shall mention before concluding the subject, I would be the last to complain of an English bishop going to church in his carriage.

† 2nd Peter, chap. i. v. 10.

‡ Matthew, chap. v. v. 16.

every week to go into, or receive company, and upon whom, consequently, *presbyterian strictness* on Sundays could be *no great tax*, who yet coolly talk to lawyers, merchants, labouring men, and others (and no small portion of the members of the two Houses of Parliament are similarly situated), *as if it is reasonable* to expect them to lay aside their *social* character—that gift of heaven,* their social character—on the *only* day upon which *most of them* can *possibly* enact it. With respect to a labouring poor man, who may love the society of his wife and children as much as any bishop, ought he, *without a direct interdiction* of his Maker, to be debarred from the indulgence of *innocent recreation* with them *on the only day he can afford intermission from his labour*? It is indeed said that the indulgence is liable to great *abuse*, that is, to disorderly scenes in tea-gardens or public-houses; but I have yet to learn that the keeper of any place of public resort, or magistrates, and officers under them, have *more* right to allow *disorderly* conduct on a Monday than on a Sunday;† therefore such an argument, if good for any thing, proves that public places should not be allowed at all; and this, I apprehend, will, in the present temper of mankind, be considered as proving too much, consequently nothing.‡ Then the public “noisy vehicles” ought not to be suffered (the Bishop of London says)! This, though perhaps not exactly meant, is *tantamount* to the boldness of avowing that it is venial, if not right even, in a bishop, or wealthy layman, to use his carriage to go to church, but a *mortal* sin in a poorer man to use the *less expensive* public carriage that may happen to be going his way (I have more than once witnessed *Sabbatarian* clergymen availing themselves of such modes of conveyance on Sundays, their peculiar doctrines on the point notwithstanding).

All land travelling, whether by posting or otherwise, is denounced, though it may sometimes answer a purpose of *real* and *pressing religious necessity* (as when a man has to go a long journey in obedience to the wishes of a dying relation or friend), while ships sailing on Sunday are not once mentioned.§ Again, it is denounced as wrong to sell a newspaper on a Sunday, but you may employ your workmen to print as many as you like on that day to sell the next.|| Then the rich man may on Sunday bring forth his luxuries from his well-furnished larder, while the poor man, who, in hot, or muggy, weather, has no convenient means, perhaps, of keeping meat all night—who, perhaps, has only one small room for a large family—is to be debarred from *even one hour's* opportunity to attend a market on the Sunday morning. Then the rich Sabbatarian, in general, orders his usual hot dinner to be prepared,¶ while he would deprive the poor man of the

* Genesis, chap. ii. v. 18.

† 1st Peter, chap. iv.

‡ Titus, chap. i. v. 15.

§ Sunday is very commonly the day chosen for beginning a voyage, sailors having a superstitious notion that it is an auspicious day.

|| The proprietors of daily morning papers may be assured, however, that they are only winked at for the present from a motive of *expediency*; that, after the suppression of Sunday papers, parliament would be asked to oblige them to confine their printing for Monday to before twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and after twelve on Sunday night, or rather Monday morning.

¶ Much has been said by Sabbatarians, in reply to charges of inconsistency, of

convenience of the baker's oven,* a convenience that puts it in the power of the whole family to attend the morning service, whether they avail themselves of it or not, and which convenience *therefore*, one would have expected a Sabbatarian, who admitted any degree of expediency at all, to have regarded with *at least* as much favour as the sale of milk. All this Sabbatarians *may call* piety and equal justice, but depend upon it, Sir, it is not the piety and justice which comes from heaven, in which we are told, is "no respect of persons."† I have here to make another very excellent quotation from the "Reply to the Rector of St. James's." "There is one part of your address which more particularly demands minute examination; I mean that part of it which *professes* to set forth the necessity of strictly prohibiting the importation of articles for the use of the table. Now I think it must be apparent to all unprejudiced minds, that such a prohibition must be a cause of serious inconvenience among all classes of society, and among the poorer classes (in favour of whom, I suppose, you would make no exception), its consequences must be severely felt. Perhaps, Sir, you are not aware that many poor persons, having no place to keep provisions in their abodes, would thus (at least during the summer months) be forced to choose the alternative either of giving up their Sunday joint, or, by keeping it in their houses all the preceding night, of incurring the risk of breeding pestilential and malignant disease. Surely, Sir, if this be once admitted, *expediency*, if no other higher motive, might induce you to pause in the attempt to enforce a prohibition at best *unnecessary*, but which to me almost appears oppressive."

A few years ago, Mr. Devereux, a name not unknown in the reading world, did me the honour to give me his pamphlet, entitled "Letter to the Protestant Bishops, and the Presbyterian and Methodist Ministers of Ireland, on Mr. (now Lord) Stanley's Education Bills." The author is a Roman Catholic, and a very talented and sincere man; and though it contains many things, which, as a Pro-

the inexpediency of advocating such an inquisitorial bill, as will interfere with the domestic habits of private families; but surely that is no excuse for a rich Sabbatarian allowing any culinary proceedings on Sunday.

* I understand that the state of the case, concerning petitions from journeymen-bakers, is, that master bakers are of two classes: those whose business is so large, that Sunday baking is no object to them (who, in fact, would further increase their incomes by the ruin of small bakers), and those to whom the profits from Sunday baking are essentially necessary to enable them to maintain their families, and that they use their influence with their men accordingly. I only state what I have heard, which I believe, though I cannot vouch for it; but if it is true, an importance has been attached to petitions of journeymen bakers, which they do not deserve.

† Most readers are aware that the word "lawyers," in the 11th chapter of St. Luke, refers to a profession of *divinity*, not to what we now call the legal profession. Now, I would ask rich Sabbatarian clergymen, who are guilty of these *inconsistencies*, if they can bring *any part* of the New Testament forward which *so decidedly* condemns anti-Sabbatarians, as the 46th verse does themselves? "And he said, Woe unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." To this I must add the 52nd verse, which so applies to those clergymen, who try to prevent their hearers understanding the true nature of the festival of "Sunday" or "the Lord's Day." "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

testant, I cannot agree with, and though the Anti-Sabbatarian part of it does not *exactly* rest upon the principle I have been contending for,* yet did space permit, I might have quoted largely from it. The main subject in it, the Education Bills, being distinct from my present argument, I lay aside without expressing any opinion upon. I quite agree with him where he says, speaking upon the advantage of *Festivals to the poor*, "It was by the establishment of those festivals that the people were humanized; so has their suppression been gradually brutalizing our peasantry, altering their kindness of manner, giving to their manners that change for the worse;" and again, "weakening the ties of relationship, and the effect of that precept, which bids us love our neighbour as ourselves, and thus, as it were, preparing us for that philosophy which, instead of Christian charities, replenishes the heart with hate, and makes man the enemy of man and of God." Then he alludes to the oppression upon the poor, in making them work upon the Saturday afternoons, seeing that formerly, for five days and a half's work, a man was paid as if he had worked six days; and he says that the old custom of unyoking the plough *at noon* on Saturdays, still prevails in some parts of England. His remarks upon the Sunday evening amusements, of which our working people are now deprived, are, I think, very good, and it is too true, that many who are not allowed to indulge in "wholesome, cheering, and innocent recreations in the open air on Sunday evening," take to drunkenness in the alehouse instead, and that thus the descendant of a cheerful and sober man probably becomes a stupified drunkard; and I believe it is true, that a great increase of drunkenness followed the reformation, though that I attribute to the *abuse* of it in *confounding* festivals and fasts. Had there not been such an outcry raised, by narrow-minded men who came soon after the reformers, against the ancient holydays and amusements of the people;—had, in short, all nominal Protestants shown a little more anxiety to "speak the same

* Between pages 46 and 61, which is chiefly on the Sabbatarian subject, some of the phraseology seems to recognize the *principle* of Sabbatarian strictness on the Sunday, only properly commencing on the Saturday evening. This is a very common error among anti-Sabbatarian writers and speakers (of the latter I do not remember more than *two* speeches in Parliament, which appeared *altogether* free from this objection), and gives a great advantage to their opponents, though *they* do not *strictly* confine themselves to *their own* principle, according to which Saturday evening is clearly a part of the Christian Sabbath. Even Sir Andrew Agnew is not a *pure, unadulterated* Sabbatarian: his Bill was as if the 4th commandment read thus:—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the *first* day (that is, reckoning it to *begin six hours later* than it would according to the *Jewish* mode of computing time) is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do *no manner of work* (except buy, or sell, milk, prepare hot dinners, if in private houses, and a few other things of *equally pressing necessity, or charity*), *thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle* (except horses used *solely* for private purposes), and any stranger, of *whatever religion*, under thine *authority*. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the *seventh* day: WHEREFORE the Lord *blessed* the *seventh* day as regards the *Jews*, and *blessed* the *first* day as regards *Christians*, and *hallowed* the *seventh* day for a time, and *hallowed* the *first* day for ever afterwards." There was a time when the *reductio ad absurdum* was considered rather *decisive* of a point, but those days seem gone with some people.

thing," and to be "in the same mind and in the same judgement,"* as the Roman Catholics in matters they appeared to be sound in, instead of thinking they could not throw off too many of their customs, it is my *firm* belief that Mr. Devereux could not *now* so triumphantly refer to "the fruits of Protestant folly;"—nay, that in *all probability*, many *now* zealous Roman Catholics (and *himself* among the number, for he is not a *blind* zealot) would, at this day, have been bright ornaments of our *reformed branch* of the *Catholic Church*. A little further on, I find a reference to a pamphlet, by the Rev. Mr. Brereton, rector of Great Massingham, in Norfolk, on the Poor Laws, in which he contends that the abolition of festivals is a robbery of the poor for the benefit of the rich. Then there is much truth in what Mr. Devereux says of Fasts, that to the abolition of them may be traced much of the vernal and autumnal bleeding and drugging now so common; in this part of his argument he is supported by the greatest names, both ancient and modern.†

I am afraid, that, in this cursory view, I have not done sufficient justice to the author; but, perhaps, I have said enough, Sir, to give your readers some idea of his views, and to induce some of them to read the work. They will find him, though a very strong writer in his language, not a bigot, and perhaps they will think with me, that here and there a topic is introduced, which, in delicacy, had better been omitted; but, upon the whole, the pamphlet is valuable, as abounding with arguments which the most staunch Protestant must acknowledge to be the reverse of contemptible.

I am not at all fond of agitation, the evils of which I have *generally* observed to be greater than the advantages; but really I must say, that, if I am right in the principles I have laid down in these letters, agitation on the part of Anti-Sabbatarians is justifiable as matter of self-defence, seeing that they are the party attacked, by men who are at liberty to observe Sunday as strictly as they please, but whom "all this availeth nothing, so long as they see others, of different opinions, not compelled to do Sabbatharians' reverence;"‡ and would they act upon a *united* and *consistent* plan, I am convinced that the advocates of a *Judaical* Sunday would soon be reduced to a most insignificant minority.§ But next to seeing my view of the subject adopted, I con-

* 1st Cor. chap. i. v. 10.

† By the word fasting we must not, of course, understand a *feast* of fish, omelets, and wine. It is, perhaps, not known to many Protestant readers, that fish, which had been equally forbidden as meat, was first allowed to encourage the French fisheries.

‡ Esther, chap. iii. v. 5, and chap. v. v. 13.

§ According to my judgement, there has been no period in the present century more favourable than the present moment to endeavour to get this question fair play. I see no appearance of a wish to uphold Sabbatarianism *per fas et nefas* among the persons about the Court; while the Sovereign is of that age in which few have yet ceased to admire the principle *stat justitia, ruat cælum*. In the House of Lords, there are a few most excellent noblemen, who are Sabbatharians, but not one of whom should I deem likely to be very formidable in argument. On the episcopal bench the Sabbatharians have talent and eloquence on their side, but so also have the Anti-Sabbatarians, if several of the Bishops can be depended upon to do their duty. In the House of Commons, Sabbatharians have only *that very high churchman on all other points*, Sir Robert Inglis, and one or two others, of any

fess I should like to see a *very stringent* Sabbatarian Bill passed, for *I am sure the evil would then not be long in curing itself*: this Sabbatarians themselves seem to have some suspicion of, if we may judge by the *wide* difference there is in their *professed* doctrine and their *most rigid* legislative proposals. And yet they gravely tell us, that the All-wise God, who *foresaw* the *most distant* circumstances of *necessity* or *expediency*, intended a command, which the most rash Sabbatarian is afraid to propose to reduce to strict practice, knowing the exposure of its impracticability in this country, even in the spirit of it as well as the letter,—they yet gravely tell us, that he *intended* it for all nations alike, and for all succeeding generations! It is here necessary to allude to a *cunning suppression* of some of the circumstances connected with the Ten Commandments. In the 31st chapter of Exodus there is the *penalty of death* imposed for the violation of the Sabbath, which is called a *perpetual* covenant, and a sign between God and the children of *Israel*, BECAUSE of the accomplishment of the creation, *the very reason* which Sabbatarians give for the 4th Commandment extending *beyond* the children of Israel. That the two tables of stone, mentioned in the 18th verse, contained this covenant (and not merely the decalogue *alone*, as is generally said by preachers), is apparent from this chapter, although, according to the 4th verse of the 10th chapter of Deuteronomy, the decalogue was *also* part of the “writing.” Another thing Sabbatarians keep as much out of sight as possible is, after the *repetition* of the penalty of death in the 35th chapter of Exodus, this singular injunction among “the words of the Lord,”—“Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath-day,” which Archbishop Whately very fairly quotes to show the improbability of the command to the Jews to keep the seventh day as a Sabbath being originally intended for people of *all climates*.* Now, Sabbatarians assume, contrary to what I flatter myself I have proved to be the fact, that the Apostles *changed* the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day: let it be granted, however, that in this they are right; still there must be some limit to concession, unless they mean to contend that they have a right to fritter away whatever of God’s commands concerning the Sabbath they do not find it convenient to obey, and “thus make the commandment of God of none effect by their tradition,”† a species of *latitudinarianism* never betrayed by any *Christian* Anti-Sabbatarian as far as my little reading has extended. Therefore I would ask Sabbatarians these questions, Is it *lawful* in them (sup-

public note. And among the clergy, there are, within these few years, more instances of *avowed* Anti-Sabbatarianism than before, while the Sabbatarianism of many others is more apparent than real. Here I must allude to a very curious circumstance, *viz.* to a Sabbatarian *manifesto*, signed by the five rectors of St. Mary-le-bone, the majority of whom would hardly be taken in private society for Sabbatarians at all; and one of them, *I apprehend*, will not deny having been *occasionally* in the habit of dining out on a Sunday.

* During hot summers the disuse of fire for one *whole* day in the week is *practicable* in this country; but I never knew a Sabbatarian forego the use of tea, which is not absolutely necessary on a Sunday in such weather. To employ strangers to light their fires, as some Jews do, does not accord with my notions of evidence of sincerity: such a device appears to me a mere unworthy attempt at evasion, and at variance with the letter and spirit of the 4th Commandment.

† Matthew, chap. xv. v. 6; 2nd Timothy, chap. iv. v. 3 and 4.

posing that the Sabbath injunctions extend to us), is it *expedient*, to throw aside the penalty of death, and the injunction about fire, *both as solemnly enacted as the 4th commandment*, without showing *divine authority* to do so? Is it expedient to seem to "halt between two opinions," to seem to be determined to be right *even at the expense of being wrong*, and therefore to be as decided Anti-Sabbatarians as Sabbatarians?*

What is much wanted is a petition or two to Parliament, in reply to Sabbatarian petitions, drawn up in a *consistent* manner, conceding that, if the 4th Commandment is part of the *moral* law, it is binding upon a Christian community, only suggesting that, upon that supposition, the legislature should not, in any bill, stop short of that command, which forbids not the exercise of this or that trade, whether affecting the rich or the poor, neither makes any distinction between work performed by private servants and horses, and work by men and horses for public accommodation, but in the *plainest words* tells every man, that he should do *no manner* of work, whether by himself, or his servants, or his cattle, thus clearly forbidding public "noisy vehicles" as much as bishops, or ladies, going to church in their carriages, *and no more*. It should also remark upon the absurdity of reckoning the procuring milk for tea as a work of "strict necessity" (it might *as reasonably* be called a work of "charity"). It should add, that, by a tract by the Archbishop of Dublin, as well as by other works, the 4th Commandment appears to be part of the *ceremonial* law of Moses, and therefore "not binding upon Christian men;" and it should go on to describe the points upon which a Christian legislature is at liberty to use its discretion.† And lastly, it should pray, that if Archbishop Whately,

* 1st Kings, chap. xviii. v. 21.—The *fair* and *practical* application of the language of the Prophet to this inconsistency of Sabbatarians, appears to me to be this, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If the Sabbatical commands in the Old Testament extend to you, observe them in *all their details and penalties*: if they do not, "instead of sabbatizing, let every Christian keep the Lord's Day." The Old Testament is frequently quoted, even from the judgement seat, to justify our punishment of murder with death, a crime not punished in that manner in the case of the first murderer, *that is at a time prior to the delivery of the Mosaic code*. Therefore, *even if it were true* that the Sabbath was enjoined from the first, I cannot understand the consistency of a Sabbatarian trying to put the penalties for breach of the Sabbath aside. I am not meaning to enter into the question of the propriety of our criminal code; but murder being forbidden (and the same may be said of circumcision), was not *peculiar* to, though part of, the Levitical law. I may here add, what I inadvertently omitted in my *first* letter, when remarking how short some of the other nine Commandments were of coming up to the morality of the *Christian* code—I may add, that our Lord's commentary upon the *seventh* Commandment, in the 27th and 28th verses of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, shows that St. Paul (Heb. chap. viii. v. 7) was not the first who thought the first Covenant *not* "faultless."

† We sometimes see the *best* effects from parliamentary committees examining witnesses, and afterwards *publishing* the evidence. Now, as *virtually* there is no convocation for such important objects as the removal of the unfortunate state of the church, which is that of "a house divided against itself" (a state, we are told by the highest authority, leading to destruction), and the removal of one of the great causes of dissent, it surely is befitting in the two houses of Parliament appointing committees to examine witnesses, and report upon their evidence. Three bishops and three clergymen on each side of the question would be sufficient: we should then, if I am not very much mistaken, soon hear of an Anti-Sabbatarian

and others, are held to be mistaken, no bill shall be passed that does not carry out the 4th Commandment *and all passages in the Old Testament relating to it*, to the full extent;* but that, if they are held to be correct, the legislature may pass an act restoring the old distinction between fasts (as Good Friday) and festivals, and allowing on Sundays (*after divine service*) reasonable recreation and amusement, always bearing in mind, that our working people are not in a *corresponding* situation to the Jews of old, who, though they were enjoined a *strict weekly* Sabbath (which probably was never understood in the *most stringent* sense before the springing up of the sect of the Pharisees), had many festivals and jubilees, upon which they could enjoy innocent recreations with their families.

But let me not be misunderstood. Far is it from my wish to see our churches or religion neglected. Instead of the present *second evening service* on Sundays, which is an *innovation* springing from Sabbatarianism, I would substitute one on the Saturday evening, and on Sunday mornings I would have a short early service or two besides the usual service (as is the case *with very good effect* in the Roman Catholic chapels), by which means *every* member and servant of a family might attend public worship at least once in the day.† The theatres also I would close on Saturday, and open on Sunday (which is the practice at Rome to this day); and I think it must be admitted by every *candid* person, that the man who frequents a theatre on Sunday nights is *not* so likely to neglect the duty of public worship as the man who does so on the Saturday night.‡

I regret, Sir, that I have been obliged to be so diffuse; but Sabbatarians resort to so many shifts to prevent the absurdity of their "Diana"§ being made manifest, that to be concise, and yet to say enough, is not very easy. I have endeavoured to so form these letters, that in almost every page the reader shall find some argument or proof, which, if unanswered, ought to go a good way towards deciding the whole question, and, at the same time, that there should be such a cumulation of them, that minds, however differently constituted, should hardly fail to be convinced by some or other of them;|| and I feel so

pledge at elections. I can imagine the consternation which the very moving for such committees would occasion in some quarters.

* There were several Sabbatarians besides the Bishop of London, who attended the entertainment at the opening of London Bridge, *well knowing* that workmen were engaged the whole of the Sunday preceding in preparations on the very spot where the banquet took place!

† The late regulation about the closing of public-houses on Sundays I am so far from disapproving, that I believe I was one of the first to propose it. And I have every reason to think that the alteration of the law was fully as acceptable to *Christian* Anti-Sabbatarians as to Sabbatarians, who would seem to claim the merit of the measure.

‡ A few leading people of fashion might soon bring Saturday dinners and parties into disuse (and the first example ought to be with regard to the public dinners at Lambeth Palace): a legislative enactment would be attended with so many inconveniences, that I doubt the expediency of applying that remedy.

§ Acts, chap. xix. v. 28.

|| "If we observe in any argument, that hardly two minds fix upon the same instance, the diversity of choice shows the strength of the argument, because it shows the number and competition of the examples."—*Paley's Natural Theology*, chap. 27.

unconscious of having in this undertaking failed in candour or impartiality, that I have no small confidence that I shall be held to have considered the subject fairly, as well as fully. One thing, however, I ask of the reader, a moderate degree of candour, which I flatter myself will be sufficient to insure conviction.

But however sound our notions may be, it must not be forgotten, that religion is not merely a speculative affair, but also a practical; that the practical infidel, be his religious belief ever so correct, is nearly as *pernicious* to society as the speculative. And to clerical readers in particular I would suggest, with all humility, these rules as calculated to defeat the hostility of those Materialists and Deists, who, (the former more especially), I regret to *know*, have of late years made much impression upon not a few of the middling and lower classes—to bring more under the notice of Christians, by sermons and notes in Bibles, the *internal* evidence the Scriptures contain of their Divine origin (*after the manner of Paley's Horæ Paulinæ*); never to be so wedded to a particular doctrine, as to descend to an unfair and fraudulent quotation of Scripture in support of it; * and, lastly, to strive *by all means* (as far as their own personal example goes, I sincerely think the generality of the clergy are not to be blamed), to lessen the amount of practical infidelity, which, though not a fair and legitimate, is yet a plausible objection to Christianity. † “Reason, faith, and hope,

* Matthew, chap. xv. v. 9. 1st Cor. chap. iv. v. 2. There is some *apparent* excuse for the Irish clergy being generally Sabbatarians in the state of collision they are in with the Roman Catholics; but there is here great want of reflection; for, if *only* to differ from the Roman Catholics, they might turn Atheists.

† I am sorry to find that, notwithstanding the *excellent* admonition of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (when Bishop of London), there are some churches here, in which the curates do not seem to bear in mind, in performing some of the *occasional offices*, how important it is to go through those services with the greatest decency and solemnity, seeing that such occasions are the only ones upon which infidels, or dissenters, are, generally speaking, in the habit of attending a church. I could instance, with the names of the parties, the case of a baptism of the child of a *Materialist*, who consented, merely to please his wife (*a Christian*), and attended himself as a sponsor (the looseness about sponsors, without the least inquiry into their eligibility, is really astonishing), and the ceremony was performed in a manner very far from what the Archbishop would recommend, and still more confirmed the husband in his unfortunate notions (besides the manner, it does not look, *at least*, very conscientious to *promise* not to admit a parent as sponsor, and afterwards do so). If Parliament does abolish church rates, *allowing compensation of course*, I trust it will also *buy up* all fees for the occasional offices, which are *practically* of much greater pecuniary consequence to the mass of people (particularly the fees for ground, &c. for funerals); but, on higher grounds, I think it inexpedient, in *these* times, to *so directly* connect money and the performance of a religious office, and that, with regard to baptism, it keeps many parents from bringing their children at all. A practice also prevails in some of the London churches (I have heard in most of them), of omitting part of the marriage service, before that part appointed to be read at the communion-table, and the whole of the latter, even the prayer, “O God, who by thy mighty power, &c.” notwithstanding the “*unfeigned assent and consent*” the clergy give to the *whole* service. Are these mutilators *sure* that, even supposing their marriages are valid in a religious sense (and the question may be raised, whether to make a *Christian* marriage, it is not *requisite* to obey “the ordinance of man, the powers that be,” &c.), the *partial* compliance with the form appointed would not be a *sufficient* answer to an indictment for bigamy? The legislature sanctions marriage according to certain forms of various sects, and also according to a certain form before a *civil* functionary (if the

are the only principles to which religion applies, or possibly can apply : and it is reason, faith, and hope, striving with sense, striving with temptation, striving for things absent against things which are present. That religion, therefore, may not be quite excluded and overborne, may not quite sink under these powerful causes, every support ought to be given to it, which can be given by education, by instruction, and, above all, by the example of those, to whom young persons look up, acting with a view to a future life themselves.”*

SPERANTIUS.

P.S. Since these letters were written, I happened, by mere accident, to meet with the “*Edinburgh Witness*,” of the 28th of May last, in which Sir Andrew Agnew is reported to have said *very properly*, at a *Sabbath Observance* meeting, “Experience every day taught them that, if they did not take their stand upon a scriptural position, and let their sole adherence be an adherence to principle, they would find that they had no ground to stand upon at all, when they came in contact with gainsayers. When they stood upon the ground of principle, they stood on ground which would bear them out.” Upon this I have to observe, that, as I have in these letters *exactly* adopted this principle, according to my understanding of the sense of Scripture, it is manifest *either* that Sir Andrew has been propagating error on the Lord’s Day subject, *or* that I have done so ; and that, *therefore*, Sir Andrew appears to me to be *bound in charity*, not to myself merely, but to the Christian public generally, to acknowledge that he has *hitherto* taken a mistaken view of the matter, or to endeavour to show the sophistry of my conclusions by replying to these letters *paragraph by paragraph* (Job, chap. xxxi. v. 34, 35, 36, and 37). In the mean time, most of the readers of “*The Monthly*,” who know Edinburgh, will be *somewhat* astonished to learn that the Sabbatarians have just succeeded, in this (*so called*) enlightened age, and in the *Modern Athens* too, in closing the Waterloo, and also the Artisans’ Reading Rooms, on Sundays.

parties prefer it), but it does *not* sanction a *part* of one of those forms as sufficient to constitute a marriage ; and, with regard to the church service in particular, it is expressly said that a marriage is not “lawful” if the parties are “coupled together *otherwise* than God’s Word doth allow,” and which “Word” makes compliance with the law of the land an *essential* condition. If there is with the clergy the discretionary power thus assumed, it is strange that they do not take a *still shorter* method, and merely ask the parties if they consent, and then pronounce them man and wife in the name of the Trinity. Further, would these clergymen hold the payment of half the fee, or half of a church-rate, a sufficient compliance with the law *Shame* upon such lazy and *inexpedient* conduct (*and in these times too !*) and (if they are aware of it), upon those bishops who connive at it !

* Sermon by Paley, on *Seriousness in Religion*.

POEMS BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS,
AUTHOR OF "TRANQUIL HOURS," "SIR REDMOND," &c.

I. PARTING GIFTS.

OH! know'st thou why, at night's still hour,
The parting gift's again brought out?
Because that token hath the pow'r
To charm to peace each anxious doubt!
Oh! know'st thou why, ere midnight bell
Hath closed the weeping eye in sleep,
That talisman, like wizard's spell,
Can bid that eye no longer weep?
It is, that mem'ry's crystal gates
Yield instant to that magic key;
The pang of present woe abates,
By showing past felicity!
The sever'd ringlet leaves the breast
(Its glossy brightness dimm'd by tears;)
Each silent night, since first 'twas prest
To it—by words, time but endears!
The mimic image lends to view
Each feature of the cherish'd face;
The timid smile—the eye of blue—
The blush of love—its dearest grace—
The parted lips, that seem to say
(For fancy still deludes the heart!)
"Be ever, when thou art away,
As true—as fond—as now we part—
If any hour, a joy can come,
When thou art sunder'd far from me;
Or sorrow bids thee mourn for home,
Then would I *most* remembered be.
Or, still amid the festal halls,
When Pleasure lights each tearless eye;
And Beauty's smile thine heart enthralls,
Remember me in grief—and sigh!"
Such were the words of parting love!
So pure—methought an angel spoke!
They're surely register'd *above*,
And dare not on the *earth* be broke!
Such were the words that on mine ear
In truthful accents fondly fell;
While on my breast the anxious tear
Seal'd Constancy's undying spell!
The smile that glows when lovers part,
Is but recall'd with bitt'rest pain;
Seeming to mock the bursting heart,
That writhes in Love's tyrannic chain—

But oh, the tear—the precious tear—
 Shed, when they are doom'd to sever,
 Each after-mem'ry makes more dear,
 Haunting it most sweetly, ever—
 It is embalm'd in the heart's core,
 With all of youth's most trusted things ;
 A holy relic to adore,
 When Hope hath closed its halcyon wings !
 Yes—when all else that once could calm
 That heart—is held no longer dear,
 Remembrance yields its sweetest balm,
 In that spontaneous—love-born *tear* !

II. I'D RATHER HAVE THAT FADED ROSE.

I'd rather have that faded rose,
 Discarded from thy bosom now,
 Than gem, which in Golconda glows,
 Rich e'en for monarch's jewell'd brow ;
 For it hath rested near thine heart,
 (Affection's purest, tend'rest shrine ;)
 Then prest to mine, it must impart
 One borrow'd pulse of hope from thine !

Then give it me—the only thing
 I now presume to crave from thee,
 But gently pray ! Nay, do not fling
 Thy gift with such disdain at me.
 Oh ! it were kinder to deny
 The precious boon I now implore,
 Than grant it with such angry eye,
 And smile of scorn, that tortures more !

Each wither'd leaf appears to tell
 A tale of vanish'd loveliness,
 When Hope and Beauty wove their spell,
 And Pleasure too combin'd to bless
 The fleeting days of trusting youth ;
 When Falsehood seemed a faded dream,
 And Love, the very holiest truth
 That ever Poet made his theme.

Poor worthless flow'r ! yet am I now
 As worthless too as thou art deem'd,
 Tho' I have drank love's fervent vow—
 And on me fondest eyes have beam'd—
 And snowy hands in mine been prest,
 (Which trembled in their own delight !)
 And softest whispers coyly blest
 The form, now loathsome to the sight.

Although so rudely cast away,
 The perfume of thy beauty fled,
 Will sweetly o'er each future day
 An odorous memory constant shed.
 But oh, for me! in Time's dark cave,
 Will no remembrance fragrant dwell;
 One pensive thought of me, to save
 From loathed oblivion's dreary cell!

Dear flower! I envy then thy doom;
 Like thee, I've bask'd in beauty's ray—
 Like thee, I was caress'd in bloom—
 Like thee, discarded in decay,—
 But there resemblance ends! On thee
 She yet may muse, nor feel the shame
 To blush, for the base perfidy
 That wanton quench'd love's brightest flame!

III. THE MOTHER, THE BABE, AND THE CHERUBS.

A little babe lay sleeping,
 Its mother watch was keeping;
 To mark the artless laughter break,
 As if its *soul* were still awake;
 The colour, that did come and go,
 With such a vividness of glow,
 As if the blushes from its heart
 To paint its cheeks, were coy to start;
 The tiny hand, stretch'd heedless out,
 The ripen'd lips' inviting pout;
 The eyes, which nearly show'd their blue
 Beneath their lids of pearly hue,—
 Fill'd her with such intense delight,
 She grew ecstatic at the sight;
 And into song her raptures flung,
 Low as her *heart* alone—then sung:—
 "Ye cherubs! hov'ring on light wings
 Attend! for now a mother sings.
 Ye radiant beings! do ye know
 Ye have a brother here below?
 Behold my child! with brow so fair,
 Margin'd with locks of golden hair;
 Oh! is there in the realms above
 A creature challenging such love?
 Doth he not look like one of ye,
 In his untainted purity?
 Now, with that smile so innocent,
 As if on upward dream intent?
 O cherubs! when I forward trace
 The crimes—may darken o'er that face,
 The cares—may wring that placid brow;
 The shame—that beauteous form may bow—

I almost wish he were indeed
 Of thy blest band—temptation freed ;
 Yet it would be such woe to part !
 To win him joy, would break my heart !
 Then grant my next most anxious pray'r,
 Protect him from sin's dang'rous snare,
 When I am snatch'd by death away,
 Dread nature's awful debt to pay.
 Should I, (alone through God's great love,)
 Be deem'd fit for His courts above ;
 Oh ! then from earth's pollution free,
 Waft him on kindred wings to me !"

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.—No. II.

GERMAN POETS.—FREIHERR V. ZEDLITZ.

"WHAT is truth?" said the scoffing Roman, and the lips which alone could have solved the problem, opened not to answer: "What is truth?" many a lofty mind hath since then demanded, and if any of them have been answered, the reply has remained within them, and they have not given it forth to a world that could not receive the light. Another question similar to this has as often been asked, and as yet never answered: "What is poetry?" Definition has succeeded definition, and explanation explanation, but they were but echoes of the word, and the difficulty continued the same. What has remained a secret to so many mighty minds, will probably remain a secret to us, and we must be content with our own individual impressions on the subject—impressions often too deep to be given forth in words. Poetry is doubtless creation; and, as the great work of creation itself, equally wonderful as it is in every part, yet in each part makes impressions of different degrees of strength on differently constituted minds, so may we suppose in the kingdom of ideas, that what to one mind is a new and glorious creation, to another has been through life bound up with his existence, and has become a very household word: that what to one will be a thrice told tale, will be to another the lifting of the curtain from a wondrous mystery. If such be the case, we can scarcely judge of poetry, except by considering the constitution of the majority of minds who are to be benefited thereby, and in this light the poetry of the "Freiherr von Zedlitz" is of the most eminently useful nature. Sweet and impassioned, as the bee draws honey from every bright flower, his muse has ransacked heaven and earth for forms of pure beauty, and has shrined them in a temple of "exceeding glorious verse." The poetry of Zedlitz has nothing to shock our best feelings, and every thing to please them. Romance and love, and that sweet melancholy rapture which has so especially distinguished the female poets of England, all combine their choicest charms to add lustre to his name. He may be taken also, and for this reason we have

selected him first, as no unfair specimen of the poets of "Young Germany;" all of whom are more remarkable for their lyric melody, than for any other branch of poetry. They have, too, to occupy a very important position in the strife of opinions throughout Europe. On the one hand, by their peculiar cognizance of the "things of sense," they present a barrier to the wild speculations of the metaphysical schools of Germany, and on the other, by their purity and beauty, they drive far away that luscious sensuality into which the poetry of external nature so frequently degenerates. The German poets of the present day are not, however, entirely confined to the fields of sense; but, though this is the chief source from which they draw their gentle melodies, they show, by occasional flights of wild beauty, that they, like their more speculative countrymen, can dive deep into the hidden things of humanity, and lay bare the inmost workings of man's spirit. In the specimens I have selected from Herr von Zedlitz, the subjects are all drawn from the sensible world, though the idea of the "*αὐτὸ το καλόν*," the *very* beautiful itself in the poet's mind has refined and purified their earthliness.

Our poet is a soldier, and has apparently some predilection for wars and warriors, of course in a poetic light. Napoleon, that as yet unriddled mystery, is an especial favourite, and he has devoted two of his best, though wildest, poems, to his name. The one, entitled "The Midnight Review," has been already presented to the English reader: the other has not, that I am aware, been yet translated. Here it is for the reader's judgement. It is, as are all the other translations, here given in the metre of the original.

"THE SPIRIT SHIP.

The breezes moan and the clouds advance,
 Not a star in the sky to see;
 And o'er the main may be seen to dance,
 A vessel hurriedly.
 That vessel is steered by spirit hands,
 It hasteth restlessly on,—
 No storm can harm it,—no hidden sands,—
 Nought living is thereon.

In a sea where rest to the wave is given,
 A far, hidden island lies,—
 A desolate rock soareth up to heaven,—
 The dark cloud aye round it flies.
 There bloometh no flower, no tree is there,
 Not a bird his nest there raises,
 And the eagle alone, from the realms of air,
 On the desolate wilderness gazes.

The monarch's lone tomb one may there behold,
 In the desert unfenced 'tis made;
 And his sword, his helm, and his staff of gold,
 Are over his coffin laid.
 Nought lives around, and earth's clamorous calls
 In his ear no more may ring,
 Not an eye on his mournful resting-place falls,
 And yet he was once a king.

Changes the moon, and the year hastes away,
 He lies unmoved in the gloom,
 Till the fifth night hath arrived of May,
 Then stirreth the corpse in the tomb.
 This is the night when his restless sprite
 Descends to the earth below,
 And his corpse enlivened doth this night
 Thro' the world its circuit go.

On the lonely shore a vessel lies,
 Its sails with the blast are filled,
 And high on the mast the banner flies—
 Bees of gold on a snow-white field.
 The monarch embarks:—as a bird thro' air
 Hastes the ship in its stormy flight,
 Not an oar appears, no helmsman is there
 To pilot it through the night.

The kingly spectre stands lone 'mid the blast,
 And gazes into the night,
 And his bosom heaves, and his breath comes fast,
 And wakens his dark eye's light.
 And the ship has come to a well-known strand,
 And his arms to its shores he holds,
 His spirit leaps up, for it is his land—
 His own dear land he beholds.

He steps from the bark, and his stand he takes
 On the soil he trod oft before,
 And her bosom, where'er he paceth, quakes,—
 He, the star that burns no more.
 His cities he seeks and finds them gone,
 The nations around seeketh he,
 Which when he walked in the light of the sun,
 Billowed round like a flooding sea.

He seeks for his throne, to the earth 'tis hurled
 Which he reared in the clouds so high,
 From whence he beheld the prostrate world
 At his feet like a vassal lie.
 He seeks the loved child from whom fate had reft him,
 Whom he fondly his kingdoms gave,
 But the heir is gone, and the *name* that he left him
 That heir was too weak to save.

'Where art thou? whither my child, hast thou past,
 Who with crowns in thy cradle didst play?
 Those happy days when I clasped thee fast
 To my bosom are fled away.
 Wife of my love, my heart's dear son—
 My race doth no more remain;
 And the subject sits on the monarch's throne,
 And the monarch is subject again!"

Our poet is an eclectic of the highest order, so much so that he seems to have verified the famous character:—

"In moderation placing all his glory,
 By Tories called a Whig, by Whigs a Tory."

One particular instance of his pursuit of the "*via media*" is recorded. A play of his called the "*Star of Seville*," when published, was attacked by the movement party as an embodiment of the spirit of ab-

solutism in its worst shape, while at the same time it was stigmatized by the Austrian censorship as of a democratic tendency, and its performance prohibited. I have not seen the play, but who can doubt that its principles were just as they should be. Notwithstanding, however, this *general* eclecticism, he seems to be an enthusiastic patriot, which is shown by many a lay in praise of the "land of the glorious Rhine," as well as by many impersonations of patriotic feelings. Witness the following tale of

"THE DYING WARRIOR.

Here is the goal, here let my coffin lie,
 'Twas here my bosom felt the wound of death,
 Here I beheld the haughty foeman fly,
 Here, on this spot, will I resign my breath.

Leafless yon alders stood in sad array,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair,
 And now 'tis verdant, incense-breathing May,
 Those trees arch over me no longer bare.

The foemen were a mighty, countless host,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair;
 Now is their pride and power for ever lost,
 Their countless corpses lie decaying there.

Slavery or death was then our only choice,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair;
 But now doth freedom once again rejoice,
 Its dawn appears with sanguine hue yet fair.

Ye, my beloved children, come ye nigh,
 And hear your father's testament and will;
 My breath is failing me, my tongue is dry,
 My limbs are ice, my heart alone burns still.

My sons, supporters of our ancient race,
 Heirs of my blood shed gladly for my land;
 I perish *one*, ye *twain* shall fill my place,
 And as your father stood, so ye shall stand.

And as your father fell, so fall shall ye,
 And fight till limb from limb your frames are torn;
 And from the lofty goal ye shall not flee
 Until to better fates your home is born.

And ye, my daughters, in your beauty's pride,
 I leave you poor, rich as I was before;
 Nought that I had was to my land denied,
 Even to the wreath of pearls your mother wore.

Yet when you walk in bridal robe along,
 The myrtle crown alone upon your brow,
 A new-freed land will hail you with the song
 That blood-stained fetters no more bind them now.

Then shall her maidens, poor like you, be near,
 Then shall her heroes hail you joyously;
 For blood and poverty is all our gear,
 And all our conflict's fame and sanctity.

Our fathers' God still lives—his voice is failing,
 The hero dies.—Breath of sweet flowers is there—
 The forest rustles—through the trees is sailing
 A snow-white eagle in the fields of air."

This is, indeed, lovely. We feel as though the breath of sweet flowers were around us, we stand among the rustling alders by the side of the dying warrior, and we catch faint glimpses of the inspiration which sees the snow-white eagle sailing through the fields of air. In this latter event, by-the-bye, the martyred Bishop of Smyrna preceded *our* hero, for at his death, 'tis said, a milk-white dove did hover above his ashes, and then fled away to the heavens, whither *he* was bound. Our poet, like all true poets, seems to have perfect faith in the minstrel's powers and the might of song; he would assent to poor Shelley, when, in his raptures, he called poets "the legislators of the world—the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration." Among many beautiful illustrations, take the following spirit version of Arion's wondrous tale. 'Tis called

"THE POOR MINSTREL.

Why throng the folk together? a ship parts from the sands,
With purple golden garments a king upon it stands;
A radiant light around him flings the crown upon his head,
As though the sun upon the main its beamy splendours shed.

And who stands by that monarch? It is a minstrel poor,
A warm heart and a harp he hath, alas! he hath no more;
Save that her scarf at parting gave the chosen of his heart,
From which, while life within him burns, he never more will part.

Merrily sails the vessel on, and cheerily blows the blast,
And joy the monarch fills as though all peril were o'erpast;
'Now, raise in pleasant measures, O minstrel, raise the song,
That o'er the waves to thy sweet tones our bark may dance along.'

The minstrel strikes the sounding chords: full joyously they move,
When lo! they see the stormy clouds are gathering fast above;
The ocean boils beneath them with a low and moaning sound,
The floods their murmurs utter, and the thunder rolls around.

And all upon that ship grow pale save one—in peace alone
The minstrel views the wakening floods and hears the wild waves moan;
Nought hath he death can take from him, for holy poesy
And love almighty in the breast may never, never die.

The storm the vessel seizes and hurls it 'neath the wave,
Where opens for it widely the abyss's yawning grave;
With might the monarch struggles long, but down, down heavily,
The golden crown and mantle drag—he sinks beneath the sea.

What rises from the billows now? what gleams so pure and white?
'Tis the poor minstrel, lo, the waves restore him to the light;
The dolphin bends his ready back to him, and for a sail,
Behold his loved one's well-prized scarf is fluttering in the gale.

Thus rides he thro' the tempest and awakes his gentle lay,
The waves grow smoother as he floats upon his watery way;
And clearly sounds from out the deeps, 'Yes, holy poesy,
And love almighty in the breast, ye never, never die.'

Yes! though the minstrel's mouth be dumb, tho' trees in sacred gloom,
And grassy hillock sinking fast mark out his lowly tomb;
On other lips, from other mouths, his tuneful numbers pour,
And still his spirit joys in them beyond yon distant shore!

She whom his heart had chosen, ennobled in his song,
Bears far on golden pinions the glowing verse along
To future ages onward,—and though *he* died *she* lives
As long as one of all his lays a gentle echo gives!

This song I sung at Spring's approach, and still its echoes breathe,
A prize unto the fairest round her snowy brow to wreath."

I know not whether Herr v. Zedlitz has adorned the brow of any chosen one with this fairy wreath of his: if he has not, many a fair girl in England should be proud of the adornment, unless the beautiful original has become *very* dull and dim in the ordeal it has had to pass through. It were well if there were no exception to the rule of pure and constant love this new Arion manifested; but candour compels us to state, that we fear Herr v. Zedlitz is of the butterfly kind, and of so grave and heavy a charge we hasten to bring forward our proofs. We appeal to our readers whether the damsel who forms the subject of the following *Moor(e)ish* effusion was fairly treated.

" SURE COMFORT.

Hang'st thou thy head grief laden
For that we now must part?
Didst thou then deem, silly maiden,
Thou hadst for ever my heart?
Thy flower I have not broken,
Nor thee of thy wreath bereaved.
The breezes have with thee spoken,
The winds thou hast believed.
Because as I found thee I took thee,
Thoughtst thou I aye should thee take?
Because I yet never forsook thee,
Thoughtst thou I ne'er should forsake?
Because I was mad with fever,
And kissed in a dream thy brow;
Didst thou imagine for ever
I should call thee 'my bride,' I trow.
Be calm, then, and dry up thy tears, love,
Thy heart will not break, I know;
Warm blood and eighteen years, love,
My girl, thou'lt not die of woe."

Shame! shame! Herr v. Zedlitz! The poet should not ebb and flow like the inconstant ocean. But, perhaps, it was not thine own love that thou didst so cruelly desert. Perhaps, too, 'tis only a portrait drawn from the teeming brain? Thou needest not to answer: our clemency shall save thee on this plea from the justly incurred sentence. Yet, surely as thou art a poet, thou hast loved. Oh, yes! Our poet is no exception: witness the following sunshiny, or more strictly speaking, moonshiny effusion:—

" LOVE'S PRAYER HEARD.

On a sweet spring night—the pale stars above,
The silvery moon o'er earth her bright beams throwing,
Coolness and balmy silence o'er us flowing,
With her I walked in confidence of love,
On a sweet spring night, the pale stars above.

In feeling rich, tho' poor in wordy form,
 Our eyes speak love with soft and gentle greeting,
 Cheek rests on cheek, and heart on heart is beating,
 'Thine, thine for ever,' cried I, true and warm,
 In feeling rich, though poor in wordy form.

And 'thine for ever,' echoes back again—
 The heavens are opening wide, to me beholding,
 Life seems to me its wondrous things unfolding,
 While happiness returns, long checked by pain,
 And 'thine for ever,' echoes back again."

Alas! alas! how full of disappointment is life! Well did the preacher say, that all was vanity. Were such vows as these to be broken, such happiness—was it to be interrupted? Alas! so said the fates; and Cupid had, in this case at least, scarce plumed himself for flight when a rude hand struck him to the earth. And now, ye lady readers of our Magazine, who think ye broke the vow? Methinks I see already the swan-like necks stretched eagerly forward, and hear the pretty words hurrying with all the haste and twice the music of a fairy cascade:—

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot on sea and one foot on shore,
 To one thing constant never."

Very pretty, fair ladies; and as *you* say it, doubtless very true. But it was not so in this case. These *moonlight* vows indeed turned out to be *moonshine*—but it was the lady that repented first: wherefore we have our poor rejected lover sighing forth hosts of melancholy lyrics, and hugging his sorrows as though he loved them.

"All things living have deceived me,
 And of all my hopes bereaved me,
 All like idle vanity
 Changed and fled away from me.
 One thing only ever true
 Hath remained and ever new,—
 My heart—its smart!"

"Gracious heavens! are these things to be?" and do thy thunderbolts, oh Jupiter, sleep? But we forgot. Gentlemen, not ladies, in all recorded instances, have been the object of Jove's thunders: so the lady must go on in her perjury, until—she dies of remorse. Why, she hath even driven the poor gentleman mad. Hear his extravagant wishes. In one poem he desireth to present a necklace to some imaginary love, and wishes no less than sun, moon, and stars to string thereon! Hear him once more in his own words.

"A WISH.

Little do I need to charm me,
 Yet that little lies afar;
 I would from that starry army
 Pluck one dear, one only star—
 Such a boon, I ween, would gar me
 Live content with all that are."

Again, hear his misanthropy—misanthropy I had better say.

“ If thou wouldst thy love should stay,
 To the desert thou must hie;
 Thither where there leads no way,
 Far from mortals thou must fly.
 Choose for home some darksome cave
 In the deepest wilderness:
 Wouldst thy heaven uninjured save,
 Hide thee in the rock’s recess.
 Let the tiger guard the door,
 That his tongue he may embrue
 In each comer’s blood. Be sure
 Whom he rends not *will* rend you!
 If two faithful hearts should cherish
 Each the other’s happiness,
 E’en of envy men would perish,
 Should such fate a mortal bless.
 Hide thee, then, from human sight,
 In the wild beast’s forest den,
 Dread not his untutored might,
 Rather dread the *best* of men.”

Poor fellow! he seems reduced to a sad state of despondency here. But he has still one trial to go through, a meeting with his perjured love, the last and hardest trial of all, and with his exquisitely beautiful description of it we must conclude our quotations for the present. It exhibits the true feelings of a poet, resting even with a broken heart in the pleasures of an unrestrained fancy, the poet’s own kingdom, of which none can bereave him. It is called “*Extinguished Love*,” and here it is.

“ Leave, O leave me still thine hand!
 Leave me still that only treasure:
 Thou hast ta’en all other pleasure,
 Leave, O leave me still thine hand.
 Though thou feel’st for me no more,
 Let me still in dreams be straying,
 Doubting still, and still delaying,
 Though thou feel’st for me no more.
 Grant to me this solace small!
 Here I make the final cession
 Of my brightest, best possession;
 Grant to me this solace small!
 Even shouldst thou press my hand
 As in years when love was burning,
 I’ll not deem it love returning,
 Even shouldst thou press my hand.
 Pressing hands is only greeting,—
 Nearer far are love’s caresses,
 Lip to melting lip he presses,
 Pressing hands is only greeting.
 Pressing hands is not an oath,
 Not eternal promise spoken:
 Yet e’en those, thou know’st are broken:
 Pressing hands is not an oath.

Leave me, therefore, still thine hand !
 What is gone, is gone for ever :
 Peace thou canst restore me never,
 Leave me, therefore, still thine hand."

And now—the verdict ! Is Herr v. Zedlitz a poet, or is he not ? Undoubtedly he is. The spirit of beauty is within him, and he presents all things as through a magic glass. To him life with its chequered scenery is not mere every-day life : nature to him, with its green fields, its soaring mountains, and its vine-clad hill-sides, is not as nature to the common man. Doubtless, with man's fall nature fell too, and the shades cast by approaching death passed across her unsullied brow : and surely it is the poet's office, and by no means his lowest, to remove the veil of sin and sorrow which shrouds all things, even the most beautiful, and show us through the world we have lost faint glimpses of that which we may one day gain. The muse seems to have especially favoured our poet, for it would be hard through all his volumes to find one subject which his magic wand hath touched and not surrounded with a halo of immortal beauty. The form, too, of his thoughts is beautiful exceedingly : the delicate verse and the expressive words in which each is clothed, almost lead us to forget how inadequate words are to express the wondrous things within us.

Of her rising poets, in truth, Germany need not be ashamed. The shades of Schiller and Goethe may rejoice that their mantle has fallen on no unworthy successors. Sweet as are their lyric effusions, they may many of them lay claim to excellence in the higher fields of poetry. The "Garlands of the Dead" of Herr v. Zedlitz, which we purpose at a future time to notice, and the "Breviary of a Layman," by Schefer, are poems which neither Schiller nor Goethe would have scorned to claim as their own. We, too, in England, are in an especial manner bound to notice the poets of "New Germany." Their works abound with translations from, and expressions of high admiration for our English bards. Freiligrath in particular, whose poems have been already noticed in the pages of the MONTHLY, has translated Coleridge's poem for eternity, "The Ancient Mariner," and V. Zedlitz has echoed in the sweet melody of the original the "Fare thee well" of Lord Byron. It is, too, no slight step to the promotion of that universal syncretism of which this Magazine has been an unflinching advocate, to infuse into our own language the brightest thoughts of the brightest spirits of other lands, that so, through the medium of "gentle verse," mankind may all tend to that same ideal standard of perfection, to which it is the poet's highest duty to point, and whither he *should* account it his highest privilege to lead the way.

LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(To be continued.)

SUPPLEMENT TO LOCKE'S METAPHYSICS, ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN'S SOCIALISM.

It is evident that a new era has commenced in religion. Reverend fox-hunters and priestly play-goers will soon be extinct. The Church of England is as rigidly abstinent from the amusements of the world

as the strictest body of dissenters. Doctrinal expositions have taken the place of what were termed "sound moral discourses," and the different items of our theological creed are often insisted on with a zealous pertinacity, which scarcely affords a moment's space for the inculcation of Christian love.

The indecorums of the by-gone priesthood were certainly far from seemly. But we fear that there is still great necessity for church reform. We speak not so much in respect of pluralities, rates, or tithes, as in matters more connected with the character and being of religious teachers and disciples.

We cannot be content until the doctrines of religion are made subordinate to religion itself; and until the wretched charlatanism which professes to generate feelings by a creed, is entirely abrogated. Most desirous, indeed, are we that the tenets of Christianity should be lucidly and constantly set forth, but the paramount object of the pious mind will be the promotion of Christianity itself. A true Christian must hold true doctrines; although the mere *doctrinaire* may be the very antithesis of a Christian. It is easy for the mind to give in its adherence to certain propositions which are irrefutable, and to believe others enunciated by the same authority, even when they transcend the apprehension of the individual. For it is not altogether an insecure mode of reasoning, to infer the truth of uncomprehended statements when announced by oracles, which so far as we have yet interpreted them, are found infallible.

But this is a belief, speculative at best, and in a measure vague. It is half knowledge, and half conjecture. Yet it is impossible that any creed which is generated rather by the intellect than the affections, should be of a nature more definite or satisfactory. The intellect beholds the region of truth at a distance, discerns its outlines, and guesses at the rest. But the sympathies are the very home of truth; for what is truth but vital sincerity? Facts may be *true*, and views may be *true*; but they are not *truth*. Truth is *SINCERE BEING*; it is not the perception of man, or the deed of man, but when it is constituted, it becomes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye wretched *doctrinaires*, who would almost special plead from God's universe the privilege of God's mercy—that all conclusions are heartless, of which the heart is not the premises.

It is certainly most painful to a true Christian to see the animosity with which doctrines are perpetually discussed in our pulpits. Little hesitation has the High Calvinist in decreeing to eternal penalties those who believe that heaven's grace is free to all mankind. And the Arminian is, in his turn, only too often, equally bitter towards the Antinomian. Those who plead for works, and those who insist on faith, frequently show, in their own instances, the ungodliness of the former, and the total absence of the latter. We have even had the ill-fortune to hear furious controversies between those who anticipate and those who deny the Millennium; the unchristian disputants all the while forgetting that the reign of universal peace, whenever it may arrive, cannot include *wranglers* in its dominion.

As we said before, we hold it of importance that religious doctrines should be stated; but religion itself must be the great consideration.

The truly religious man is one in whom all charity abides. He is God's witness by the loveliness of character; and testifies to the excellence of Christianity by all holy and amiable dispositions. However heretical may be the opinions of men, he dares not become their persecutor; he would fain be their friend. He wins and attracts them by the benignity of his nature to the audience of those great truths which he has to propound, and which he lives to exemplify. He impresses upon our minds the existence of heaven by exhibiting a character not all unmeet for the celestial denizenship.

The most sublime and vital doctrines of our faith can only be apprehended in the direct ratio that religion is developed in the human breast. A state of preparation is necessary to understand the Scripture, nay, even the prayer that such understanding may be granted, must be offered from a religious impulse. It is in vain that we seek to behold the "wondrous things that are written in God's law," unless God himself open the eyes to their perusal. It is in vain that the atonement of Christ is presented to the contemplation of the obdurately selfish. Its worth, its glory, its immeasurable mercy, never to be *estimated* by the most love-fraught spirit, cannot even be surmised by the loveless one. We are told by St. Peter, whose language entirely corroborates our present argument, that "they that are unlearned and unstable wrest the Scriptures unto their own destruction."

Now if the above statements (positively confirmed as they are by Scripture declaration), be indeed true, there must be, antecedent to the vital reception of Holy Writ and the doctrines which it contains, a humble and loveful disposition, originated by no outward instrumentality. There must, in one word, be a submission to the teachings imparted by the holy and ever-present spirit, through the conscience, to man. And here we see the baneful effects of Locke's philosophy, which, in denying such *a priori* teaching, denies, at the same time, all the external means which the love of God has provided for his creatures. For, if you reject the presence of the Spirit, you reject that which can alone produce a true comprehension of Scripture; and if you reject the true comprehension of Scripture, you manifestly reject the Scriptures themselves. Thus does the *a posteriori* philosophy necessarily involve Deism! This, however, need excite no surprise, as we have seen before that it is identified with Atheism. Truly to believe is to be conformed to the character of Him in whom we believe. It is possible to be orthodox in head and heterodox in heart. It is possible to be credist in view, and infidel in character. There is an unloveliness of soul, which is the Atheism of Being, and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers by the grave!

We mean not to include in the reprehension which is due at this moment to a large body of the church,—all its members. We cannot think of the departed Robert Hall,* the present Baptist Noel, and Chauncey Hare Townsend, without rejoicing that in the most bigotted

* We have said that we use the word church in its universal and noumenal signification.

era of modern professorship there have been illustrations of Christian principle.

To those who are true disciples of our Saviour, these remarks, rebuking the intolerance of the times, and pointing to evils which subsist with, and are supported by a false system of philosophy, will not seem uncalled for. In the meantime, may the Almighty grant to this empire, harassed not less by religious than political animosity, "*that most excellent gift of CHARITY without which whosoever liveth is accounted DEAD before him.*"

J. W. M.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

DESCRIPTION OF A PIECE OF ANCIENT DAMASK, IN THE
POSSESSION OF W. G. COLCHESTER, ESQ.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

FICTION has its truth, and history its fiction. But though the truth-like be not always the true, works of the former class approach excellence in proportion as they faithfully reveal the workings of the human mind, the hopes and fears, affections, sentiments, and passions, which directed, intercepted, or crossed by one another, make up that strange mystery, individual character. History, on the other hand, really gives us, for the most part, only a skeleton outline of events. Laws were passed and battles fought, which decided the fate of kings and kingdoms; yet it is impossible to read their chronicles with common care and interest, without feeling that the pages which tell of the hidden springs of action, the petty accidents, and petty interests, which, like revolving wheels, set the whole in motion, are after all little better than conjecture. But a picture, a statue, a piece of arras, or any other of the hundred relics of antiquity, is a mute evidence that such things were, and though in itself it professes not to fill up that bare outline, the task is neither unprofitable nor unpleasing. These remarks are not irrelevant to a curious specimen of ancient damask in the possession of W. G. Colchester, Esq., by whose kind permission the following description is published.

The length of the napkin, the fabric of which is extremely fine and beautiful, is forty-six, and the breadth thirty inches. In the centre we find an emblazonment of the royal arms of France and England quarterly, as borne by the house of Tudor, with the supporters adopted by Henry the Seventh; namely, on the dexter side a dragon, and on the sinister a collared greyhound. The shield is surrounded by the garter, with a strap and buckle, and appears suspended from a grated helmet in front, having seven bars. In the motto "pense" is spelt "pence," which peculiarity, as well as the form of the letters, exactly corresponds with the garter depicted in an old engraving of Henry the Seventh, affixed to Aley's "Historie" of that monarch. Upon the helmet is placed a crown with open arches, surmounted by a cross, alternate crosses and fleurs-de-lis surrounding it. The area above the supporters is filled with mantling flowing from the helmet, and beneath their feet, as if growing from the ground, are four distinct flowers;—the first resembling a plantain, the second a columbine, the third a heart's-ease, and the fourth would be declared a lily of the valley, were not the leaves serrated.* Near the flowers we also find the cipher H. R. in gothic characters.

* I cannot trace any appropriate emblems in the flowers. They are not of the heraldic form, and the *sentiments*, which have been attached to them, are simply—for the pansy, "think of me," for the lily of the valley, "return of happiness,"—the columbine, from the form of its bells, "folly," and the plantain, "genius." That, however, which I have called the plantain very much resembles the daisy, which little humble flower was adopted as a device by the mother of Henry the Seventh.

At the bottom is a border four and a half inches wide, in the centre of which appears an altar. In the compartment beneath the dexter side of the shield at the extreme end, is a huntsman, sounding a horn, and attended by a collared greyhound. Near to the altar is a stag, or antelope, surrounded by roses, and between the stag and greyhound, is a medallion containing a death's head. Beneath the sinister side of the shield, and with his back to the altar as if defending it, is a man in armour, with his spear presented, apparently keeping a wild boar at bay; and between the point of the spear and the mouth of the boar, corresponding to the opposite side, is a medallion, on which is here depicted a female head, in profile, with flowing hair. On either side the ground is filled up with foliage, roses, and the portcullis. Between this compartment and that containing the royal arms, is a narrower border of three inches wide, in which, directly over the altar, is a ducal coronet; from the coronet rises a cherub-like figure with wings, whose hands, each holding an arabesque branch from which a rose depends, are raised nearly to touch the head; while a kneeling figure on either side appears pushing the branches as if aiding the effort of the cherub to affix them to its head. On each side of the "towelle," and forming a border, we find a column of a mixed character. It is chiefly of the arabesque description, but among its imaginary devices, we perceive the half of a rose, as well as, at the lower extremity, a three-quarters face surrounded by the sun's rays. Upon these pillars, the feet being nearly in a horizontal line with the upper part of the helmet, stand two figures with long waving hair, each holding a branch which nearly in the centre terminates in the elephants' trunks. Between these trunks, and filling up the space immediately over the crown, is a single rose, on either side of which, and beneath the elephants' trunks, is a mirror. The upper border is precisely similar to the wider of the two already described, and the altar being in the centre, the rose just mentioned appears dropping from it.

When we remember the frequent washing of hands, and use of the "hand-towelle" in the religious ceremonies common at the time, I think there can be little doubt that the relic in question was manufactured for some state occasion, most probably a royal marriage or christening. The "Antiquarian Repertory" contains a paper called "Ceremonies and Services at Court," in which the following passage, illustrative of that custom, occurs among the regulations to be observed at the christening of a prince or princess. "Then must the sergeant of the pantry be ready at the churche dore w^t a towelle about his neke, w^t a faire salt sellere of gold in his hand w^t salt y^r in; then the sergeant of the ewery to be there w^t basyn and ewere for the gossipes to wasche w^t." And circumstantial evidence leads to a rational conjecture, that this piece of damask must have been woven during the early part of King Henry the Seventh's reign, and various emblems induce me to believe for the christening of his eldest son, Prince Arthur. It is considered by competent judges to be of Flemish manufacture; and we learn that about the tenth year of Henry's reign he prohibited trade with the Flemings, in consequence of the part they had taken with Warbeck, and it is highly improbable, such being the case, that their looms would then be employed on an article evidently intended for the use of some part of the royal family. The ceremony of Henry's coronation took place two months after the battle of Bosworth Field; but independently of that being an insufficient space of time for its completion, the monarch was not then married to Elizabeth of York, consequently there would not have been displayed that union of the roses which is typified throughout the whole fabric. Again, had it been designed subsequently to the birth of an heir, there is every probability that among so many devices, we should have found the plume, "Ich Dien," or some other emblem of a Prince of Wales. The cherub-like figure alluded to, in the description of the lower borders, appears rising from a ducal coronet, and it seems to me that little stretch of the imagination is needed to believe that figure typical of the expected heir. However jealous Henry.

might be of his wife's claim to the throne, he would never have disputed her rights as a daughter of the *Dukes* of York and Clarence; the ducal coronet might also signify his own descent from John of Gaunt, "Time honoured Lancaster," while over the head of the cherub, the rival roses at last appear about to join. It is here worth remarking, that, though in the principal compartment, the arms are in every other respect correctly emblazoned, the helmet,—though surmounted by a crown,—is *not* a royal one, having a centre bar, which is never found in regal heraldry; and yet it is represented *in front*, the distinguishing mark of a sovereign prince! Can this anomaly be in any degree accounted for by bearing in mind that the *Earl* of Richmond was crowned *King* on the field of battle with the ornamental crown worn by Richard the Third?

Among the remaining devices, the reader may be reminded, that, of the supporters of Henry the Seventh, the dragon was derived through his grandfather Owen Tudor, from Pen-dragon, the founder of the family. His claim to the greyhound is disputed. Sandford tells us, "that having been used by the house of York, the greyhound was assumed by Henry in right of his wife, who had derived it from her grandmother's family of Neville, and he did sometimes use two greyhounds, but it is thought he derived it from the Duke of Somerset, of whom Margaret Beaufort (his mother) was sole heir." The portcullis was adopted as a type of the castle of Beaufort, where John, great-grandfather of Henry the Seventh, was born; being one of the "valorous sons" of the Duke of Lancaster, who obtained their legitimation by a bull granted by Pope Urban the Sixth, a charter from his nephew, Richard the Second, and finally by an act of parliament confirming and enlarging these indulgences. I think enough has been already adduced to fix within a few years the date of the manufacture of the relic in question. Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., however, whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect, declares that the arabesque pillars at the sides do not belong to an earlier period than the reign of Henry the Eighth. How to reconcile this fact with the remaining devices I know not. Very early in his reign, Henry the Eighth took the crowned lion for his dexter supporter, removing the Tudor dragon to the sinister side, and discarding the greyhound altogether. Besides the antelope (a symbol of Margaret Beaufort), and the greyhound advancing towards the altar, which, on the other side, is defended from the attack of the boar, present a picture which tells its own story; for the boar was the crest of the Yorkists, and more especially the distinguishing badge of Richard the Third. Vide the old couplet,—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog."

The medallions, also, which are found associated in this part of the pattern, seem to represent the rival families. The death's head is an appropriate emblem of the Lancastrians being in the direct line utterly extinct;—and the female head may be supposed to represent the Princess Elizabeth, heiress of the Yorkists. The nude figures standing on the pillars, and supporting the branches above the helmet, I must believe fanciful embellishments;—as for the elephants' trunks, they probably denoted wisdom. Mirrors are sometimes used in heraldry, and in this instance they might bear an interpretation similar to that which Macbeth read in the mirror shown to him by Banquo's descendant.

It remains now to trace the history of the napkin as far as it is possible to do so. It was bequeathed to the mother of the present owner by her aunt, Mrs. Thirkle, who died in the year 1770, at a very advanced age; and the tradition is that it was kept by her with other articles of a similar texture, and called *king's linen*. This lady was descended from the family of Sparrowe, of whom it is said in Mr. Clarke's History of Ipswich, that "they were more intimately connected with the corporation of the town than any family on record." We find the name of Mr. Bailiff Sparrowe so far back as the

year 1540, and a gentleman of the name was Town Clerk when Mr. Clarke's work was published, in 1830. The circumstance, however, of the family being one of note in the town does not account for its possession of the *king's linen*, unless indeed any weight belongs to the tradition that some of its members were among those who assisted Charles II. in his escape after the battle of Worcester. There is an engraving of Mr. Sparrowe's house in Clarke's History, which he mentions and describes as one of the greatest architectural curiosities of the town;—and after alluding to the chamber in which the monarch was concealed, he thus proceeds:—"It is certain that there are many circumstances tending to place beyond a doubt, that there was a peculiar and intimate connexion between this monarch and the Sparrowe family," and then citing several original portraits of the king, besides some interesting ones by Vandyke, Kneller, and Lely, he mentions "two beautifully executed miniatures of the king and Mrs. Lane splendidly set in gold; which were, it is said, presented by this sovereign to his host, when he left the place of his concealment; and the royal arms on the front of the house tend still further to corroborate the conjecture." Ipswich was also visited more than once by Queen Elizabeth;—it was the birth-place of Cardinal Wolsey, the seat which he had destined for one of those "twins of learning"—the one

— "which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

And we find in the reign of Henry VIII. that Ipswich was the occasional residence both of the monarch's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, and of his vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield. Wolsey, especially, must have been intimately connected with many of the residents; possibly under early obligations to some of them; but at all events it is a fair conjecture that from one of these sources the piece of "King's linen" passed to the Sparrowe family, either as a gift or as an official perquisite.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Practical Observations on Distortions of the Spine, Chest, and Limbs. By W. J. WARD, F.L.S., Surgeon, &c. London: Renshaw, Strand.

No branch of surgery is so susceptible of quackery as that connected with the treatment of distortions. Nearly two-thirds of the works that issue from the press on this subject are merely circulars advertizing particular men, and particular modes of cure. One system of treatment is cried up and another cried down, until the public lose all confidence in the statements of professional men, and express a willingness rather to "bear the ills they have," than subject themselves to the care of surgeons who are exceedingly clever in their own estimation, but superlative charlatans in the eyes of others. We have read with much attention and pleasure Mr. Ward's observations on this subject. He appears to be a man of an enlarged mind. The absence of all empiricism in his work has much pleased us. It is not written to puff himself into practice, but the author's object evidently is to bring some important scientific facts to elucidate a difficult branch of surgical inquiry. Mr. Ward's observations on the influence of muscular exercise on the body are deserving of the attentive consideration of those who undertake the important duties of physical education. In speaking of curved spine the author judiciously remarks that "this disorder is of increasing frequency, more particularly amongst females in the opulent classes of society, a circumstance which, perhaps, may be attributed to the present mode of education, in which greater attention is paid than formerly to the cultivation of the mind and female accomplishments, and less time consequently allowed for the bodily exercise necessary to the preservation of health." We can sincerely recommend Mr. Ward's treatise to all persons interested in this subject. It is replete with useful matter, and deserves the attentive study of all those anxious to mitigate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

The Principal Baths of Germany considered with Reference to their Remedial Efficacy in Chronic Disease. By EDWIN LEE, Esq. M.R.C.S. &c. &c. Vol. I. Nassau, Baden and the adjacent districts. London: Whittaker. Paris: Galignani. Frankfort and Wiesbaden: Charles Jugel. 1840.

A work much wanted, and which deals so practically with the subject of mineral waters, as to be eminently useful.

THEOLOGY.

The Province of Reason in Reference to Religion. A Lecture against Socialism, being the ninth of a Series delivered under the direction of the London City Mission. By JOHN HOPPUS, LL. D., &c. London: 1840.

It has often been said that to trust men is the only way to make them trustworthy; and in the same way it may be said, that the only available method to make people take rational views on any subject, is to appeal to them as rational beings. It appears to us that the wisest course that could have been adopted to put down the influence of Socialism—a philosophy appealing to reason as its standard, was to show that tried by reason, it is a system altogether baseless and insupportable—bottomed on allegations (*si sic loquor*) which are untrue, and defended by reasonings which are illogical. The lectures which have been delivered under the direction of the London City Mission, seem to us, therefore, to have been admirably adapted for their purpose, and, if there be any sincerity in the Socialists—if, in fact, they do believe what they say they do, we doubt not that these lectures have accomplished a vast amount of practical good.

The discourse to which we have now to invite the attention of our readers is one, from its subject, calculated to render considerable services to the community; not simply in exposing the errors of Socialism, but in contributing to settle, in a very important point, the opinions of many wavering and unsettled minds, and to remove the doubts which have perplexed and shaken the faith of many “who profess and call themselves Christians.” For whilst there are amongst us a very large number who would revolt from expressing a disbelief in Christianity—who still worship at the altar and revere the sanctuary, who are, or rather say they are, *of us*, are still most undoubtedly not *with us*; who have subjected Christianity to a process of their own, by which they accept some doctrines and reject others; who believe not what is written, but what they think ought to have been written; who explain away all that seems to their finite capacities absurd and impossible, and believing God to be such a being, and Christianity such a religion as they think proper, strike out a new doctrine for themselves, of which the source is not sacred Scripture, but human reason.

The relations of reason and religion constitute a subject of the greatest importance, and it seems to us to have been treated by Dr. Hoppus as judiciously as could have been desired—with all the sober enthusiasm of a practical Christian, and all the acuteness of an accomplished philosopher. His lecture does not pretend to be an elaborate treatise on the subject; but he has stated all the grand points of the question with sufficient fulness. He has not sought to vindicate the several doctrines of our faith on the grounds of reason, but has successfully shown that the Socialist has as much violated the principles of reason in *rejecting*, as the Christian is said by him to do in *accepting* the authority of Holy Writ. After criticizing, and with great fairness, some general charges which the Socialists have advanced against their opponents, and returning on them the imputation of bigotry they have delighted in affixing to their opponents, “preaching,” as Burke said, “against monks with the spirit of a monk,” he proceeds to consider “the extent of the province of reason in reference to religion and miracles.” He observes, in the first place, that “Christianity is corroborated by natural theology.” On this subject he dwells at some length, stating in plain but forcible language the evidences that this world in which “we live, and move,

and have our being," *rationally* warrants our belief that it is the work of an intelligent Creator. Dr. Hoppus does not, however, push his argument too far, contenting himself with establishing by the testimony of nature the existence of a God—his independence and intelligence. He proceeds, in the next place, to inquire into "the province of reason with regard to any system which professes to be a religion revealed to man by a special dispensation from the Creator and Governor of the world." He shows that such a revelation is *possible*, because it has shown that there is a God. There is no impossibility, therefore, that Christianity should be a revelation. Nay, the purity and excellence of its doctrines, render it highly *probable* that it is so. "It is then," adds Dr. Hoppus, "the province of reason to institute a full and impartial examination of the evidences of Christianity." He then proceeds to show how *irrationally* the "Rationalists" act in not examining these evidences. To the historic argument—to the proofs that can be brought that the Scriptures are not "cunningly devised fables"—that they faithfully narrate the conduct of men, who, professing a certain creed, and testifying to certain doctrines in themselves highly moral and blameless, lived like saints, and died like martyrs, who were not profane fanatics, and who could not have been impostors—to the proofs of these things the Socialist writers have obviously paid no attention, contenting themselves simply with objecting to Christian doctrines on the ground of some difficulties in their comprehension, real or supposed. Dr. Hoppus shows then how *irrationally* they act, refusing their belief to a system merely because it is not without its difficulties. "Is the science of mathematics to be rejected," he asks, "because the ablest geometers have been perplexed for 2,000 years respecting the theory of parallel lines?—because there has been much controversy as to the proper mode of treating proportion?—because on the doctrine of vanishing fractions such names as Waring and Maseres, Hutton and Wodehouse are opposed to each other?—because the nature and application of imaginary or impossible quantities has been much disputed, and Euler and Emerson did not think alike on the subject?—or because Euler and d'Alembert had a controversy respecting imaginary logarithms."—(p. 65.)

In discussing "the limits of the province of reason," Dr. Hoppus grapples closely with the great source of the Socialist heresy. It is by the Bible religion has to be tried, and it is of no matter that some of her doctrines appear to us strange and improbable; if they are to be found in that book we believe to have been written by the finger of God, it is enough. We allude to this again, because we believe that the semi-Christian is of all sects the most prevalent, and, at the same time, the most dangerous. "That faith," says Lord Bacon, "which was accounted to Abraham for righteousness was of such a point, as whereat Sarah laughed, who was therein an image of Natural Reason."

We tender our sincere thanks to Dr. Hoppus for this able and useful pamphlet.

MISCELLANIES.

History of England, combining the various Histories by Rapin, Henry, Hume, Smollett and Belsham, corrected by reference to Turner, Lingard, Mackintosh, Hallam, Brodie, Godwin, and other sources. Compiled and arranged by F. G. TOMLINS, Editor of the History of the United States, Ancient Universal History, &c. In three volumes. Stereotype Edition. Williamson & Co.

We had occasion to review Mr. Wade's British History Chronologically Arranged in our January number last year. We then made this observation:—"Mr. Wade's book is distinguished for a certain *catholicity*, which is perhaps the rarest and fairest characteristic of an historian. He has consulted the Papal histories with as much exactness as the Protestant ones, and made them both subservient to the utility of his own work. If Mr Wade's history is entitled to this commendation, Mr. Tomlins' deserves the same eulogy

for the same excellence. This philanthropic system of combining the scattered lights of the various sects and parties is one of the most striking and the most promising characteristics of the age we live in. Never was the human mind more impatient to unite and harmonize the different rays of truth, that have too long remained scattered and broken by passion and partiality. In this spirit we rely for a new manifestation of human love, glory and happiness, which never can prevail under the exclusive and divisional forms of politics. That which Moore says of Ireland, is equally true of the nation at large :—

“ Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease ;
Erin, thy languid smile ne’er shall increase,
Till like the rainbow’s light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven’s pure sight
One arch of peace.

O Erin ! nunquam tacitos licebit
Sorte felici cohibere fletus
Major hand unquam decorabit ægrum
Gratia risum.

Si tamen sese varii colores
Miscuant, Iris velute corruscans,
Te super cœlo aspiciens surget
Pacifer arcus.”

Such is the true genius of national concord and coalition, which Mr. Tomlins has done well to illustrate by this noble history of our country. Noble, we call it—aye take it for all in all, it is the noblest history of England which has yet appeared. The composition of it entitles Mr. Tomlins to the warm gratitude of our fellow-countrymen : for he has displayed a soundness of judgement, and a copiousness of information, not equalled by any one of the historians he has so ingeniously amalgamated. His work indeed forms a sort of literary constellation in which all the stars of our history appear in a galaxy of light. This may look like hyperbole, but those who studiously read and compare these volumes will find it simple truth. We congratulate ourselves on being some of the first who have given this history of England its appropriate fame. Various circumstances, which need not be detailed here, seem hitherto to have conspired against its success. But with a fair field and no favour, this history will be sure to rise in price and popularity. It wants nothing but an accurate index to give it the whip-hand over the ordinary editions of Hume and Smollet.

Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By CATHERINE TAYLOR. London : John Murray. 1840.

The chief charm as well as great utility of this book consists in its reflecting in an epistolary style all that can be gained of Italy from other books. There are here many volumes in one. The style is pleasing and the information copious. The criticism on the works of art is generally accurate. Altogether we can warmly recommend these letters as one of the best companions the tourist can take with him into the parts of which it treats.

The Hand-Book up the Rhine. E. Churton, Holles Street. 1840.

This elegant brochure includes a description of all the principal places on the banks of the Rhine as far as Strasburgh and Frankfort, and other secondary routes, and every necessary information respecting passports, money, inns, and modes of conveyance through Holland, the Prussian Rhenish provinces, Nassau, Belgium, &c.

The Sacred Epistles Explained and Familiarized for Young Christians. By JENNETTE W. DAWE. London : Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill. 1840.

The Apostolic Epistles are here well analyzed in the way of question and answer.

The Illustrated Shakspeare, Part XVI. contains *Cymbeline*. The engravings are capital. *History of Napoleon*, Part XIX.—and the new series of *Heads of the People*, No. IX., progress favourably.

MEANS OF RESTORING THE DRAMA.*

THAT the drama has declined—and what be the causes of that decline—are equally obvious. Our attention is continually drawn to dramas that have been neglected, and which indicate ability, had it been encouraged. Among others, Mr. Simon Gray has amused himself for the last fifty years in composing dramas, which, whatever their merits, have “wasted their sweetness on the desert air.”

The first of these received, and deservedly, the approbation of the celebrated Dr. Blair. That the author is a dramatic poet the volume contains abundant evidence—though we cannot afford space to quote from the two plays. Our attention is rather directed to his *Thoughts on the British Drama*, and the means of its restoration.

Deeply impressed with the importance of dramatic literature in reference to the national taste, which it has always helped so much to form, our author inquires whether there is a falling off in the number of play-goers—but thinks there is not, while there is a great increase in the number of play-houses.

“I might here,” he says, “notice our penny theatres. Within these few years, so noted for a mania for cheapness, or low-priced articles, and, of course, for penny things of all sorts, these have sprung up, it seems, in all nooks of London. They attract, it is said, many thousands every night. They are reasonably supposed to have a very immoral influence on the children of the lower classes.”

The writer proceeds to observe, that “though the number of play-goers may be proportionally larger than formerly, the average nightly expenses may be greater than they were, and the terms of admission, combined with the number of paying visitors, may be too low to meet these.

“The terms of the nationals have of late years been lowered; the boxes from 7s. to 5s. This I think a very judicious reduction, and I should conjecture it is calculated to bring more money visitors. But though five shillings be a fair sum for the dress circle, to make the two other circles pay the same price seems to me to be very unsound statistics. The second should be four shillings, and the third, three. This alteration is not only proper, and warranted by the circumstances, but would bring more money visitors to them. The price for the pit, on the constant return of which so much of a theatre depends, has been reduced from 3s. 6d. to 3s. at Drury Lane, and to 2s. 6d. at Covent Garden. I am inclined to think three shillings in the present circumstances, which, of course, determine price-rates for the time,

* *The Spaniard*; or, *Relvindez and Elzora*, a Tragedy; and the *Country Widow*, a Comedy. With Three Letters of Dr. Blair; and *Thoughts on the Present State of the British Drama*, and what seems calculated to improve it. By SIMON GRAY, Esq. London: Longman. 1839.

a fair price. Probably enough, however, it might show judicious statistics to make it 2s. 6d. till Christmas.

"The expenses are certainly enormous. This great outlay may in part arise from very high salaries being given to certain performers of renown; but it is chiefly caused by the great number of persons employed, and the expense of getting up showy spectacles. The two national theatres, it is stated, employ about three hundred persons each in one way or another. The wages alone of such a host, however moderate, must amount nightly to a very large sum. The various dresses of so many, also, must add greatly to the expenditure. Such numbers are rendered necessary by those spectacles in which these theatres have for many years indulged so much, for the whole is show and finery. They have, therefore, fairly brought these grand sources of outlay, the host of persons required, and the outrageously expensive scenery, on themselves.

"A play, founded on nature and reason, that is, on sound taste, which interests the audience by its pathos, or delights them by gay and humorous scenes of real life, requires no great number of persons, and the scenery is as little expensive. Even in the case of a new drama of this sort, there are only a few new dresses wanted, with a little variety in the scenery. Though some of the able actors and actresses in these pieces will have (and they ought to have) good salaries, the expenditure of a theatre, which chiefly restricted itself to this legitimate, and rational, and natural sort of dramas, would thus, on the average, be greatly diminished; perhaps by nearly one third.

"However desirable such a reformation would be in many points, I am fully aware that it cannot be carried into execution at once. In order to draw an audience, the public disposition for the time must be consulted. The manager, therefore, however sound his taste may be, and however much he may disapprove of certain exhibitions which have become popular for the time, must yield, in a certain degree, or he cannot go on. But the attraction which year after year Shakspeare's dramas have kept up, and the run which every new, good, and effective tragedy or comedy is sure to obtain, must prove to him, as it proves to all the true friends of the drama, that this species of drama is that which is always popular, and will never fail to attract. He should, therefore, endeavour gradually to wean the public from that false taste for gorgeous show and unmeaning noise, which are so expensive, and yet, after being once seen and heard, become quite stale and unattractive, and turn it to affecting or delighting dramas. A constant succession of variety of these rational dramas, new and old, alternately, with a mixture of some of the mere singsong, tinselly, and terry sorts of exhibitions, would attract audiences, improve their taste, and make them more and more fond of genuine rational dramas. Every facility should be given to persons of talent to supply them with a constant store."

We must cordially agree with Mr. Gray in the opinion that there should be at least one theatre under the superintendence of government, as a MODEL THEATRE, not, as he justly adds, to interfere with others, or to injure them in any way, but to afford them a correct pattern.

“The direction might be in ten persons. Of these there would be three lords, chosen by the House of Peers, and three commoners, chosen by the House of Commons. These six should have the power to nominate four more, two of them to be literary men, and two of them actors,—one in the tragic, and the other in the comic line.”

We disagree, however, altogether with the suggestion, that the direction should be in some leading actor—it should be in the *POET*, and the poet *only*. The following has our hearty concurrence.

“One of the grand objects of the directors should be to encourage a free competition among writers of talent and genius, whether known or unknown.

“Every piece should be received and attended to honestly; no patronage should be needed; the presented piece should rest on its own merits; merely transmitting it, either with or without the author’s name, should be sufficient; and the answer, whether favourable or unfavourable, should be given as soon as practicable, with the general reason, if the answer be unfavourable; such as, there is too little action; though perhaps suited for reading, it would be ineffective in acting; a vagueness or deficiency of character; the style of imitation, of sentiment, or of language, not natural. To go further into detail would be inconvenient, unless there was a hope of rendering the piece acceptable by some change.

“The directors should have in their employ at least one person of sound taste, and well acquainted with the drama, who will be ready to assist the author in suggesting, or who, if required by the author, will be ready to make any change which he thinks likely to render the piece more attractive, and this to be at the expense of the theatre.

“As to afford amusement and a pleasing relaxation from serious business, is one of the objects of the theatre; and novelty is one of the most attractive qualities in amusement to all, the committee should endeavour to keep up a constant succession of novelties, either in re-introducing old plays, or bringing forth new ones. Almost any play that is at all tolerable, and which is well brought out, will pay the additional expenses. Every encouragement should be given to known writers, whose subjects are connected with the passions or manners, and indeed to all literary persons possessed of fancy, to bring the house a constant supply.”

“A new play, from the frequent occurrence of it, would cease to be an occasion for people assembling to bait the author, as if he had been a bull prepared for the purpose.

“To the disgrace of Britain this has been the fact for above a century, and though I think latterly there has been an improvement, it is still occasionally so in a considerable degree, I believe; for I have not, for some years, happened to be at the introduction of a new play. Most of the play-goers, both old and young, with the exception of the author’s particular friends, seem really to have gone formerly with the express purpose of condemning the play, if they could but find means for doing it. This is truly monstrous. It shows gross stupidity. It really displays the most genuine barbarism.

“The play-writer means to please the audience, and exerts himself anxiously, and with great pains, for the purpose. And what is the

return which these pretended friends of the noblest and most rational of amusements make to this well-intending friend? Why it is, as it were, to treat him like so many savages, with tomahawks in their hands, to revenge themselves on him for his good intentions, because, probably from their mere caprice, he has not succeeded in getting a majority to think he has done what they wanted! And probably, in many of such cases, he would have executed his good and kind intention, had they only possessed candour enough to hear him out, with a wish to be pleased by him, as he had come before them with a wish to please them.

"But it will be asked, are we to submit to have trash imposed on us without resenting it, or at least showing that we disapprove of it? No. But we should act like civilized thinking men. Without assuming that the committee, which I have proposed, would never lend itself to submitting trash, or what does not appear to it to be entitled to a fair hearing, I will say for the managers, as they have long been found to be, that they also would not submit to the public what they did not think fairly worth their hearing. But if they have really misconceived the matter, and the author have failed to accomplish his good intention, let the audience refuse their applause, and the piece will die of itself. This is the treatment with which truly civilized and rightly thinking men would visit an ineffective piece submitted to their verdict.

"As I have already observed, I believe, in this point, there has been latterly considerable improvement, and a mildness of reception, more worthy of a thinking age. The time for the rational reform of all these thoughtless barbarisms is fairly come. And I have too high an opinion of the good sense and good feeling of my fellow-countrymen and fellow play-lovers, not to be convinced, that on seeing their conduct in this case set in a fair, honest point of view, they will do what justice and liberality require of them towards a well-intending author."

Our hopes for the drama, during the next season, rest with the management of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. Authors with them, we demand, shall have a respectful hearing. They must produce new pieces; the revival of old comedies will do no good either to the manager, actor, or author.

"The conduct of our managers," says Mr. Gray, "for above a century, has, in this grand point, been very unaccountable. They seem to have wantonly thrown every obstacle in the way of obtaining a supply of proper dramas from the quarter in which they were likely to be found. At the same time they trusted for a supply from those unknown persons who should take it into their head to send in casually a play, which they could scarcely, from what was so well-known, have the least hope of getting accepted. That under the circumstances, most of these would not merit submission to the public, was a most reasonable conjecture. And at the same time, while they seemed to trust to this unwise mode of supply, they appear scarcely to have thought it worth their while, excepting under very peculiar circumstances, to take the trouble of reading them.

"By their intolerable haughtiness and insolence, to say nothing of

their real ignorance and folly, they closed their doors upon all independent men of literary talent and name. It was made nearly as difficult for any such gentleman to get a play received by these folks as to obtain a place in the cabinet council. Unless a writer could get at these insolent despots by means of some very powerful family, or by the aid of some of their mistresses or relations, it was in vain for him to apply. After his piece had lain for a longer or a shorter time, as these dictators thought proper, the piece, in most cases probably without ever being thoroughly read at all, was returned to him with the cold circular reply, that they were obliged to him for the preference given to their house, but the piece could not be produced with advantage to the establishment.

“ This strange, imprudent, and irrational conduct had rendered the various managements so odious to writers of reputation, that even those who had dramatic talents, and might have cultivated them to advantage, have, for a century, in general, disdained to have any thing to do with our theatres. The two houses have thus not only lost a supply of dramatic pieces from those best able to supply them, but even the patronage of these gentlemen whose influence is so considerable in society, and of their numerous literary friends. And not only that, but the contemptuous and depreciating manner in which these literary gentlemen indulged, in speaking of those theatres, and the contemptible character of their modern exhibitions, tended powerfully to bring the drama into general disrepute among the educated classes.

“ The suppliers, by this unwise management, have been unfortunate literary men, in distress, or persons burning for fame, but incompetent to the task of writing a good tragedy or comedy, and some persons connected with the theatre, over whom the proprietors or managers had the power of employers. For a considerable time past, the houses have been chiefly supplied by the last. Now, whatever the talents of these gentlemen might have done, had they been properly cultivated, or cultivated in the school of real nature, in their circumstances what could be expected from them? Forced to work for certain purposes, and under directions calculated to make them automatons, or to be mere translators from the fashionable rubbish and gorgeous spectacles of the French and German theatres for the season, how could they produce genuine and original dramas? Let their natural talents be what they might, educated as they were in the school of mechanical and really unnatural playhouse nature, and working also in the trammels of dictation as to claptrops, and attending chiefly to what the caprice of the misled public required for the month, how could they produce genuine imitations of the affecting or humorous scenes of real life? It was not their object to exhibit imitations of genuine nature, or to attend to what would rouse interest, or promote gaiety and laughing among rational people and sound critics; but to please the whims of the season, and the momentary prevailing prejudices among the mass of play-goers. Their pieces, therefore, are what they have been constrained to make them, very much copies of one another, and consisting chiefly of mere claptrops, and a constant recurrence of some of those which happen to take till they are completely worn out, and become stale

and repulsive. Occasionally, indeed, pleasing exceptions have taken; and are taking, place, and these show what these gentlemen could do, were they allowed to think, choose, and exert their talents by the genuine law of their profession,—*real imitation of real life*. But the opposite of this has been generally the result of the management for the last century.

“The supply of good pieces, dramas founded on the principles of nature and reason, and possessing some of the eternally pleasing qualities of Shakspeare, would, I am strongly inclined to think, be greatly promoted by the government committee which I have proposed. The encouragement given by them to men of real genius, and of literary reputation, would once more induce these persons to turn their attention to the drama, and trying their powers in that line, as they could without any difficulty get their pieces brought forward.”

Such are some of the suggestions made by our veteran author in favour of the drama. They deserve the utmost attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,

As you seem to have considered my remarks on Education not unworthy insertion in the June number of your Monthly, I am tempted to forward the enclosed trifle in case you should find a vacant corner for it. It was written for the benefit of such of my own sex as are disposed practically to adopt the contrary opinion; and being calculated to correct an error which I believe prevails to some extent in society, I presume to think it may not be inadmissible in a journal devoted to the improvement of the conduct through the enlightenment of the mind; at the same time that I venture to express a hope that such may be its effect upon the (what are generally termed) frail, and therefore more excusable portion of society, I beg particularly to caution any worthy Benedict who may have the curiosity to peruse it, that he be not unmindful of the admonitions it contains for himself.

ON MARRIAGE AS IT RELATES TO WOMAN.

It may be regarded as a theory, which, perhaps, the reality of life will frequently contradict, that a woman cannot love with that intensity of feeling before marriage as she may afterwards. The former, though certainly an original and involuntary affection, which must have a very powerful influence on the mind before it could be supposed that a woman of honour and delicacy would yield entirely to its impulses, is, yet, liable to be controlled by reason and circumstance—to be restrained by considerations of prudence, or by doubts of its tendency to happiness; but when once she has vowed her vow, before God, unto her husband, all such doubts and considerations are immediately removed, and she yields herself to the full tide of her first affection, in the confident assurance that it has become her solemn duty, as it is certainly her highest temporal interest, to love him.

Connected with this there is also another portion of her vow which must not be overlooked, and it is that which relates to obedience.

The word obey, however softly pronounced, has yet something harsh and unpleasant in the sound, and is what the generality of women would willingly dispense with; but it is nevertheless essential to the order of society, and the happiness of the married state, that this obligation should be placed on the woman. It is almost impossible to meet with two minds, however affectionately united, that shall invariably agree with each other on all points; and where a difference arises between married persons, which cannot be overcome by persuasion, the laws of God, and the dictates of reason require that the woman, being the weaker and less responsible, should yield. And her obedience should be willing and cheerful, for a forced and constrained submission that is yielded with discontent and ill-temper, is never calculated to conciliate regard. It may be, indeed, that cases will unhappily arise, in which the higher duty she owes to God, and her own conscience, and even the exercise of her deliberate judgement, will constrain her to withhold her assent. But her behaviour then requires the utmost circumspection; she must call in all the aids of reason and of mild persuasion, avoid every thing which is calculated to provoke, and be careful not to evince even the semblance of a proud or taunting disposition, for although a firm adherence to principle be requisite, such a spirit under any circumstances is highly unbecoming in a woman.

But mutual affection is essential to the happiness of connubial life, and if the wife would have the god of love to smile upon her in the person of her husband, she must remember that his favour must be propitiated by many sacrifices—a sacrifice of self-will and of selfish gratification, a constant desire to please, and to find her happiness in that of her husband. The grace of manhood is that of the strong and dignified, but not proudly towering oak, whose lusty arms are stretched forth to shelter and protect. But woman should rather emulate the gracefully-bending willow, whose leaves and branches so beautifully yield to the passing breeze, and return with equal grace to their natural equanimity. It is in such a disposition of mind, founded on virtuous and religious principle, that feminine grace consists. But let him who is blessed with such an one remember, that in order for this tree to flourish in its native beauty, it is essential that it be watered by a constant stream, and that stream must flow from the fountain of his love; for should it be suffered to dry up through neglect or indifference, or its course be heartlessly turned into another channel, its root will wither, its branches decay, and the tree itself will soon fall lifeless to the ground.

E. P.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

ON the eleventh of August her Majesty was pleased to close the late Session of Parliament, which stands accordingly prorogued to Thursday the eighth of next October. The business done had not amounted to much, and no triumph had been won by either party. The Conservative leaders had acted rather as individuals than as party men, and their influence was given rather to the popular than to the Tory

cause. On the question of privilege, Sir Robert Peel sided with the House of Commons, and on the question of the Corn-Laws is supposed to have prepared the way for concessions to the popular cry. Lord Stanley, having at first assumed an *ultra* position in reference to the Irish Registration Bill, changed it ultimately for a neutral one. The Duke of Wellington spoke against, but voted for, the uniting the Canadas; while the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues' Bill, though opposed by the Bishop of Exeter, was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Sir Robert Peel. At the conclusion of our leading article on the affairs of the Levant, we have shown that in her international relations, Great Britain occupies precisely the same mid point. She is neither Tory nor Whig—she is Conservative. “I am engaged,” said her Majesty in her most gracious speech, “in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, in measures intended to effect the *permanent* pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe.” This is the aim—but to effect it, Mohammad Alee and the French people must likewise be conciliated—at least so say the men of Birmingham. And, no doubt, their wishes will receive consideration; for it is Her Majesty’s “anxious desire to maintain tranquillity at Home and peace Abroad; to these Objects,” she adds, “objects so essential to the interests of this country and to the general welfare of mankind, My efforts will be sincerely and unremittingly directed; and, feeling assured of your co-operation and support, I humbly rely upon the superintending care and continued protection of Divine providence.”

The reader of any philosophical insight will see that it is the Law of Great Britain’s present position that she harmonize and reconcile in her policy the extreme political elements of Monarchy and Revolution. To her the nations will look for the example of that compromise which they must then follow. Party warfare, therefore, must cease among us.—She cannot be at strife herself who is to preach peace to the world.

Our international policy is likely to become soon of paramount interest. The courts of Berlin and Vienna, it seems, desire that Egypt, the Pachalik of Acre, Crete and Syria should be added to the viceroy; Egypt and Acre with hereditary sovereignty, Syria and Crete for life; but Thiers, on the part of France, wishes to conclude a direct arrangement with the Pacha, under the exclusive influence of his own country. He would settle the question by an immediate agreement between Turkey and Egypt, independent of the five powers. Since the explanation of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, the French papers have ceased to threaten war. The course of events hitherto serves, however, to show the relative positions of the different powers in relation to the East, and its relation to European government. We trust that our readers by this time have enough evidence of the correctness of the philosophic principles on which we have judged of political questions, and that now they have become of world-interest, we are in possession of the only theory that will adequately explain their phenomena.

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[No. 22.]

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. III.—COUSIN CRITICISED.

WE diverge for a while from the volumes in the review of which we have already made some progress, to some other works which have reached us in connexion with their subject. Continental Transcendentalism is not without its antagonists in America, and by some is even erroneously considered as the "latest form of infidelity!" They who are of this opinion, are persons who consider themselves as *orthodox* Unitarians. It will amuse the High-Church party in this country to learn that American Unitarians consider certain persons, privileges, claims, or opinions as heterodox from their sectarian standard. The denounced persons, however, will be found less sectarian than the orthodox, and as such will find more favour with the catholic mind than

* A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity; delivered at the request of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School," on the 19th of July, 1839, with notes by ANDREWS NORTON. America, Cambridge: published by John Owen. 1839.

The Latest Form of Infidelity Examined. Letters on the Latest Form of Infidelity, including a View of the Opinions of Spinoza, Schleiermacher, and De Witte. By GEORGE RIPLEY. Boston: James Munroe and Company. 1840.

Two Articles from the Princeton Review:—Transcendentalism of the Germans and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this country; recommended by ANDREWS NORTON. America, Cambridge: published by John Owen. 1840.

1. Elements of Psychology, included in a Critical Examination of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," with Additional Pieces. By VICTOR COUSIN, Peer of France, Member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction, Member of the Institute, and Professor of the History of Ancient Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature. Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. C. S. HENRY, D.D. Second Edition, prepared for the Use of Colleges. New York: Gould and Newman. 1838. pp. 423. 12mo.

2. Introduction to the History of Philosophy. By VICTOR COUSIN, Professor of Philosophy of the Faculty of Literature at Paris. Translated from the French, by HENNINGE GOTTFRIED LINBERG. Boston, America. 1832. pp. 458, 8vo.

3. An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday, 15th July, 1838. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston, America: pp. 31, 8vo.

The Dial, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion—to be continued quarterly, No. 1, July 1840, edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and MISS S. M. FULLER. America, Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Company, 121, Washington Street. 1840.

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their opponents. ✱ For two years the *Boston Quarterly Review* existed as the organ of the Unitarian heterodoxy. *The Dial*, enumerated among the books above, is commenced for the same end.

The views indicated in *the Dial* are the same as those proposed by ourselves in the *Monthly Magazine*, and which, thank heaven, we have been enabled to maintain, and hope still to maintain, without suspicion of heterodoxy—whether in philosophy, morals, or religion—in the latter, particularly, having in every way solicitously preserved an orthodox position with respect to the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which we are members. In all cases we appeal to conscience, tradition, and Scripture, and would not willingly be found offending against the authority of either.

The controversy with which we are now dealing lies between Messrs. Norton and Ripley—the former attacking transcendental philosophy, under the name of the latest infidelity, and the latter defending it as the maturest Christianity. Mr. Ripley's *Letters* are, in fact, a triumphant answer to Mr. Norton's *Discourse*, to both which, from want of room, we must refer the reader for full satisfaction.

The tractate on German Transcendentalism, the sentiments of which being recommended by Professor Norton, we shall take the liberty of quoting as his, is very valuable, as embodying not only the notions of American objectors, but those of its antagonists on this side the Atlantic. We fear that we shall not have space this month to do more than state these objections, as our press arrangements require that the present article shall be a brief one. This is, however, something, and will lead to more.

The first objection taken by the class of opponents represented by Mr. Norton is, that they feel themselves unqualified for the argument, and that therefore the argument must be bad. "What," asks the professor, "is this vaunted German philosophy, of which our young men have learned the jargon? We shall endeavour to give an intelligible answer to so reasonable an inquiry. In attempting to offer a few satisfactory paragraphs on this, it is far from our purpose to profess to be adepts. We have seen a little, heard a little, and read a little, respecting it. We have even during the last fifteen years turned over one or two volumes of German metaphysics, and understood perhaps almost as much as some who have become masters; yet we disclaim a full comprehension of the several systems. The Anglo-Saxon *Dummheit*, with which Germans charge the English, reigns we fear in us, after an inveterate sort. We have tried the experiment, and proved ourselves unable to see in a fog. Our night-glasses do not reach the transcendental. In a word, we are born without the *Anschauungsvermögen*; and this defect, we are persuaded, will 'stick to our last sand.' We once said to a German friend, speaking of Schleiermacher, 'But we do not understand his book.' 'Understand it!' cried the other with amazement, 'what then? but do not you *feel* it?' We deem ourselves competent, nevertheless, to give the plain reader some notices of the progress of transcendental philosophy."

Wherein this competency consists we are at a loss to learn, in the absence of the only qualification on which it depends. Accordingly, we find Mr. Norton giving an account of the system of Kant in such terms as

to prejudice the reader against it, and yet detect him in a subsequent note to another part of his argument confessing that "Kant is altogether exempt from the charge of pantheism, representing God as 'not by any means a blind, acting, eternal *Nature*, the Root of all things, but a supreme Being, who, by understanding and freedom, is the author of all things.'" Now, pantheism is the charge brought by this and other writers of his stamp against all transcendental systems. If Kant be confessed free from this charge, why object to his philosophy?—Why, but because it is philosophy, and as such, an *à priori* method of synthesizing, which said critics are incapable of appreciating?

E. g.—"We do not wish to be understood as comprehending this profane modification of atheism, for we almost tremble while we write, we will not say at the notions, but the expressions of men who treat of the genesis of divinity, as coolly as Hesiod of the birth of gods; yet we will proceed."

Again,—"It would be difficult to define precisely how far the philosophical system, which Dr. Henry is seeking to domiciliate among us, agrees with the mis-shapen phantasies which we have brought before the notice of our readers. When language has ceased to be the representative of ideas, it is not easy to tell what are intended to be equivalent forms of speech. M. Cousin, moreover, professes to discard the phraseology of Kant, even where he adopts his ideas, and deprives us thus far of the means of recognition. But unhappily we do not find, that the 'way in which men express themselves in France' is any more intelligible than the dialect of 'Königsberg.' Even Mr. Limberg, 'the accomplished translator' and admirer of Cousin, finds it difficult occasionally to understand what M. Cousin precisely means, and M. Cousin himself now and then betrays an obscure consciousness of having 'reached a height, where he is, as it were, out of sight of land.'

* * * * *

"The applications of M. Cousin's philosophy are to us, however, more valuable than the scientific exposition of his principles. The formulas of transcendentalism are, in most cases, as Berkeley styled the vanishing ratios of the modern mathematical analysis, 'the mere ghosts of departed quantities;' but, when the truths which they are supposed to contain, are applied to morals and religion, they assume a more substantial form. Here at least we can try the spirits by the test of what we already know to be true. Our only elements for a judgement upon the trackless path of German philosophy are afforded by its line of direction, while within the scope of our vision."

Again,—"As there are certain limits to intellectual powers, which the immortal Locke endeavoured to ascertain, and beyond which we float in the region of midnight, so those who have forgotten these cautions have in their most original speculations only reproduced the delirium of other times, which in the cycle of opinion has come back upon us 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream.' In the French imitation, no less than the German original, there is a perpetual self-delusion practised by the philosopher, who plays with words as a child with lettered cards, and combines what ought to be the symbols of

thought, into expressions unmeaning and self-contradictory. And as in this operation he cannot but be aware, that these expressions are the exponents of no conceptions of the intellect, he demands, as the only possible prop of his system, a specific faculty for the absolute, the unconditioned, and—may we not add?—the absurd! Thus Fichte asked of all such as would aspire to his primary, free, and creative act of the *Ich* or *Ego*, a certain power called the *Anschauungsvermögen*. It is the want of these optics, alas! which spoils us for philosophers. Reinhold, who often combated, and sometimes rallied, his old friend, avowed, that he was utterly destitute of this sense, a misfortune, adds M. Degerando, common to him with all the rest of the world. It is, however, the happy portion of the absolute Philosophers, the Behmenites, the Gnostics, the Soofies, the Buddhists, and a few of the Americans."

Again,—“If any, overcome by the *prestige* of the new philosophy, as transatlantic, or as new, are ready to repeat dogmas which neither they, nor the inventors of them, can comprehend, and which approach the dialect of Bedlam, we crave to be exempt from the number, and will contentedly abstain for life from ‘the high *priori* road.’”

But enough of these citations, which prove only that the *natural man understands not the things of the spiritual man*, and is therefore incapable of appreciating them. We do not expect such writers to feel that the spiritual man knows also the things of the natural man. Nevertheless, such is the position of the parties in this dispute—they are unequally matched. All knowledge, short of self-knowledge, is but half-knowledge, while self-knowledge is the wisdom that knoweth all things.

The next objection of these pseudo critics against transcendentalism is derived from its poetical character. “A hundred times,” says the Princeton Reviewer, “in passing over Cousin’s pages, we have been constrained to ask, is this philosophy or is it poetry? It can surely make no pretensions to the one, and it is but sorry stuff if meant for the other.” Ah! they know not that the highest philosophy and the highest poetry are identical. Both rest in the same intuitions—and without intuition are alike nothing. This notion that philosophy should be prosaic and not poetical, is the root of the error with such critics. We are also inclined to believe that even in poetry such judges mistake poetic diction, or at any rate a certain sentimentality, for poetry, and even in the truest poetry apprehend only the words and not the spirit. The following passage embodies both objections.

“Such, then, is this latest form of infidelity. It knows no intelligent or conscious God but man; it admits no incarnation but the eternal incarnation of the universal spirit in the human race; the personality of men ceases with their present existence; they are but momentary manifestations of the infinite and unending; there is neither sin nor holiness; neither heaven nor hell. Such are the results to which the proud philosophy of the nineteenth century has brought its followers. We have not drawn this picture. We have purposely presented it as drawn by men, with regard to whose opportunities and competency there can be no room for cavil. It might be supposed, that a system so shocking as this, which destroys all religion and all

morality, could be adopted by none but the insane or the abandoned; that it might be left as St.-Simonianism, Owenism, or Mormonism, to die of its own viciousness. This supposition, however, overlooks the real nature of the system. We have presented it in its offensive nakedness. It is not thus that it addresses itself to the uninitiated or the timid. What is more offensive than Romanism, when stripped of its disguises? yet what more seductive in its bearing, for the vast majority of men? There is every thing to facilitate the progress of this new philosophy. It has its side for all classes of men. For the contemplative and the sentimentally devout, it has its mysticism, its vagueness, its vastness. It allows them to call wonder, a sense of the sublime or of the beautiful, religion. For the poet, too, it has its enchantments, as it gives consciousness and life to every thing, and makes all things expressive of one infinite, endless mind. For the proud, no Circe ever mingled half so intoxicating a cup. 'Ye shall be as God,' said the Arch-tempter of our race: 'Ye are God,' is what he now whispers into willing ears," &c. &c.

A third objection is derived from the transcendental philosophy being supposed of German origin.

To this we reply, that undoubtedly it is desirable to have a philosophy of home growth—but we would observe, that this same transcendental philosophy, in fact, preceded Bacon's in the common country of ourselves and of the fathers of our transatlantic brethren; and that previous to the existence of English literature altogether, it flourished in the East, where it still flourishes (a fact which Mr. Norton strangely enough adduces against its verity)—nay, that it was of paradisaic origin, being figured in the Mosaic record as the unforbidden tree of life, or, according to the interpretation in Solomon's Proverbs, wisdom as distinguished from knowledge. In tracing it thus to the garden of Eden, we trace it to the father-land of all of us. In what country, then, can it be other than of home-growth? Nay—what human heart is there that utters it not in its hopes and its fears, its aspirations and its depressions? The transcendental intelligence is none other than "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and every system of transcendentalism is only a more or less partial development or description thereof, and is in such proportion more or less true. No one can give the *whole* truth—and only in pretending to give the *whole* truth can lie. Wherever there is man, this philosophy must be of home growth; but it has been completely developed nowhere. So far as every system is incomplete it is erroneous—and this is the case with every system. We are not, therefore, surprised that Mr. Norton can find omissions in all these systems, but his charges of "Atheism," "Pantheism," and of a "reprobate mind," are so many gratuitous assumptions—or rather words with which the critic has frightened himself, and would fain frighten his readers. What, however, he says of Eclecticism itself is true, both in the letter and the spirit. "Cousin," says Mr. Norton, "glories in the name of Eclectic, and claims to be the founder of a new school, which is to comprehend and supersede all others. 'Our philosophy,' he says, 'is not a gloomy and fanatical philosophy, which, being prepossessed with a few exclusive ideas, undertakes to reform all others upon the same model: it is a philosophy essentially optimistical, whose only end is to compre-

hend all, and which therefore accepts and reconciles all.' It is a fundamental position with M. Cousin, that every form of belief that has existed contains within it some truth; and he seems to be equally strong in the faith, that in his philosophical alembic every creed will part with its error. He finds in the eighteenth century four philosophical schools, which he designates as the Sensual, the Ideal, the Sceptical, and the Mystical. Each of these schools has existed, and therefore truth is to be found in each, and can only be entirely obtained by effecting a composition between them all. But where are we to find the test that will separate the elements of truth and error combined in each of these systems? And where the principle of unity which is to group together the particular truths disengaged from each? These can only be found in a new system. But this system, according to M. Cousin's reasoning, as it exists in common with many others, can contain only a portion of truth, and the skimming process must be applied to this in common with the rest. We see no end to this method of exhaustions. M. Cousin's philosophy has in truth no better claim to the name and character of eclectic than any other system. It accepts what agrees with its own principles, and rejects what does not, and this is precisely what every other system does.

"If further evidence were wanting of the affectation and charlatanism of this title, it might be abundantly found in the additional reasons which M. Cousin assigns for assuming it. One of these is, that consciousness demands eclecticism. And the case is thus made out. 'Being, the me, and the not-me, are the three indestructible elements of consciousness: not only do we find them in the actual developement of consciousness, but we find them in the first facts of consciousness as in the last; and so intimately are they combined with each other, that if you destroy but one of these three elements you destroy all the rest. There you behold *eclecticism* within the limits of consciousness, in its elements, which are all equally real, but which, to form a psychological theory, need all to be combined with each other. Another reason is, that 'even logic demands eclecticism,' for all systems of logic turn either upon the idea of cause, or that of substance; and, from the alternate neglect of one or the other of these ideas, we have the 'two great systems which at the present day are distinguished by the names of theism and pantheism.' Of these systems, the author adds, that 'both the one and the other are equally exclusive and false.' Hence even logic demands eclecticism. But the most amusing argument, which M. Cousin urges in behalf of eclecticism is, that which he draws from the spirit and tendencies of the age. We cannot follow him through it, as it is spread over seventeen octavo pages. He rejects from consideration England and Scotland, on the ground of their lack of philosophy, and pronounces Germany and France to be the only two nations worthy of notice. He passes in review the general state of philosophy and of society in these two nations, declaims upon the French monarchy, the revolution, and the Charte,—and at length arrives at this conclusion: 'If all around us is mixed, complex, and mingled, is it possible, that philosophy should be exempt from the influence of the general spirit? I ask, whether philosophy can avoid being eclectic when all that is around it is so; and whether, consequently, the philosophical reformation which I undertook in 1816, in

spite of every obstacle, does not necessarily proceed from the general movement of society throughout Europe, and particularly in France? There is something in all this that is either above or below our comprehension. We can readily conceive, that they who see and feel its force, would find no impediment to glorying in the fancied possession of the culled wisdom of all other sects.

"Before dismissing this point, it is right that we should hear Dr. Henry's account of the boastful title of the new school in philosophy. 'Its *eclectic* character consists precisely in the pretension of applying its own distinctive principles to the criticism of all other systems, discriminating in each its part of truth and its part of error,—and combining the part of truth found in every partial, exclusive, and therefore erroneous system, into a higher, comprehensive system.' If we rightly apprehend the writer's meaning here, it involves a strange confusion of ideas. Eclecticism, he maintains, is a distinct, scientific theory, possessing its own method and principles, and of course reduced to a system. And yet its method and principles are applied to all existing systems, to gather from them the materials for a higher and comprehensive system, which is to embrace the whole. The test to be applied implies the existence of a philosophical creed, and yet this creed is still to be formed from the parts of truth extracted, by the application of itself, to all others! The system of M. Cousin has, in truth, no more claim to the title of eclectic, than any other that has ever existed. It is quite as *Procrustean* in its character as others, stretching or lopping off to suit its own dimensions, and differing from them, in this respect, only in its catholic pretensions."

All this is perfectly correct. There can, in fact, be no scientific Eclecticism. Whether a man derive the elements and corroborations of his own belief from within or without, it forms for him and others a separate and distinct theory, constructed in reference to a particular standard, and valid for individual results. Eclecticism or Syncretism is only good as a moral sentiment, as a benevolent disposition on the part of individuals to agree with one another as men, and thus to unite in the accomplishment of the worthiest purposes that can be suggested and made to appear so to many minds in common.

We must, then, consider Cousin's as a separate and distinct system by itself, and not as a theory composed of selected portions of other theories. It is a system that assumes and requires the existence and recognition of the principle of faith, and proposes to convert the sceptic by showing to him the invalidity of doubt—a point in the argument which is angrily misunderstood by Mr. Norton. Indeed, he is at fault in the very first principles of philosophy, which require a proper definition of the terms Time and Eternity. We are surprised at Mr. Norton's gross blunder on this head, since he seems to show some appreciation of Kant, however much he condemns his successors, including in the condemnation our own late dear, S. T. Coleridge, and our own present no less dear Thomas Carlyle, of whom he writes insane blasphemies not to be uttered. However erroneous may be some of the doctrines of some of the men Mr. Norton mentions, the unphilosophical character of his own mind impairs much the value of his advocacy.

"That there was ever a time when there was nothing," said Cole-

ridge, "is a self-contradictory proposition; and so it must be to every mind that has learned to distinguish time from eternity." But what says Mr. Norton? "We find matter now in existence. Unless it has existed eternally, there was a time when it did not exist." That is, there was a time when there was nothing. What he should have said is this—"Unless matter has existed eternally, time and matter are coeval, and both had a beginning." This is the true proposition, if the philosophical definitions of the two terms be attended to—which are, that eternity is simple duration, and time is duration with succession. Prior to time and matter is eternity, and that throughout every link of the series as well as the first.

We have now arrived at the limits of our present space, but we shall resume the subject, the canvassing of which is even more requisite for England than for the United States. We should be much delighted if sufficient interest be excited here in the discussion as to promote controversy, however virulent. We are prepared to meet it; nay, will grant room for it even in our pages, if any combatant, properly instructed, is desirous of adventuring.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

BY FORBES WINSLOW, ESQ. MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, AND AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF SUICIDE," &c.

CHAPTER II.

MIND AND MATTER, LIFE AND ORGANIZATION.

By connecting the science of medicine with the philosophy of the human mind, we are placing the former on the highest vantage ground to which it is susceptible of attaining. The practitioner of medicine ought to be endued with the true spirit of a philosopher. It may be true that it does not require a very expanded or elevated tone of mind in order to enable the physician or surgeon to wield the agents of the *materia medica*; but he who conceives that the art of treating disease consists in the exhibition of medicinals, entertains an ignoble idea of the principles of his profession. Medicine ought not to be practised as a trade, but as a *science*. A physician is not an artizan, but a philosopher; and although he may occasionally have to avail himself of physical agents for the removal of physical and mental ailments, the great and important principle of treatment consists in acting upon the body through the medium of the mind. In order to do this effectually, how essentially necessary it is that the medical man should be thoroughly versed in a knowledge of the human understanding, its passions, idiosyncracies, and reciprocities of action. If this view of the matter is admitted to be correct, the whole system of medical education must be altered. Physical truths may enlarge the mind, and are necessary to the philosopher and the man of science; but they will not alone fit the physician for the arduous duties of his profession. He must be educated as a moral and intellectual being;—as he will have to make available mental influence in the treatment of disease—to act upon the minds of those with whom he is brought

in contact,—how important it is that his own understanding should be subjected to a very high amount of expansion and cultivation.

“He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endu’d
With depth of understanding, height of courage.”

MASSINGER.

Before entering upon the consideration of the various intellectual faculties, passions, &c. exhibiting their normal and abnormal conditions, and deducing therefrom principles to guide us in their management, I would endeavour to establish how far our knowledge of mental phenomena extends, and to show the futility of attempting to pass the boundary prescribed to finite understandings. In the course of this inquiry it will be impossible to avoid alluding cursorily to many points with respect to which much difference of opinion exists. The connexion between mind and matter, life and organization, are topics of absorbing interest; and although these great speculative questions have excited much acrimony in the minds of those who ought to be most free from a feeling of this kind, the struggle has not altogether been unproductive of useful results.

In demonstrating the influence of mind on body, or body on mind, the consideration of the dependence of mental and vital phenomena on a particular kind of organization cannot with propriety be omitted. If the inquiry is productive of no other advantage than that of humbling our pride by exposing our ignorance of the mysterious principle of life, it cannot fail of being beneficial to the mind.

In this chapter the following points will *seriatim* merit consideration:—

1. What is understood by the term mind.
2. The connexion between mind and matter.
3. Materialism considered.
4. Life and organization.
5. Human, animal, and vegetable instincts.

The Latin word *mens*, or mind, which is now used to express in the aggregate all the intellectual operations, signified originally that which knows or understands, and is derived from the root *mena*, to know. The word soul was used by the ancients to express simply the animating principle.

The Celts gave their soul the name of “seel,” of which the English have made soul, while the Germans retain *seel*. The Greek philosophers distinguished three sorts of souls:—“Psyche” signifying the sensitive soul—the soul of the senses; and hence it was that Love, the son of Aphrodite, had so much passion for Psyche, and that she loved him so tenderly: “Pneuma,” the breath, which gave life and motion to the whole machine, and which we have rendered by “spiritus,”—spirit, a vague term, which has received a thousand different acceptations: and lastly, “nous,” intelligence. Thus according to the Greeks, we have three souls;—Pneuma was spread *throughout the body*; Psyche was in the *breast*; and nous in the *head*.

Prior, the poet, wrote the history of the soul, under the title of “Alma.” The soul, according to “Alma,” resides at first in the extremities, in the feet and hands of children, and from thence gradu-

ally ascends, at the age of puberty, to the centre of the body. The next step is to the heart, in which it engenders sentiments of love and heroism; thence it mounts to the head at a mature age, where it reasons as well as it is able; and in old age it is not known what becomes of it,—it is the sap of an aged tree which evaporates, and is not renewed again.*

“The notion we annex to the words matter and mind,” says Reed, “is merely relative. If I am asked what I mean by matter, I can only explain myself by saying, it is that which is extended, figured, coloured, moveable, hard, rough and smooth, hot or cold; that is, I can define it in no other way than by enumerating its sensible qualities. It is not matter or body which I perceive by my senses, but only extension, figure, colour, and certain other qualities which the constitution of my nature leads me to refer to something which is extended, figured, and coloured. The case is precisely similar with respect to mind. We are not immediately conscious of its existence, but we are of sensation, thought, volition—operations which imply the existence of something which feels, thinks, wills, &c.”

Newton was asked, why he stepped forward when he was so inclined, and from what cause his arm obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing about the matter. If we were to follow the example of this great philosopher, and modestly admit our ignorance of those subjects about which we really have no knowledge, we should have a just conception of the shallow pretensions of man to universal wisdom. No undertaking would perhaps prove more beneficial to mankind than that which endeavoured to draw a correct line of demarcation between what is really known, and that which is merely conjecture.

Our notion of the nature of mind is as limited as our knowledge of material substances. “When we wish to have a rude knowledge of a piece of metal,” says a great French philosopher, “we put it on the fire in a crucible; but have we any crucible wherein to put the soul? Is it spirit? says one;—but what is spirit? Assuredly, no one knows. This is a word so void of meaning, that to tell what spirit is, you are obliged to say what it is not. The soul is matter, says another; but what is matter? We know nothing of it but a few appearances and properties; and not one of these properties, not one of these appearances, can bear the least affinity to thought.” If we look into the Mosaic records for information, we should feel inclined to believe the soul to be a kind of divine breath, vapour, or aura, or to have proceeded from such a substance; for “God breathed into man’s nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.” It is also stated in another part of the Scriptures that the blood is the life of man; and a distinction is drawn between mind, soul, and spirit; so that our knowledge derived from the Bible on this subject is vague and indeterminate. What do we know of the nature of spirit, mind, or soul? All we know for a certainty, is that we think, reason, judge, that we possess

* Prior was originally an attendant at a tavern kept by his uncle, where the Earl of Dorset, a good poet himself, and a lover of the bottle, one day surprised him reading Horace, in the same manner as Lord Ailsa found his gardener reading Newton. Ailsa made his gardener a good geometrician, and Dorset made a very agreeable poet of his vintner.

a will, &c ; and a knowledge of these phenomena we derive from consciousness, and we denominate them effects of an undefinable and inscrutable principle, which we designate by the term mind, or soul. Any other word would do equally well to denote the principle which we call mind ; but these terms being universally used, and their acceptance generally known, it is not necessary to substitute any other in their place.

That the brain is the organ, or medium through which the operations of the mind are made manifest, has become an unquestionable axiom in physiology. It is proved by such a mass of overwhelming evidence, that it has become almost unnecessary to establish the fact. In tracing back inquiry up to the spring-head and source of all volition, it stops at the brain, as the only tangible and legitimate organ of all mental action.*

As we trace the different gradations in the scale of animal creation, we find intelligence increase in a ratio to a complicated organic nervous structure. Where we can discover no nervous system or brain, there we find the lowest amount of instinct and mental endowment.

We find the brain or spinal marrow united to every part of the body by nerves, which either terminate or originate in the sentient organ. These are the only channels of sensation. If the nervous continuity be destroyed the person becomes immediately deprived of sensation and perception. Divide the nerve of sensation going from the brain to the hand, and you may cut and burn the latter, and no sensation of pain will be felt. Sight is immediately suspended by disease of the optic nerve. A deprivation of the sense of smell and hearing also takes place when the nerves going to the ear and nose are prevented from conveying impressions to the sensorium. The slightest pressure on the substance of the brain deprives an animal of sense and motion, and in man suspends the operations of the mind. If venous, instead of arterial blood, be sent to the brain, asphyxia immediately results. This close relationship between the intelligent principle and the brain has given rise to much controversy respecting the independent existence of mind. Many have maintained that the mental faculties are as much the result of the organism of the human brain, as digestion is the effect of a particular conformation of matter denominated the stomach, and that it is absurd to conceive that the mind can exist as an abstract essence. Those who endeavour to establish an identity between organic nervous structure and mental phenomena overlook the impor-

* In all the inferior orders of the animal creation, where instincts are multiplied, while the indications of intellect are feeble, the organ which performs the office of the brain is comparatively small. The sensitive existence of these animals appears to be circumscribed within the perceptions of the moment, and their voluntary actions have reference chiefly to objects which are present to the sense. In proportion as the intellectual faculties of animals are multiplied, and embrace a wider sphere, additional magnitude and complication of structure are given to the nervous substance which is the organ of those faculties. The greater the power of combining the ideas, and of retaining them in the memory, the greater do we find the development of the cerebral hemispheres. These parts of the brain are comparatively small in fishes, reptiles, and the greater number of birds ; but in such mamalia they are expanded in a degree proportional to the extent of memory, sagacity, and docility. In man, in whom all the faculties of sense and intellect are so harmoniously combined, the brain is not only the largest in its size, but beyond all comparison the most complicated in its structure.

tant fact that the brain has been most seriously injured without producing any interruption to its manifestations. Dr. Ferrier* adduces a variety of instances, in which the brain was partly or wholly destroyed, where the mind did not suffer any diminution of power.

Abercrombie relates the case of a lady, in whom one half of the brain was reduced to a mass of disease, but who retained all her faculties to the last, except that there was an imperfection of vision, and had been enjoying herself at a convivial party at the house of a friend, a few hours before her dissolution. Dr. Ferrier refers to the case of a man who expired suddenly, and who retained to the last moment a perfect use of his intellect. After death it was found that half his brain was destroyed by suppuration. A man mentioned by Halaran suffered such a severe injury of the head that a large portion of the bone was removed on the right side, and extensive suppuration taking place, there was discharged at each dressing through the opening, an immense quantity of matter mixed with large masses of the substance of the brain. This went on for seventeen days, and it appears that nearly one-half of the brain was thrown out mixed with the matter; but the man retained all his intellectual faculties to the very moment of dissolution, and, through the whole course of the disease, his mind maintained uniform tranquillity.†

Although ready to admit a very close relationship between the brain and operations of the mind, these facts, independently of *a priori* reasoning, are sufficient to convince the most sceptical that the mental principle is not the effect of nervous organization.

Dr. Priestly is the great advocate for the materiality of the mind. He rejects the commonly received notion of matter, as an absolutely impenetrable, inert substance, and premising that the powers of sensation, perception, thought, have never been found but in conjunction with a certain organized system of matter, maintains that these powers necessarily exist in and depend upon such a system. In proof of this doctrine he alleges that perception and thought are not incompatible with the properties of matter, considered as a substance exalted and endued with the powers of attraction and repulsion; and, therefore, if one kind of substance be capable of supporting all the known pro-

* Philosophical Transactions of Manchester.

3 † As to the sensibility in those parts of the brain supposed to be the seat of the intellectual faculties, Sir Charles Bell observes, that we ought not to expect the same phenomena to result from the cutting or tearing of the brain, as from injury done to the nerves. The function of the latter is to transmit sensation, that of the former is higher, and this is inferred from its being insensible. "If on examining the structure of the brain," says this eminent physiologist, "we find a part consisting of white medullary stræ, and fasciculated like a nerve, we should conclude, that as the use of the nerve is to transmit sensation, such tracks of matter are media of communication connecting parts of the brain. If masses are found in the brain unlike the matter of the nerves, and which yet occupy a place guarded as an organ of importance, and holding evidently important relations, we may presume that such parts have uses different from that of merely conveying sensation; we may rather look upon such as the seat of the higher powers. I have found," continues the same authority, "at different times all the internal parts of the brain diseased, without loss of sense, but I have never seen disease general on the surfaces of the hemispheres without derangement of the mind. If I be correct in this view of the subject, then the experiments made upon the brain tend to confirm the conclusions which I should be inclined to draw from anatomy, viz. :—that the cineritious and superficial parts of the brain are the seat of the intellectual functions."

perties of man, true philosophy, which will not authorize us to multiply causes or kinds of substance without necessity, will forbid us to admit the existence of any principle essentially from matter. He boldly asserts that "there is the same reason to conclude that the powers of sensation and thought are the necessary result of a particular organization as that sound is the necessary result of a particular concussion of air." It has been well argued by the learned Dr. Barclay, in opposition to the views of Dr. Priestly, that if you admit that vital phenomena depend on organism for its existence, by parity of reason we ought to demonstrate that the genius of an artist depends both for its vigour and existence on the nature of his tools. If the vital phenomena cannot be displayed but through the medium of a visible structure, so neither can the genius of the artist but through the medium of those tools which are absolutely essential to the execution of his designs. If the mental principle appear and disappear just in proportion to that state of the organs necessary to its existence, so will also the designs of the artist. As tools imply the previous existence of life in the person who formed them, so all the organisms to be found in the animal and vegetable kingdom as necessarily imply the previous existence of vital phenomena.

Those who contend mind and life to be the result of organization ought to explain in what manner the organization itself took place; they should show the means employed to produce the disposition of parts which they conceive requisite to give rise to intelligence. If they deny the primary influence of a vital power associated with the particles of matter, let them explain by what other agency the atoms can assume organic actions. All effects must have a cause, and it is better to assign one according to which difficulties can be accounted for, than to contend for the efficacy of properties or powers, of the existence of which we have no evidence, and which even granting them to exist, can only be considered as inferior agents, or peculiar manifestations of a vital principle.* (An unanswerable argument against the materialists may be deduced from the Mosaic account of the creation of man. It is recorded in the Old Testament, that, after God created man out of the dust of the earth, he 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul.' If life had depended upon organization, the principle of vitality would have manifested itself in proportion as the body became an organized structure.†

* Richrand.

† The brain has been attentively examined, but no analogy can be most distinctly traced between the anatomy and function of the organized mass. Philosophers, with more zeal than judgment, have sacrificed their time and health to the study of the minute anatomy of the brain, hoping to discover the connexion between its structure and uses, but with little success. It has been recorded of the learned Goltz, that he devoted all his life with a sort of enthusiastic madness to the study of the brain. His biographer thus speaks of him:—"Mr. Herman Goltz passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate viscus, the brain, endeavouring to discover some coincidence between its marvellous structure and its important uses. To this end, the whole concentrated force of his acute intellect was directed. Sometimes he was elevated by the hope that he had ascertained the source of the reasoning faculty, and the seat in which the passions are hatched; but these gleams of success were transient, and were succeeded by total obscurity. At one period, he conceived that he had actually drawn aside the curtain, and beheld the mysterious processes that are performed in the occult laboratory of

Those philosophers who are so anxious to ascribe every thing to matter, should recollect, that no species of organism whatever, to be found in the animal or vegetable kingdom, or even among the works of art, has ever been known actually to exist where vital phenomena had not preceded, exhibiting itself either within the organism, or in some other organism endowed with life. It seems to be, therefore, not only a natural, but a necessary conclusion, that so far is organism from being the cause, that it is rather the effect of vital phenomena; and hence it follows, that the materials of food and drink, like the kind of materials composing an automaton, may enter into thousands and myriads of structures, having no more concern in regulating the size, proportions, or forms, than the timbers and metals have in devising the plan of a ship, a church, or a palace, into which they may enter with all their chemical affinities, but must enter merely as the materials, and not as the architects or the contrivers.*

The materialist should demonstrate to us how a particular combination of nervous or cerebral fibre can originate judgment, hatred, remorse, self-love, pride, &c. If these mental operations are but the consequence of a peculiar arrangement of brain, this organ must be constantly undergoing structural alterations. When the actor, in the exercise of his profession, assumes the semblance of any passion, when he "mimics sorrow when the heart's not sad," does that portion of the brain supposed to be the seat of the mental emotion become changed?—it must, if the doctrine of those who advocate the supremacy of organization be assented to. In opposing, as I am disposed to do most strenuously, the material philosophy, I would guard myself from falling into the other extreme of denying the close association existing between the mental and corporeal economy. For wise purposes this union is established, and it is the knowledge which we derive from its contemplation that it is my anxious wish to see made available in the practice of medicine. In tracing this connexion between mind and

nature; but he confessed himself deceived, and afterwards cordially acknowledged that the curtain itself was a mere delusion. Exhausted by these sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his understanding gave way, and in a moment of despair, he hanged himself in his dissecting-room, and was nearly devoured by the rats before his loss was discovered and his fate deplored. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper these impressive words: 'For more than *twenty tedious years* I have pursued a phantom, and *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into ruin and misery. My vision has become so dim, that I can no longer distinguish the objects of my research; my hand is too tremulous to hold the scalpel. Confined in this charnel-house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects; I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of woman. I have indeed read of the charms of society, the exhilarations of wine, the delight of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no females can reproach me with attachment, nor can a child curse me for existence. To live longer is useless; the past has been misemployed; the present is wearisome, and I will anticipate the future.'" Thus ended the melancholy life of Goetz!

† * An argument often used against the materialist is that derived from the *divisibility* of the principle of life. In the polypus the sentient principle is divisible; and from one polypus or earth-worm may be formed two or three, all of which become perfect animals, endowed with sensation and volition. It should be borne in mind, that the *Annelida* consists of a frame work composed of a series of horny bands or rings. At each ring there is a ganglion or little brain, which is the centre of nervous secretion. If this be uninjured when the animal is divided, a separate worm is formed.

matter, our understanding becomes enlarged, our sphere of observation extended, and our notions of the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity elevated; then surely this inquiry, independently of its great practical utility, cannot fail in improving our intellectual and moral nature.

Many materialists, not satisfied with maintaining that mind is the effect of organization, assert that when the corporeal organs cease to be endowed with vitality, the intellectual faculties become also annihilated. Persons so disposed to reason, should bear in mind that we know of nothing which admits of destruction; that what we term annihilation is only a change in the mode of existence. The death of the body is nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of matter ceases to exist. "There is, therefore," says Dr. Brown, "in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principle, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence." It may be true that our idea of spirit, as distinct and unassociated with matter, is far from being clear, but our evidence of the independent existence of mind *per se* rests *primâ facie* upon evidence as strong as that which establishes to our minds the reality of matter.

The subject of life, human, animal, and vegetative, has occupied the attention of speculative minds from the earliest periods of philosophy. The facts which have been brought forward, the theories that have been broached, in order to account for the unknown principle that appeared to be diffused through the universe, and which gave origin to animation, have been numerous, wild, and contradictory. The apparent analogy which existed between the vitality of plants and animals led them to suppose that the principle of life was identical, and that the form it assumed was owing to the media through which it was made manifest, or to the organic structure with which it was associated.

Overlooking the opinions of the ancients, let us glance shortly at some of the modern notions concerning the origin of the vital principle. Fray, an eminent physiologist, rejecting the idea of the independent existence of life, believed that heat, sunshine, moisture, and mud, when acting together harmoniously, could produce living beings, although he never, like Paracelsus, endeavoured to show how this was effected. He conjectured that life and organization resulted from atoms in the form of light, which proceeded from the sun. He asserted that the sun is hourly decreasing in magnitude, and that when its matter is exhausted, darkness will succeed, and no power being left to retain the planets in their orbits, they must rush together, become again a general chaos, and this second chaos the source of a new order of things. Leibnitz, Haller, Bonnet, Spallanzani, Priestly, Leeuwenhoek, Claude, and Cardinal Polignac, have, like many ancients, ascribed life to various species of organized atoms which have waited for thousands of years for favourable circumstances to enable them to expand into animals or plants: Leibnitz attempted to account for life by supposing the existence of monads, or substances distinct from matter, which have within themselves the power of generating motion, perception, &c. The theories of Haller, Needham, Buffon, Harvey, &c. are exceedingly ingenious, but they in vain endeavour to chase away the

darkness in which this mysterious subject is enveloped. It is sufficient for our purpose to know that superadded to the physical structure of man, animals, and vegetables, is a principle which preserves identity, and causes growth, motion, sensation, &c; what its nature is, how it operates, and how connected with matter, will perhaps never be revealed to the mind of man. Death is said to be the extinction of vitality, and health is supposed to exist in proportion as this principle pervades the human frame.* We see life remain dormant for years in seeds, in the egg it also has no sensible existence until generated and called into being by the application of heat; we know that some animals remain torpid for a considerable time, destitute alike of motion and sensation, who are restored to vitality on the return of a particular season of the year. Do these facts admit of a satisfactory solution? Is it possible with our limited faculties and imperfect knowledge that we can solve the problem that has puzzled the wisest philosophers of ancient and modern times? In attempting to discover the origin of our being—the source of vitality—we have consumed much valuable time, that might have been usefully devoted to the study of its laws and operations. It might perhaps be more in consonance with the taste of many were I to develop some fine-spun, ingenious theory of life, or descant upon the hypotheses of others; although I might talk of primitive germs, monads, organic particles, ~~impossible~~ atoms, until the mind became lost in a maze of hard, unmeaning pedantic terms, no practical good would result from my labours. Probably one useful lesson might be learned from such a history of this branch of speculative philosophy,—it would demonstrate to us the folly of endeavouring to fathom the inscrutable and mysterious workings of the Divine mind; it would teach us humility, and subdue the lofty pretensions of those who in the ardour of their enthusiasm are apt to conceive themselves endowed with a portion of Divinity itself.†

In every department of human knowledge, there is a point where inquiry must rest; and where it becomes the true philosopher to contemplate in awful humility the wonders of Almighty power, adoring in silent reverence that infinite wisdom which has only unlocked, as it were, to man, the vestibule of the great temple, that contains thousands of nature's secrets yet unopened, and thousands more perhaps never to be revealed.

(To be continued.)

* Many facts establish that the vital principle does not always cease to exert its influence after the apparent dissolution of the body. Well authenticated instances are on record of persons whose hair and nails have grown considerably after death. The only way to account for this phenomenon is by supposing that these parts of the body have the power of retaining life longer than others.

† The most modern theory of life is that which endeavours to establish an identity between it and electricity. There is no doubt but that electricity has a great influence over the body, and that when the supply of nervous energy is cut off from the brain to a particular organ, that organ may be enabled to exercise its functions by exposing it to an electric current. But this only proves that the electricity acts as a stimulant. Is it possible out of the body, by means of this agent, to imitate the process of digestion, nutrition, &c.? The nervous energy may be somewhat allied to electricity, but this fluid which is supposed to be generated in the brain, and distributed through the frame by the nerves, is but the effect of vitality, and not life itself.

THE LAST RECORD.

NO. VIII.

SELECTED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

BY ORDER. NICK. SOBER, HON. SEC.

WHAT evils have accumulated upon us since we last amused ourselves with you, gentle reader! We are sorry for it, as Dick Careless says, both on account of our own reputation, and of the pleasure of which you will be deprived. But what was predestined cannot be avoided, and it is not becoming to waste time in sighing out useless regrets. Can a man exist without his members? Verily, no. Nor can a club exist without *its*. The doctor is married and has retired from the club. The major—the brave, worthy old fellow!—has lately felt an itching in his palm, as if it would like to grasp the sword again, and he earnestly hopes that the war with China may prove a stirring one, that there may be a chance of his re-entering the service. Have you ever known an old soldier, gentle reader? If you have, do you remember the keen animated look which he assumes when he hears the report of a war, or reads an account of a siege? The cannon are planted in an advantageous position—the firing commences—a breach is made—the storming party are ordered to their duty—away they march—three cheers for St. George and the Queen! Hark! what voice is that? It is the veteran borne away by the impulse of his feelings, shouting the war-cry—his whole soul is wrapped up in the contest—he is self-absorbed—he is in a dream—the scaling-ladders are placed against the wall—the leader of the brave band plants a foot upon the ladder—he mounts, and is cut down by the enemy above—he is succeeded by another—and another—the musketry flash and rattle through the smoky gloom—the conflict becomes close and dreadful—man is planted against man, sword against sword—a brave fellow stands upon the rampart—he is assailed by a body of the enemy—he defends himself boldly—he slays several of his foes, but he is overpowered—he receives a wound at his heart—his blood flows in a torrent—he staggers and falls over the rampart. “Forward!” shouts a voice; it is the brave veteran’s! his eyes are fixed upon the exciting page, his mouth is a little open, his breath drawn in gasps, he is bent forward in the attitude of intense attention. “Forward!” he shouts again, and starting to his feet, and throwing out his arm to strike down an enemy, he wounds himself. The vision disappears, and he sinks exhausted by the mental excitement.

The major is a man of this stamp, and as it is very likely that we shall lose him, in case a creditable war should turn up, we may already account him defunct. Our friend Ned is now busy contesting a borough, and expects to be returned on the Conservative interest, unless he changed his mind before he arrived at the scene of action. The barrister, we are happy to say, is getting into practice, and already finds that his causes require so much of his attention that he can give but little to the club. But the most awful truth is yet to be unfolded; the club might still have lingered on but for this. New

members might have joined, new characters might have been introduced, new tales related; life might have been displayed under new aspects, and new interest might have beamed over our concerns; but alas! a blighting cloud has passed over us, our energies are withered, we can rejoice no more; the President is dead!—dead! there is something cold and chilling in the mere repetition of the word; it seems as if a skeleton had suddenly placed his hand upon our mouth and stopped our breath. Dead! how heavily the sound sinks upon the ear, and it falls upon the heart like lead; it checks every vital action—the pulse trembles—the cheek blanches—the limbs totter—a clammy sweat breaks over the body—the eyes grow dim—we sicken—the intellect is obscured—thought is suspended! Dead! we can write no more!

We have been obliged to pause, dear friends, to recover the integrity of our faculties; we brushed the tear from our eyelids, and we resolved to fortify ourselves against grief; we have succeeded, and we can now regard the deplorable event with decorous solemnity. We left off as the word dead dropped from our pen. It formed a period thus ● round, dark, and gloomy. And is not that little drop of ink wonderfully typical of death? It finishes a clause—it stops the sense—it is the symbol of an end. Round, like it, the circle of life is wound up in death, and all is dark and mysterious. But stop—while we write, the flame of our lamp is reflected from its surface, a small brilliant spot is beaming from its centre—how purely, how dazzlingly bright! like a moon in a dark sky—like what, do we say? what but the resplendent soul herself springing out from the darkness of the grave? If light can beam out of darkness, shall not life issue out of death? Verily, verily, in death is the resurrection of life!

The President is dead!—dead! we are fascinated by the word, and unless we call the major to our aid, we shall never get beyond it: dead! it drops spontaneously from our pen; but we must not trifle—and yet we were never more serious, and feel as if we were treading on the hallowed precincts of eternity. But when an idea, a word, has a grasp upon the mind, what a Herculean effort it becomes to shake it off! It folds itself, like a serpent, around every thought, and strangles even the very will. Yes, we are now struggling with this serpent, like the hero in the immortal sculpture; but we shall be victorious; we are—his folds are relaxing; our enemy is at our feet. He lifts up his head again, but he shall not revive.

“I was present,” said the major, drawing his hand across his forehead, “when the poor man breathed his last. It was a very piteous sight; and there is something, I must own, much more fearful in a man quietly going off in a feather-bed, than if he were groaning his last amidst the clash of swords and the roar of field-pieces. There is a terrible solemnity about it that will shake the strongest nerves. After all it is but natural; a man receives his death on the battle-field as a matter of course; but the stroke of death, when lying in the bosom of one’s family, is a much more serious thing. I don’t know, my friends, that any death ever affected me more than the President’s—it was so sudden; and then we loved him so much. Where,” continued he, rising into warmth, “where shall we meet again with

his equal? If we were to review the whole bench of magistrates, where should we find so honest a judge? Where, among the philosophers, shall we discover one of so much wisdom—one who was so prudent in concealing his failings, or so modest in the exhibition of his virtues? He was a good man, too—a very good man.” Here the major rose upon his legs, and struck the end of his stick against the floor; he tried to go on, but the moment he became aware of his elevated position, he felt conscious that he was making a speech; he looked about him, struck the tip of his nose as is his usual habit on any emergency, repeated again and again, “a good man!—a very good man!” then grew provokingly confused, and sat down saying, as a moral peroration, “I wish we were all more like him.”

The major is no speech-maker; he has not, in truth, impudence enough for it, though a braver man never charged the enemy. He can tell a story, but he cannot make a speech. We know many a man who can make a speech, but you may look in vain for the story. We have all our respective virtues and accomplishments; and Manlove goes so far as to assert, that there is no man so bad as to deserve hanging. He believes that the bravery of a murderer, and the ingenuity of a felon, should save him from a death so ignominious. We need not say that Mr. Subtle sneers at this doctrine. Whatever virtues the major may have, speech-making is not one of them. We regret it, because we have a great admiration of orators, which is not at all diminished by the occasional displays of our friend Ned in that description of intellectual power. But let us return to the major.

“I wish we were all more like him,” said he.

“Amen,” answered Manlove, turning up his eyes very devoutly.

Manlove was in earnest, although he adopted a ludicrous mode of showing it. The manner and the thing are often in greater disagreement; and we have frequently observed a lesson of sound philosophy comprised in a laugh. Commend us to the laughing philosopher—to him who, while he invigorates the mind, makes the blood circulate, and gives health to the body. He is your best physician. A laugh with no meaning we abhor; but a laugh with meaning, is the expressive embodiment of human wisdom. There is character in a laugh—deep striking character—it indicates, with infallible correctness, the difference between the fool and the sage.

When the major sat down, he uttered a prayer, which, if of no other use, displayed the value in which he held the various merits of Mr. Geoffrey Sageman. “I told you,” said he, recommencing, “that I was present when the spirit of our dear friend took its departure. It was touching, unspeakably touching, and my heart aches to think of it. He had, three days before, attended a lecture delivered by a gentleman of deep learning, on the wisdom of the Egyptians; and on returning home, had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, which, by giving rise to inflammation, caused his death. I have known more trifling things than this kill a man,” continued he; “for instance, Lieutenant Williams shot himself because his wife had deserted him; Captain Joe Brown—five-fingered Joe, as we called him—died of grief, because he was so confoundedly ugly that no woman would have

him. These are facts which don't often appear in a hospital case-book.

"The President got into a cab, and was driven to his residence that he might be under the tender care of his sister-in-law and her amiable daughter. For the first day after the accident, no serious results were expected; but on the second, inflammation rapidly extended up the limb, his breathing became difficult—he was always somewhat subject to asthma—his intellect became confused, sleep oppressed him, and his friends feared the worst. It was on the third day that I saw him; I entered the room just as Emily, his sweet niece, was raising his head and shaking the pillow under it. Her long black ringlets fell over her face, but I could see a tear standing in her eye. She nodded to me as I entered, beckoned me to a seat by the bedside, and proceeded with her anxious task. 'How are you now, President?' said I, taking his hand with the confidence of an old friend. 'Dying,' answered he, with an effort at stoical firmness. 'Dying: the old coat is worn out—it couldn't last for ever.' 'Perhaps we can replace it with a new one,' I replied. He fixed his eyes upon me; it was no longer a cold glassy stare—there was divinity beaming through them—and raising his trembling arm towards the ceiling, he said, in a thick subdued voice, 'Only in heaven! there old garments are made new; and'—he could speak no more. I listened attentively for the words, but no sound came.

"I was now enabled to survey his features—they were much altered—three days had done their work. We all remember him as he sat at the head of this table and delivered the laws of good fellowship: his face was pale indeed, but it was not thin; and his voice was loud and commanding. Alas! that such a man should, in three days, get hollow in the cheeks, and whine in the feeble accents of second childishness. Poor fellow! the damp sweat was on his brow, and his lips were leaden; the enemy had despoiled the beautiful country, and the bare hills jutted drearily from the vallies. I should scarcely have known him again; but still, every now and then, there were traces of his former self which brought the whole man to my remembrance.

" 'Thou may'st recover yet,' said I, wiping the dew from his forehead with my handkerchief; 'a little courage, time, and patience—these may do much for you.' 'They will do all that can be done,' replied he; 'they will send me to the grave. Thou can'st not deceive me, major. Mine eyes are growing dizzy—they shut out this world, and bid me look into another.' 'The physician hath not given thee up,' said I. 'Then I shall give him up first; it matters not.' He essayed a smile, but it died away upon his lips. 'Thinkest thou when there is merchandize to be sold, the merchant will abandon a customer?' 'I am glad, my friend, to see that thy spirits have not left thee.'

" 'Gracious heaven!' exclaimed the affectionate Emily, as I uttered the last sentence, 'my uncle is dead!' She spake truly. The President gasped, shuddered, and gave up the ghost. The smile was on his lips; the jest had been scarcely breathed, when the soul spread her wings and cleft her way into eternity. The dear maiden looked into his face with unutterable anguish for a moment, then throwing

herself upon the bedside, she burst into a flood of tears. My heart softened ; my bosom swelled with a tide of strong feeling. I tried to offer consolation, but the words choked me—and—forgive me—let me draw the curtain over the scene."

The tears started into the major's eyes; and the sympathy that flowed from his heart made him incapable of proceeding. Such, dear readers, were the last moments of our President.

"It is appointed unto all men once to die." It is an appointment that we must keep, however unpleasant the debt may be we have to defray. The President cast up his accounts like an honest tradesman suffering under an act of bankruptcy; and when his books shall be produced, we trust that we shall find a handsome balance on the creditor's account. These books shall be brought up as evidence; a pen shall be passed through all, and the prisoner be liberated from captivity. May we partake in the triumph!

Thus, you perceive, amiable reader, that our members are dropping off, one after another, in a space of time so limited, that we are utterly unable to replace them. Where, indeed, shall we again find half-a-dozen such choice spirits as we have had the pleasure of displaying to you during these last two years in the columns of the venerated MONTHLY? Vain search! We fear, for example, that another Ned Balance does not exist;—and we have lost him too.

Well, Ned is an odd fellow, and we believe that we have not even yet done his peculiarities full justice. The barrister has lately let us into a secret, which we should scarcely have conceived probable, if we formed our judgment upon the outward demeanour alone of the worthy member. We have stated in a previous page that Ned had gone into the country to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament! but we made no mention of the causes that induced the impetuous gentleman to adopt such a sudden measure. The barrister tells us, then, that Ned had been lately edging slyly round the outskirts of a lady's flounces; that he had even besought the kindness of Dick Careless to indite some sentimental verses—such as most easily insinuate themselves into a lady's favour; that in consequence of this by-play, the lady had condescended to smile; and in consequence thereof Ned presumed to proffer his affection. Odd's life!—was there ever a politician so miserably deceived! The lady frowned—and Ned sighed—she frowned again, and Ned sighed the louder;—but the more suppliant Ned became, the more indignant became the lady, and, at length, our friend beat a retreat, and ran home to weep over his discomfiture. The barrister called in the course of the evening, and no sooner had he entered the room, than Ned commenced a philippic against the duplicity, falsehood, coquetry, inconstancy, tyranny, and all the rest of it, of women in general, and ended in a severe denunciation of one woman in particular.

"Very true," said Subtle, soothingly, "she cannot be excused, and above all things I abominate coquetry; it is the very reverse of that purity and simplicity of thought and feeling we always hope to find in the softer sex. It is a deceit—a practical falsehood—a—"

"What, sir!" exclaimed Ned, seizing him by the collar, "do you dare to call the honesty of that lady in question in my presence?"

Will you insult me, sir—and her too—her, the adorable—the beautiful—the—Away with you, sir!” spurning the barrister, and shaking him off in indignation—“Away with you, sir—do you insult me?”

“Why, Ned—upon my honour, Ned,” replied the other, “I really thought that these were exactly your sentiments; but, I beg pardon, it is only a slight mistake—come, we’ll think no more about it; the girl’s a very beautiful girl, very beautiful indeed,—a little too high-spirited perhaps, but that will all soften down by and bye; meanwhile, what say you to a seat for Boroughbridge? the borough is just vacant.”

The trick was not a bad one, even for a lawyer; it diverted Ned’s temper, and as he was in the humour to do anything next to cutting his throat, he resolved forthwith to canvass the constituency of Boroughbridge.

Man is—true, and here we will stop, amiable reader, to leave you to your cogitations, while we pursue our own. You will inquire almost to a certainty—“Man is—What?” Softly, man is man; you may smile, and derisively cast the book from you; but depend upon it you will be none the wiser for it. Man is, we repeat it; for it is the first of all propositions concerning that phenomenal creature about whom so many abstruse queries are occasionally put: he lives, he feels, he thinks,—he is—a man! Admirable conclusion from so profound a proposition! Being is developed in consciousness—man is a synthesis of actions recognized by consciousness—therefore, as we said before, most philosophic friend—man is man!

But man is a windmill; and that is not so easily proved. If you are a philosopher, you can follow up the train of argument alone; if you are not, we appeal to Ned Balance in confirmation of the position. When we were a lad, we were wont to take a pea and thrust a pin through its centre up to the very head, we then placed the pin in the bore of the fragment of a pipe, and blew gently through from the other end, until our toy danced a hornpipe on the top of it. Behold our model man! We have seen many a dancing pea among our fellow-creatures; and we begin shrewdly to suspect that human beings are mere puppets, and the beauteous globe itself, with all its variety of tints, nothing more than a huge bubble blown for the amusement of some unknown beings. There is philosophy in the supposition: if you disbelieve our assertion, consult Soame Jenyns on the Origin of Evil, who, if we mistake not, takes the same view of the matter. There is only this difference between us, that Soame Jenyns professed philosophy, and we do not.

Man is both a windmill and a dancing pea, as we have proved by sounder arguments than are often adduced by metaphysicians. Thus armed, we dare pluck Plato by the beard, and overthrow all the phantoms that he has raised up for the maintenance of his doctrines. “Know thyself,” is the highest summit of human philosophy; and when a man knows himself to be a fool, he is undoubtedly a very wise man. We know that we are a fool; and a most comfortable assurance it is, because, as a matter of course, we must be extraordinarily wise to arrive at that perfection of knowledge. Now that we have proved this point both by argument and example, we will leave philosophy, gentle reader, and return to common sense.

We have been led into these reflections, by considering the conduct of Ned Balance, who began his political career as a candidate on liberal principles; then, for the space of a year, advocated, with excessive warmth, Tory measures; and now is changed again into a Radical of the darkest cast. But Ned is a philosopher, or believes himself one; and, although he was for some time a Tory, yet, at the bottom of his heart, he entertained some very pretty notions on political economy, which he has an eager desire to carry into practice. Some of these ideas he has borrowed from the doctor, although he will never plead guilty to the felony, and takes every opportunity, like rogues of a blacker dye, to ridicule the extravagant vagaries of that learned man. These ideas acted the part of a base in contact with certain austere acidifying principles which the ingenious member possesses of his own; and by mixing and heating them together in the alembic of his own mind, he has, at length, produced a compound of specific power, to cleanse and strengthen the most rickety constitution on earth. May old England have the benefit of the drug; for we are persuaded that the honourable member is no quack, but a philosopher. We shake Ned by the hand, for we shall see him no more; we part from him with regret, for we loved his hilarity of heart and kindness of feeling! May a glorious career and a happy life be his!

A farewell, even with happiness in view, has ever a dash of melancholy in it, that depresses the spirits of the gayest-hearted man. We have formed habits of which we do not know the strength until we are about to break them, and then come the wrench—the tug—the rupture that lacerate the bosom, and leave a wound that may, perhaps, never be cured or effaced. We call to mind the happy hours we have spent in this arbour, listening to the warblings of a favourite thrush; or we sigh over the remembrances of the tender moments we have wiled away in this lane, rejoicing in the thrilling suspirations of the maiden we adore. But these are the habitudes of youth; the aged dread to leave their easy arm-chair by the chimney corner; they remember the happy reunions at the table; they cast back their memory to seize on the features,—the expression, the fleeting, but impressive character of a favourite child—a wife—or a friend. But these are not all—even the merest trifles shadow the mind with gloomy reminiscences;—a vase, a ring, a footstool, a desk—a flower—that pretty flower—a balsam—perhaps that bloomed on the window-sill, and caught our eye every time we looked into the street, and drew from us some expression of admiration;—all these were like friends to us; but we must part from them; we glance from one to the other, and we endeavour to impress their form and arrangement vividly upon our mind; it is the last glance we shall probably cast upon them;—what said we? the last glance?—yes—perhaps the last—and we feel the presentiment of it weighing down our heart—“it may be the last time,”—we mutter inaudibly; “it may be the last time!”—and we weep. Picture to your mind the youth leaving his beloved, in pursuit of wealth and glory; his friends are powerful, and he hath never yet known adversity;—why then should he be sad? yet can he not forbear his tears! Picture to your mind the father parting from his child to receive some newly-acquired honour, and to

revel in the acclamations of men ! Should he not be happy ? Yet he weeps. Farewell ! next to the word death, there is none in the language of men that vibrates so powerfully through our frame. What does it imply—but a new state of temporal existence—a rejection of all old things, and an assumption of new ? All that we prize—all that we love, are to be separated from us : they make a part of our existence ; we live and move, and have our being in them, and every thought whirling round the utmost circumference of life, is still drawn to them as to a centre ; on a sudden the influence is broken—the attracting powers are withdrawn, and we are violently hurled into new realms, in subjection to new laws ; we are cast beyond our old sphere of motion, and must pass into a new. We are parted—the past is a dream—a dreary death-like dream ; memory is a mere ghost of a former world. And we must part from you too, amiable reader,—but let us defer the final moment,—we have not yet gathered courage enough to utter the ominous sound. Will you think of us—speak of us—regard us with affection ? Who are you whom we now address—are you kind, gentle, and tender-hearted ? If thou art, thou wilt remember and love us to the last day of thy existence. We are sure of this, for we have received many testimonies in confirmation of our belief.

Have we not written much to please you ?—albeit thou hast found interest in what we have written. Perhaps thou art a critic, and demur at the expectations we have expressed ; we can only answer, sir, that we wrote not for you. We know that a critic is an animal of the hyæna species, whose laugh is a snarl, and whose disposition is so fierce that it can never be tamed. Foolish were the attempt to subdue or appease such an intractable race ! We have not attempted it. Yet there be some we would fain believe ;—such as illuminate the pages of the “MONTHLY” with their benignant and vivifying regards, who belong to a more generous species. There are indeed such men, whose bosoms are the temple of Truth, and whose judgements are the oracles of the goddess. We love such men, and we hope that they will love us. We have endeavoured to promote charity and virtue ; and we have the satisfaction to know that our efforts on the occasions more especially devoted to this object, were most admired.

“I will inquire of Mr. Sober respecting this poor old apple-woman,” said Mr. N—— to his daughter, after he had finished reading our anecdote of the major’s benevolence in the fourth number, “she seems to be a worthy object of kindness.”

Miss N——, who was seated at her embroidery, did not immediately reply to her father’s observation ; so Mr. N—— resumed the book, read a few lines, and passed his handkerchief across his eyes.

“What is Mr. Sober’s number in —— street, Emily ?” said the old gentleman, rising from his chair, and advancing towards the door.

“Why, papa ? have you any business with Mr. Sober to-day ?”

“Yes, my dear, there is a very affecting narrative here of the misfortunes of an old applewoman ; and I am anxious to relieve her distresses.”

“Indeed, papa, you needn’t take so much pains,” replied the young lady, half in jest and surprise. “I dare say it is not true.”

“Not true, my child ; why subscriptions are offered to be received.

The circumstances of the woman, the nature of the facts, the simple style—all declare the truth of it—it *must* be true."

"Believe me, papa, it is a fiction," returned our charming young friend, with increasing humour; "it is a story feigned to act upon our feelings."

"Then it is a shame, a crying shame, that men should thus be allowed to trifle with our sympathies. I can hardly believe what you say, Emily."

"Well, papa, Mr. Sober will be here to-morrow, and I will ask him about it—if you can only wait till then."

The good old gentleman could not, however, restrain his impatience to do good; and although he agreed to forego his journey to ourself, yet we were told by his dear affectionate daughter, that he went about the whole of that day distributing his charity to the poor. If we have succeeded in producing only one tithe of the tenderness of heart which softened Mr. N. in the bosoms of others of our readers, our end has been fully answered.

We are fully aware, that the style which we have adopted, in the course of these papers, is not in harmony with the delicacy of sentiment, and purity of language of many of our contemporaries, and may not entirely accord with the sensitive taste of modern critics. We profess that we have imitated Sterne on some occasions, and perhaps have bungled over our work; but we shall have had our reward, if our readers, in neglecting the copy, have been induced to cast a look upon the original, where they will discover the soundest lessons of wisdom, delivered by a harlequin; the brightest irradiations of genius glancing through a dark atmosphere of folly. He smiles, but he smiles wisely; and when he seems to revel most in the indulgence of idle mirth, he is, in truth, suggesting the precepts of the philosopher. Like a judicious physician, he smears the edge of the cup with honey, that the bitterness of the draught may not be perceived. His shaft is adorned with feathers of many colours; but the barb is not on that account the less keen. Need we mention his pathos, a quality for which he is celebrated beyond any writer of any age? It is already granted and appreciated, and we shall say no more. We are glad to observe of late, an imitation of his style in compositions where it was least expected; and an admiration expressed of his genius by men, in whom, we had feared, the delicate edge of taste had become blunted. Would that he were more studied! but we have said enough.

These observations lead us, directly, to a consideration of the major's character, which may seem to some to have had an entirely fictitious origin. Not so, indeed; we know a worthy man now living, whom, we believe, the character as drawn by us, would suit as exactly as one of his own garments. The resemblance has been observed, and its faithfulness acknowledged. Often have we wept at the tales we have heard him recount of by-gone adventures; and we really believe, that in delineating the peculiarities of our amiable member, we have not been guilty of the least exaggeration. We admire and love the original; and we regret that our copy does not express, with sufficient justice, his various merits. If any of our readers have imbibed a fondness for the hero of the fiction, how much must they envy us who are honoured

with the friendship, nay, the affection of the man ! But we must not write too plainly, lest we should draw upon him and ourselves unbecoming scrutiny. We have bestowed upon him a second kind of existence, however brief, and have introduced him to many who might never otherwise have been acquainted with his virtues ; and now that we intend to dissipate these visions of our imagination, we feel that we have dwelt so long upon the image, that it is not without a pang that we can resolve to bid farewell. Every trait seems to expand into broader features ; the man and the portrait seem to be identified in one—the image glows with a vivid reality ; and we feel almost as if we were approaching the death-bed of a dear friend. But we must part, my beloved major !—give us thy hand—let us feel once more the animating warmth of thy nature in the energetic pressure—it is not enough—let us embrace thee—let us pour out the fondness of our heart—let us feel once more the living man : gone—gone—the vision escapes our grasp ; our soul recoils in grief and dread ; a sob swells in our throat—farewell !

Thou hast seen the last vision, gentle reader ; and we will not detain thee longer, as it is probable thou wouldst rather remain shrouded in thy own thoughts. We are not ourselves inclined to waste time in senseless fribble ; a solemn melancholy is brooding over our minds ; a delicious awe is clouding over us ; and we feel that our soul is becoming gradually absorbed in thrilling contemplations. May many years be thine, dear friend, and may a crown of happiness gild thy grey hairs ! May the green sod spring freshly o'er the path where thou treadest ; may the blushing flowers diffuse their odours through the air which thou breathest ; may the boughs bending under their luscious burden, deliver their produce at thy feet ; may the hand of a friend grasp thine ; may the merry laugh of thy children enliven thy heart, and the soft hand of thy wife smooth the wrinkles from thy brow ; may virtue be thy guide, and wisdom thy counsellor ; may the young learn to lisp thy name with respect, and the old delight to render thee honour ; so shalt thou attain all the blessings of this life, and aspire to the happiness of a future, while thy good name shall live also in the past, enshrined in the memories of men, and directing their hopes and aims by the lustre which issues forth from its glory.

SHADOWS.

BY H. L. MANSEL.

“The like may sway the like.”—MISS BARRETT.

THE arch of Heaven above my head,
 In its noon-day pride was shining ;
 A rival sky was beneath me spread,
 In the lake's clear breast reclining :
 But the sky above was a scornful foe,
 And flung its taunts to the sky below.

- “The glorious sun, when noon is bright,
Through my vault of azure glanceth ;
My brows are gemmed with the stars of light,
When eve's still shade advanceth,
And in fond embrace the æther free
Clasps my æthereal majesty.
- “What in thy lonely bed dost thou
But mock me with thy seeming ;
And smile with that unmeaning brow,
Through the cheerless billow gleaming ?
Away ! and leave those smiles to me—
Away ! unreal mockery !”
- “Nay, scorn me not,” was the soft reply
Of the bright wave's shadowy daughter,
“Deem not all useless here I lie
In the depths of the tranquil water ;
As the joyous hills look up to thee,
Their imaged brethren smile in me.
- “The mirrored clouds of thy realms above,
O'er my mirrored vault are straying ;
Bright birds, like thine, in the haunts they love,
In my watery smiles are playing ;
And the image of the unfallen dew
Is floating in my imaged blue.
- “Though the spirit choir of the upper air,
As comrades to thee are given ;
Their forms in the wave are reflected fair,
And sport in as pure a heaven.
Then say not that my path is lone,
There are shadowy friends to the shadowy one.”
- “There are shadowy friends to the shadowy one !”
That voice in my ear was ringing ;
Those mystic words I mused upon,
To my wildered fancy clinging ;
And the visions of my soul were rife
With the shadowy things of another life.
- There are shadows around us every where,
They crowd on the view unbidden ;
Some to the outward eye appear,
Some in the mind are hidden ;
But the shadows of sight and the shadows of thought
The living man regardeth not.
- A shade we cast in the bright sunbeam,
A shade in the lake's clear mirror,
And shadowy forms in the moon's pale gleam
Have stricken the soul with terror ;
But they are not the shades which shall happy be
In the land which no mortal eye can see.

The shadows seen by the outward eye
With the outward eye shall perish,
But the forms which the deathless mind doth spy,
That mind shall for ever cherish ;
Unfading shall be the shadow's lot
Which is cast on that which fadeth not.

For not while the substance before us stands
Alone the shadow lasteth,
Each form we have seen in other lands
On the mind its semblance casteth ;
We may roam afar to a foreign shore,
But the shade abideth evermore.

And oft as of distant ones we tell,
To whom fate may ne'er restore us,
Their imaged forms by sudden spell
Are conjured up before us ;
But we test by the touch of bodily things,
And we call them shadowy visionings.

The hand that grasps shall be cold in clay,
And fled that bodily token,
But the mind that beholds shall live for aye
With its magic powers unbroken ;
And those spirit forms shall be present there
As living men to the body were.

Ere the day of perfect bliss shall come,
The corpse from its cerements freeing,
In the shadowy world is the spirit's home,
'Mid the dreams of a former being,
And the shades which on earth it was wont to see,
Shall be to it then as itself shall be.

Then may we not hope in after days,
When the soul from earth is fleeting,
Those shadows afar in the spirit's place,
To greet with a spirit's greeting ;
Through the visioned forms of those scenes to move
Where the body on earth was wont to rove ?

When the home of my youth shall be mine no more,
And dear ones to me have perished,
The forms of those I loved before,
In the mind shall be fondly cherished,
My fitful dreams in my earthly strife,
My home and friends in my spirit-life.

Come then ye shadows and cheer my way,
With your blossoms of promise smiling ;
Bear with me now from day to day,
My lonely path beguiling.
In after days ye may haply view
A comrade meet to welcome you.

Oh, then if the spirit a look may cast,
 The earth it has left surveying ;
 With you unseen to those climes I'll haste,
 Where your sister forms are straying ;
 And earth's living ones shall then seem sweet,
 As memories now when lovers meet.
 Ha ! strugglest still, my sceptic heart,
 While hope yet lives within thee ?
 I know that not as now thou art,
 Those shadowy joys may win thee ;
 Let but their beams be around me shed,
 When that last faint hope lies withered.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 23.—*Abbas Meerza.*

I HAD once the honour to be invited to wait on his late Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Persia. "Surely," said I, "my face shall be whitened, and my consequence increased, now that I am to bask in the sunshine of royalty." So I mounted the stirrup of impatience, and being goaded by the spur of novelty, I bounded off with my friend and interpreter the Khan, through the bazaars, to reach the "Dhur Khaneh," or "Palace Gate:" the road lay through these crowded bazaars of which I have already spoken at Tehran, the motley occupants shouting out at sundry intervals, "Kebardar," as the laden camels and poking donkeys were making their way. Nothing can be more inconvenient, I imagine, to the traders than such vociferous interruptions to business; but the wily Persians are not so easily disturbed, their money getting avidity being proof to such interruptions.

All visits in the East must be made on horseback, be the distance ever so short; and when a Khan goes out, he is attended by his "Peesh Waz," or road-clearer; one man bears his pipe, another his slippers, the third his "Baula Poosh," and so on. His dignity much depends on the number of his servants, to be increased by the running foot-men, as many as you can muster, one at each rein, and the remaining "ambulants" bringing up the rear—pick them up by the way—no matter who—so that you arrive at the "Dhur Khaneh" heavily attended. I have seen the "Begler Beggee," or lord mayor of the town, arrive with nearly a hundred followers of every class and description; he would set out with some twenty or thirty, increasing as he went on; and as to any thing like livery, bare legs, sheep skins, and slippers come the nearest to uniformity,—I speak of the "accumulated Extraordinary's." His own servants, particularly the "Peish Kedmets," or "body men," are well dressed; the Persians are very vain in this respect. Arrived at the "Maidan," or large square in front of the Prince's palace, I saw nothing externally to indicate the residence of royalty, except some small display of tile engravings over the door, and some congregated masses of all sorts of subjects humbly

waiting the fiat of the "Naib Sultana," which might possibly affect their tongues, or even their heads. The plain brick arch vestibule, without even a coat of mortar, led to a long passage of the same material, the ups and downs of which were such as, without due care, might cost one a bone's dislocation; this conducted to an enclosed court, filled with applicants and implorants, waiting to reach the threshold of justice. In a small anti-room, well carpetted, we had to wait for some time, until the ceremonial of our introduction was ready; there I sat upon "the carpet of patience, and smoked the pipe of expectation," until, at length, the "Yassawal," or master of the ceremonies, arrived to say that the Prince was ready to grant us audience. We had then to cross the garden to the inner apartments where the Prince was sitting; it was a plain looking building, with windows almost to the ground: the "Deewan Khaneh," in which he receives people on state occasions was richly carpetted, and nummeds, or long narrow carpets, were laid on each side for the visitors to range themselves according to their rank, which is much indicated by the stations which they occupy on the nummed. Within this room was his "Khelwat," or small closet, as it appeared to me, in which was the Prince sitting in an English chair; so keeping on my hat, and doffing my slippers, I accompanied the Khan, who on entering made his "Serferoo," or obeisance, and I, of course, did the same; then approached a few steps, bowed again; and having arrived within about six feet of His Royal Highness, then "Serferoo" the last, more profound, with all the humility which I could assume. The Khan was afraid I should laugh out, for after sundry previous practisings he found me a very unapt scholar: however, I behaved pretty well. The Prince said, "Kushguelden," "you are welcome, your place has long been empty. I was very desirous to see you;" and then with rapid utterance, not at all waiting for my rejoinders, with which I was well charged, and wanted to deliver myself of, he inquired my name—of my travels—how I liked Persia—talked about gas-lights—London-bridge, and such extraordinary sundries, that I had great difficulty to find pause for my maiden speech, which was ready cut and dried (the practice, I believe, of all maiden speeches). At length, I said, through my interpreter, that I had heard much of his Royal Highness's name in my own country, for the condescension and courteous urbanity with which he had been pleased to receive English visitors at Tabreez, particularly our missionary Martin, by whom it was noted in his journal. How highly honoured I felt "who was less than the least," at this proof of His Royal Highness's condescension at being permitted to "rub my forehead at his threshold." "Barikallah," said the Prince, and at intervals, "Laullah e ilullah!" "there is no God but God!" but what this had to do with my audience, I could never understand; so his Royal Highness went on with a long string of talk, inquiring if I could speak Persian, &c. The "Chum y Chum," or compliments, being over, the Prince said that he had great respect for the English nation, having received warm friendship from them, which he should never forget. He added, "the Persians and English are one," which is deemed a great compliment in Persia, and however I might have ventured to differ in opinion, of course I durst not express it. Amongst

other subjects, His Royal Highness alluded to the late war with Russia, saying that the real events of this war were never known to the English nation, and referred to an article of the Treaty, No. 15, which had not been observed by the Russians. We talked politics so long, that I found my countenance whitened, and my consequence increased, so salaaming it backward three times, with "May His Royal Highness's condescension never be less," I resumed my slippers and retreated with the Khan, with every deferential respect. Having already spoken of Abbas Meerza, I will only add of this princely Prince, that his age was about forty-five, of rather above the ordinary stature, of an originally very fine person and countenance, with dark penetrating eyes, full of intelligence, though clouded a little, I thought, by the cares of state, but sufficient were the remains of his former self to say that he must have been a fine specimen of the "Kajars." His manners so easy, and his whole appearance so dignified; his dress was unostentatious, his robes of cashmere shawl, trimmed with silver, his "kanjar," or knife, sparkling with brilliants, but having on his head simply the black Astracan cap. He had been governor of the province of Azerbaijan for twenty years, and was renowned for his clemency, and for his attention to the duties of his high office; often would he sit in public to hear the complaints of his people, and nothing grieved him so much as to exercise by punishment that authority which was absolutely necessary for the safety of the community. These people over whom he presided, appeared to be a very quiet industrious race, and apparently quite happy in their mud regions, as I saw them issuing out of the gates morning and evening to their numerous villages, their donkeys generally laden, and themselves bearing a load of napkin bread under their arms. I heard of no crime nor commotion amongst them; they seemed blessed with a sort of negative enjoyment, and of the Persian peasant it may be truly said, "To be content is his natural desire." I subsequently took more time to examine the grand Hall of Audience, the walls of which were ornamented with Persian paintings, some of them descriptive of the last war with Turkey, of which his Royal Highness was the leader, and distinguished himself much by his bravery; there were other pieces representing the Prince at the chase, of which he was very fond. In one of them he is lancing the wild boar—St. George and the dragon are nothing to it. I have already spoken of the arts in this country, such as I saw at "Sulimania," and at the "Baguy Seffre," intending to show that they have no notion of perspective, much less of "mezzotinto;" it is all of that high colouring which gives blood-shot veins and feverish pulsations; perhaps this is in keeping with Oriental warmth, and ecstatic feeling; the impulses of this fervid climate, which in the frigid and drizzly West we are strangers to—nor have they any more taste for sculpture. A stone woman was once introduced to the Prince, an exquisite specimen of Sievier's chiselling, but she had no charms for Abbas Meerza. On being told the cost in England, how His Highness laughed! "I can buy the most exquisite form in flesh and blood for half the money;" he would give her no place in his "Harem Khaneh."

So desirous was the Prince to cultivate friendship with the English

nation, that he invited British emigrants to reside in his country, to introduce their arts and industry amongst his own people. The following is a copy of his firman : —

(Enumerating titles, &c.) “The royal command is issued that the sagacious, faithful, and obedient servant of the Christian nobles, being exalted by the favour of our illustrious mind, let it be known to him that since the two mighty powers of Persia and England are in reality one, and the object of our royal mind is this, that we may continually contribute towards the means of increase and improvement of the existing union. We, therefore, command his excellency that should he wish to cause any of the subjects of the exalted government of England, who may be skilled in arts and sciences, to come to this powerful empire, to be employed in commercial and agricultural pursuits, and also to introduce other professions and arts, he is fully authorized to execute this object, in order that whosoever may possess any useful profession, may be employed to show the examples of their services. We further command his Excellency to assure them that in this country they will be free, and no demand of any sort whatever shall be exacted from them, and on no account shall they be interfered with ; and make the contents of this firman his duty.”

This invitation was so scantily promulgated that it failed to attract emigrants to the Persian soil, where fifty thousand in his province alone might have located amidst the greatest abundance. The soil was prodigal of fruits of the finest kinds ; grapes, apricots, peaches, of more than European qualities ; of the former, the “kiss miss,” or stoneless grape, is very delicious. There were also melons in quantities, both the musk and water melon ; latterly, some vegetables were introduced by the English, such as carrots, potatoes, onions, &c., but these will never come into general use by the Persians, who eat nothing but rice in this way. I should observe that their prejudice against the unclean beast, the hog, is equal to that of the Jews. Scarcely will a Persian servant cook a ham, much less partake of it.

It was remarkable that the Prince, who had never been beyond Mahomedan soil, and was brought up to the most rigid tenets of his faith, should have been so liberal a Mahomedan ; he had no idea of converting people to the Prophet’s creed ; on the contrary, he had the most contemptible opinion of those who from interested motives would embrace Islamism. On a parade day the moolahs came forward congratulating the Prince on their having converted an infidel to the true faith. He inquired what were the man’s motives for doing so. Was he acquainted with the doctrines which Mahomet taught, and did he adopt them from conviction ? On being answered that he knew nothing of the Koran, the Prince immediately said, “Then he must have had some interested motive in doing so,” which he heartily despised, and ordered his pay to be reduced twenty toman (he being then in the military service). As might have been expected, the renegade renegaded again to his former position. When Mr. Missionary Wolfe was in Persia, the Prince received him very graciously, promised him protection and encouragement in building schools, saying very good-humouredly that some of his sons should become his first scholars. He granted him a large plot of ground and the building upon it, to

show his sincere desire to serve the Christian cause. He addressed a letter to Mr. Wolfe, of which the following is a copy, as given to me by my good friend, late the Prince's physician :—

“The Rev. Joseph Wolfe having been presented to us, has explained the desire and wish he entertains of establishing in our city of Tabreez, and under the patronage of Henry Drummond, Esq., a school for the education of all classes, and of sending from England such teachers as may be necessary to reside here, and to employ themselves constantly in the instruction of children. As this benevolent undertaking is in perfect accordance with our feelings, and as the strictest intimacy now exists between the governments of England and Persia, the proposal of Mr. Wolfe has met with our cordial approbation. We have, therefore, ordered that a house should be given, in order to inspire confident assurance that when teachers come from England, the institution shall always receive from us all due patronage, protection, and support.”

Subsequently neither Mr. Wolfe nor his patron did anything in the way of these schools, which left rather an unfavourable impression on the Prince's mind, since it had the appearance of trifling with him; and who can tell but that a Mahomedan prince might have become a follower of the Messiah! The gallantry of the Prince has been also conspicuous, in the double sense of the word; it was the cause of his last war with the Turks in 1822. A large and distinguished party of Persians, including the royal harem, were making the pilgrimage to Mecca, and had to pass through “Arz Room,” where they were suspected of having merchandise with them which was subject to government dues.* Remonstrances were of no avail; they were told, “This is the royal harem, if you profane it with a gaze, dire will be the consequences.” The Turks persevered in visiting it; the women were subjected to insults. The gallantry of the Prince being thus impeached, he immediately declared war. An army was assembled of 35,000 men, and his Highness took the field and made rapid marches towards “Arz Room.” He took possession on the way of “Torprach Kaleh,” where he defeated four Pashas with nearly 60,000 men (so says the Persian Gazette). He then advanced to “Hassan Kaleh,” within six hours of “Arz Room.” He displayed great courage and generalship in conducting the war, which lasted only a short time. The Turks were glad to compromise the affair by a peace, which the Prince liberally granted them; the great superiority of the Persian to the Turkish troops was then very clearly established.

The Prince's family was extensive,—I cannot tell how many. Some of the “Shah Zadehs” were married during my being at Tabreez. The fête is generally announced by fireworks, rockets, and other missals being thrown into the air, and by no means contemptible compositions. Of the marriage ceremony I can say nothing, since I was not invited to the wedding. The Prince's predilections in favour of every thing English were particularly fostered by his great regard

* The Persians had frequently imposed on the Turks in this way, by associating merchants in their diplomatic trains, or under other cover of government protection, thereby cheating the “Gumrook,” or custom dues. Trust the “Ajemias” for outwitting the “Soonies.”

both for his "Hakeem Bashi," Dr. Cormick, and for the generalissimo of his troops, Major Hart; to the latter of whom was committed the training of the "Serbozes," or infantry, forming a very respectable corps of English discipline on Persian subjects.*

Abbas Meerza's military genius was latterly exercised against the "Khorasanees." He had made one or two campaigns in Khorassan, and had assembled a pretty large army at Meshed. During my being at Tehran, the Prince had come up to solicit supplies from the Shah for the purpose of marching against Heraat, leaving his son, Mahmoud Meerza (the present Shah), commander-in-chief of the troops. He was then in a very enfeebled state of health; Dr. Cormick did his utmost to dissuade him from another campaign, alleging the probable consequences to be totally destructive to him. Jealous of his honour, having pledged himself to return, and ambitious of military renown, the "Naib Sultana" departed on his military expedition. But he never lived to reach Meshed; he was carried off by the climate fever at a village on the road; and the following is my report from Tabreez of the melancholy event:—

"On the 11th October, 1833, we received the distressing intelligence of the death of Abbas Meerza, made public by the "Ameer y Nizam" to the young Princes and to the people of the town. The scene was dreadful; the whole town flocked to the Prince's "maidan" in deep mourning, and black tapers burning in their hands, and in the other ashes or straw, strewing on their faces and heads, with true feelings of lament and sorrow.† The young princes rushed out from the "Deewan Khaneh" with their faces and clothes covered with mud and ashes, and mourned with the public, which was really affecting beyond description. The mourning is to be kept up for seven days, and the Shah has ordered it to be general throughout Persia."

Thus died prematurely, at the age of forty-three, Iran's hope, Eng-

* I would here pause to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the Major. In June, 1830, he was carried off after only a few hours' illness (and within ten minutes of the death of Sir John Macdonald Kinnier), of gout in the stomach. His remains lie interred in the Armenian Church. Scarcely any Englishman has gone into Persia who carried with him so much the respect and love of the people. His name was quite a passport to the traveller. In his military duties, although a strict disciplinarian, he was much beloved by the Persian soldiers. The Prince's regard for him was unbounded, and he shed tears at his decease, lamenting the loss of his commander-in-chief as the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him. Frank, generous, and brave, he was an ornament to the English character; trained to arms from the earliest age, he had seen twenty-eight years of uninterrupted service, and more than twenty of it in Persia: he was looking forward to retire to his native country from the toils of military life, but death suddenly interposed, and both Prince and people were the sincere mourners over his tomb. It was gratifying to see an Englishman so highly respected by a Mahomedan Prince, and by his talent and conduct holding up the honour and dignity of his country. He was equally respected by the Shah, in proof of which during my being at Tabreez he sent him the money to pay the troops in Azerbaijan, which he would not entrust to Abbas Meerza, having more confidence in the honour of a British major, than in that of his own son! "Peace to the memory of a man of worth."

† How much do the usages of Persia remind one of Biblical customs. Here we see Eliphath, Bildad, and Zophar, the friends of Job, lamenting over his calamities: "They rent every man his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads towards heaven."

land's friend, and the most accomplished Mahomedan prince to be found in the annals of that country. How many of the actors on the Persian stage have I seen go down to the "tomb of all the Capulets!" First the Colonel (Macdonald Kinnier), the Major (Hart), the Prince, the Doctor,* and last of all—"the King of Kings."

"Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,"

proving to us most forcibly that

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

No. 24.—*Karadagh.*

This district of Persia has been but little visited by the "Feringees." I will, therefore, stroll over the surface more leisurely. Having made another visit to the Khan's village in our vagabondizing tour, where we had been complimented and pillaged, I began to get more acquainted with the Persian "finesse," which, among themselves, means neither "to believe nor to be believed." Duplicity is so deeply indented into their character, that the greatest adept in it has the most honour. The game of conversation is kept up with an overwhelming politeness. Thus the master of the house tells his guest, that "he looks as brilliant as the sun, and as placid as the moon;" to which he replies, "his ears are now regaled with the tones of the nightingale, and may the roses of happiness ever bloom in the garden of his destiny," with other compliments quite untranslatable, and the thousand and one nothings come out of their mouths so glibly, and so unmeaningly, that they seem glad when it is over, and laugh at each other. On taking leave there is a great deal said about "Zhamet;" I was long ignorant of the meaning of this word, which implies by the visitor what a deal of trouble he has given; the other doubles it with "Kali Zhamet," it is *he* that has given the trouble, and so they go on bowing out each other with their "Zhamets" innumerable. It was in the month of June that we traversed this district; the way began through a fine

* A passing tribute to the memory of this worthy man, and then I have done with "tributising." Dr. John Cormick had been in Persia for more than twenty years. He held the high appointment of "Hakeem Bashi," or chief physician, to the Prince, by whom he was much esteemed. It may be said that he was one of the connecting links of friendship which the Prince entertained for this country. Summoned by H. R. H. to Tehran, to accompany him to Khorassan, he for a long time resisted the invitation, and much against his will was he at length prevailed on to follow the Prince some days after him on that journey. Being ill at the time, he was but little fitted for the undertaking, having suffered from typhus fever some seven or eight days previous to his arrival at the village of "Maagamy," twelve stages from Tehran (this was on the 28th October, 1833): here his attendants observing in his countenance a sudden change for the worse, became alarmed, and in a few minutes they found him speechless, and in the last struggle of death. His body was the next day interred somewhere near the village, but it was subsequently brought up to Tabreez, and buried in a garden called "Marian Nanna." On my last visit I went to his tomb: a plain inscription narrated his name, age, and time of decease, the flowers were growing around it with balmy profusion, and the birds were carolling their requiems over the deceased. His memory is much cherished by all who knew him.

country (for Persia), well watered, which occasioned a continuity of villages seemingly all flourishing.

At "Overjon" we rested the first evening, having pitched our tent in a beautiful orchard; and the approach to the village was remarkable from the high mountains which we had to cross, some of the ravines being filled with snow. I have the most vivid recollection of this day's ride; setting out in a broiling sun, and then encountering an atmosphere below Zero. Near the river we passed a small Koordish encampment, then the abrupt ascent began of a very narrow pass to this magnificent mountain scenery, reminding me much of the wilds of Koordistan. I thought I had never seen any day-light so singular; there was a sunny landscape on the extensive plains, looking warm and cheering, with little bright spots of villages here and there, man and beast from thence scarcely discernible.

Then the clothed mountains over which we were travelling, partly with verdure, partly with snow; the wonder was how we got up, exceeded only by how we were to descend them, which was always on the slide. The magnificence of Persian scenery consists in its seeming boundless extent; the outline being piled up in every variety of mountain, but not rock. Both mind and body seem to expand at such scenes; here you breathe freely, "the world is all before you, where to choose" a boundless estate; one inhales the air of prodigal freedom, never to be felt in an enclosed country, 'tis a sort of ærial feeling. I could fly from precipice to precipice, the only difficulty being "short of wing," absorbed in my reveries of wonder and delight—these wonders increasing at every step. I had unknowingly preceded my party, and had just exclaimed, "Oh let me gaze, of gazing there's no end;" when I was surprised by a host of villagers on horseback, Hadgi Cossem Khan's family being coming from the district to which I was tending—consisting of many fair haremities and female slaves, preceded by the "Faroshs" clearing the way, and looking with most jealous eye lest any one might glance at the ladies covered with shawls, which, for aught I know, might be moving mummies. The Persian vigilance, in this respect, is never relaxed, and a breach of good manners by any attempt to invade upon it might prove very dangerous to the traveller; they seemed surprised to see a "Ferengee" stranger in these wild passes quite alone. The Khan seeing our party in the distance, galloped off to greet them; his horses were richly caparisoned; his suite numerous; and I deemed this one of the most sumptuous Persian turns-out that I had yet seen (royalty excepted). These chiefs in Persia, when very remote from the seat of government, live in great state; they exercise absolute sovereignty to their dependents, and will sometimes defy the exactions of the Shah himself when they deem them exorbitant.

Seated on the green sward of this pretty orchard, at "Overjon," the interesting arrangements of carpetting, camping, haltering, &c. going on; all this is heightened by fatigue and novelty; and no enjoyments are more sincere than rest from weariness, and feeding from hunger. We had made a toilsome march of it this day; the beasts were tired; and finding ourselves so agreeably encamped, we tarried the following day at this village, and promenading about, as was my wont, whip in

hand, dog hunting (or rather dog fearing), I suddenly came on a party of women, washing their linen in the running stream. Up they started with one general "whallah;" and planting themselves against the wall face in hand, there they stood a most picturesque group of walking rags, unslipped but all veiled. I dreaded an "emeute," of the dogs at least. I have already noticed this strong national custom of female modesty (may it be so called?) in Persia amongst the better classes; that it should extend to the "canaille" is very mark-worthy. I never saw any national prejudice so strong. I had frequent subsequent confirmations of this when coming suddenly into a village, and surprising women under similar circumstances, their consternation was excessive, helter skelter, hiding their faces in their hands, whilst the nether garments had some of them escaped, it being windy weather. But here I must draw the veil, and go on. The next morning at six o'clock, we crossed the "Hadji River," reputed to be salt water. Sitting down on its banks, we converted some of it into tea; nor did it vitiate the souchong at all, that I remember. It was now no longer the arid land of Persia; water was gushing from it in various directions; and we had many a fording difficulty this day, particularly with the baggage horses; this is always an affair of some little interest. The "Charwarder" has to dash into the stream first to sound the depths, &c. and if he succeeds the rest of the party follow. Sometimes he has to swim for it, and then other soundings must be made; then the "Yaboo" becomes obstinate; he sticks in the mud or will lay down with the load on his back: it is always an interesting affair, and some little anxiety to have it over.

I have a monstrous dislike to horse exercise in a civilized country; narrow roads bedged up on each side with earth banks scarcely to be looked over, pikes and what not; how the Persians must despise our narrow limits. Pursuing our way, on attaining the summit of the hill looking down into the little village of "Herries," I was enchanted with the peaked mountains—the extensive plains—all mute in voice or motion—the little green dot which the village looked upon the map; "Here will I dwell," said I to the Khan, "and become 'Ketkodeh' of Herries." "Persian like," this was immediately granted; and I had only to take possession. But on the nearer approach it savoured of ruins—on entering it, nothing but ruins. The Khan laughed, and bid me joy of my possession; long views and short views are such different things in travel (perhaps this may apply to other prospects in life besides that of a Persian village). A wild garden springing up here and there amidst the crumbling mud walls, bespoke rich vegetation; the water was abundant; the blight of oppression had sunk this once flourishing place almost into the very soil from whence it sprung. Amidst the remains we breakfasted, there being a few squalid inhabitants who furnished us with "moss" or sour milk, a most excellent beverage, beside good pancake-bread, butter, fruits and what not; even in these village remains lay Persian duplicity. I mean in the concealed abundance of every provision; had the "Mehmandar" been coming with his "Sadir," or royal order to feed all his followers, there would have been plenty of sticks, but no bread; but only show them the "siller," which is more potent with them than even the "Firman"

of the "King of Kings," there is nothing wanting; the poor natives, ground down by oppression, are obliged to be deceptive and treacherous: it is dictated to them by the law of self-preservation, stronger than any dicta even of "his most despotie Majesty."

I at once gave up my intended government, and we went on in a much wilder country than any I had yet visited; talk about ravines and mountains before! they were nothing compared to these cloud-capped eminences.

The horses snorted as they went up, and trembled as they came down; even in these wilds there were occasional encampments of the savage-looking "Koords" under their black tents, wherever a patch of pasture could be found; these people know nothing about rent or taxes; happily disencumbered from the trammels of refined life, they despise its impositions. But the "Chadre," or veil, was not forgotten; one fair shepherdess, when tending her flock, was very assiduous with her rags, which seemed rather disposed to coquet with her charms by means of chinks here and there discoverable: however, by putting my hand to my eyes (as a sort of assurance that I could see nothing), her modesty was spared. I am very particular with customary observances. But at such places we always kept together in a sort of battle array, arms primed, and looking as fierce as possible to all intruders; any loiterer may be possibly cut off; the Khan's vigilant eye associated the party in close phalanx. Thus we moved on over hill, over dale, ascending and descending frightful precipices; here we met, in a very narrow pass, troops of "Koords," or a moving village; every animal put in requisition, from a donkey to a bullock, laden with tents and kettles, children and chickens slung in baskets; such a "melange" as was never seen in Europe I'll venture to say, with their flocks and herds, horses and camels. The whole village was in motion, the men looking grimly wild; the women, under their tattered garb, striving to keep up amidst rags and penury the Mahomedan "shame-facedness" so peculiar to this people. They are shepherds by hereditary occupation, and plunderers from cupidity. The spring of the year is hailed with delight by this nomadic race, when I have seen them emigrating from pasture to pasture: they retain their primitive pastoral habits, which the vicissitudes of ages have never eradicated. I had encountered moving villages before; these nomades of the wilderness seem devoid of all local attachments, their wants are few, they appear contented and happy; they clear out completely from the last locality—not a hen left on the roost.

The tribe amongst whom we were moving were notorious horse-stealers; they would even come down to Tabreez, rob the stables, and take the cattle into these mountains; it is almost impossible to follow them; in their fastnesses they are inaccessible.

At length we arrived at a height where all semblance of a road ceased, to the great embarrassment of our guide. Not a trace of animal or village could be made; the ground partially covered with snow, and otherwise of that barren description where "thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley." What was to be done? But there is an inexhaustible resource in Persian travel—the inviting "tchibook,"—so squatting ourselves on the ground, we

puffed many a cloud, and held council as to proceeding ; every point of the compass was alike, no clue whatever tended to the village which we were seeking ; so, leaving it to the horses, we had not proceeded far when some shepherds were seen in the distance, and they pointed to some almost inaccessible ravines which must be passed before we could reach the village of "Bahool." All description must fail of the remainder of this day's journey ; the clouds played at our feet—icy cold in the month of June—and beautiful were these ; the

" ——— Clouds in heaven's loom,
Wrought through varieties of shape and hue,
In ample folds of drapery divine."

And as we passed through these magnificent folds, I felt all the thrilling sensations of delight.

As we trod our rugged way, the snow was in some places so thickly embedded, that it was difficult and dangerous for the baggage horses. A brilliant sunshine below (for in those heights we were quite obscured from its influence) would occasionally light up a bridle-path, where the goat was browsing. We slid over rocky chasms at which the horses revolted ; and scanned our way on the brinks of precipices gaping awfully below, to which one false step may prove the last for ever ; and as I trod my slippery way, I would occasionally pause on some nook,

"To gaze and gaze, and wonder at the scene."

I thought our dangers and difficulties amply repaid by the imposing view of this mountain scenery. Sublimity sat on its summits—grandeur in its vales ; and the variety of shades scattered upon the whole, it looked more like a picture than a reality. It was a dioramic view where I recollected to have seen something like it ;—but why do I compare art to nature ! I,

"Who have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,
Than art in galleries ———."

The least fervid mind might have gathered tints for the canvass ; nay, I was almost drunk with its magnificence ; and staggered down our harassed way, quite unknowing to what it would lead ; there was an imposing awe in the solitude. If ever I felt out of the world, it was here ; no tenant would inhabit it ; from the eagle to the goat it was all deserted. Thus we scrambled on, making towards a sun-lit valley, which we imagined might be occupied by the flock and its shepherd, and it was so. They were feeding in rich pastures, to which we descended, where we got into almost tropic heat.

I have before noticed the extraordinary and rapid changes of climate in Persia. In a few hours we had experienced this to as much as thirty degrees. Here we learnt how much we had deviated from the proper road ; and having taken temporary rest, and information which led to a Koordish encampment, we sped our way to it, where we were refreshed with "moss," or sour milk, dealt out to us very liberally, spite of the jealousy of the dogs, who seemed very angry at our intrusion. These "nomades" are always hospitable ; ask for their salt and

they are sure to grant it you, which includes protection to a certain extent, beyond which they plunder you if they can.

We were not long in descending to our village of "Bahool," where we found our tents pitched in a pretty orchard, the servants having preceded us the day before. This wretched village was situated near what the natives call a "jangall," or forest, although it offered a mere brushwood of stunted oak. Immediately around it there were certainly a few trees of the birch kind, but late in their vegetation; even these were to me a great novelty, having travelled so far without seeing a tree of any sort, garden wood excepted. Here we enjoyed our rest—

"All on the margin of some foaming stream,
And spread our careless limbs ——"

and smoked our "tchibook" of repose.

Having rested at the village some sixteen days, I had much enjoyment of the nomadic life: and as I plunged farther into the forest its magnificence expanded, and opened new pages of Nature's beauties. I explored the gardens, cultivated the natives, propitiated the dogs, and really felt so happy in this wilderness that I was loath to leave it. I deem the Persian peasantry a very happy people (when under a liberal governor), because they are a contented people. This I notice the more they are isolated from any large town or government; there is more simplicity of mind, consequently less corruption of manners. Amongst them, anything like *want*, much less of *starvation*, can never be known. I have already spoken of the abundance of a Persian village breakfast. They have "moss," or sour milk, which they are very fond of, an abundance of flat bread, which is soft and unleavened, with butter, cheese, honey, fruits in the season, eggs and fowls, rice and tobacco—what want they more than good appetites and grateful hearts! They are never degraded by that stimulating demon "alcohol;" nor is their soil polluted by the demoralizing gin-shops—those sinks of iniquity, those reservoirs of shame and death, which so degrade my native country,—heating the mechanic almost into rebellion, in the form of chartism, or what not; rendering him, instead of a portion of the healthy strength, to become the noxious excrescence of his country:* from this the Persian peasant is exempt. But they are not without their grievances. The occasional oppression of their local governors I have already alluded to; and another calamity with which they are sometimes visited, withers their substance, desolates their land, and often drives them from their locality; I allude to the locusts, showers of which will occasionally visit the land. Whilst at dinner one day on the top of the house at Tehran, a small quantity of them dropped on our plates, attracted no doubt by the lights. I once met with them on the road to "Kirishkeen;" the natives were horrified at

* The "temperance," and even "total abstinence" system is stealthily as it were making its way in this country, conferring a blessing on the community second only to "the Gospel of Peace." It is astonishing the progress it has made in Ireland under the influence of Father Matthew, more than 15,000 having subscribed to it in one day. Let us compete with the Mahomedans in this respect, and banish the demon "alcohol" from our soil.

their approach, and took every means to frighten them off by "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." I liken them to the grasshopper in size and shape; they are heavy on the wing, soon fall to the ground, where they seem to lay in seeming order to infinity. I am not aware that they are of that species which at the command of Moses so desolated Egypt; but they move occasionally in immense bodies seemingly led by the king or queen of the tribe; they travel long journeys, and are generally brought in with a south-east wind. They are not the insects of a day, as I first thought them to be, although ripened by a sun-beam,—the animal is born by its influence, their eggs being deposited in the autumn; the locusts which I saw were about three inches long, of a bright yellow colour. It was said that some of the people will gather them for food, that they are good eating when boiled, and that they are even preserved by salting. I was by no means curious to taste of this spawn of nature, particularly with such an abundance of other food. I had many a solitary meandering in these wilds; the river jumped down in foamy haste, in this Alpine scenery; there was only the sea wanting to complete Byron's description, which I have so often entered into, and so truly felt:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, nor yet can all conceal."

No. 25.—The Tatar Gallop.

On the 23rd November I got into the saddle; the morning opened in a tempest on the Black Sea, to which I was turning my back; it was tossed to and fro in foamy fury, agitated by one of those frightful storms, the result of "the elemental strife" of this part of the world. The ominous cloud about the size of a man's hand soon spread over the horizon; this seems to awake the winds, which threaten destruction to all opposing objects. It is a magnificent sight, and I waited some time until the clouds had poured out their contents, and that there should be some chance of a tranquil atmosphere. But the rain continued to fall; the horses were ready, the hurly-burly Tatar became impatient; so, "mounting the steed of acquiescence, and vaulting into the stirrups of impatience," we started. On climbing the paved hills (for such they literally are which bound the town of Trebisonde), they were cut into flights of stairs, over which the horses climb with wonderful ease. The ground was partially covered with snow, and the wind blew from every point of the compass. I had agreed with the Tatar to take me about eight hundred miles to Tabreez, which he was to do in as many days (per hundred) with five horses; one for the "surridgee," or guide, who takes the post horses from one station to another—such stations being from twenty to thirty miles apart, according to the villages;—the Tatar's horse, my own, one baggage, and one kitchen horse, to carry pans, kettles, provisions, &c.; those pro-

visions consisting principally of coffee, tea, sugar, rice, &c. ; and the Tatar undertakes for bread, fowls, eggs, "yourt," or sour milk. However, it is precarious to trust too much to the purveyor, for the Tatars not only pay nothing to the villagers where they levy, but often tax them in coin, "for the skin of their teeth," as they call it. My bargain with him was 2500 Turkish piastres, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, with a "bakshish," or present, on arrival, provided I was satisfied with his conduct. This bargain I made through my interpreter, the Tatar not speaking Persian, so that not a word of understanding existed between us beyond that indispensable understanding "tchibook" and tobacco. In such travel dilemmas, and where you commit yourself to the care of an entire stranger who may lead you into ambush, or betray you to the "Koords," it is better to employ a government Tatar—his character and credit are at stake for your safe conduct; if he forfeits these he loses all future employ. These Tatars are generally bulky men; they ride small horses, and with a weight of tackling quite oppressive to the little animals, who shake themselves beneath their load, and run with an ambling pace more like a dog than a horse, when out of the gallop. I should observe that the Tatar is furnished with a "teskeret," or order from the Pashia to supply him with the required number of horses at the post-houses, an establishment much better kept up in Turkey than in Persia. This "teskeret" is deemed a necessary protection to the traveller; so having clomb over the hills,—"crack" goes the Tatar's long whip, he raises himself in his shovel stirrups, and issues such a wild cry of impatience, that the animals bound off, and the inspiration is felt by man and beast. The first stage to "Gevaslic," I deem the scenery to be more than "Switzerland the second;" the snowy hill-tops, interspersed here and there with the black pine, which yielding to the blast, scattered its white clothing about in flaky variety; then the mountain torrents, with their impetuous roar, hastening to the sea, impatient seemingly of every interruption. This was to me a sort of anxious day; the solitariness of the scene, though accompanied by man and beast, as over the difficult passes I was obliged to follow more like a bale of goods attached to the saddle than as having any interest in the adventure. Thus we got on; and even if Ferrajulah had understood me, what cared he about Alpine scenery! Arrived at our station, the horses fagged, and I somewhat jaded, I was glad to resume my old quarters at "Gevaslic," where I had formerly lodged; and on the benches of the coffee-house I established myself for the night, and made it out in tolerable comfort:—

"Sleep's dewy wand had stroked my drooping lids,
And promised me my long arrear of rest."

But the Tatar became jealous of my rest, and at three in the morning we were again in the saddle, having girded ourselves for the warfare of the day; we were soon climbing the hills again, this being a very mountainous district. Hence to the dreary station of "Karakaban," a solitary hut in the mountains, planted for the convenience of post horses. It appeared to me to be misery's head-quarters; and independent of a fine flow of water, I do not remember any other provision. We were now getting into the mining districts of "Gumish

Khaneh," or the "Silver House," with its surface as barren as its bowels were rich (if report spoke true, but principally with copper ore); the town itself was on the side of a hill, seemingly inaccessible; I saw no possibility of approach to it; but on turning the corner, a path had been hewed out through a rock which was strongly fortified; thus, in many of the Asiatic towns, instead of planting them where good approaches may be obtained, on the contrary, every design indicates mistrust, the fear of treachery, and the dread of arbitrary power. Threading our way to this most intricate town of "Gumish Khaneh," the Tatar housed me in a warm stable, and soon were my senses steeped in forgetfulness, which my restless companion rudely interrupted. To dispute his will would have been to be left alone in the wilderness; so buckling on my armour, I had nothing for it but to mount again the stirrup of activity. This district is noted for its good garden ground; and amongst other produce, the pears are most celebrated. I should say that the village bore rather a healthy hue compared to many others; there was less of that squalidness and skin-eaten poverty which in Tourkistan is often so conspicuous. Once in the saddle, the Tatar feels inspired again, sets up a wild howl of delight, cracks his whip, and off he sets full pelt, the horses seemingly partaking of his inspiration. If you happen to lag behind, then he acts as whipper in; you have only to keep the saddle, it is *his* affair to get you on as he would any other merchandise. Many a time was the "surriage" rolling in the snow. He lays his whip over both man and horse: up they spring and on again, nothing daunted. This is a most spirit-stirring mode of travel, and the animation of a Tatar gallop is perfectly bewitching; it excites, I may almost say *creates* faculties not known before. The going over the boundless plains—the rocky ravines—the more difficult the road, the quicker it must be passed. There were many places where a few inches, right or left, it appeared to me, would be fatal to both man and horse. "Crack" goes the whip—they were passed before I had time to think of danger, and "FerraJulah," looking back at me with that air of satisfaction which imposes confidence, I must confess that I became at length as fearless as himself, and enjoyed the bustling scene. How dreary it was to issue out of a warm stable at three o'clock in the morning, the snow flaking about in all directions, to obey the imperative commands of the merciless Tatar (for so I thought him at the time); he has quite as much sensibility as his horse, and nothing more. Had I had the reasoning powers—but it is no use: "Forward" is the order of the day. On arrival at Baiboot, I could scarcely get accommodated even with a stable. They have an inveterate enmity to all "Feringees" since the Russians beat the town about their ears—a large wound in the skull of a mosque, and a leaning minaret of another, perpetuate these blows on the Moslems. The successive stations of "Karogula" and "Ash Kaleh" were passed with every rapidity. At the latter, numerous streams were gushing down from the mountains, all combining to form that mighty Euphrates, which makes so long a march on the Asiatic soil. At Elidja, about ten miles from Arz Room, is a fountain of mineral water, surrounded by a low wall; it was then at boiling heat in the centre of the basin. Its properties

were celebrated for the cure of rheumatism, though but little availed of by the natives. Dashing into the city of *Arz Room*, almost blinded with the snow, I was gladdened with the sight of the "lion rampant and the one-horned unicorn" over the British consulate, the hospitable inmate of which gave prompt shelter and food to the weary traveller. The approach to this place, which is the capital of Turkish Armenia, is through the burying grounds, which are uninclosed and extend a great way, having numerous cupolas, head-stones with gilt turbans, and long inscriptions, for which the Turks are so celebrated in the way of epitaphs.

"On that small morsel of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones."

But the Tatar gallop affords no time to transcribe epitaphs; so arranging for fresh horses and renewing our *teskeret*, we were soon again in the saddle, arriving after dark at "*Hassan Kaleh*." I had consoled myself with the expectation of a long night of it in a warm stable, where man and beast mixed up together, one gets animal warmth where sometimes no other can be obtained; but the impatient Tatar thought otherwise; so girding himself at six o'clock, I had no alternative but to follow his imperious will, though I would have fain escaped from any farther progress that night. It was bitter cold. The roughness of the way caused many a slip to our steeds, rolling sometimes the Tatar and sometimes the "*surrigee*" in the snow. But these are trifles—nothing is permitted to prevent the Tatar's progress—the long whip does every thing for man and beast; its spirit-stirring influence is irresistible. In these midnight gallops the very sound of a dog is most harmonious, indicating a village, and possibly rest. About three o'clock in the morning we dashed into "*Delli Baba*" in spite of canine interruptions offered to us at every corner. Housed in a warm stable, I was asleep in an instant standing by my horse; but not long did I enjoy this privilege; "*Ferrajulah*" shook me to the painful consciousness of my being still subject to his arbitrary government. I resisted all I could. "*Yawash*," Stop! He then indicated that we were in the *Koord* country, insinuating danger by passing his knife before his throat, which I understood as the intelligencer of some possible catastrophe. This was exciting, so off we galloped "*nolens volens*." I was well acquainted with the country, and understood his intention to give me no rest until we arrived at *Torprach Kaleh*. I did expect to rough it certainly, but this was roughing it in the superlative degree; so I determined to resist my Tatar, and taking advantage of his advance, I bounded off to the first village I could discover, he after me, shouting and pointing towards this station. I got into the stable before him, and having been sixteen hours on horse, fell immediately asleep. This was a wretched place called "*Zadecan*," and with difficulty did I get the common supplies of bread and milk, the former having to wait the baking of. This is quite an event in a Turkish village. The oven is sunk in the ground of the common resting place, and heated by dried dung, the ordinary fuel in Turkish villages; the thin pancake dough is then planted against its sides below in flaps (if I may so say); it requires but short time to convert it into bread. So

sitting around the oven's mouth, I had to wait the operation with hungry impatience, and making out the night on dirty nummets, I was quite ready at break of day to start for "Torprach Kaleh." Here we breakfasted with the "Agha," who was a "Koord;" indeed the whole neighbourhood may be said to be inhabited by these people, who in their striped "abas," or cloaks, and red woollen caps hanging largely down the neck, present a grotesque appearance in these wild countries. The horses were small but active, and we dashed through the numerous swamps with wonderful rapidity. "Ferrajulah" has no time for accidents, and as we made our first dash through the Euphrates, "Frat," he exclaimed (the Turkish name for this river), and cracking his whip, I had no time to taste of this most ancient of waters. "Diaden," the next station, presents some ruinous fortifications, all crumbling into dust. It was here that I was formerly riding over the roof of a house unknowingly (Reminiscence, No. 14); but the Tatar now found me better quarters. These government couriers are much respected in these countries—feared, I should say; a crack of their whip inspires terror. The wild passes of the mountains, although there was but little time to admire them, were fancifully grand this day—the snow on them was but partial; and the vallies, so rich in pasture varieties where they were sheltered from the northern blasts, it seemed a struggle, as it were, between summer and winter. I was too much engrossed with the struggle to heed my way, and down comes the horse, knees foremost, and as suddenly springing into the gallop by the magic of the Tatar's whip. We got to our station in fine style, though I imagined the jaded animals could never reach it. Two of the Turkish luxuries, in the way of feeding, are "Yaourt," or sour milk, and "Kymack," or clouted cream, both excellent of their kind. They have a minced meat called "Dogmah," being rolled into balls and covered with vine leaves—this is also good. Here, abundantly provided with these provisions, at a good station, messing together with "Ferrajulah," we laughed at and with each other, our only mode of intercourse. There is a sort of satisfaction in accomplishing any object of fatigue or difficulty, and I got so animated by my Tatar gallop as to feel quite impatient to get again into the saddle: a most important comfort to this mode of travelling is the English bridle and saddle, with which I was provided, the Turkish tackling is so very rude as to be almost unusable by a "Feringee." On the side of a ravine, in a rocky defile, lay a Kourdish village of straggling earth pots, as I call them—habitations they can scarcely be named, but "malgre moi," here he would take me; and with difficulty did we climb to those dens of misery, amidst the baying of dogs and the vociferations of a ragged community, for our arrival had produced quite an "emeute." The "Rysh Soofeed," or old "Agha," led the way to his domicile, from whence issued beings of all sorts—"shame-faced females" included—and seeing a "Feringee" come in amongst them, their modest confusion was of the most amusing kind; but they were all ejected together by the government authority, which bears more of the physical than the argumentative kind. "Ferrajulah" seemed quite at home here; they were his kindred for aught I know; and spite of my impatience, I had to make out the night of it amidst all

sorts of rubbish. The hut was lit from the top, there being no chimney, so the fire was kindled in the middle of it, in order to the smoke's emission, and as this was not always regular, we were visited with sundry portions of it, much to my discomfort. As to the Koordish cooking, it would puzzle even a "Kitchener" to imitate it; and as I lay on my nummed of patience and smoked my pipe of novelty, I was much amused at these scenes of Koordish domesticity. Not to dwell upon it, I wondered how the night arrangements were to be made to accommodate so large a family; looking out for retiring rooms, dormitories, &c. but not any were to be found; and as the night approached the family increased, but the sleeping arrangements were soon made; the dirty bolsters and carpets were brought in and stretched miscellaneously on the ground, the fire-spot being the most attractive. Here lay master, mistress, and sundry family sprouts, male and female, all of a heap as accident or cold seemed to draw them together, rather miscellaneously arranged. "Ferrajulah" and I kept our distance, for I had found out rather the aristocratic part of the cabin, and he lay at my feet. Koordish somnolency appeared to me to differ very little from that of "Frangistan." The old man began the concert, the others followed, about eight in number. This effectually prevented my taking part in it. About midnight a young woman came in accompanied by a large dog, and stalked cautiously around to discover seemingly a hare spot to rest upon. I watched their movements from the glare of the embers, which threw occasional flaming tints over the scene; but as she approached the aristocratic part of the cabin, I set up such a noise (as if in troubled sleep) that she soon decamped; and being desirous to do the same, I shook myself at an early hour from my nummed (the Koordish mode of cleansing), and most gladly escaped from my resting place. Being detained at Khoie a whole day to obtain horses, I lodged in the caravanserai, of brick floor and small dimensions, all in nudity; and, rambling through the bazaars, I saw a good deal of this large city, the gates of which are respectable; but the bridges over the dry ditch of that tumble-down description as to be highly dangerous; they are built on slight poles, so as to yield in the middle some six or eight inches of level, and miserably propped with poles from below. There is some design in this (as I imagine). Fancy a contumacious governor within; he cuts down the bridges in five minutes, and defies the outside authority. In Persia every thing indicates stratagem; half the world live by it; no wonder that the art so thrives on the soil, or at the ready wits of the Persians. The plain of Khoie is most extensive and richly dotted with villages. Not to tarry amongst them, we were now within two days of Tabreez. There was no time for musings. "Ferrajulah" became more impatient; the "Bakshish," or present, was to depend on his promptitude; and although the ground was occasionally much flooded, where bridges are unknown or so imperfect as to render them dangerous, we had many a fording difficulty, but they were all surmounted by his activity. When the old ark or arsenal of Tabreez appeared in view, which may be seen at a great distance, the Tatar raised himself in the stirrups, quite inspired, as it were, with the prospect. "Tabreez! Tabreez!" "Crack" goes the whip, the

jaded horses take fresh courage, and we very soon attained the goal of our wishes. I was uncommonly pleased with my recognitions of even the mud walls, and making rapid way over the rotten bridge, was much gratified to hear shouted out, "Sahib ame dast," the Sahib is come," from an old acquaintance who was making way to me. As I galloped up to the Khan's my old abode, from thence to the doctor's, I was received on all sides with the kindest greetings,—“ Koosh amadeed,” “ Koosh guelden,” and so on. Really I began to think that this world is not such a barren spot for human affections as some represent it to be, and I felt a sort of fraternising amongst my Persian friends to be termed home-ties; and the domestics coming in, salaaming, kissing your hand, with, “ Your place has long been empty,” “ May your shadow increase,” &c. it was a most agreeable termination to my journey; then the sort of triumph with which “ Ferrajulah” led me in, having performed his bargain, and looking for his “ Bakshish.” I speedily delivered myself, through my interpreter, of the numerous inquiries which I had bottled up on the way,—why he stopped at one place, and went on from another; all of which he satisfactorily answered; and I made him happy beyond his expectations. To give a fillip to nature and a buoyancy to the faculties, I should say there is nothing like a Tatar gallop.

GERSHOM.

THE RED-HOT BARBER.

SHOWING HOW HE MADE LOVE, AFTER A FASHION WHICH WE DO NOT FEEL BOUND TO RECOMMEND TO THE READER.

WHAT an odd unaccountable compound of strange whims, fancies, vagaries, extravagancies, and absurdities is that species of man usually called the barber! The individuals of it may be divided into two classes. The first is a set of dismal mortals, who are distinguished by phizes of more than ordinary length, and of much thinner texture than is usually considered consistent with a well-fed stomach. You might as well expect the great elephant in the Regent's Zoological Gardens to indite a love sonnet, as to hope, by any effort of wit or humour, to raise a smile on the countenance of a barber of this description. He seems to have forsworn mirth, and to have unalienably given his allegiance to the goddess of melancholy. Immersed in his own blue-devil thoughts, he deprives you of your beard and your twopence, without breaking his taciturnity; and deliberately folding up his white cloth, sees you depart, scarcely vouchsafing a grumpy adieu.

The other class, on the contrary, is composed of the merriest creatures alive. Possessing a certain comfortable rotundity of person and jolliness of temper, they seem to be on the best of terms with themselves, and all around them. Having few cares of their own, they think it but proper that they should share those belonging to their neighbours, and thus they become a complete reservoir of news, true and untrue, which they are not slack to impart, with sundry additions, to their customers. These personages are generally fond of the “ *Red Lion*,” when they get any body to stand treat; and often wheedle the housemaid out of half a pint of table ale, when such is kept in the house.

But he, whom we have chosen more especially for the hero of this paper, belonged to neither of these classes. He could indeed gossip, and boast, and lie, yet he had other qualities which rendered him more conspicuous than they alone would have done. He was the laughing-stock of the parish; not because he was a barber, but because he was what a barber generally is not.

Ben Bouncer possessed in the year 18—, three things—a shop, a business, and a nick-name. The two former pleased him right well. The latter, however, stung him to the quick; and the more he writhed, the firmer did the hated cognomen stick to him. His proper name seemed to have been clean forgotten; as men, women, and children, recognized him only by the style and title of the *Red-hot Barber*. Poor Ben, in his vexation, had even gone to the expense of having “BENJAMIN BOUNCER, HAIR-DRESSER,” inscribed in large letters above his door, in hope that his neighbours would take the hint, and cease calling him by the hateful appellation. Vain, however, were his exertions; for one night some spiteful wag pasted a sheet of paper on which he had too legibly scrawled the provoking words, “*Ben Bouncer, the Red-hot Barber,*” over the board containing the admonition. The next morning Ben was ready to burst with rage—the villagers with laughing.

Unfortunately Ben Bouncer harboured such a quantity of inflammable gas in his breast, that it was ever exploding, and doing vast injury—to himself. He was not able to do much to any one else; his physical strength not being at all commensurate with his mental energy. He had a conception that he was the bravest of mortals; and certainly, if passion is to be taken as a proof of bravery, nobody will dispute Ben’s claim. Thus was it he obtained his enviable distinction as the *Red-hot Barber*—a distinction which he fully merited. Nor were plenty of opportunities wanting for the display of his distinguishing characteristic. The village urchins, when they had congregated together in sufficient numbers to defy his wrath, would bawl after him, “*Red-hot Barber! Red-hot Barber!*” and then laugh, as they perceived the crimson blood rise in his face, and heard his loud expressions of anger. At length Ben bought a whip with a full determination to give the young rogues a thorough chastisement next time they so plagued him. But in this poor Ben had miscalculated his means. When he attempted to put his resolution into practice, the urchins, vigorously attacking him, quickly levelled him to the earth, and, with his own whip, revenged themselves as long as they dared. The *Red-hot Barber* raved and swore; but the more he swore the more he was laughed at. Poor Ben had yet to learn that the only way to avoid being laughed at, is either to join in the laugh or disregard it. He took one or two of the ringleaders before a magistrate, and loudly demanded justice; but the boys were dismissed with a severe reprimand. The *Red-hot Barber* thought he was wronged past endurance; and went that very evening and enrolled himself as a member of the “*Poor Man’s Radical Club,*” being, he said, fully convinced of the necessity of reform, when such horrible injustice could be allowed in a Christian land.

Notwithstanding his passionate heats, Ben had affections; in proof

whereof he fell in love with a maiden, who to him appeared fair as the Spartan Helena, and virtuous as the constant Penelope. To be sure, neither her name or her occupation was poetical; but what cared Ben for that? She had entangled him in her chains; and although her hand was rather hard, he would have given the world to have obtained possession of it. Molly, the 'squire's housemaid, seemed to him to be preferable to all the duchesses in the land.

Alas! servants are not what they used to be. Pride has even found a place among them. Now, one would have thought that Ben Bouncer, a man who, as things go, was well to do in the world, would not have been a bad match for the fair Molly. She, however, thought otherwise. What! marry a barber—faugh!

One day, as the Red-hot Barber was sitting in his shop, pondering over the charms of his cruel fair one, and considering how, when, and where he should pop the question, the door opened, and Molly entered, having in her hands a lady's false hair front.

"Here! my missus says," began she, "that you don't know how to make up a front no more than a cat; for directly she puts it on it all comes out and makes her look like an owl in an ivy bush. So she has sent it you back, and says that if you don't do it better this time you shan't have it no more."

Ben took the front, and twirled its long, lanky curls about his fingers. He was not thinking of the front, but of the fair Molly. Was she not alone? What time so favourable as the present?

"Why, my dear," replied Ben, "I don't know how it is—but the front's worn out. Your mistress ought to have had a new one a long time ago."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Molly, "she ought to have a new one every week, oughtn't she?"

"Rich people should make good for trade," rejoined Ben. "But what think you, my dear Moll, of your place—is it a comfortable one?"

"How very strange it is," remarked Moll, "that some people won't mind their own business."

Ben was taken aback. He felt, too, a little indignation arise at the fair housemaid's last inuendo, but he repressed it.

"No offence should be taken where none is meant," said he. "Sit down—I have something very particular to say to you."

"Then you can't say it now; for I have a world of things to do at home, and talking with a barber won't assist me, I fancy."

Poor Ben felt still more vexed. He hated to be called a *barber*—he styled himself a hair-dresser. However, he swallowed this affront, though not without a little difficulty.

"Dear Molly," said he, "do hear me. I'm in love."

The damsel burst out into a loud laugh.

"In love!" repeated she; "in love! Pray, if I may make so bold, who's your intended? Isn't it Poll Carey?"

Now Poll Carey was an old char-woman—as ugly as she was old. The Red-hot Barber felt his blood boil at the insult; and he exclaimed with much vehemence—

"No, Moll—you know it is *not* she! I'm in—in—in love with you! There, 'tis out now!"

"With me!" said Moll, gathering herself up into a posture expressive of vast disdain. "With me! and pray who told you I'd marry any body like you—a little, shuffling, Red-hot Barber!"

Fancy, reader, the look of our hero. No mortification—no regret could have been traced in his countenance—he was almost choking with passion. Jumping up, he laid hold of his beloved's shoulders, and cried, "I will not be refused in that manner! You *shall* have me!"

"Leave me loose, Mr. Barber," exclaimed Moll, "else I'll scream right out!"

"Will you have me, I say?"

"No!"

"No! What, you will not have the Red-hot Barber! You're too proud," cried Ben, still continuing his hold of Moll's shoulders. "Every body laughs at me, but I'll show them that I am *not* to be laughed at. Will you have me?"

"I tell you no! let me loose!"

"What, you won't—you won't—you won't!" exclaimed the Red-hot Barber, giving Moll several admonitory shakes between each exclamation—"but you shall!"

"Let me loose, sir!" cried the struggling Moll, who did not relish this ungente treatment.

"Yes, I will let you loose," responded Ben, "there, go!" and he pushed her away from him with such violence, that the luckless Moll measured her length on the floor. Ere she fell, she gave a real feminine scream—such a one as a man would vainly attempt to imitate.

"What's the matter?" said three old women, Ben's neighbours, bustling in, "what's the matter? la! what have you done to the girl?"

"Murdered me, I think," said Moll, rising, "and all because I wouldn't have him. He knocked me down to make me love him, I suppose."

"Are you hurt?"

"Not much—he has only grazed my elbow. Good bye, Mr. Barber, and next time you make love, just keep your hands to yourself."

And Moll sailed away, in company with the old women.

This incident soon got noised abroad. Moll, determined to give the Red-hot Barber a lesson, took out a warrant against him for an assault. Accordingly, at the petty sessions, the whole affair was narrated, amidst peals of laughter. There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the idea of a man knocking a girl down in order to make her love him, that poor Ben not only became "the observed of all observers," but the complete laughing-stock of the parish. Even his brother members of the "Poor Man's Radical Club" twitted him upon his courtship, and absolutely forgot to discuss their wrongs and grievances that evening. Poor Ben was all but mad. He fumed, and threatened, and stormed; but his fumings, and threatenings, and stormings, were powerless to turn from him the keen edge of public ridicule. His customers, when he went to shave them in the morning, would ask whether he meant to prosecute his suit with regard to Moll, and advise him since knocking her down had no effect, to try if

setting fire to the house might not produce a favourable change in her sentiments. Go where he would, every body had a joke, ready cut and dried, to play off upon him ; until at last he was almost driven to distraction. The village urchins, every time he passed them, looked impudently up into his face, and inquired, " Who knocked down the girl to make her love him ? " And then answering their own question, they exclaimed " The Red-hot Barber ! the Red-hot Barber ! " Indeed, as he said, very truly, he led at this time a proper dog's life. At length, he so far forgot himself as to send a challenge to a navy captain who had twitted him. The captain showed the ill-spelt, blotted, and angry letter about, and the poor barber was more laughed at than ever. He could bear it no longer. He sold off his stock, shut up his shop, got on the top of the London coach, and resolved never again to set eyes upon the scene of his mortifications. This resolution he has kept, for no one has since heard anything of the Red-hot Barber.

SELWYN COSWAY.

THE LEGEND OF COUNT EGMONT'S BRIDAL.

A GERMAN TRADITION.

BY THE HONOURABLE D. G. OSBORNE.

THE morn was gorgeous, o'er each distant tower
Day's glorious orb diffused his golden rays ;
Odours most sweet exhaled from every flower,
And the lark sang on high his grateful lays :
Whilst ever and anon you heard the chime
Of merry bells, arising over all,
Which told the listener of some jocund time,
And ushered in some joyous festival.

'Tis Egmont's bridal day, a nobler knight
Than he, ne'er courted dame or vanquished foe ;
In lady's chamber, or in deadly fight,
None more successful could his country show.
Of graceful figure, yet commanding mien,
Of birth the highest in heraldic pride ;
He'd won besides—his fairest boast I ween—
The Lady Bertha for his beauteous bride.

Count Egmont's youth had blithely passed along,
In the gay tumult of a varied life ;
The dance, the jest, the banquet, and the song,
Had alternated with the battle's strife.
Love, too, had culled its brightest flow'rs for him,
And many a tender, blue-eyed German maid
Had been the plaything of his lordly whim,
And mourned the arts which won her—then betrayed.

Finding, at length, that dissipation cloyed,
 And war no longer yielding scope for fame,
 Egmont resolved to seek in wedded joys
 The purer pleasures of an honest flame.
 Yet had his heart long hovered in suspense,
 Perplexed to choose amidst contending charms ;
 He wished for beauty, rank, and *innocence*,
 (The rarest prize of all) to bless his arms.

The Lady Bertha in herself combined
 Those three important requisites, for she
 Could boast the gifts of person and of mind,
 And a long line of noble ancestry.
 Her maiden purity was ne'er assailed
 By the dark whisper of suspicion's voice ;
 Before her brilliant eyes the brightest quailed,
 Such then was Bertha, such Count Egmont's choice.

Louder and louder rings the merry peal,
 Shouts rend the air—the nuptial knot is tied ;
 The heralds clear the way with ready zeal,
 “Room for Count Egmont and his lovely bride.”
 Six cream-white steeds of form and breed most rare
 Stand harnessed to a princely equipage ;
 To the Count's castle speed the noble pair,
 And with them went a young and handsome page.

There was a mystery about that youth,
 He'd lately taken service with the Count,
 But of his birth and parentage, in sooth,
 None could obtain a very clear account.
 He said his name was Albert, that he'd been
 An orphan for some years, and this was all
 The Count's domestics from the page could glean,
 Which caused some grumbling in the servants' hall.

Yet he was always so intent to please,
 To execute with quickness each behest,
 Withal so trusty, that by quick degrees,
 He'd ris'n to favour in his master's breast.
 But Lady Bertha we must needs confess,
 (A pretty woman's frequently unjust
 In liking and disliking) prized him less,
 In fact she viewed him with some slight distrust.

He was a very handsome youth, and yet
 There lurked a fierceness in his dark, black eye,
 Which made you shrink aside, whene'er you met
 His glance, as though a deadly snake were nigh ;
 And when he smiled ('twas rarely) one might deem
 His heart with some strange bitterness was wrung,
 Which he would fain conceal, it did not seem
 A fitting smile for one so fair and young.

They reached the castle, an uncovered train
Of menials press respectfully to greet
The fair young mistress of their Lord's domain—
With winning courtesy, in voice most sweet,
Their heartfelt homage the young bride repays,
And hears with modest yet confiding joy,
The old domestics her own Egmont praise,
Whom they had known and honoured from a boy.

We know 'tis reckoned as a standing dish,
A kind of rule at marriages like this,
For ancient servants to express a wish,
The happy pair may live long years of bliss.
Now this old custom, as most others are,
Is very pretty, proper, and all that ;
But then, sometimes, these wishes stretch so far,
One scarce can form a guess what they'd be at.

I heard a gray-haired butler once exclaim,
Pointing to some great picture on the wall,
He wished his youthful master's lot the same
As his old grandfather's had been in all.
Now with due deference to the zeal which he
Thus showed, I think it was a shade too bad
To wish his master might at twenty-three,
Be like his crusty, gouty, deaf grand-dad.

You'll pardon this digression ; our fond pair
Were left descending at the castle gate,
And they were straightway ushered in from there
To a rich banquet-room, with fitting state.
A slight but yet an exquisite repast
Refreshed their spirits and renewed their strength,
(The worst of all things is too long a fast !)
And the young lovers are alone at length.

They are alone ! Count Egmont and his bride ;
With deep, ungovernable ecstasy
He views the beauteous creature by his side,
His own, blest thought ! his own eternally.
His arm hath gently clasped her graceful form,
Yet doth she not her downcast eyelids raise ;
On her soft cheek his breath is playing warm,
His love-fraught eyes beseech an answering gaze.

She lifts at length, half-trembling at the deed,
Those stag-like orbs whose bright but fatal fire
A hermit's resolution might mislead,
And bid him cease a heav'n to look for higher.
Oh, 'twould defy a mortal pen t' express
The *woman's* fondness, yet the *virgin's* shame,
With which she greeted her young lord's caress,
And owned an equal but more bashful flame.

I have read somewhere of some nation's creed,
 Who fondly deem that for each human heart,
 The great Creator, from whom all proceed,
 Hath kindly formed a fitting counterpart ;
 And should by chance those separate spirits meet,
 By some electric spark, divinely given,
 Each will the other recognizing greet,
 And thus fulfil the great design of heaven.

'Tis a wild fancy, yet it doth not lack
 Of gracefulness, the thought that even here
 In the wide universe's boundless track,
 Some kindred spirit may be hov'ring near,
 Which when the happy moment shall have come,
 Foreseen by God's all-penetrating eye,
 Shall with its brother spirit find a home
 By some ethereal freemasonry.

It is the fashion constantly to sneer
 At married life : they say your passion cools
 When bound to the same object year by year ;
 But those who broach this doctrine are but fools.
 What can be more delightful to the mind,
 Which by itself upon itself would prey,
 Than some one fond congenial soul to find,
 Which meets its every wish and thought half way.

A mistress is a feather, light and vain ;
 (They're rather fond of feathers too sometimes) :
 "Milwood" and others, make it very plain,
 That lawless love will lead to fearful crimes ;
 She brought her lover to the fatal rope,
 And may deservedly be styled a "rod,"
 But then—if I may change the words of Pope—
 A faithful wife's the "noblest work of God !"

One feels no confidence, no sure esteem,
 In those connexions which a mere caprice
 May in a moment (like a summer's dream
 Which rises but to vanish) bid to cease.
 These transitory passions are a curse,
 There's nothing like a good old-fashioned wife,
 For there she is, "for better or for worse,"
 Tied firmly to you till the end of life.

Again digressing, this will never do,
 The printer's devil clamours for his sheet.
 Back to our story, we had left our two
 Young lovers occupied in dalliance sweet.
 But now the shades of evening closing o'er,
 While weary Phœbus hid his drowsy head,
 Warned them that day's bright empire was no more,
 And bade them hasten to the nuptial bed.

But ere they sought their chamber, a long train
Of faithful tenants modestly proposed
To sing in honour of the pair a strain
Which the old castle minstrel had composed.
Egmont good humouredly assented, though
He doubtless had preferred his chamber's rest
To their discordant voices, but you know
They meant it all, poor devils, for the best.

THE EPITHALAMIUM.

Now all hail to our Count and the beautiful bride
He hath brought in the halls of his fathers to dwell ;
She 's the flow'r of our country, fair Germany's pride,
And her charms rule all hearts like a magic fraught spell.
Now all hail to our Count who hath borne off the prize,
Though his rivals were thick as the leaves on the tree ;
But they shrank from the glance of our young hero's eyes,
For who is there draws sword, or wins lady like he ?
Let the feast be prepared ; let the wine cup go round ;
Let the loud swelling chorus attest our delight ;
See the beautiful brow of our Bertha is crowned
With the flow'rs of the orange tree, spotless and white.
Oh ! young Cupid o'er nuptials so blest shall preside,
And the torch of old Hymen its pure ray will shed ;
While the goddess of beauty adorns the sweet bride
For the arms of her Egmont, and hallows the bed.
As the streamlet to mix with the ocean will run,
Though its waters be lost in the depth of the waves,
As that ocean is kissed by the amorous sun
When, descending, his head in its bosom he laves.
As the dove seeks her mate, as the flow'rs drink the dew,
Even thus shall our Bertha, the fondly adored,
Ever turn with affection, fresh springing and new,
To the ardent embrace of her love and her lord.
Then all hail to our Count ! may a numerous line
Be permitted hereafter this union to grace ;
May his castle which proudly frowns over the Rhine
Be for ever maintained by some chief of his race.
That his daughters may equal in virtue and charms
The fair mother who bears them, we humbly desire,
While his sons in the lustre of deeds and of arms
Shall inherit the honours and fame of their sire !

And now advanced the page, and bearing up,
With graceful motion and respectful air,
A silver mounted antique drinking cup,
He lowly knelt before the wedded pair.
Egmont first raised the goblet to his lips,
Then offered to his bride the genial draught,
To pledge her lord the gentle Bertha sips—
And at that instant Albert slightly laughed.

There had been something worthy of remark,
A certain restlessness about the page,
Which seemed as though some purpose foul and dark
In thoughts of evil did his mind engage.
He had been seen to smile too on that night,
(That fiendish smile of his) especially
When the good servants prayed their master might
Boast a long line of fair posterity.

But in that universal mirth and joy
None had the leisure, or at least the will,
To watch the vain caprices of a boy
Who might be out of temper, sad or ill;
So the gay revelry went blithely on,
And the old castle rang with many a jest,
Though now Count Egmont and his bride had gone
To seek the nuptial chamber of their rest.

The day is breaking, night hath passed away,
The starry train hath yielded to the dawn;
The sun will rise as bright as yesterday,
When first he smiled on Egmont's bridal morn.
The castle inmates had unclosed their eyes,
(The wine had made their slumbers rather deep),
And to their various avocations rise
Refreshed by "nature's comforter," blest sleep.

The sun is at his height, 'tis mid-day past,
The hawks have been in readiness since ten;
The falc'ner's choicest birds—a beauteous cast—
For Egmont fixed the time of sporting then;
Yet the Count comes not from his nuptial room
To mount his gallant steed; why doth he bide?
Perchance he thinks it but a sorry doom
To leave so soon his loved and lovely bride.

The day draws nigh its close! and yet no sign
Of Egmont or his lady—fears begin
To agitate all minds; none can divine
What cause delays their lord so long within:
At the closed door some reverently knock,
And ask admittance—vainly—till a few,
Grown bolder, resolutely force the lock—
God! what a scene of horror meets their view!

On the rich bridal couch, where silk and gold
Most rare devices had been used to wreath,
Lay the young couple, stiff, and stark, and cold,
Hushed in the silence not of sleep, but death!—
A death so horrid that the shuddering mind
Could scarcely picture such a loathsome fate;
A sight so fearful it might well nigh blind
And blast the eye which dared to contemplate.

Poison had done the dark behest of crime !
Not pestilence in all its varied range,
Nor the less swift but surer hand of time,
Could e'er have wrought so terrible a change.
No well-known lineaments a kindred eye
In each disfigured mass of clay could trace,
Scarce even a vestige of humanity
In the swoll'n features of each livid face.

From their position, it appeared that they
Had felt the venom in its first attack,
As in love's fond embrace they sleeping lay ;—
Then as the fatal pain began to rack,
Closer and closer in each other's arms
The wretches nestled, as though torture *there*
Were powerless, and death had no alarms
While each the other's suffering could share.

But when the horrid anguish reached its worst,
Madness had turned their love to bitter mood ;
Egmont had strove to quench his raging thirst
In the pure current of his Bertha's blood.
The snowy bosom, once in love caressed,
His impious teeth had pierced ; and on the floor,
From the unhallowed wound of that fair breast,
In dull, foul cadence dripped the sluggish gore.

When the young child, unconscious yet of guile,
With not a sinful thought to be forgiv'n,
Resigns his being with a cherub smile,
And leaves this earth for more congenial heav'n ;
Or when the aged Christian, whose long span
Of years hath passed in holiness of life,
Playing no more the cumbrous part of man,
Bids an adieu to human cares and strife—

When 'midst the horrors of the battle field,
Where fly on every side the darts of death,
The warrior scorning ev'n the thought to yield,
Breathes for his country's sake his latest breath ;
Or when the martyr to the faggot tied,
With steadfast glance still gazing on the sky,
Hears taunts and curses with an holy pride,
And dies rejoicing in his agony :—

There may be reason for our tears, yet they
Perish at least in honour or in peace ;
And that reflection should have force to stay
Our grief, and make our murmurings to cease.
Death, too, a welcome guest, comes crowned with flowers
To the sick pauper or the smarting slave,
Who gladly hails the fast approaching hours
That bring him nigh his last, best home, the grave.

But death is fearful when his murderous arm
 At "one fell swoop" 's commissioned to destroy
 All that existence boasts of as its charm,
 (Springs in life's desert) love, and hope, and joy ;
 When the dread fingers of the monster king,
 Before whose icy touch all beings crouch,
 Break in their cruel sport the nuptial ring,
 And tear the wreaths that deck the bridal couch.

God ! what a contrast to the day before,
 That glorious day when all seemed glad and bright,
 When through her partial glass Affection saw
 The future coloured with a lovely light.
 This world seemed peopled with a radiant throng
 Of blessed visions, far too fair for earth,
 And laughing Cupid lightly tripped along
 Before their feet, the harbinger of mirth !

Oh ! what had they to do with death or pain
 In the full bloom of beauty and of youth ?
 It sounded to them as a fable vain,
 Or, at the worst, a yet far-distant truth.
 Their's was the envied, ever-blissful lot,
 Not the black coffin's melancholy gloom :
 Their's was the art-adorned, love-hallowed spot,
 Not the foul worm, the damp and narrow tomb !

Or if the thought at intervals arose,
 At least the image was not *all* of grief ;
 The view they pictured of their being's close
 Was rendered welcome by the fond belief,
 That in the winter of a good old age,
 When life had answered all its various ends,
 Death would with softness shut the happy page
 Amongst a group of dear and mourning friends.

That at the moment of the final scene,
 When this world's curtain drops, no more to rise,
 There might attending on the couch have been
 Some well-beloved child to close their eyes.
 One to whose care they proudly might bequeath
 Their fame and rank, and deem, nor deem in vain,
 That when the parents' deeds were hushed in death,
 In a son's virtues they would live again.

Not such the sentence of relentless fate—
 In the full vigour of their youth's spring time,
 When every blessing seemed their nod to wait,
 They were cut off, a holocaust to crime !
 In one short moment summoned to remove
 From earthly joys, unconscious and unshriven,
 To change the blushing bed of happy love
 For the tribunal of impartial heav'n !

For the dark vengeful passions which combined
In causing this catastrophe abhorred,
Another story must be intertwined
With that whose sad event we now record.
A woman's love, to which his heart did cling,
The fairest hopes of bliss to Egmont gave;
A woman's vengeance was the moving spring
Which crushed those hopes and doomed him to the grave.

'Neath the warm climate of Italia's sun,
In a sequestered and romantic vale,
Near where the silver tides of Arno run,
Sheltered from sultry heat or autumn gale,
Lived an old peasant in his humble cot,
An honest patriarchal-minded man,—
One young and lovely daughter shared his lot,
And fondly watched his life's declining span.

Francesca's charms were of no common class,
Her full yet faultless figure's symmetry
The sculptor's best creations did surpass—
And then the glances of her jet-black eye
Seemed from her country's sun to steal their rays,
And you might trace, as in an open page,
A kind of fierceness in their piercing gaze,
Which told the love they breathed might turn to rage.

And when you add to all this loveliness
A perfect foot, and summers just eighteen,
You will not find it hard to form a guess
How dangerous Francesca must have been
To any luckless wight who chanced to roam
In that direction, for, indeed, to light
On such a jewel in a peasant's home,
Would be enough to set *me* raving quite!

Her education, as you may suppose,
Was not quite calculated to adapt
To the world's ways; she darned her father's hose:
At milking goats too she was somewhat apt,
Her soft untutored voice with sweetness trolled
Some simple airs; her knowledge reached no higher;
Now you know all about her, when you're told,
Her brain was all romance, her soul all fire.

In search, it happened, of "the picturesque,"
(Whether in views or women none can say,)
Hoping to add some sketches to his desk,
A handsome stranger wandered once that way.
Smit with the lovely site, the kind old host,—
And the host's daughter, it is likely, more—
In that lone cot he long took up his post,
And doubtless much increased his artist's store.

He was a German, and a lucky thought
 Occurred, by which their kindness he returned.
 His native language he Francesca taught,
 Who, naturally quick, with aptness learned.
 Now, when the tutor and the pupil both
 Are young and handsome—doubt it if you please—
 Too often love keeps pace with learning's growth,
 For which see Rousseau in the "*Heloise*."

Being a poet too, he loved to hear
 The fair Francesca sing his tender lays,
 His song's fictitious passion seemed more dear
 When *her* pure voice the melody did raise.
 The poetry of love is very fine
 'Especially our own), yet somehow he
 Got tired of songs at last, and much did pine
 For a small share of love's *reality*.

It may have been, the simple peasant's voice
 Was not sufficiently endowed with skill
 To please a connoisseur who did rejoice
 In squalling prima donnas, loud and shrill.
 It may have been—a thousand things beside—
 But he grew sick of passion which *the tongue*
 Alone expressed, and sedulously tried
 To make his pupil practice what she sung.

We need not paint the progress of the suit,
 It would enormously prolong our tale.
 She fell, and that's enough, it doth not boot
 To tell you *when* her purity did fail.
 You may conceive an inexperienced girl,
 Through whose veins coursed the hot Italian blood,
 With ease was borne along in passion's whirl,
 Till virtue perished in the fatal flood.

The German soon got weary of his prize;
 He was more lively than his sluggish race,
 And constancy was nothing in his eyes
 Before th' attractions of a fair new face !
 So one fine day he quietly took wing
 And left Francesca to digest her rage—
 (Which by the way was no such easy thing)—
 Count Egmont was that German, *she* the page.

Two years elapsed, Francesca was alone;
 Her aged sire had lately died, and left
 His daughter her own mistress, friends she'd none,
 But yet she was not totally bereft;
 She found a bag of coins beneath the floor,
 Hid in a coffer of good sturdy ash—
 'Tis very well to call these peasants poor,
 They sometimes leave a monstrous lot of cash !

She had found out the name and residence
Of her false lover, from a book which he
Had chanced to leave behind through negligence—
Your lovers always act imprudently.
While the deep dark emotions of her heart
With rage and hatred swelled, she could not rest
Till vengeance had performed its bloody part,—
To love, next passion in a woman's breast.

Thenceforth her mode of life's a mystery,
Till in the garb and seeming of a page,
But little dreaming of her history,
Count Egmont did her services engage.
You know the fatal sequel of the plot—
The crime how great—the vengeance how complete.
They say her restless ghost still haunts the spot,
And many a boor doth still the tale repeat.

Where her existence ended none can tell
For certain, but 'tis rumoured currently
That in the refuge of a convent's cell
She died at last, a nun of sanctity.
If her repentance were indeed sincere,
Mother of Mercies! 'twas thy gracious deed,
Who look'st in clemency on sinners here,
And with the Son for them dost intercede.

CHARTISM—SOCIALISM.

THE most superficial observer of life and society feels a secret consciousness that the world is upon the eve of great political and social changes; although the most far-seeing eye cannot penetrate the deep mists and dark shadows that hang over the future. The French revolution, with its bloody and gorgeous scenes, its mighty triumphs, its signal defeats, its heroes, its victims, has become only a matter of history; but many of the results of that great popular movement yet remain to be worked out. The English revolutions were, even in their progress, much more in their effects, political, rather than social; and the different orders of society moved in their several spheres under Cromwell, as under Charles—under William, as under James. But the French, or may we not justly term it, the European revolution, overshadowed all ranks of men, and affected every condition of society. From its commencement until the present hour, there has existed on the part of the higher orders of society feelings of alarm and insecurity; while the great mass of the community, naturally dissatisfied with its present condition, expects to find in political and social changes that prosperity and plenty of which revolutions have been hitherto unproductive national antipathies; war, with the false and temporary prosperity which it engendered for a time, occupied and distracted the public mind, but the long peace, with its commercial revolutions, has

awakened amongst the working classes a spirit of restless inquiry, prepared to question, if not to reject, those opinions to which men formerly gave an unhesitating assent.

In reasoning upon the present discontent, which undeniably prevails to a great extent amongst all classes of the working population, we are too apt to ascribe them exclusively either to political or social causes. To one class of politicians universal suffrage, to another the repeal of the new poor law appears to be the only means for removing that dissatisfaction which embitters the popular mind ; while to others, the want of religious instruction appears the source of all the social evils under which we labour. The first forget that to men labouring for their daily bread, political privileges are in themselves of little value. The second are unable or unwilling to perceive that the hostility with which the people regard the new poor law, arises not only from the harsh operation of that measure upon their interests and feelings, but still more from its being regarded as a systematic attack by the rich upon the rights of the poor. The last forget that to men smarting under physical sufferings, and impressed with a sense of wrong, religion, unless united with some new political or social theory, seems to be little better than an engine contrived to denounce and silence their just complaints.

It is indeed an axiom in political science, that the great mass of the community is never raised from its natural torpor and apathy unless by the pressure of physical suffering, or some cruel outrage upon their national habits and feelings. But in connexion with this fact, we must never forget that in proportion as a people become more instructed and enlightened, their standard of physical comfort is elevated, and deprivations to which they might at one time have patiently submitted, become at another time insupportable. It is one of the most alarming symptoms of the present time, that while the people are becoming more intellectualized and refined, their physical condition is becoming more deteriorated ; so that in proportion as they are beginning to value the comforts and decencies of life, they find themselves less able to procure the one or consult the other. It is to this incongruity between their feelings and circumstances, that we must ascribe much of that vague and latent discontent which now pervades the working classes, and of which, every now and then, some terrible symptom is breaking forth to warn us of the volcano upon which we are treading. Reform enthusiasm, Chartist insurrection, and Socialism with all its wicked and anarchical maxims, but shadow forth on the part of the people an impatient longing to realize some fond Utopian dream, in which knowledge, plenty, leisure, may be no longer confined to the few, but extended to the many. True it is, that the great mass of our population is yet averse to insurrection, yet untainted with the foul and desolating doctrines which assume the name of Socialism ; but not less true is it, that the great majority of the working classes are dissatisfied with their present condition, and prepared to sanction any political or social experiments which may promise to remove those glaring inequalities which now constitute a part of our social system.

Those who look beyond the mere party interests of an hour, cannot but witness with regret, and almost indignation, session after session

wasted in party squabbles, while the real interests of the people and the dangers which threaten the empire, are treated with indifference, if not contempt. The great object of the present race of statesmen is to make provision for the passing hour, to ward off pressing dangers by temporary expedients, of which even their authors scarcely know the ultimate tendency, while posterity, or more properly, the succeeding year, is left to shift for itself, to encounter daily accumulating dangers, and to contrive remedies daily less easy of application. Fierce discontent, breaking forth into open insurrection, pervades great masses of the people; but when that insurrection is put down, and when the tumultuous murmurs of that fierce discontent are hushed into sullen silence, every thing goes on as before; and neither the man who wields the destinies of empire, nor the man who aspires to do so, ventures to probe the social wound, the manifestation of whose deadly symptoms has spread terror and consternation throughout the land. Some talk of suffrage extension, some of church extension, and some of poor laws, but all speak only the language of a party or a faction: and the Radical, as well as the Whig or the Tory, shrinks from a searching investigation into social evils for which he might be unable to suggest a remedy, although in the meantime he finds it convenient to urge them as an argument in behalf of his own favourite dogmas.

Those who have attentively considered the recent manifestations of popular discontent must have been struck with the important fact, that there appeared to exist, on the part of the people, rather a vague longing for some kind of change, than a fixed desire for any particular measure of innovation. Perhaps, indeed, the orator who denounced the new poor law, met with the warmest reception from the people, for Englishmen are much more easily excited to resent what they consider an invasion of their prescriptive rights, than to contend for new political privileges. Thus Oastler, the Tory, was as popular an agitator as Feargus O'Connor, the extreme Radical; and while the Radical was compelled to join the Tory in denouncing the new poor law, the Tory did not find it necessary to join the Radical in advocating universal suffrage. This fact, and many others which might be brought forward, seem to prove, that social amelioration, not political privilege, was the great object of the recent agitation; and that not democratical, but paternal government, is best fitted to accomplish the objects and satisfy the desires of the people. Let us not indeed be understood to allege, that the desire which the people manifested for an extension of the suffrage, was weak or lukewarm; our meaning is, that the popular zeal in behalf of that measure was chiefly occasioned by a conviction that its operation would produce a beneficial change in the outward circumstances of the people. There is no ground to believe that if this beneficial change was otherwise accomplished, the people would be found ready to join in agitation, far less insurrection, to change the form of government, or to convert our present mixed constitution into a pure democracy. The poorer classes of the community, when prosperous and well fed, are even more unlikely than the middle and higher orders of society to disturb the public peace, or to clamour for a change of government. Newspapers may rail, and demagogues may declaim, but neither the efforts of the one

nor the other will produce more than a temporary and partial effect, unless poverty and a deep-seated conviction that no change can render their condition worse, have already prepared the people for their purpose.

It would, however, be ridiculous to assert, that there does not prevail amongst considerable numbers of the labouring population an eager desire for political privileges, independent of the practical effects which they may produce. As men become more enlightened and better informed, they feel a strong and natural desire for political power; and it may be safely asserted, that as a people become more civilized, their political constitution must become more democratical, for neither despotism nor aristocratical government can coexist with an extensive diffusion of knowledge amongst the masses of the community. But although democracy must of necessity advance with general civilization, it is not that premature, restless, impatient, and innovating democracy, which paves the way for despotism. It is not a democracy accomplishing its purposes by insurrection and revolution, but it is the democracy, which at first operating merely as restraining public opinion, gradually insinuates itself into and gives its character to the legislature and the government. The advances of such a democracy are of necessity slow and almost imperceptible, and it is only when we compare the present period with that which has passed away, that we can discern the mighty influence which has been acquired by the people in the short space of a single generation. Public opinion, after striking down many practical abuses, and enforcing many practical reforms, proceeds, as a matter of course, to examine and reform the constitution of the legislature, and to invest with a direct controul over its composition, those who have long exercised a paramount, although indirect influence, over its deliberations. But in such circumstances, a popular legislature, succeeding to a mixed or aristocratical one, does not mark its establishment by great and sweeping changes, but follows in the steps of its predecessor, although with accelerated speed and superior efficiency. Democracy, when of this character, must of necessity be the most perfect and permanent form of government, because it at once rests upon the most extended basis of popular representation, and carries into practical effect the feelings and opinions of the moral, religious, and enlightened portion of the community. Such a democracy does not shrink from changes because they are so; but its essential character is conservative, not innovatory or revolutionary, and it will stand clear of the crimes and follies which have hitherto been the bane and ruin of democracies.

The sketch which we have attempted to give of an enlightened democracy, is at present, and must probably long remain, little better than an Utopian dream: but still it may indicate the direction in which, in an enlightened country, the people necessarily, although gradually, acquire a safe and permanent predominant influence. Safe and permanent democracy is not the triumph of a class, however numerous, but the union of all classes, combined together in the support of a constitution which secures to each its rights, interests, and privileges. A revolution entirely or chiefly supported by the inferior orders of society, never has triumphed, and never can triumph, because its

leaders always become its destroyers, and those whose ambition it was to become equal citizens, at last become slaves, all equal in the eye of their common master. Such a revolution is not the establishment of a new political constitution, but the commencement of a series of changes, each one of which necessitates the other, until the great majority of the people sink into political apathy, and gladly welcome any master whose iron sway may restrain the turbulent disturbers of the common peace. The chief object with the masses of the people is to better their own condition; and thus every revolution which originates with, and is supported by them, is only a vain attempt to accomplish in a moment the work of ages, and to accomplish it by means by which it must be retarded, not advanced.

The history of every revolution indeed proves the folly and wickedness of selecting the masses of the people as its sole or chief agents; for such a revolution can never accomplish either its immediate or ultimate objects. Every violent change, instead of bringing relief to the working classes, must, for a time, subject them to greater difficulties and privations, and in such circumstances it is idle to expect that they will await with patience the working of a new political constitution. When leading men, therefore, bent upon a present object, inflame the minds of the people with false, or, at least, greatly exaggerated descriptions of the benefits which they may expect to derive from political changes, they sacrifice, for a temporary advantage, the permanent interests of their country, and even of their own cause. The people listen to the voice of the charmer; for men, ill at ease, are always credulous, and with one gigantic effort they sweep away the barriers which impede the success of some favourite measure; but before the pæans of triumph have ceased, they begin to discover that they have not procured one single advantage which they anticipated. This renders a few apathetic and many furious; and at the instigation of some new flatterers, they abuse those whom they had exalted, and erect new idols in their place, in their turn to be dethroned and trampled under foot.

The object of the observations which we have now made, is to enforce the opinion, that before the masses of the people can be safely entrusted with political power, safely either to themselves or others, means must be taken to improve their physical condition. We may rest assured that agitation in its worst form will never cease, while our mechanics and labourers are suffering under severe privations, amounting almost to a want of necessary food. We may banish or imprison one set of demagogues, but others will soon arise in their place; and neither severity nor indulgence will put an end to that political agitation, whose source is physical misery, not simple love of change. The outward demonstrations of chartism may be repressed; but the spirit of discontent which led to these demonstrations, has not been expelled, and becomes every day more bitter and inveterate. It is easy to talk about the extinction of chartism! but we may rest assured, that the seal of chartism, in other words, the conviction that the interests of the people are utterly disregarded by the legislature and the government, has not been extinguished, but is every day fixing itself more deeply in the popular mind. The apostles of chartism and

socialism appeal to the conviction, and they never appeal in vain : for to those who regard themselves as the helots of the present state of society, social evils appear to admit of but one effectual remedy—universal change.

Popular opinion, indeed, has scarcely ever been in such an unsettled and unsatisfactory state as it now is ; for there is no political or social theory, however absurd, which does not find eager advocates and credulous proselytes. The working classes even view, with an ignorant but not unnatural jealousy, those scientific discoveries which have been attended with such vast general advantage, but which have rendered human labour less valuable and necessary. Thus, to those who declaim upon the great improvements which distinguish our age, the people naturally reply by adducing the fact, that in spite of all these improvements, their condition becomes daily less comfortable, and more precarious. To those who are acquainted with the condition of the labouring population in large towns, and even in the country, it must appear bitter irony to talk of the improved state of society to men whose hearts and lives are wearing away in the daily more arduous struggle, necessary in order barely to maintain existence. What is it to them that steam in all its multiplied adaptations, and wonder-working powers is daily overcoming every obstacle, and extending its influence to every department of human exertion, since to them it brings no relief, no change of condition ? What to them is the march of intellect, since the feeble rays of knowledge which lighten up their intellectual being only force upon them a more withering conviction of their physical misery and desolation ?

It cannot, therefore, be too strongly urged upon philanthropists and statesmen, that neither human happiness nor social security can be advanced, or even maintained, unless strenuous and successful efforts are made to improve the physical condition, and increase the external comforts of the people. Neither chartist agitators, nor social missionaries, can be put down by education, or by law ; they can only be arrested in their progress by striking at the roots of that popular discontent, to which they owe all their success and all their influence. The people must feel that their comfort and prosperity are as they ought to be, paramount objects in the estimation of the legislature and the government ; and that, with those objects, no sinister interests can be allowed to come into competition. The people must feel that the present order of things is maintained, not to enrich particular classes, but as, upon the whole, best adapted to secure the interests of all orders of the community. It is vain to preach peace and contentment to men who entertain the opinion, that the state of society which you support and applaud, is calculated to benefit all other classes at their expense. Those who believe that the constitution in church and state is worthy of support, must practically prove to the people that it does not entail upon them want and misery, or else relinquish all hope of persuading them that that constitution is a good one, and ought to be maintained.

It may, indeed, be alleged, that socialism and chartism are of recent date, and partial extent ; but those who entertain this opinion, only prove themselves disqualified to judge of the feelings and condition of

those for whose evils they are so ready to prescribe remedies. Socialism and chartism, in their present form, are indeed of recent date, and even partial extent; but the popular opinions to which they owe their origin and influence, are of long-standing, and widely diffused. There has been, for many years growing up among the working classes, a deep-seated conviction, that the present constitution of society is an unjust and partial one, injurious to the great mass of the community, to whom that society owes its security and property. This conviction naturally led to an eager desire for political changes; and those who look beneath the surface of that agitation which carried the Reform Bill, cannot fail to ascribe its success in no small degree to the existence of the feelings to which we have alluded. The vague and even ridiculous hopes which the passing of the Reform Bill excited amongst the people, clearly proved that the ardour with which they supported it, arose from the hope that it would effect some great change in the condition of society favourable to themselves. The universal enthusiasm which then prevailed, owed its existence to many vain hopes which have been signally disappointed, and to that disappointment may be clearly traced chartism, and even the increasing influence of socialism.

In estimating the causes and the dangers of the discontents which now unhappily prevail amongst the labouring classes of the community, it is important to keep in view the feelings and opinions entertained by different portions of these classes. A considerable portion of the working class chartists do not labour under any severe pressure of physical want, but earn sufficient to secure the ordinary necessities, and even comforts of life. Those who compose this class are generally intelligent and well-informed, and they desire political changes fully as much from an ambition to possess political power, as from any opinion that such changes will much improve their worldly circumstances. The occupations in which they are engaged, and the institutions which have been formed amongst them, have aroused and sharpened the intellectual faculties of the mechanics, and to them no discussion is more interesting than the merit of the political and social theories which now so much abound. The knowledge which they possess, and a keen sense, that the rank which they hold in the social scale is not commensurate with that knowledge, have converted them into zealous democrats, in whose opinion democracy is not only the best and purest form of government, but the only government which secures to themselves their political and social rights. The prejudices and hereditary attachments which prevail among the agricultural population, produce no effect upon them, and they are, generally speaking, prepared to adopt new opinions in regard to religion and politics. It is from them that socialism chiefly draws its proselytes, for the opinions which go under that name are not likely to make much progress amongst those, who with little acquired knowledge, possess a kind of instinctive attachment to religion, and the moral maxims which are associated with it. The first effect produced by the acquisition of knowledge is to make men ashamed of their prepossessions for which they are not able to account, and thus the working classes, who have become in some degree enlightened, are apt to regard with peculiar favour opinions which stand out in most complete contrast to those generally

prevail. To men of this stamp, religion, as at present interpreted, and much of the current morality, appear only fitted for a state of society in which the bulk of mankind is depressed and degraded, and without rejecting Christianity, they want a Christianity of a different description from that which has hitherto prevailed in the world.

But although there exists in this country a considerable and increasing class of men belonging to the working population, which is anxious to reconstruct society upon a more popular and equal basis; the direct danger to be apprehended from the influence of this class, is distant and inconsiderable. The only way in which the movements of this class are likely to become dangerous, is from the influence which they possess or may acquire over the masses of the labouring population. There can be no doubt that the agitators who spring from this class, or at least chiefly rely upon it for encouragement and support, will leave no means unattempted to arouse and inflame the masses of the people. With this view they have turned the unpopularity of the new poor law to good account, and as soon as distress or privation assail the people, they eagerly trace it to political or social inequalities, instead of causes which must exist and operate in every state of society, and under every form of government. But as men look little beyond the present moment, and are anxious to find some immediate remedy for the evils with which they are afflicted, the people eagerly swallow the doctrine that their misery is owing to oppression and bad government. Thus the chartists, who, strictly speaking, are neither numerous nor formidable in themselves, seldom want a lever with which to move the people, and a bad harvest or the stagnation of trade furnishes them with weapons, which the most incontrovertible arguments cannot blunt or turn aside. In former times the masses of the people were frequently discontented, and often rose in insurrection, but their objects were vague and impracticable, and the danger of a rebellion passed away with the alarm and consternation of which it was productive. But now the case is altered, and every effort is made, and too often successfully made, to convince the people that if they could by any means succeed in changing the form of government, they would in future be preserved from those periodical visitations of want and distress to which they have been hitherto subjected.

The great mistake committed by the generality of politicians is to disregard this intimate connexion between the physical condition and the political feelings of the people. There may indeed be said to exist at all times amongst the masses of the people, a quiescent spirit of discontent or dissatisfaction with their position in the social scale; but this is a vague, indeterminate feeling, never leading to any dangerous consequences, unless excited by the pressure of external circumstances. But, as we have already observed, there exists in every commercial country a class better informed, and in better circumstances than the lowest, which eagerly adopts extreme political opinions, and zealously enforces them upon those immediately beneath them. The opinions of this class are therefore important, by the influence which they exercise over the masses of the people, who when suffering under poverty and want of employment, willingly embrace

such opinions, and are not very scrupulous as to the means which they may adopt, in order to carry them into effect. A wise statesman ought, therefore, carefully to watch and guard against the causes which lead to such a state of matters, and he ought to find cause of alarm, not so much in the formation of extreme political opinions among certain classes of the community, as in the poverty and privations to which the bulk of the people is exposed. Long-continued neglect, in regard to this particular, may lead to evils which admit of no present remedy, and the masses of the people, infuriated by want, may organize a political agitation, irresistible in its attacks, and ruinous in its consequences.

It is, in this view, deeply to be lamented that there exists so great an indisposition on the part of the legislature to act upon the opinions which we have now expressed, and to which every reflecting man must give his assent. It is much more easy to declaim upon the immoralities of socialism, and the dangerous tendencies of chartism, than to trace to their source, and to grapple effectually with those evils which now affect and disturb society. To suppose that either chartism or socialism can be extinguished is an absurdity; for both the one and the other will always find a considerable number of adherents, but wise and timely legislation may render the influence of both partial and unimportant. Opinions similar to those which now agitate the popular mind prevailed extensively at the commencement of the French revolution, but the "Pilot who weathered the storm," saw the danger, and by the wars which he excited, and the temporary prosperity of which they were productive, prevented those opinions from gaining an ascendancy amongst the masses of the people. This policy, if neither moral nor patriotic, was at least successful, and saved the nation from the horrors of an agrarian revolution. Pitt, if not a great statesman, was at least a most able politician, and if he did not adopt the best means for warding off the dangers which he apprehended, still the adoption of any means for such a purpose, proclaimed his sagacity and foresight.

It is not, therefore, required that the statesmen of the present day should imitate Pitt's warlike policy, in order to distract popular attention from dangerous political speculations, but it is undoubtedly incumbent upon them to do something to ward impending dangers, which it requires but a small portion of Pitt's sagacity to foresee, but even more than his worldly wisdom to retard or prevent. A suffering and impoverished population soon becomes a demoralized one, and the sanctions of religion and morality form but a feeble barrier against the attacks of a people clamouring for bread and thirsting for vengeance. We may flatter our national vanity by supposing that our people can never be guilty of excesses such as those which disgraced the French revolution, but perhaps there may be found in our large cities mobs as infuriated as those which filled Paris with horror and with blood. The man who had ventured to predict the atrocities which took place in France, would have been regarded not only as an idle dreamer, but as a calumniator of a gentle and polished nation. An angry multitude, mad with hunger, and smarting under a sense of real or supposed wrongs, is much the same everywhere; cruel and

reckless in the vengeance which it inflicts, and sending forth exulting shouts as victim after victim falls a sacrifice to its rage.

But still, although it is easy to point out the dangers with which we are surrounded, it is a more difficult point to state specific remedies for the evils which are likely to disturb the peace and security of the empire. In the opinion of many, great political changes calculated to increase the democratic power, would be likely to appease popular discontent, and ward off a violent revolution. These politicians, indeed, admit the urgent necessity of attending to the physical condition and worldly comforts of the people; but they maintain that the democratic changes which they recommend would soon produce a decided improvement in the external circumstances of the people. The reformed legislature, say they, has done nothing for the people but enact a harsh and oppressive poor law, and exhibits no interest in measures which are calculated to increase the comforts of the people, and to raise them in the social scale. Is it possible that a legislature chosen by the people could act with such culpable supineness and indifference? Is it not certain that in such a legislature the interests of its constituents would be the paramount and absorbing object? Night after night would no longer be wasted in fruitless or frivolous discussions, but the House of Commons, animated with a true wish to serve the people, would employ all its energy and resources in order to relieve them from the misery and privations under which they are suffering.

Considerations such as these cannot but appear plausible to the people, who are always disposed to ascribe every evil under which they labour to misgovernment. It would be requiring too much from them to expect that they can understand the inevitable tendency of all great political changes to increase their sufferings and difficulties, at least during the continuance of those struggles to which such changes give rise; still less can the people be expected to discern that a legislature chosen by the many is always governed by the few, who, in order to acquire or retain power, are continually suggesting or urging new changes. The mania of shining in public life becomes almost universal, and new agitators every where start up, working upon the prejudices, and exciting the hopes of the multitude, who, impatient to reap the benefits which they have hitherto enjoyed only in anticipation, gladly support the demagogue who promises them a short way to plenty and prosperity. The absolute dependence of the legislature upon the people thus becomes a curse; in fact, must either pass every measure demanded by popular clamour, or must tamely surrender its power and influence to the leaders of the multitude. Thus the revolutions which owe their birth and success to the poverty and distress suffered by the great mass of the people, are always uncertain and unstable, and terminate first in general confusion, and then in despotism. The ephemeral governments which start into existence and disappear during the progress of such revolutions, have neither capacity nor time for contriving wise measures to improve the condition of the people. Such measures, even if brought forward, must be tardy in their effects, tardy at least in the opinion of an excited and impatient people, despising the government, if weak and submissive, abhorring it if strong and vigorous. No, it is not a revolution-

ary government, undergoing incessant changes, and at the mercy of every popular demagogue, which can contend with the opposition of particular classes and interests, and carry into effect measures of general utility, calculated to improve the condition of the masses of the people. The government apparently best adapted to achieve this important object, is one influenced, but not governed by the democracy; which must obey an enlightened, permanent, public opinion, but which can afford to despise the opinions which gain a mere momentary popularity amongst the masses of the population.

But although, in many points of view, such a legislature as that of Britain is best adapted for carrying into effect great general improvements, which require time and patience on the part of the people before they can produce their full benefits, it must be confessed that at present the task imposed upon parliament is a difficult and arduous one. A legislature can do little to restrain or guide commerce, which flourishes most when least interfered with; and the most enlightened legislature cannot prevent those stagnations in the commercial world, which produce such extensive misery amongst the working classes. A commercial community must ever remain subject to convulsions, which no prudence can foresee or prevent, and which in a few days produce greater misery and suffering, than can be inflicted by years of misgovernment. Still less can the legislature interfere with the compact between the employers and the employed; for provided that it leaves both equally free, each will be enabled to adopt those measures which are best calculated to promote their own interests. Perfect freedom is the life-blood of commerce, and although despotism and democracy have often interfered with it, they have never done so but to aggravate those evils which they sought to cure.

But although the legislature may often inflict serious injury upon the community by an ill-judged act of well-meant interference, there can be no doubt that when kept within the proper limits, its authority may be exerted with great advantage to the public interests. By judicious superintendence, it may check evils which, if left to themselves, would become formidable and dangerous; and, by judicious interposition, it may guard the people against those commercial delusions which inflict so much misery upon the trading and labouring classes. By removing all restrictions upon trade, and encouraging all the improvements by which its operations are facilitated, the legislature may add greatly to the comforts of the people, opening up to them new sources of employment, and enabling them to procure, at an easy rate, the necessaries and conveniences of life. By promoting general education, and the diffusion of knowledge, the legislature has it in its power to elevate the character and direct the energies of the people, so that they may truly appreciate their own interests, and adopt those means by which alone they can be promoted, instead of lending a greedy ear to every political charlatan, who inspires them with the vain hope of finding relief in changes which, for a time at least, must render their condition more wretched and precarious. By listening with patience and respect to the complaints and wishes of the people, the legislature may in time gain their confidence, and destroy the influence of those by whom the popular mind is now inflamed and distracted.

But it must be admitted that all this is somewhat vague and indefinite, and it is necessary to be more explicit in regard to those remedies by which the condition of the labouring population may be improved. Now, as at all times, vague professions of a desire to ameliorate the situation of the working classes, are more than sufficiently abundant; and it is necessary to state what ought to be done to carry these professions into practical effect, we must look the evils under which we labour boldly in the face, for it is only by doing so that we can discern their full extent, and become willing to apply to them the most vigorous remedies, whatever sacrifices they may require from us. Popular discontent, with the dangers to which it may lead, is obvious to all; but we must investigate the sources of that discontent, and endeavour to remove them, at whatever cost to individual or class interests. The influential classes of the community must be urged to a sense of the dangers with which they are threatened, in order that they may become willing to employ every means to ward them off, even if these means are apparently injurious to their selfish interests. They must be taught, that for them there is no safety while the mass of the population remains wretched and dissatisfied, and that while they aid the government in repressing rebellion, they must also urge it to redress popular grievances, and to remove the causes of popular discontent.

It is sufficiently obvious to the most cursory observer, that the chief source of the misery and depression which exist amongst the working classes, is a supply of labour too abundant compared with the field on which it has to be exercised. Population does not indeed increase with extraordinary rapidity, but its increase, moderate and gradual as it is, is more than commensurate with the increase of profitable employment for human labour. That which is familiarly termed the pressure of the times, is, in other words, the superabundance of all kinds of labour; which, while it compels many belonging to the higher and middle classes to descend to employments which they would have formerly spurned, constrains the great mass of the population to submit to lower wages, and an inferior standard of living. This pressure of the times is thus familiar to all, in the highest as well as in the lowest ranks of society; and either on behalf of our friends or ourselves, we are all compelled to admit, that labour, the sole property of the great majority of men, no longer finds a ready or equitable market.

A deep sense of the truth to which we have now alluded has given birth to the Malthusian theory, whose disciples fondly flatter themselves that they strike at the root of the evil by denouncing marriage, and calling upon every man to count the cost before he yields to the tender and natural emotions, the indulgence of which constitutes the chief delight of his life. No doubt the opinions of Malthus, if carried into practical effect, must soon remove that excess of population to which so many of our social evils must be ascribed. But such a doctrine is chimerical and impracticable, not only because it wages war with the most natural and powerful feelings of the human heart, but because it demands from individuals a self-command and foresight which scarcely any man is ever able to exert. To the very poor, marriage is almost a necessity of their condition, for unmarried they live destitute of every comfort, and soon sink into the most brutalizing and

degrading vices. In a superior class of life, men, by relinquishing some personal indulgencies, may place themselves in a condition to support a family, and they can scarcely be expected to abstain from marriage on account of some contingent, but uncertain evils, which may result from indulging their natural passions. We speak not of the moral evils which would too probably result from the realization of the Malthusian theory, but of its impracticability; unless we could change human nature, and destroy that necessity of our being which demands objects on which to centre its tenderest feelings and its most cherished hopes—in a word, those upon whom this theory is intended to be most rigidly enforced, are those to whom it is most inapplicable; for nature, in subjecting the great majority of her children to a life of toil and privation, has provided for their peculiar solace the inexhaustible delights of domestic intercourse and parental affection. No, those who aspire to regenerate human nature, must seek to do so, not by extinguishing human feelings, but by providing means for their safe and virtuous indulgence. It is not by diminishing the numbers of men, but by providing new fields of labour for increasing population, that we must seek to reconcile the claims of nature and civilization. That excess of population which fills the Malthusian with so much alarm, is only a wise provision of nature, to compel individuals and societies to do their part in occupying the world, and diffusing the blessings of civilization. If Malthus proclaims truth, nature is not a benignant parent, but a hard step-mother, implanting powerful feelings in the hearts of her children, which they cannot indulge without involving themselves in misery and ruin. A doctrine which imputes either imprudence or cruelty to the wise and beneficent author of nature, finds its contradiction in every human heart, and can never be rendered instrumental to human happiness or human improvement.

But although the conclusions at which Malthus and his followers may have arrived are erroneous and anti-social, the facts by which they support their opinions cannot be contradicted, and are of deep importance and surpassing interest. If Malthus proposed an impracticable and anti-social remedy for the increasing difficulties and privations of the labouring population, he, at least, assigned the true cause of their privations and difficulties, in ascribing them to the fact, that the demand for labour was not commensurate to its supply. An increasing population had been hitherto regarded as the surest sign of national prosperity; but Malthus proved that this increase of population was the harbinger of the most dangerous social evils. The propositions of Malthus, when first advanced, thus appeared incontrovertible, and even those who most distrusted them, knew not how to contradict them. The facts which were adduced could not be denied, and every man's reason told him, that if men were less numerous, labour would be in better demand, and better remunerated. The Malthusian theory, however unpopular, continued to spread, and politicians, when required to point out a remedy for popular distress, soon began to talk glibly about the moral restraint, and the duty of discouraging marriage amongst the lower orders. It was, it must be confessed, a very convenient doctrine for statesmen and legislators, who could thus ascribe all the evils which the people suffered, not to misgovernment, but to

their own imprudence, never ceasing to reiterate the doctrine, that the people must look to themselves alone for relief.

But there soon arose many who, without denying the facts of Malthus, or some of the inferences which he drew from them, refused assent to his general conclusions. To them it appeared, that excess of population and deficiency of employment, did not call so much for moral restraint upon the natural passions of mankind, as for remedies of a different description, but more efficacious and practicable. To them an extensive and systematic emigration appeared the best and most natural remedy for a redundant population. They denied that the undoubted evils which resulted from an excess of population were intended to restrain men from indulging their natural feelings; but asserted, that they were only calculated and intended to wean them from that attachment to their native soil, which would prevent the occupation and cultivation of the fairest portions of the earth. They pointed to the boundless plains of America, and to the fertile countries discovered in other parts of the world, and asked, could it be the intention of nature, that men should remain solitary and unblessed for fear of overcrowding a world of which such fair portions remained waste and unpeopled. Did not nature, by the very impulses which she implanted in man, and the difficulty which he found in gratifying them in this or that portion of the earth, constrain him to cast his eyes beyond the narrow spot where he had received his birth, and to avail himself of the inexhaustible riches which were to be found in other parts of her fair domain? Until these fair regions are occupied, and until the power of man to extend the wealth of nature (a power of which every day furnishes such wonderful developements) is exhausted, it is too soon to accuse nature of exciting propensities in man, which she denies to him the means of gratifying.

From the observations which we have now made, it will be obvious that we consider emigration as the chief remedy for that deficiency of employment and consequent distress which exists amongst the labouring classes. Scarcely any one, indeed, denies the necessity and benefits of an extensive and systematic emigration, in order to relieve the pressure upon the hard-labour market, nor is its urgent importance as the only preservative against civil commotions less generally admitted. A partial emigration has indeed long been going on, but this is of too limited an extent to produce much effect upon the condition of the empire. Besides, those to whom emigration is most necessary for their own interests, and those of their country, possess not the means to emigrate, and are comparatively ignorant of the advantages which emigration holds out to them. It is the duty of the legislature at once to adopt means to enlighten the minds of the people regarding this important subject, and to afford them the means of establishing themselves in a country where labour, their only capital, may be turned to the best advantage. There exists, in the popular mind, a natural repugnance to emigration, and every means ought to be employed to remove this repugnance by the diffusion of correct knowledge upon the subject, so that the labouring classes may discover in emigration the best and indeed the only sufficient remedy for the evils under which they labour.

But, unfortunately, although as a matter of opinion, the advantages of emigration are admitted by all, time passes away, and no vigorous or effectual measures are adopted upon the subject. Every proposal to conduct emigration upon an extensive scale is met with innumerable objections, and of these the state of the revenue is one constantly argued and always admitted. We bestow twenty millions to enfranchise our West India slaves, and the deed was a noble and generous one, but why do we shrink from exhibiting a similar liberality in endeavouring to raise the mass of our fellow-citizens from the poverty and degradation in which they are now placed? Money bestowed upon such an object would not be wanted, it would only be lent out, and even in a mere financial point of view, the speculation would turn out a good one. Our vast colonial empire is in itself rather a burden than an advantage, but as an inexhaustible field of emigration, it may be converted into a source of great national wealth and prosperity. Can there be a more glorious or patriotic object of national ambition than to convert each colony into a new England, at once relieving the mother country of the surplus population, and providing a new and ever increasing market for her manufactures. Thus two objects of the last national importance would be accomplished, the pressure upon the labour market would be relieved, and there would arise an extensive and constantly increasing demand for home industry.

The considerations which we have suggested are so obvious to every reflecting person, that it is difficult to understand how they produce so little effect upon the government and the legislature. It is universally admitted that the existing discontents are chiefly dangerous, inasmuch as on the part of the great mass of the people, they spring from the increasing difficulties and privations to which they are exposed. If you want to strike at the root of the discontents, you must provide labour for the working classes of the community, and not only provide labour, but reward it with a sufficient recompense. Laws, more just in themselves, and better administered, and the removal of all restrictions upon commerce, may do something to relieve public distress; but every remedy, except emigration, will prove only partial and temporary in its operation. Undoubtedly the repeal of the corn-laws would prove useful, but the effects of such a repeal are grossly exaggerated both by its friends and opponents. It is even to be apprehended that this repeal, by producing benefits in no degree commensurate with the expectations held out, would only increase popular discontent, and render it impossible to appease it, except by a complete political and social revolution. But if the repeal of the corn-laws, although partially useful, would do but little to ameliorate public distress, still less would any mere political change be productive of beneficial effects, for that indeed would be to give the people a stone when they ask for bread.

It therefore becomes all those who have no private ambition or private interest to serve by increasing popular discontent, and directing its energy against our political and social institutions, to bestir themselves in favour of the means which are most likely to ward off our present dangers. Neither education nor religious instruction will render the people better satisfied with a state of society from which

they derive so few advantages, and which to them appears consistent neither with right, reason, nor religious principle. The middle classes, possessing as they do, predominant political influence, can only remove the jealousy and distrust of the working classes, not by immediately sharing with them that political power, but by employing it to improve their physical condition. The proceedings of the reformed parliament have hitherto borne a somewhat hostile aspect towards the working classes, and the new poor law, however beneficial and necessary in its essential provisions, was not calculated to enlist popular sympathies in its favour. To set itself right with the people, it is therefore necessary that the legislature should exhibit its sympathy with popular sufferings by adopting vigorous measures to relieve them. Let the harsh enactments which are connected with the administration of the poor law be repealed; let economy be strictly enforced in all departments, that the people may not draw odious comparisons between their own poverty and public extravagance, and let an extensive and practical system of emigration be established, and chartism would soon become less formidable than what it now is. Let us hope that although the present session of parliament has passed away without any thing of this, the next may be distinguished by different results, and that timely and disinterested legislation may yet avert the danger of a violent revolution.

[The above article has been sent to us by an anonymous correspondent. There is much in it to commend: we, however, suggest to the writer the propriety of his avoiding all partizan feeling in his next communication.]—ED.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

“Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. * * * But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her own soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.”—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I AM always interested in the conversation of old persons. I love to hear the reminiscences of their youth, and provided the memory be faithful and retentive—as is often the case—I marvel greatly at the rich storehouse a septuagenarian's mind must be. Yet I can understand how they who have seen and survived so much, seem unconscious that their own race at last is nearly run. It must appear so common a thing for death to claim the younger and stronger, and leave them with the sands of life still unshaken. I can understand how they build houses, and plant trees, that shall never shelter their own grey hairs. Their contemporaries, nay, the children of their school-mates, have played their parts in the theatre of the world; they

have been heroes, statesmen, bards,—or on the lower and more sheltered rails of fortune's ladder, they have breathed away existence, each in the circle of his own individual world. "After life's fitful fever," they already "sleep well,"—while perhaps some aged friend or relative is left to "point the moral" to a story which has passed like an acted drama before him.

Such were my reflections the other evening, while listening to the dear old lady, whom I will call aunt Jessy. It was chilly October, and the increasing darkness without was an excuse for idleness, while we drew round the cheerful fire, instead of ringing for candles.

"Tell us a story, aunt Jessy," exclaimed one of the party, and "do—pray do" was echoed by all. I wish I could remember her precise words, for if the following memoir prove not interesting, the fault must be mine in the telling. And yet I will set out by confessing, as she did, that the incidents are decidedly common-place,—the situations any thing but romantic, and the characters natural, because they are exactly of the class which composes two-thirds of society. The melo-dramatic writer chooses some amiable brigand, or interesting pirate for his hero;—the tragic muse lifts down a hero from the pedestal of history, and enduing him with life, speech, and motion, makes him, it must be owned, often do things he never did, and say things he never said;—the playwright generally prefers a sentimental youth of the poetic temperament, with a great deal of discontent, and a little unsound philosophy;—the novel writer takes something of each, introducing, of course, fair ladies to correspond. But aunt Jessy's reminiscences are for the most part of a less distinguished class,—of those whose destiny has been shaped by domestic incidents, or the under current of the affections.

Catherine Danvers was an orphan, left when scarcely ten years old to the guardianship of her father's friend, Mr. Sibley; under whose roof she was henceforth domiciled, and educated with his only daughter, a girl of about the same age. When Catherine and Laura Sibley were about fourteen, they were sent to a "finishing" school,—for private instruction was in those days less common than it is at present—and there it was that a youthful friendship was formed between aunt Jessy and themselves. She was a year or two their senior, and doubtless was at first looked up to with becoming deference and respect; but every month lessened the apparent difference in their age, and when all left school, a great intimacy between the families ensued, though aunt Jessy remembers *she* was always called "Catherine's friend."

How pretty a thing to mark is that same girlish friendship. How beautiful to watch are all youthful emotions. But alas! how often do they prove though "sweet not lasting;" a girl's first friendship partakes something of the character of her first love,—there is the same blind devotion, the same enthusiasm, the same warping of different minds to a fancied point of resemblance,—the same trusting faith that is often so bitterly requited. Yet as love is sometimes found to be—first, last, and only—and to exist elsewhere than in the "turtle's nest," so is friendship sometimes found to be more than "a name."

Aunt Jessy married when little more than twenty, and left London to reside in Devonshire. It had been agreed that her bridesmaids,

Catherine and Laura, should each pass three months with her, and it was settled that Laura should pay the visit first. Catherine was left at home with Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, to whom she was almost as dear as their own child, and it was immediately after the departure of the latter, that she first saw Arthur Vane. In Catherine's letters to aunt Jessy, she named him at first in terms of high admiration, as a most delightful acquisition to the circle of their acquaintances; gradually she ceased mentioning him, even in answer to the interrogations she had drawn on herself; then her letters became shorter, more confused, or laboured in style; and at last contained little else than the most common-place topics, except strong expressions of regret at her separation from her dear Jessy. But it is time to describe both Catherine and Laura, for they were as dissimilar in mind as in person.

The portrait of Laura Sibley represents a tall, fine-looking girl, with bright dark eyes, and a profusion of raven tresses, arched brows, and chiselled nose, with lips that would have been beautiful if they had not contracted, as if in opposition to their natural form—a certain expression of indecision. I believe she was a coquette by nature, but many of her faults were those of education. Though wavering and inconstant, she was for the time-being self-willed and obstinate, and above all intensely selfish. And yet there was something in her manner and conversation, that something which can only be expressed by the word fascination, that took hearts by storm, and though it must be owned they were often re-captured by a humbler beauty, she had always a troop of lovers at her feet.

I have seen a miniature of Catherine Danvers, the delicate and highly-finished painting of which seems the proper style in which to represent features cast in so truly feminine a mould. The hair is the rich brown of a chestnut, and the eyes of deep violet blue, somewhat sunken, though beautiful in expression, and impressing one with an idea, perhaps, of reserve and timidity, but certainly of deep thought and feeling. It is a poet's ideal of a being to be loved, protected, and cherished;—

“A spirit, yet a woman too;”

not to be worshipped, because she is a “woman;” and if not to be obeyed, only because the “spirit” is too wise and too gentle to command. And faithful interpreters both countenances were. Laura was already a petted and capricious spoiled child, unaccustomed to yield where it was possible to govern, when little Kate became the inmate of her father's house. As is too often the case, the generous, simple-hearted child, with a mind more contemplative than acute, easily yielded to the shrewd, clever, worldly girl, whom she never dreamed of thwarting. It is not true that in the social intercourse of life, the superior mind always controls the weaker; the reverse is indeed a dreadful subjection, but it is a common one. Take, for example, the highest degrees—does not *genius* slowly struggle forward, while *talent*, or mere cleverness, gallops?

Indeed, it must be owned that as they grew up, Laura was the more generally admired—a homage which Kate seemed willingly to yield her as a matter of right. The one gloried in universal admiration, the other desired the entire devotion of a single heart; and oh!

how priceless a jewel would she have bartered in return. It may be argued that it is fair to use her own weapons with a coquette; but even she is a woman, and therefore, at some point, her heart is vulnerable. But to trifle with such a nature as that of Catherine Danvers, is a dark, foul sin, and he who does so deliberately is a murderer—a murderer of earthly peace—a wretch that should be shunned as a loathsome pestilence. I do not say that Arthur Vane so acted, for he was young and thoughtless, not vicious or unfeeling. Had Laura been at home it is probable he would have joined her crowd of worshippers, and Kate, unsought, unwooed, would have remained still “fancy free.” As it was, she loved as woman often loves. She had formed an idol by her own pure and rich imagination, and having found a living shrine, endowed it with the attributes of her self-created deity. For three months Arthur Vane seemed to live but in her presence; actions, looks, and manners proclaimed “I love you.” Yet those words had never passed his lips; and thus, according to his code of *honour* there was no wrong in his fickleness.

Catherine came to pay her promised visit in Devonshire, and Laura Sibley returned to London. Her friends observed that Catherine was thinner and paler, though a hectic flush now and then lent an uncertain bloom to her fair complexion. The eye of affection soon detected that she was not happy, and aunt Jessy—herself a youthful bride—guessed nearly the truth. It was on a summer evening, when twilight was spread like a mantle round the earth, and had grown dark enough to hide her tears and blushes, that Kate leaned her head on her friend’s shoulder, and poured forth the secret of her soul. When love is mutual—prosperous—smiled on by fortune—approved by friends—when all is drawn into one “knot of happiness,” it is too proud and joyous a thing to ask the sympathy of friendship. But with Kate, distrustful of herself, and looking up to her idol as a star above her, her mind torn asunder by hope and fear, to lay open to her dearest friend the wounds of her heart, was to soothe if not to heal them. Alas! if she had possessed that fabled mirror which had power to shadow forth the absent, she would have beheld the following scene.

At that very moment Laura Sibley was the observed and admired of a ball-room. Her hand had been sought for the dance by many, though she seemed to pay exclusive attention to one among them. She had adopted, on that occasion, a sentimental air, and was resting languidly in her chair, over the high back of which leaned Arthur Vane. A faint smile was on her lip, but her eyes were cast down, apparently observing the painting on her fan, which she was restlessly unfurling. The ears, however, sometimes remain open, though the eyes are busily engaged;—and assuredly Laura lost not one word that was whispered, rather than spoken, by her new adorer. He quoted poetry, at which she sighed gently, for though she never read poetry herself, she felt instinctively that a sigh, accompanied by an exclamation of “beautiful!” or, “how true!” was both a safe and an orthodox rejoinder. Altogether it was a scene very like those which are nightly witnessed in a modern ball-room, with this difference, that “Lalla Rookh,” and the “Beauties of Byron,” are now text books which are generally preferred to the elder poets.

On Laura's arrival in London she had been introduced to Arthur Vane, but it piqued her vanity to find that he did not immediately join her train of admirers. With the pitiable weakness which was common to her character, she determined to bring him to her feet. Not that her heart was concerned in the triumph;—no, her heart, or as much as she possessed of one, had already been given to another; but that other, one too who was in all points the inferior of Arthur Vane,—that other had recently slighted her, and those who know anything of a coquette's nature will easily divine the workings of her mind. She had a double motive to will a conquest, and gifted with a witchery of manner, before alluded to, with her—to will was to achieve. Arthur Vane was dazzled and bewildered; he had thought himself interested in, almost in love with Kate, how could he then account for his new sensations? The truth was, that like three-fourths of his sex, he was very accessible to flattery, provided of course that it was carefully prepared and judiciously administered. I would advise all bunglers in the art of flattery to refrain entirely from the exercise of it, for they only appear ridiculous, and themselves become dupes instead of rulers. But in the hands of the skilful it is as mighty a sceptre as a fairy's wand, and one, on the uses, abuses, and moral influence of which, a very instructive essay might be written. Laura had an intuitive knowledge of the science, which she had greatly enlarged by practice; and she would have under-rated her own power, had she for a moment doubted of success.

No one can have passed a few years in society without remarking that persons like Laura are precisely those, who, in the conventional phrase, "make the best matches,"—but I do not use *best* in its literal and real sense. I grant it must be difficult to discover the hidden qualities of heart and mind, which, like the richest gems, lie deepest,—but like these they are worth the seeking. How different had been Arthur's intercourse with Kate Danvers; the words of praise or of encouragement trembled on her lips, or half of them were driven back unuttered; the very truth and strength of her love, and yet more, that innate modesty which it is marvellous to think is often mistaken for coldness, deprived her, like poor Cordelia, of the power of eloquent speech. It would, perhaps, be doing him injustice to say that he was aware, to the full extent, of the havoc he had caused, though, indeed, in two or three instances he had acted in a similar manner. If his mind reverted to them at all, it was only to consider his time as pleasantly and harmlessly spent;—for he held himself perfectly blameless, and prated about "honour," like a hundred others, who, in one sense at least, show a terrible ignorance of its meaning. On the night of the ball referred to, believing himself deeply in love with Laura Sibley, and his vanity gratified by her seeming preference, he proposed to her in due form. The lady affected to be surprised and agitated, and demanded a week to deliberate. At that moment she intended to reject him;—but she received intelligence in the course of the evening which altered her determination.

She had believed that the fact of Arthur Vane's offer, the tidings of which she intended pretty widely to circulate, would bring him, the really loved, to her feet. Not so,—her coquetry had long since

cured him, and when Laura carelessly asked of a mutual friend, who was the fair young creature with whom he was dancing,—she was answered that it was one to whom his vows were already plighted. She did not faint, she did not scream, for feelings of anger mingling with an unconquerable pride, prevented anything so disagreeable as “a scene;”—but assuming as much composure as was possible, she took her place in the set which was just forming. The figure was one in which partners were exchanged, and for a few moments her hand rested in that of her some-time lover. There was not on his part the slightest emotion, and he even addressed her on some common-place topic. She felt that she was scorned, and determined in her turn to enjoy a triumph. Arthur Vane was handsome, well born, and rich; it would be easy again to lead the conversation to the subject of his hopes,—she resolved she would do so, and accept him at once. The next day it was buzzed about in the coterie to which all parties belonged, that Laura Sibley was engaged to Arthur Vane.

For once rumour’s many tongues told truth. The consent of parents was asked and obtained, preliminaries arranged, and the period of further probation, after a little while, reduced to three months. Mrs. Sibley wrote to aunt Jessy, on whom devolved the task of breaking the intelligence to poor Kate; and the tears were in the dear old lady’s eyes while she related the manner in which it was received. Not a word of reproach escaped the lips of Catherine Danvers, but she upbraided herself for what she called her unwomanly feelings, and sinking on her knees, as if she were some guilty thing, implored her friend to respect her secret. Aunt Jessy had sufficient strength of mind to feel, despite the prejudices of education, that Kate was a victim—not a culprit; and as the sincere are always the eloquent, she in some measure succeeded in moderating Kate’s self-condemnation. The poor girl entreated to remain with aunt Jessy instead of returning to town, where she had been invited to be present at the wedding; but the canker wound of a blighted heart was beyond a cure, however much the voice of reason and friendship might eventually restore self-respect.

Meanwhile the courtship of the betrothed was not, at least to Arthur Vane, by any means so happy a period as he had anticipated. Even during that time of proverbial mental blindness, he had a glimmering of Laura’s real character; as “charm by charm unwound, which robed his idol,” he perceived that she was vain and selfish; he more than suspected her acquirements to be superficial; and he felt certain that her temper was far from perfect. But he had asked her to be his wife—in the world’s eye they were pledged—and though if he could have purchased his freedom by the sacrifice of half his fortune, he would willingly have done so—he held it as a *point of honour* that he must fulfil his engagement.

From the experience of a long life, aunt Jessy is a firm believer in moral retribution, and she always maintained that the wretchedness of Arthur Vane’s marriage was a just punishment for his conduct to Kate. If the happiest existence be that which is most calm and serene, so I should think the most miserable must be that which is made up of constant petty annoyances. There is generally a sort of dignity con-

nected with great calamities, which, while it lifts the sufferer above common sympathy, places him in some measure beyond the need of it. Besides, such events usually come to chequer a life that has bright and happy days between ; but the victim of domestic infelicity knows only one sombre and cheerless existence, and there is a kind of shame connected with his grievances, which shuts him out from the solace of talking about them. I do believe that such an existence wears down health, spirits, and temper, just as the dropping of water will wear away a stone, and that it has hurried hundreds to a premature grave, who would have endured what are called great afflictions, with courage and fortitude.

I cannot call to mind any clever pen that has yet delineated in language as far removed from affectation as from satire, the minute detail of the common every-day misery of an ill-assorted union ; but, if I dared venture on such untrodden ground, the limit of these pages would not admit it. Enough that Arthur Vane and Laura very soon approached and passed the rubicon of indifference, and advanced with hasty strides to a feeling of positive mutual dislike. Once, a few months after their marriage, Kate Danvers summoned courage to accept their invitation, and she passed a week with them. But it was a trial to her own feelings which she resolved never again to inflict on herself : and soon afterwards a new era opened in her life, and circumstances placed her for a time beyond the probability of their meeting.

On coming of age, it was found that the trustees who had had the charge of her moderate fortune, instead of improving, had made use of a great portion of it ; and when the amount of her education was deducted, there remained only a few hundred pounds, instead of the competence she had been taught to expect. Kate Danvers, albeit so gentle and feminine a character, had too proud and independent a spirit, to remain a burden on any of the kind friends who volunteered to assist or receive her ; though happily, most happily, however much she afterwards endured, she was at that time too ignorant of the world to anticipate the crushed and blighted existence which generally awaits—the governess ! And to undertake the task of tuition is the only alternative that remains for the well-born, well-educated woman, when thrown for support on her own resources.

What a strange and disgraceful anomaly is it in English society, that the very step which ought to entitle a gentlewoman to additional admiration and respect, on the contrary, entails on her the loss of caste. This is an incontrovertible fact, though one which is often reluctantly admitted. As a class, I believe, governesses may be considered extremely estimable and deserving, yet they are among the most oppressed. If the reader doubt this, I would call his attention to a startling evidence ; namely, that in lunatic asylums an amazing proportion of the patients consists of this class. Again I would ask him to look round the circle of his acquaintance, and comparing the governess with her more fortunate contemporaries, decide if her wrongs have not added, in health and personal appearance, the weight of many years. Nay, compare her with the actress, whose life is acknowledged to be of all the most wearing, and the result will be in a degree the same. But better days are coming, thanks to the generous and

talented writers, who have thrust the subject forward. Their advent is near, and there will be a time when the governess shall take her proper station in society, when she shall be treated as the honoured and welcome guest, instead of the hired member of an establishment, when her days shall not all be passed either in solitude, with those among whom her presence seems tolerated rather than desired, or in the *constant* society of children, compelled to lower thoughts and conversation to their standard, or to pursue, even in the hours, misnamed, of relaxation, an unprofessed course of instruction, by raising *their* thoughts to *hers*. The first alternative is by comparison the brightest—the last, the most wearying and depressing. And above all, the days are coming when it will need no moral courage for the well-born, well-bred “gentleman” to hear it said, “his wife was a governess.”

I must ask the pardon of my readers for this long digression, but I wish them to sympathize with Kate Danvers, and to understand and appreciate her character. In her new position there must have been many temptations to regain her former station by marriage; and though Kate was never guilty of the meanness of boasting of her conquests, there can be no doubt that she had the opportunity of marrying more than once. However this might be, the friend who knew her best, declared that she was true to the sentiment of her early love. She had loved, “not wisely, but too well,” and though some there be who would rail at a constancy that was indeed to be regretted, they should remember that the greatest of mankind—that those to whom the mysteries of the human heart have been unfolded like a scroll,—that they it is—those master spirits of the earth—who have bequeathed to us, on the glowing pages of genius, the records of undying love. And if there be sceptics who would doubt such authority, on what soil of this great globe can they have lived; if they have not, in their own experience, met with some evidences at least of woman’s lasting love? There are many reasons why love is more absorbing in a woman’s nature than a man’s; indeed it should be so. Not more distinct are the orbits of the planets, than the duties of the sexes; and the jarring elements of society warn us, as would the convulsions of nature, when they diverge from their allotted paths. And it would be wise for a high-minded woman to feel content with a love, deep, unswerving and sincere, and not to demand of the object of her adoration—yes, adoration is the proper word—not to ask that his heart, mind, and intellect, should be, as her own are, saturated by the affections.

The heart, mind, and intellect of Kate Danvers had been thus saturated by her love for Arthur Vane, and perhaps it was only the necessity for exertion which aroused her in some measure from her mental sufferings. Gradually the intensity of her feelings ebbed like a tide away, leaving, indeed, a wreck behind, but restoring also some degree of tranquillity to her heart, and a mind made wiser by the experience of misery,—which is indeed the dearly-bought knowledge of good and evil. Settled in the north of England, she passed several years without visiting London, though she heard occasionally from Laura, whose letters revealed the fact that she was anything but happy in her married life. Latterly Mrs. Vane had requested Kate to become the instructress of her only child, but it was declined. Kate could now

have been content to witness their happiness, but she would not inflict on herself the trial or temptation of beholding their mutual dissensions. Still she felt a strong interest in the unseen daughter, and the promise that she should become her pupil was an inducement for her to embark the money she possessed in forming a partnership with the proprietress of a school in the environs of town. This was in every respect a change for the better. It is true the arduous duties of tuition still remained, but these she had never considered as a trial, and she had now a freedom of will and action,—and, above all, little Ellen Vane on whom to lavish her warmest affections. By degrees the child became attached to her, and infinitely to prefer school to home;—no wonder, for with parents who disagree, and among an ill-assorted household, children are always neglected, or at least ill-managed and unhappy.

Years passed on; but age seldom improves the temper, or makes the heart more sincere or generous. The Vanes were less united than ever. Ellen, however, was idolized by her father, and when he listened to her prattle, that told how good, and kind, and clever Miss Danvers was, memory perhaps flew back to days gone by, with sighs of regret for the choice he had made. As for his own character, the good that was in it had been slowly drawn forth, and he was now a far more estimable person than he had been in his youth. From many circumstances aunt Jessy was certain that he looked back on his conduct to Kate with the self-condemnation it deserved. Once when she was the subject of conversation, he spoke of her in the highest and most respectful terms, and though they met but seldom, he always treated her with a marked deference.

Ellen Vane was by this time a tall graceful girl of fourteen, with mind informed, tastes refined and cultivated, and more than all, principles implanted, and the best feelings of her nature properly directed. Her doating father believed he saw in her the shadow of Kate's character, and fancied even that the tone of her voice, and the choice of her expressions, resembled those of her instructress. Ellen, with a beauty of person equal to her mother's, was, indeed, a being for that mother to love and cherish, to watch over, and hope for. But Laura acted no such part;—she was too innately selfish to endure that another should elicit admiration in her presence, even though that other were her daughter; and she felt supremely jealous of the child's love for Kate. But it must have been the mingling of many bad passions which led to her last guilty act. If principles she had never had;—if womanly feelings had all flown;—how could she crown that pure innocent creature with a garland of shame,—how could she leave her beautiful, her only child, for ever?

Kate Danvers and her pupil were together. It was not during regular school hours, but they sat in one corner of a large drawing-room, where a French window opening on to the lawn, admitted the rich perfume of the garden flowers. Ellen was kneeling before a large folio which she had placed on a chair near her friend—with one hand she held back the clustering ringlets which would have overshadowed the page, and with the other eagerly pointed out the beautiful specimens of plants it contained (for she had just begun the study of

botany), looking up every now and then for information or explanation, and then with sparkling eyes and flushing cheek, exhausting her own little stock of knowledge. There is something sweet and holy in the contemplation of youth and innocence;—it steals over the senses like the odour of flowers, the summer breeze, or the sound of music. It is a sweet picture—when simplicity is not folly, and beauty is unconscious of itself!

It was at that moment that a letter was delivered to Miss Danvers. On breaking the seal, she found an enclosure, beneath the superscription of which were the words, "To be read when you are alone." With a feeling of terror she withdrew to ascertain its contents. The letter was from Arthur Vane, to tell her that his wife had left her home—had eloped with almost a stranger, a young man half a dozen years her junior! He told her that the few hours which had elapsed had been sufficient time for him to determine that Ellen's heart should not be blighted by the knowledge of her mother's shame. To her she was henceforth dead; and he implored Kate to be guilty of one act of deception, and to break to his daughter the awful intelligence, as if she were really so. He desired that she might immediately assume deep mourning, as he, for her sake, would do, and concluded by repeating his opinion that such a belief would be to Ellen, both now and hereafter, a lesser pang than the knowledge of the truth.

Kate felt stunned. It was one of those events which cannot be believed on the instant—which the reason is dull at comprehending. At last a flood of tears relieved her, and she sank sobbing on her couch. She was aroused by Ellen Vane kissing her forehead, and twining her arms round her neck; and then and there, pointing to the black seal of the letter Kate yet under some faint pretence withheld, Ellen was told that her only remaining parent would be with her in a few hours,—that he would come to console her—that her mother was lost to her for ever—that she no longer lived. Surely if falsehood might ever be excused, this was pardonable!

Whether busy or idle, whether happy or sad, time still passes steadily on; yet every one can remember some epoch at which events succeeded one another so rapidly, as to leave over a certain space of time a crowded chronicle, seeming to stretch, on memory's scroll, far beyond its proper limits. Such a space of time was the next year in the life of Catherine Danvers.

Arthur Vane was too proud a man to desire a pecuniary recompense for his wife's dishonour, but still he had recourse to the only means by which he could obtain a divorce. Perhaps he felt pity for Laura, and was willing to afford her the opportunity of receiving the only reparation in her seducer's power;—perhaps he had thought or hope of forming another union himself, or possibly he was unconscious of the combined motives which influenced his conduct. But I must pause for a moment, to follow the guilty woman.

Deceived and deserted, in a few months she was reduced to the most degraded and friendless condition. She did not apply to one of the many who had formerly courted or admired her, or to those who had mixed in the same giddy vortex as herself: she knew that such would shrink from her, as from a pestilence, even some among them

who were but a few shades less guilty than herself. But she remembered that Kate Danvers had never, in the pride of her own excellence, spoken harshly or unfeelingly even of the most vicious; and on the desolate bed of sickness, in misery, and poverty that had almost deprived her of the necessities of life, she wrote to her early playmate, imploring that she might see her once more. Kate hastened on her charitable errand; but in the daily visits which followed, she did more than relieve those wants which her purse could remove. She led an erring fellow-creature to repentance, and smoothed her passage to the grave.

It was on her return from one of these visits that she found Mr. Vane waiting to see her. She was glad of the circumstance, for she had been for some time seeking an opportunity to break to him the situation of Laura. It was the wish nearest her heart that she might be the messenger of forgiveness to the dying woman. But Arthur Vane had come on a very different mission. Free, by his country's laws, to make a second choice, and *now* loving Catherine Danvers with a stronger, deeper, truer passion than he had ever dreamed of in his youth, he felt unable to endure the suspense, which silence imposed. He was determined to hear his doom from her own lips.

Absorbed in sorrow for Laura's shame and misery—accustomed for fifteen years to consider Arthur Vane as the husband of another, she had not noted many things which might have declared his sentiments to her. The memory even of her early and misplaced love had been kept like a buried treasure strewn over by the ashes of those youthful feelings which itself had kindled; but it could not be disinterred on the moment. She listened to his protestations like one stricken with astonishment, till, at last, mistaking her silence for coldness or indifference, he threw himself before her more like a raving boy, than one whom years, at least, should have sobered—exclaiming, “Kate, you scorn me, and are avenged!”

But she made no gesture of triumph; a convulsive sob was her only rejoinder, and she did not instantly withdraw the hand he had clasped, but suffered him to press it to his heart, and to cover it with passionate kisses. Then seeming suddenly to regain her self-possession, and to awake to the consciousness of the truth, she raised her eyes to his, and said in a low firm voice, “We can be only *friends* while she lives!”

It is not worth while further to describe that most important interview. Enough, that though the unhappy Laura lingered several months, no word of love was again murmured to Kate until the grave had closed over the guilty wife. The gradual approach of death gave her time for repentance, and almost her last act was to join the hands of Kate and Arthur. She yearned to see her child, and they told her the truth; but selfishness, one of the greatest faults of her character, was destroyed, and she refused to open, to new anguish, the wound which was almost healed.

Aunt Jessie's sketch of the fortunes of her early friends is almost done. She acknowledges it would have been a more perfect love story, if Catherine Danvers had been suffered to die of a broken heart. But the question, whether a certain amount of grief will break a heart or not, chiefly depends on the constitution submitted to its influence;—

and Kate's happened to be a good one. Her marriage, at last, was true in itself, and true to nature;—for a woman who loves is never slow to forgive offences directed only against herself; and it was just that Arthur's devoted affection should at last rekindle a love, which, though blighted by indifference, had never been destroyed.

It was from aunt Jessy's house that Kate was married. The dear old lady vividly described the bride's beauty,—and even her dress,—on the wedding morning; and though some of the most youthful of her auditors smiled at the idea of an "interesting bride" of five and thirty, and the absurdity of an ardent lover of forty, aunt Jessy declared her belief that in their wedded life, there was a more complete realization of the romance of love, than in that of any pair she had ever known. Aunt Jessy has survived them; but she remembers that, in the confidence of friendship, Arthur Vane often confessed he once bitterly mistook *the point of honour*.

ITALIAN CONCETTI.

HERE they are, sweet little *Italian Conceits*, sent to us by ladies even more sweet than they. In such a case, what can we do but insert, and what can the public do but read. No land but the land of the *dolce far niente* could have produced trifles at once so fantastical and so pathetic, so ridiculous, and yet so tender. There life, free and un-laborious, bears the image of a happier clime, which porter-swilling John Bull of the nineteenth century scarcely even imagines. Alas! merry England has quite outgrown the age of the infantine romanticisms that once delighted us. We have ceased to be the gay children of love and chivalry, sonnetteering and serenading—we have become a nation of shopkeepers, "gaining money like horses, and spending it like asses."

Oh, for the jokes of former times!
 Oh, for the men who cracked them!
 When tragedies were writ in rhymes,
 And fools were found to act them.

But to make the best of this bad business, let us, for a moment, once more become lovers, sighing like furnaces, with a woful ballad made to our mistress's eyebrow, *Dulce est desipere in loco*—let us, for an instant, forget that we live in the age of Jack Sheppardism, and plunge head and ears into the agreeable nonsense of Italy.

As specimens of the Italian conceits, we select the famous Canzonetti of Metastasio and Petrarch:—

CANZONETTE.—FROM METASTASIO.

LIBERTY.

Thanks to thy deceits,
 At last I breathe, oh, Nice!
 On an unhappy wretch
 The gods have taken pity.
 I feel that from thy chains,
 I feel my soul is free:

I dream not now,
I do not merely dream of liberty.
My former ardour has ceased ;
And I am so tranquil,
That there is not enough passion
In me to mask love.
My colour does not change
When I hear thy name ;
When I behold thy face,
My heart palpitates no longer ;
I dream, but I do not see thee
Always in my dreams ;
I wake, and thou art not
My first thought.
Far from thee I wander,
Without ever wishing for thee ;
I am with thee, and thou givest me
Neither pain nor pleasure.
I speak of thy beauty,
Yet I do not feel myself softened ;
I remember my wrongs,
And yet I am not angry.
I am no longer confused
When thou comest near me ;
Even with my rival
I can speak of thee.
Turn to me a haughty look,
Speak to me with a gentle expression,
Thy displeasure is in vain—
In vain is thy favour ;
Those lips have not o'er me
Their accustomed empire ;
Those eyes know no longer
The way to this heart.
That which now pleases or displeases,
Whether I am sad or joyful,
Is not now thy gift,
It is not now thy blow.
The woods, the hills, the meadows,
Please me without thee ;
Each ungrateful abode
Annoys me even with thee.
Hear, if I am sincere :
Still thou seemest beautiful to me,
But thou dost not seem that
Which has no equal ;
And (let not truth offend thee)
In thy exquisite countenance
I now see each defect,
Which appeared to me a beauty.
(I confess my shame),

When I drew out the dart,
I felt my heart bursting—
I appeared to be dying;
But to escape woe,
Not to seem oppressed.
To recover myself,
We can suffer all—
As in the trap, in which sometimes
The little bird may fall,
He leaves behind his feathers,
But returns once more to liberty,
Then the lost plumage
Is restored in a few days;
He becomes cautious by experience,
And is betrayed no more.
I know that you do not believe
The ancient flame extinguished in me,
Because I so often say it,
Because I cannot keep silence.
It is but that natural instinct,
Oh, Nice! which prompts me to speak,
By which all reason
Of the dangers they have passed,
And after cruel experience,
Narrate past vexations;
The warrior shows
The scars of his wounds;
And so the happy slave,
Freed from pain, shows
The barbarous chains
Which he once dragged after him—
I speak, but in speaking alone
I try to satisfy myself.
I speak, yet I care not
That you believe me;
I speak, but do not ask
Your approval of my words,
Nor if you are tranquil
In speaking of me.
I leave an inconstant one;
You lose a faithful heart.
I know not which of us
May have to console himself.
This I know, so faithful a lover
Nice will not find again;
But it is easy to meet
Another, a deceiver.

THE PALINODIA, OR RECONTATION.

Appease thy anger;
Pardon, beloved Nice;

The fault of an unhappy one
Is worthy of pity.
True it is, that from thy chains
I boasted my soul was free ;
But it was the last time
That I may boast of liberty.
True it is, to hide the ancient flame
I pretended to veil it,
That I made a mask of anger
That I might not discover love.
But, oh ! now, my colour changes
If I hear thee named ;
All read in my face
The state of my heart.
In waking I see thee always,
No less than in my dreams ;
My thoughts always paint thee
Wherever thou art—
With thee, with thee, I surround myself,
With thee whenever I leave thee ;
Thou makest me dream
Both of pain and pleasure.
When I speak not of thee
Then I am weary—
I remember nothing—
Every thing annoys me.
I am so used to name thee
To those around me,
That even to my rival
I speak of thee.
From one haughty look,
From one tender word,
Be it disdain or compassion,
I arm myself in vain.
I have no other destiny
Beyond thy gentle fascination ;
I know not the motives
That second my heart.
Every delight displeases
If I please not thee ;
And the gift which is not thine,
For me can have no charms.
With thee all is pleasing,
The hill, the wood, the mead ;
But far from thee, beloved one,
Every abode is ungrateful.
Now I will speak sincerely :
Not only dost thou seem beautiful to me,
Not only dost thou appear that
Which has no equal ;
But often, unjust to truth,

I condemn every other countenance ;
 To me every thing appears faulty
 Except thy beauty alone.
 The dart is not drawn out,
 Which I tried to my shame,
 In vain to extract from my heart,
 And thought to die from.
 Ah ! in trying to escape from woe,
 I felt myself more oppressed by it ;
 Ah ! in enduring the reality,
 I could not suffer more
 In the trap, in which perchance
 The little bird has fallen,
 He leaves even his feathers
 In seeking his liberty ;
 But in ruffling his feathers,
 He renews his troubles ;
 The more he tries to fly,
 The more he finds himself a prisoner.
 No ! I wish not extinguished
 The cherished ancient flame ;
 I know that the oftener I say it,
 The less I desire it.
 Thou knowest, that a loquacious instinct
 Urges lovers to words ;
 But while they speak,
 The flame spreads no further.
 Thus the warrior blames
 The cruel contest of Mars ;
 Yet again he turns
 To the ensigns of war. •
 So the happy slave,
 Who, freed from pain, returns,
 Accustomed to the chains
 Which one day he detested.
 I speak, but when speaking
 I wish to speak of thee ;
 I desire not a new love,
 I know not to change my faith.
 I speak, but yet I ask
 Pity for my words ;
 I speak, but thou alone
 Art always my appeal ;
 A heart not inconstant,
 So repentant—so sincere.
 Ah ! return to console
 Thy first beloved.
 The beautiful Nice knows,
 At least she will not find
 In her penitent lover
 A deceitful disposition ;

If you give me a gage of peace,
 If blest Nice you restore me my heart,
 So much as I lately sung of disdain,
 Will I now recant for love.

CANZONE FROM PETRARCA.

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA—TO THE FAVOURITE TREE—TO THE
 AIR—TO THE FLOWERS OF THE PLACE FREQUENTED BY LAURA.

Oh blessed fountain ! to whose hallowed wave
 My lady comes her beauteous limbs to lave,
 And thou, fair tree ! on whose extended boughs
 Her peerless form oft leans in sweet repose ;
 Oh flow'ry turf ! thrice blessed place of rest,
 Stamped with the image of her angel breast :
 And thou, bright sky ! beneath whose azure dome
 Love unopposed first made my heart his home ;
 To such fair objects would I fain impart
 The last sad feelings of my lonely heart.
 If 'tis decreed, that freed from all my woes,
 These weary eyes I soon in death shall close ;
 'Mid these my mortal body fain would lie,
 When turns my soul to seek its home on high ;
 This last long-cherished hope could e'en illumine
 The dark and fearful passage of the tomb,
 For never could my weary heart find rest
 In heaven more tranquil than 'mid scenes so blest ;
 Nor in a lovelier grave my body lie,
 When breathes my fainting soul its parting sigh.
 Perchance the time may come, when she once more
 May seek her favourite fountain as of yore,
 And on that flow'ry path I oft have trod
 May seek for him who sleeps beneath the sod :
 Then when my humble grave shall greet her eye,
 Inspired by love, may breathe so sweet a sigh,
 That Heaven in pity to those tears and sighs,
 May ope for me the gates of Paradise.
 I well remember, oft has fallen from thee
 A radiant shower of blossoms, blessed tree !
 While she, all heedless of her witching power,
 Sat in meek beauty 'neath the grateful shower :
 Some blossoms kissed the robe that decked my fair,
 And some the silken tresses of her hair ;
 Some graceful played amid each sheltering fold,
 Like orient pearls 'mid streaks of burnished gold ;
 Some sought the ground, and some the fountain clear,
 But all proclaimed, " Love reigns triumphant here."
 Oft have I said, while tears have filled my eyes,
 Her birth-place was not earth, but Paradise ;
 How often has my soul enraptured hung
 Upon the soft sweet accents of her tongue ;

All living things forgotten and unseen,
Save that loved face beaming with smiles serene.
Such sweet oblivion o'er my soul have shed
Her peerless charms, that to myself I said,
Oh, what am I, that thus to me is given,
With soul yet chained to earth a taste of Heaven?
Such visions of the past these scenes disclose,
That here alone my heart can find repose.

SONNETS.—FROM METASTASIO.

**WRITTEN AT VIENNA, WHEN PRINCE TRIVULZI RECEIVED THE
GOLDEN FLEECE FROM THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE SIXTH.**

On the first day that the Almighty breath
Gave form and being to this world beneath,
Envy was born, and God beheld imbrued
A brother's hands in Abel's guiltless blood.
The plague-spot spread, and such its baneful power
O'er our polluted race, that when the dower
Of genius to a fellow-man is given,
The hate of men succeeds the gift of heaven.
But when Trivulzi, worthy of his sires,
To new rewards of real worth aspires,
Even Envy sleeps, nor throws a darkening cloud
On one whom merit lifts above the crowd.
Oh teach the world how thou hast crushed that power
That darkens virtue's most triumphant hour!

**WRITTEN AT VIENNA, ON BEING PROCLAIMED ONE OF THE
ACADEMY OF IRENIAN PASTORS AT PALERMO.**

Thou royal eagle! minister of Jove!
Oh bear me on thy wing to realms above,
And waft my eager spirit to those plains
Where angry Vulcan groans beneath his chains.
Enrolled 'mid those who own poetic fire,
Teach me with equal skill to touch the lyre;
Disdain me not, thy state resembles mine,
We both are vassals; and if it be thine
To guide the thunderbolt that rends the skies,
'Tis mine to pant for fame which never dies;
Nor shall our toil be vain; for thou shalt bring
New arrows to the footstool of thy king,
And I, transported to Irenian plains,
Shall learn to tune my lyre to nobler strains.

**THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SONNET WERE COMPOSED AT ROME ON THE
OCCASION OF THE SIGNORA — ASSUMING THE VESTAL HABIT.**

From the umbrageous wood unpierced by day,
The skilful florist oft selects, and takes
A plant, which 'neath the sunbeam's genial ray,
At season due to bloom and beauty wakes;

This to another grafts itself, and soon
 The bright and genial influence appears,
 The heaven-clad stem acknowledges the boon,
 And gracefully its buds and blossoms wears.
 Exalted lady, dost thou understand,
 The florist is the ruler of the earth,
 The world the garden, and thou art the plant?
 Thrice happy plant! no hours of woe or mirth
 Henceforth for thee the changeful year shall bring,
 But heaven shall smile on thee with endless spring.

The stream that unrestrained pursues its course,
 Though limpid first from some steep rock it fell,
 Yet dashing onward soon expends its force,
 And stagnates in some deep sequestered dell.
 But if in close canal it tranquil flows,
 Vigour it takes, and when its course is run,
 A silver fount it forms, and sportive throws
 Its graceful arms to greet the noonday sun.
 Alas! that stream am I, that insecure
 From summer's scorching heat, or winter's frost,
 Grows dull and stagnates in the vale obscure;
 But thou, veiled sister of the sacred host!
 Thou art that stream, which crystalized and pure,
 Leads him to heaven who makes his God his boast.

E. E. E.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E.

TEETOTALISM;

A LETTER FROM G. W. M. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK ABROAD," "THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE,"
 &c. &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR.—It was in 1833 that a few obscure individuals, without name, fortune, or rank, to recommend them to public notice, came up to London from their native provincial towns, met in committee together, and determined to found an association which should consist of members who would forswear the use of intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled. Having observed the progress of the doctrine of moderation, which had been first preached in America, and subsequently in England, and perceiving the total inefficacy of that doctrine when applied as a means of purification to the existing state of society, those individuals above alluded to resolved upon devising some scheme which might effectually arrest the progress of the demon of intemperance, and supersede the possibility of the *abuse* of intoxicating drinks, by abolishing the *use* of them. They saw, from the dictates of reason and from their own experience, that the most abstemious individual was likely to be led away from time to time by the fascinating nature of strong liquors—they knew that man has but small control

over his predilections and the power of volition—and they did not content themselves with merely cutting away the leaves of the poisonous weed, which they found in the great garden of the world, but they uprooted it altogether. They founded a society, the members of which subscribed to a pledge of total abstinence from all inebriating drinks; and when they had done this noble work, they returned each to his home without experiencing a single sentiment of vain pride, and only a feeling of natural satisfaction at the basis of the great moral reformation which they had just established. Thus was it that teetotalism, at its very birth, was a reformation that was eminently honourable to its founders and its first disciples, because it commenced with those who were not urged to propagate it by the promptings of a refined education, but who embraced its principles from the conviction of their own humble but honest minds; and, in sooth, it is a grand spectacle, when the lower grades of society thus set a great and brilliant example to the upper classes,—when the poor man teaches the rich one the road to happiness and contentment—when the uneducated overcome all the sophistry of the learned, in respect to this one grand principle of social reformation—when the cottage of the labourer can boast of that purification which has not yet reached the mansion of the patrician—when a grand impulse is given by the masses, and is rapidly working upwards to the palaces of the great—and when a lesson of forbearance and morality is taught, *not* from the pulpits of cathedrals and great churches—*not* from the benches of the House of Commons—*not* from the bosom of the learned societies—*not* from the columns of the newspaper press—but from the platforms of Total Abstinence Societies!

Teetotalism strongly recommends all *natural* means of producing a proper excitement in the human frame, and only discountenances *unnatural* means. Exercise, whether by walking, riding, or running, or a good meal of wholesome victuals, are the natural means; and strong drinks which ruin the coats of the stomach and injure the intellectual powers, are the unnatural means. Exercise produces a healthy excitement; but strong drinks must never be used as an artificial means of producing excitement. The principles of Teetotalism recommend the general adoption of the former means, and discountenance the latter; and this objection to the latter is founded upon the conviction—*first*, that the excitement produced by strong drinks is unnatural, because it arises from artificial means, and means that involve a habit without which health and intellect continue unimpaired. *Secondly*, that if a natural means of producing a necessary degree of excitement exist, we should not have recourse to other means, which, even if calculated to produce the desired effect in one way, would injure the body in another. *Thirdly*, that if strong drink be taken as a means of procuring that excitement above alluded to, the *use*, as proved by an undeniable experience, frequently leads to the *abuse*, and from the abuse result all kinds of maladies and crimes; and *fourthly*, that the experience of five millions of existing Teetotallers, and the example of thousands of savages, amongst whom alcoholic drinks have only been lately introduced, prove that man can live without those drinks—that he is better in health and mind without them—and that they are in

no way necessary to existence; but, on the contrary, are highly injurious to the physiological and mental economy of organized beings.

Now, even if alcoholic drinks were healthy and wholesome, the Teetotallers would still preach a crusade against their use, because they intoxicate; and from intoxication emanate poverty, disease, and crime. Consult the evidence given by police-magistrates before the House of Commons in 1834, or read the annals of crime, and you will find that nearly all deeds of turpitude emanate from *intoxication*. Consult medical men, and they will tell you that many diseases spring from *intoxication*; and use your own powers of survey, reader, and you will see that more than half the poverty and wretchedness of the lower orders may also be traced to *intoxication*. Thus, even if alcoholic drinks were not calculated to impair the healthy tone of the body, or ruin the intellect, sufficient causes are found in social life to recommend a total abstinence from them.

The habit of intoxication has increased to such a frightful extent, that only a measure of total abstinence can correct it. An extreme case requires an extreme remedy; and experience has shown that the temptation must be altogether removed. No such thing as moderate indulgence can be allowed by any one who has maturely considered the subject. Intoxicating drinks are not nutritious. It is a grand mistake to preach to the poor man the necessity of strengthening himself with porter or ale, because those fermented liquors contain no more nutriment than the solid substance to which they can be reduced,—or, in other words, than the quantity of barley that has been used in the water with which other ingredients are mixed. Half of a penny loaf contains more nourishment than a pot of porter; and a glass of the best wine does not possess more nutritious power than two grains of wheat. It is, moreover, blasphemous to imagine that the Saviour of mankind could, at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, countenance a habit, even in its most remote degree, which is the greatest scourge that ever was introduced upon earth. At all events, if Teetotalism be wrong, its advocates do no harm, and may do *some* good; we *know* that we can exist without strong drinks,—and we have good reason for supposing that we can be more healthy without them; we are therefore right in avoiding those beverages which *might* lead to intoxication, for intoxication is the gate which conducts its victims to the workhouse, the felon's gaol, the hospital, or the lunatic asylum.

Some of the opponents to Teetotalism have grounded their arguments upon the fact that air and water are composed of stimulating poison; and that the votaries of Teetotalism should therefore preach against the necessity of a continuation in being, as well as against the use of water. This ridiculous argument is easily answered. The *separate* qualities of the ingredients of water and air would, in their application to the human frame, be fatal; but, *when compounded together*, they are perfectly innoxious. The most wholesome fruits and vegetables contain the elements of poisons, which, if they existed alone in those substances, would prove injurious and fatal to man; but as they are mixed up with other ingredients, which act as correctives, they become nutritious and wholesome. Thus, air and water, in their present condition, are *not* poisons. The opponents to

Teetotalism may as well say that sugar is a poison, because a chemical manipulation may change it into oxalic acid.

The same remarks apply to the vegetable kingdom, the constituent elements of which are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. "The poisonous upas and the nutritious grape,—the fragrant rose and the nauseous assafoetida; the refreshing foliage, and the delicate tints of the vast arcana of vegetable nature, each owe their peculiar quality to these simple substances."* The specific and relative qualities of the elements of all things decide their peculiar properties; and thus may a skilful chemist convert the wholesome air in a room into a foetid exhalation in which human beings will immediately die,—or rob the nitric acid of its poisonous principles; and yet both air and nitric acid are composed of the same elements—nitrogen and oxygen—united, of course, in different proportions. "Few persons, however, would be bold enough to assert that nitric acid is contained in the air; or that air, when it comes in contact with the lungs, is productive of the same fatal results as would arise from contact with the former potent and corrosive substance."†

It is easy to see how these arguments apply. It is asserted that alcohol exists in nature; whereas alcohol, instead of being a genuine product of distillation, is merely separated by this process from the other materials with which it was connected. Alcohol is eliminated from vegetable matter during the process of fermentation; and this fermentation is one of the first results of the decay or decomposition of vegetable matter. "The elements of alcohol, indeed, are to be found throughout the whole of vegetable creation, and so are the elements of other deleterious substances, but not a particle of alcohol itself. So long as the chemistry of life retains its sway, will the constituent materials of vegetable matter hold together in the relation in which nature has placed them. Death, however, or in other words, decomposition, subverts this natural arrangement, dissolves its connexions, and new and totally different combinations are thereby formed. So it is with alcohol. In wine this poison undergoes evolution during the decay or decomposition of the juice of the grape; in malt liquors man destroys the vital principle of the barley, by converting it into malt, and then subjects it to another artificial process, which produces results similar to those which take place in the production of wine."‡ These observations are a sufficient reply to those who declare that alcohol exists in nature, that it is consequently a good creature of God, and fitted for our use.

The Teetotalers are determined to pursue the path of moral reformation which they have commenced, in exposing the horrors of intemperance, and in appealing to the sympathies of the philanthropic to assist them in this important undertaking. Wherefore should they meet with the opposition and ridicule of the press? Should they not be praised, instead of laughed at, for their attempts to reform society? And let those journalists who *have* asserted, and *do* assert, that Tee-

* "Bacchus," by R. B. Grindrod.

† Ibid.

‡ "Bacchus." This admirable work, by an eminent surgeon of Manchester, deserves the attentive perusal of all persons, whether favourable or averse to the doctrines of total abstinence.

totalism is too extreme a measure to remain permanent,—let those writers know that the disciples of this new creed are too deeply attached to the principles of moral and social salvation to abandon them on a sudden, as a man in a moment of despair would consign his soul to Satan. These journalists, while they write against Teetotalism, must deprecate the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks, and would gladly substitute moderation-measures as a means of reform. But we tell them that a mere moderation-doctrine will not prove a sufficient corrective, and nothing but the ultra system of total abstinence will suffice. If, then, they wish to reform society—if they really have the good of their fellow-countrymen at heart, let them advocate the only measure calculated to ensure reformation. They acknowledge the existence of the evil, but they will not admit the only commensurate method of its extirpation. Let us, however, hope that they will speedily unite in this grand and glorious cause. Already does the world begin to feel assured that, though all truths must of necessity converge towards the same point, they need not take the same direction; but they are like rivers, fed from one source, and flowing into one bosom, which if seen only at particular points, would give us little reason to suppose their origin and end the same; for it is the powerless eyes of intellect, which, unable at once to pursue their mighty range, mistake the deviations from the course for the course itself, and judge of the little sinuosities of the little sections which their restricted vision can command. But as the sphere of that vision becomes enlarged, and as the chart of knowledge embraces an ampler space, we shall often smile at the ignorance which has kept us timid and distrustful on the banks of some forbidden stream, on whose waters we shall then be floating with security and joy, confident of being wafted through some unknown outlet into the great ocean of truth—an ocean which stretches from earth to heaven!

If the frightful consequences of intemperance were exposed in all their plenitude and nakedness, they would form a dark antithesis to the glowing statements that have been imposed upon the world by those whose wickedness or whose interests have prompted them to advocate the most abominable vice that ever darkened the reputation of a civilized country, or stigmatized the integrity of a government. The government gives the utmost encouragement to the vice of intemperance. On Sunday the public-houses are allowed to be open, and the baker's shop is shut up by legislative enactment. The sot may get drunk, and procure the means of desecrating the sabbath, but the starving mendicant may not obtain a penny loaf. And then this government, which encourages the vice of intemperance, because it derives a handsome revenue from the quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed in the country, *hangs* the unfortunate wretch who commits crime when under the influence of maddening beverages. Would a lunatic, who escaped from Saint Luke's and committed a murder, be hanged? And in what, then, does the difference consist, save in the cause and in its duration, between the insanity of the inmate of Saint Luke's, and that which characterizes the drunken man? On the morning of the day on which he murdered his wife, William Lees procured her medicine, and tendered her all the consolations which an

invalid woman has a right to expect from her husband ; but, in the afternoon, when his brain was clouded with the illusions of liquor, and when the unfortunate man's imagination was entirely maddened by the artificial means of excitement, he committed a deed at which he would have shuddered in his sober moments. We wonder how Lord Normanby can sleep at night, when he reflects upon the case of William Lees.

But let us revert once more to the dangers attending the moderate use of intoxicating liquors. No one, when he commences the moderate use of these beverages, intends to be a drunkard ; no one, at the beginning of his career, anticipates a life of intemperance and inebriety. The fascinating habit gains upon him ; day by day does he increase the amount of his potations ; and in process of time he presents to his friends the degraded example of a miserable drunkard. The generality of men have not sufficient command over themselves to be contented with a small quantity : and the founders of all new systems legislate for the masses and not for the few. It is sufficient for many to taste one drop, to unhinge months or years of sobriety and abstinence. Abstinence is far more easy than moderation ; and no specific line of demarcation could be drawn between temperance and excess. A glass of strong liquor will produce upon one man the same effects which result from a pint drunk by another. No specific quantity could be assigned as the mid-way stage which might be denominated temperance ; and as it would be ridiculous for any association of reformers to commence their labours upon a principle so ill-defined as one which admits the propriety of each man partaking of as much liquor as he can imbibe without danger of experiencing inconvenience,—mere temperance measures are evidently impracticable, and incapable of working out the great moral reformation projected by the Luthers, the Calvinists, and the Melancthons of Teetotalism.

We must be ridiculous indeed if we admit that the practices and ways of our ancestors can consecrate evil customs. The scene has changed,—our long night at the tomb of antiquity is broken and changed for ever. The spirit song of the past still floats melodiously around us ; but our ears are filled with a louder and with a nearer strain—the pæan of an enfranchised intellect. Rarely and furtively should we look to the past, for the prejudice of the age is against authority ! Teetotalism is intimately connected with the philosophy and wisdom of the present day, because it triumphs over the prejudices of the past, and dares assert opinions which militate against the usages of antiquity. How noble a destiny to be, from the first glimmering of our reason, brought into contact with that active and productive knowledge which is everywhere scattering its riches over the surface of society—to be no longer immured within a narrow space, splendidly adorned with the remnants of antiquity, but where our voices could awaken no echoes save of the past, and our minds acquire no more than a conjectured knowledge of the present—to receive the revelation, not of other men's minds, but of Nature—to possess the key to her oracles—to listen to the wisdom she teaches—and boldly to follow whithersoever she vouchsafes to lead !

And now a word upon the existing state of Teetotalism. This doctrine has at present upwards of five millions of votaries ; and local

societies or associations are formed at almost every town in the United Kingdom. Many of these local societies act as correspondent branches or auxiliaries to the great London associations; and it will therefore be to these parent constituent bodies that we shall for the present direct the attention of the reader. There are three great societies in London. The first is called "The British and Foreign Society for the Suppression of Intemperance," and is represented by the *Temperance Intelligencer*, a penny weekly paper published by Mr. Pasco in Paternoster-row. This association is the most ancient, and is presided over by Earl Stanhope. Its business is generally transacted in a spirit of fairness and impartiality with regard to the other societies; and its achievements in the good cause have been vast and manifold. The second society is the "United Temperance Association," which is represented by *The Teetotaler* journal—a periodical of the same size as *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, published hebdomadally at twopence, and conducted by the writer of this article, who is a member of the United Temperance Association. This society was established in January last, by Mr. H. W. Weston, and had for its object the union in one vast whole of all the disjointed sects and parties of Teetotalers. This principle has become a favourite one, and the United Temperance Association is accordingly the most flourishing of all the similarly constituted societies. The third society to which we alluded above, is "The New British and Foreign Temperance Society," the members of which are very numerous, and are of course entirely innocent of the mismanagement which characterizes this body, because the committees are alone responsible for the mode of administration adopted by a society. The New British and Foreign Temperance Society is, however, rapidly crumbling to pieces: its branches and auxiliaries are passing over to the other two great associations; and before six months shall have elapsed, it will cease to occupy a place in the metropolitan list of Teetotal constituencies.

We shall conclude this article with a few observations upon wines, and malt and spirituous liquors, in order to prove that the deleterious properties of these beverages are not a small portion of the arguments which Teetotalism brings forward to support itself, and refute its opponents.

The annual importation of port wine into the United States alone exceeds all the annual produce of the Alto Douro. What wretched practices must therefore be had resort to, in order to adulterate the real, and fabricate the fictitious wine which bears this name, to supply all the markets of the world! A vintner's *Wine-Guide* supplies the following receipt for making "the best port wine:"—"Take of good cider four gallons, of the juice of red beet-root two quarts, brandy two quarts, logwood four ozs., rhatany-root bruised a quarter of a pound: first infuse the logwood and rhatany-root in brandy and a gallon of the cider for one week; then strain off the liquor, and mix the other ingredients: keep it in a cask for a month; it will then be fit to bottle." The Cape wine generally sold to the public is composed (as Mr. Grindrod, in his "Bacchus," informs us) of the drippings of the cocks from the various casks in the adulterators' cellars, the filtering of the lees of wine, any description of bad or spoiled white

wines, with the addition of brandy and spoiled cider. The "Vintner's and Licensed Victualler's Guide" contains the following delicious prescription:—"If a butt of sherry is too high in colour, take a quart of warm sheep or lamb's blood—mix it with the wine, and when thoroughly fine, draw it off, when you will find the colour as pale as necessary." Who will partake of wine after perusing these *diableries*?

Let us now say a few words relative to beer. This liquor, whether under the denomination of ale, or porter, or stout, is absolutely composed of all kinds of abominations in the shape of filth or poisons. In Donovan's "Domestic Economy," we find the following paragraph: "It is absolutely frightful to contemplate the list of poisons and of drugs with which malt liquors have been and are *doctored*. Opium, henbane, cocculus indicus, and Bohemian rosemary (which is said to produce a quick and raving intoxication), supply the place of alcohol: aloes, cassia, gentian, sweet-scented flag, wormwood, horehound, and bitter oranges, fulfil the duties of hops; liquorice, treacle, and mucilage of flax-seed, stand for attenuated malt. Sugar, capsicum, ginger, and cinnamon afford to the exhausted drink the pungency of carbonic acid; and preparations of fish, assisted, in cases of obstinacy, with oil of vitriol, procure transparency." The heading, or froth, is produced by a mixture of alum and copperas ground to a fine powder.

The materials used in adulterating ardent spirits are oil of vitriol, oil of cassia, oil of turpentine, oil of carraways, oil of juniper, oil of almonds, sulphuric æther, extract of capsicum, extract of orris-root, extract of angelica-root, English saffron, spirits of sweet nitre, aqua ammonia, cherry-laurel water, and terra japonica.

Thus is it that the use of malt liquors produces such somniferous effects upon those who partake of them; and that ardent spirits create the raving intoxication associated with their use. Can our readers wonder that the new creed inculcates a total abstinence from such infernal poisons? I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Hawkwood—a Romance of Italy. In three vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1840.

If there is one duty of a critic more clearly defined than another, it is that of encouraging every rising star of talent or genius, which may from time to time appear during his critical reign. Although the productions of young authors may not possess the artistic eloquence or regularity of those who have been longer before the public, yet he should by no means blind himself to the vigour of fancy, and the freedom of imagination which such works generally display. Faults which it is evident experience will cure, should be but lightly noticed; or at best the censure should be none other than kind admonition. Vain is it to expect that either in his writings or his conduct any man can ante-date experience—nor is it desirable he should do so. Experience comes soon enough with its blighting influences—soon enough does she blast high aspirations and noble endeavours. She requires not to be hastened, for full quickly by her is the veil withdrawn, and our visioned paradise proved to be a veritable charnel-house of abomination and sin. The invariable effect of experience is to make men, in a greater or less degree,

misanthropes. None have effected aught commendable or great, who have not bravely dared to despise her tyrannical dictates. Besides, experience is blind of one eye, and short-sighted of the other,—hence she only perceives one moiety of any object presented to her, and that but imperfectly. What would have become of the steam-engine, if its inventors had only listened to experience?—Should we have now beheld distance almost annihilated by rail-roads if experience had been exclusively worshipped? Every thing new she declares visionary and wild—everything old perfect and unexceptionable. Fish! Let us emancipate ourselves from her sway, and begin the world afresh!

That the work before us is evidently a first attempt, any competent critic can easily detect. Its style may perhaps be charged with too much diffuseness—but this fault the author will most likely soon discover for himself, and in future avoid. In his delineation of character he shows sufficient power, although his dialogues are sometimes found wanting in intensity. *Hawkwood* is essentially a work of promise—valuable, not so much for what it is, as for what it declares its author may hereafter produce. There is much more fancy than invention shown in its construction—more delicacy than vigour. Still in it there is much that is elegant, excellent, and affecting—much that will improve while it amuses the reader.

There are two characters in this novel, of which we may speak with especial praise. These are General Hawkwood and John Galeazzo Visconti. The latter, indeed, has such a prominent part assigned him that he eclipses the nominal hero of the piece—one Alfred Nevil, a Scot adventurer. It might have been as well, however, if the author had not chosen such a vehicle for his story, since Sir Walter Scott has already used it so well in his "*Quentin Durward*;" with which it certainly is not the interest of any author to provoke a comparison. The inferior characters are well sketched; although if a few more had been introduced, many of the scenes and groupings would have been more effective. Speaking generally, long conversations between two or even three persons, are apt, unless enlivened by strong antagonistic feeling, to become tedious. It is hard in this case to hit the true medium. Every character should not only be amusing, but either delay or advance the catastrophe, else each would be about as useless as the coachmaker's famed fifth wheel. Hence it is requisite that there should be great revulsions of incident in a novel, which should continually bring all the characters into play, and exhibit their several peculiarities. A careful perusal of the before-mentioned *Quentin Durward*, or the same writer's *Kenilworth*, will best explain our meaning. A number of totally dissimilar characters are in these two works introduced, yet each is fully drawn, and contributes to produce the desired end. But perhaps, after all, the plan pursued by the author of *Hawkwood* is the safest for a young author to adopt.

CATHOLICISM IN BRITAIN.

Conférences sur les Doctrines et les Pratiques les plus Importantes de l'Eglise Catholique. Par NICOLAS WISEMAN.

Traduction de l'Angloise, précédées d'un Essai sur les Progrès et la Situation du Catholicisme en Angleterre. Par M. ALFRED NETTEMENT. Paris, 1839.

[*Dr. Wiseman's Lectures on Catholic Doctrines, Revealed Religion, the Eucharist, Offices of the Holy Week, &c.* London: Bookers.]

THERE exists a large and happily increasing body of truth-searchers both at home and abroad, to whom the considerations opened by the above-mentioned works will be particularly interesting.

Under the name of truth-searchers we particularly allude to those who assume the unity and universality of truth as their indissoluble bond of fellowship. They aspire after the eternal and immutable verity, which at once

outsoars and embraces all the partial relations of science or opinion. They are the men who have developed the transcendental doctrines, which have become so widely diffused over modern Europe; and to them we are also indebted for the best forms of philosophical eclecticism now recognized.

To such minds it is ever most agreeable and profitable to trace the intellectual history of man—they love to observe that universal truth, which is the idol of their studies, perpetually manifesting its partial phases in their harmonic series and order. Her course is to them even like that of the moon passing through the successive transitions of her lustre—each preparing the way for the other, and conquering and yielding by turns, ever identical, yet ever various.

Such truth-loving spirits have been multiplying in Europe from the time of Erasmus to the present hour. Such were Cassander, Calixtus, Grotius, Leibnitz, Bossuet, Du Pin, Lessing, Mendelssohn, Schlegel, Wake, Temple, Cane, Geddes, Hale, Butler, Coleridge, and their admirers. The same theory they patronized has been insinuating itself more and more into our British literature, and now it pervades several of our best periodicals. It is especially observable in the *Monthly Magazine*, the *British and Foreign Quarterly*, and those foreign periodicals which fling the radiance of continental learning over our island. The very newspapers, which hitherto have had little inclination for philosophical inquiries, are beginning to exhibit the same coalitionary temper; several of them are now loudly declaring the necessity of giving all sects and parties their due privileges, according to their deserts.

A particularly important developement of the eclectic theory in France has been accomplished by M. Guizot, in his celebrated letter on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy. This letter, which has been reviewed at large by the *Monthly Magazine* and *Blackwood's*, points out the benefits to be derived by treating sects and parties with equal favour, so that neither may complain of the other's monopoly; and thus being delivered from the principal causes of strife and jealousy, may live together in reciprocal toleration and affection.

All who sympathize with Guizot's benevolent aspirations, will, on the whole, be well pleased with the opening prospects of our ecclesiastical and civil state. The British monarchy has gradually been developing its inherent excellencies. As a mixed constitution, it includes a mixed population, one third of whom are Catholics, and two thirds Protestants; and of late years it has exhibited a strong disposition to treat these respective thirds with equal generosity. It first threw off a certain monopoly of Catholicism, now it is throwing off a certain monopoly of Protestantism; and henceforth the rule will be "live and let live,"—"a clear stage, and no favour."

Such being the genius of the Britannic constitution, we behold rather with pleasure than annoyance the progress of Catholicism so much talked about. We believe that Catholicism, having been unfairly and unjustly depressed by invidious laws for many years, is now gradually resuming its true level. Now those laws are abrogated it must needs rise, but it will only rise to its proper level; the line of this level will be exactly regulated by the general piety and intelligence of the people.

We want an Adam Smith in Theology as well as in Political Economy. We want a man who can show that the admirable working of the free trade system in religion is no less remarkable than that in commerce. Paley has already done much to evince this point. He has shown that the wisest conduct a government can adopt is to allow the religious sects to find their exact poise and momentum without interference. When this is done, they neither rise too high, nor sink too low; because action and reaction being equal, all things are regulated by a delicate system of equivalents.

In this conviction we look on the labour of Dr. Wiseman in this country rather with a sentiment of kindness than hostility. Though we agree not

with his exclusive preference for Catholicism, we like to see him pleading his cause so eloquently and zealously. Let the cause of Protestantism be pleaded with the same talent, fervour, and learning—the more the better. When each cause is thus advocated heartily and honestly by first-rate men—if any sectarians can be great men—the public has the best chance of arriving at the predominant truth which reigns above their conflicting statements.

Dr. Wiseman is professor of Oriental languages at Rome, and in immediate connexion with the Romish hierarchy. His visit to the British metropolis at the particular crisis of time when the Catholic relief bill had just triumphed, excited the greatest sensation. The devout Catholics regarded him as an angel from heaven; the astounded Protestants as a cacodemon from the shades below. In truth, his appearance was sufficiently noticeable. His dark and powerful countenance commanded attention. The urgency of his manners—the sequency of his arguments—the rapidity of his articulation—all enhanced the impression that he was no common man. We were particularly struck by the accuracy and fluency of his quotations—his memory must be admirable. The polished ease and suavity of his delivery reminded us of Sir W. Follett's pleadings at the bar; and as he proceeded through the long involved elaborations of polemical controversy, he decidedly won on the sympathies and feelings of his audience. Never were such crabbed topics displayed with more of lucid arrangement and graceful illustration. If he failed to convince the head, he at least touched the heart.

When his Lectures were published, half the charm had departed; they did not read so well as we had anticipated; and when in the quiet solitude of our study we began to examine his reasonings critically, we found them deficient in originality, and inconclusive in logic. Still, however, we admired the degree of urbanity with which the author discussed the opinions of Protestants; his polite phraseology afforded a most pleasing contrast to the rude abuse and sarcasm which usually abound in volumes of controversial divinity.

Such as they are they are now translated into French, and will be next year repeated in German. They will, therefore, demand the attention of critics of all orders; and all the points in debate will be discussed for the thousand and first time with the usual allowance of virulence.

In the present article, however, we do not wish to plunge into the details of the dispute. We prefer following out the opinions of Guizot, and those who strive to combine and harmonize the true points of doctrine and discipline that are common alike to the Catholic and Protestant churches.

In proportion as this is done successfully, will both churches approximate to their best condition, *harmony in liberty*.

SERIALS.

No. XXI., July, 1840. *The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal*. The best of the Reviews.

No. X. of the New Series of *The Heads of the People* is quite equal to its predecessors.

Part XX. *History of Napoleon*, published by Tyas, progresses well.

Part XVII. *Kenny Meadow's Illustrated Shakspeare*, (part of *Cymbeline* and part of *Taming of the Shrew*) is admirable.

Part I., Sept. 1st, 1840. *A Topographical History of Surrey*. By EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY, F.S.A., &c. &c. assisted by JOHN BRITTON, F.S.A., &c.; and E. W. BRAYLEY, Jun. F.L.S. and F.G.S. The Geological Section by GIDEON MANTELL, LL.D., F.R.S., &c.

The names of the authors here are sufficient pledge that the book will be well conducted. The part before us justifies the guarantee. The illustrations are beautiful, and the letter-press both elegant and accurate.

THE PROGRESS OF THEATRICAL REFORM.

THE tocsin that we have sounded regarding the state of the stage has re-sounded far and wide—all manner of publications have echoed the terrible menace touching the decline and fall of Britain's theatre. But however much we might have hoped success with the Protestant intelligence, we confess that we anticipated not we should make an impression upon the Papalist apathy, notwithstanding the Catholic spirit of our professions and performances. The Roman credist has hitherto held himself so much aloof from literature in general, and from British literature and all that appertains to it, in particular, that it never entered into our guesses that he would be capable of being roused by any clamour of the kind. But it seems we were mistaken. The last number of the *Dublin Review* has an article on the Stage, with reference to Mr. Bunn's volumes, Sir E. L. Bulwer's melo-dramas, Serjeant Talfourd's tragedies, and Mr. Heraud's *Roman Brother*.

The writer of the article in question is a shrewd fellow, but nothing more. It is quite evident that he knows little of English literature beyond what his present connexion with the *Dublin Review* now brings before him. With everything else he is unacquainted, except with the names of those authors whose names are equally well known to the gentle and the simple, the learned and the vulgar. The deep and secret places of our literature he is ignorant of—and equally incapable of penetrating to the deep and the secret in anything. Hence he writes profanely, without reverence, and in perfect scorn of authorship. He is a snarling critic—not one who is the poet's brother, or at least his cousin-german; he is merely an editor's dog, placed under the table, not to bite, but to keep his guests in perpetual remembrance of their shins, and a nervous impatience to be gone. He manifests a sense of intrusion whenever a man appears in print. Why should not the traditions of the church substitute the use of books? He judges, where he should worship; questions, where he should adore.

He is guilty, accordingly, of all manner of heresies. Arguing upon the most insufficient of inductions, he declares that in a psychological sense the taste for the drama is dead with the English. He recognizes in the drama no principle that can never die, and sees not in every poet an apostle in whom to believe. He accordingly compounds the amiable Mr. Serjeant Talfourd with the vain Sir Ed. L. Bulwer, and the arrogant Macready with the really modest Charles Kemble. Nevertheless, he is an advocate on the right side; for in whatever his sympathies may be wanting, his antipathies are rightly directed and strongly expressed.

We therefore hail the Dublin reviewer as a fellow-counsel in the cause; but we cannot sacrifice to him one iota of principle. We hold that dramatic genius yet lives, and taste in the public to appreciate it, and we demand that all practical operations be pursued in the faith of this assurance. We are glad that the minor theatres are feeling the impulse; that they claim to themselves to perform the legitimate drama. The monopoly of the patent theatres has, in fact, died a natural death; all that is needed is, that the legislature should decree its burial; until then, it is not to be expected that the Surrey Theatre

should be able to produce much better pieces than the *SPARTACUS* of Jacob Jones. This play, however, was meant by its author for a regular tragedy, and on the part of the management is an aspiration after the right thing. We are therefore desirous of encouraging all such attempts. They are straws that indicate the quarter in which the wind blows. Witness the fact, that the first night of the performance of *Spartacus* was attended by a very vulgar audience, and the last by a very decent one in the pit. Such a fact speaks volumes. With a still better play, such as Mr. Kenney's *Sicilian Vespers*, better results have been realized.

The *Haymarket Theatre* has announced a new play, in five acts, from the pen of Mr. Serle, and *Covent Garden* has performed another from that of Mr. James Sheridan Knowles. One is an actor's and the other a poet's play—and their merit is, accordingly, diverse in kind. Mr. Serle has, at the command of Mr. Macready, reduced his play to a monodrama; Mr. Knowles has kept the fair proportions of his. One is a play for a time, the other for all times. As Mr. Knowles' play has been acted, we shall proceed to review it first.

J. S. KNOWLES' TRAGEDY OF "JOHN OF PROCIDA; OR, THE BRIDALS OF MESSINA."

To dramatic poetry two things are essentially requisite :—*Imprimis*, that the writer of it should, in the first instance, be a poet, and, in the second, that he should be a dramatic poet. In carrying out these two principles, or this one dual principle, we have been compelled to withhold from Sir Ed. L. Bulwer the credit which he so presumptuously claims, inasmuch as the baronet wants the very first requisite of all, the gods not having made him poetical; or, to speak more unequivocally, HE IS NO POET! Poetical he may seem to himself and to others who are as incompetent judges as himself of what poetry is or ought to be—that is, he has possessed himself of certain metrical phrases, of a certain meretricious poetical diction, which, after Wordsworth's example, any man of enlightened understanding would be ashamed to adopt—but no self-delusion, no want of judgement in his admirers, could ever lead either them or himself to assert, that he, the said Sir Ed. L. Bulwer, Baronet, M. P., was, or is, or ever will be a — POET. Preposterous as the vanity of the man is, we should inveterately disbelieve that even he could be fool or fool-hardy enough to assert so monstrous an assumption. There is certainly no knowing the absurd extreme to which vanity so egregious as the baronet's may carry an individual. The ape that claims to be a man, may claim to be a Newton, or a Shakspeare—but while there remains the smallest doubt whether Sir Ed. L. Bulwer be only a monkey, or man, or less, we will give to the accused the benefit of the doubt, and suppose him to have been born with, and still to retain, some small portion of reason sufficient to guard so profane a person from pretending to so sacred a character. Let us catch Sir Ed. L. Bulwer calling himself a poet, and if we let him escape, having him within sword's length, heaven forgive us! Not being a poet, therefore, all Sir Ed. L. Bulwer's attempts in the dramatic line manifest the playwright only—not the dramatic poet!

Mrs. Hemans' *Vespers of Palermo* show us what can and cannot

be done by mere poetic diction in the absence of the dramatic spirit. Turn from this to Mr. James Sheridan Knowles' *John of Procida*, and some conception may be formed of the difference between this and true dramatic poetry. Mr. Knowles is no mere phrasist, but a true and living poet, whose words are things. Ay, and some of the finest things in the whole range of Britain's drama are to be found in the tragedy before us. The scene is laid in Messina, for thither has John di Procida retired, and there he learns of the intended nuptials of his son Fernando with the daughter of Messina's governor;—of his son, hitherto supposed dead, as having been left at four years old sleeping in his father's castle, when it was sacked and destroyed,—that very governor himself being the destroyer and the violator of Fernando's mother. Disguised as a cordelier, John di Procida intercepts the marriage ceremony, already inauspiciously delayed by the slaughter, in the open streets, of Angelo Martini, Fernando's foster-father, and claims a private interview, which, after much hesitation, is granted.

The picturesque grouping of the four scenes that compose the first act cannot be too highly praised; but the construction and effect of the second act is equally unparalleled by example, and unrivalled in effect.

It consists of one scene only, between John di Procida and his son Fernando. They stand amidst the ruins of columns and temples, in a Sicilian mountain pass, from which the distant Etna is visible. To that the elder first points the attention of the younger Procida, and from thence takes occasion to dilate on the wrongs that Sicily had suffered from the French; and, after rebuking him for his want of patriotism, proceeds to tax the young man's feelings by questioning him on his parentage.

Procida. Hast thou a father, still
I say to thee?

Fernando. Thy sword, or I'm upon thee!

Procida. Then wilt thou have a murder on thy soul,
For from my stand I will not budge an inch,
Nor move, so far, my arm to touch my sword,
Until thou answer'st me. Hast thou a father?

Fernando (bursting into tears). No,—no! thou churlish, harsh,
remorseless man—

That bait'st me with thy coarse and biting words,
As boors abroad let loose unmuzzled dogs
Upon a tether'd beast! my arm withheld
By thy defencelessness, that hast defence
At hand, but will not use it—who art thou
To use me thus? to do me shameful wrong
And then deny me means to right myself?
What have I done to thee to use my heart
As if its strings were thine to strain or rend!
Thou mak'st my veins hot with my boiling blood,
And not content, thou followest it up,
Mine eyes inflaming with my scalding tears,
Thou kindless, ruthless man! Hast thou a father?
I never knew one!

Procida (aside). I thank God!

Fernando. Thou hadst

A father—hadst a father's training—O
 How blest the son that hath! O Providence,
 What is there like a father to a son?
 A father, quick in love, wakeful in care,
 Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
 Severe in honour, perfect in example,
 Stamp'd with authority! Hadst such a father?
 I knew no training, save what fostering
 Did give me, in the mood; and was bestow'd
 Like bounty to a poor dependant; which
 He might take or leave. Those who protected me
 Were masters of my native land, not sons.
 How could I learn the patriot's lofty lesson?
 They told me Sicily had given me birth,
 But then they taught me also I was son
 To a contentless and ungracious mother.
 And they were kind to me. What wouldst thou have
 Of a young heart, but what you'd ask of wax—
 To take the first impression given to it?
 Except that, unlike wax, it is not quick
 What once it takes to render up again.

Procida (aside). O, my poor boy!

Fernando. If thou hadst a father,
 'Twas cruel, knowing that thou wast so rich,
 To taunt me, where, knew'st not that I was poor,
 Thou mightst at least suspect my poverty.
 How had I loved my father! He had had
 The whole of my heart. I would have given it him
 As a book to write in it whate'er he would.
 I never had gainsaid him—never run
 Counter to him. I had copied him, as one
 A statue doth of the rare olden virtue,
 In jealous, humble imitation
 I had lived to pleasure him. Before I had
 Disgraced him, I had died.

Such appeals excite Fernando to patriotic emotion—but his father will not be satisfied with less than a rational service to the sacred cause of country.

Fernando. What shall I do?

Procida. What mean you?

Fernando. What shall I do?

Give me the glove!

Procida. My son!

Fernando. The gauntlet of
 The martyr king!

Procida. There!—Stop! Not now, my son;
 I find thee quick in the affection

Thou owest me, and which, like a new spring

Just struck upon, doth bubble richly up

And run an ample torrent. No, my son;

I will not take advantage of the burst

To let it hurry thee along with it.

A sudden change and violent, is scarce

A lasting one. Thou mightst repent it. No;

I'll prove thee ere thou join'st the holy cause.

Thou to Messina shalt return once more,

Before thou see'st her free. My word was given.

Thou art a man. Men that uphold the name
Act, not from impulse, but reflection.
Declare thy meditated nuptials things
Thy duty to thy neighbour and thy God
Compels thee to abandon. Then come back,
From every let released, and take the oath,
And live the son of John of Procida.

Fernando. When I can say thy first behest is done,
I'll show myself to thee. Farewell!

[*Goes out.*]

Procida. Farewell!

How suddenly his visage brighten'd up,
At mention of returning to Messina.
What speed is there! Is't all on my account?
Now he is gone, my heart misgives me. What
Have I done? Why do we pray that we be spared
Temptation, but that 'tis a whirlpool, which,
Once we're within its vortex, draws us in
And sucks us down to ruin—Charybdis like!
Which of the huge war-galley makes as light,
As boat, compared to that, a cockle-shell!
Whence should all men that love their souls beware
Temptation. I will call him back! He is out
Of hearing. Should his love for her be strong?
I did not note if she was very fair.
But souls were never made for eyes to read,
Strongly—and oh how strongly woman loves—
And there lies woman's beauty. If she loves—
The force of two hearts must he struggle with.
I'll trust in Heaven! Alas! how many men
Do trust in Heaven, when they betray themselves!
If he's my son—! I talk with fifty years
For counsellors! O, it was oversight,
Preposterous in a father! If I have found
My son to lose him—best I ne'er had found him.
Yet ere I lose him I will risk my life—
Risk all—except the sacred cause I'm sworn to.

This scene, is, without exception, the greatest, not only of the present, but of all Mr. Knowles' plays. It is, in fact, altogether an experiment relative to the English stage, which has proved successful, but will find few imitators. It is a triumph of genius. A scene between two persons only, and that scene an act—and yet throughout of thrilling—of sustained interest! Yes! Knowles! thou art an admirable poet!

But if admirable in the second act, what shall we say of him in the third act, where he has presented us with a vision of womanly purity, such as seems to have haunted the dreams of Shakspeare? Isoline, notwithstanding all mischances, insists on considering her virtual marriage as a real one—she meets her reluctant lover with irresistible self-devotion—patriotism itself must yield to the primal irresistible passion which is the first, the creative principle of the universe. Never was scene so beautiful as this—and its beauty was as triumphant over the hearts of the audience as was the loveliness of Isoline over that of Fernando.

The spirit that animated the poet during the composition of this drama made it with him a necessity that love should triumph in its

catastrophe ; that love should soften horror. We fear that the argument of a massacre, however fit for a stern tragedy of the highest sort in itself, is unsuited to a promiscuous audience. The art of the dramatist, therefore, for the stage is exerted in avoiding the real terrors of such a subject. Mr. Knowles' view of the character of John di Procida helps him in this kind. Our brother-bard is no maker of impossible heroes ; but when he has elevated human nature to its summit, he suffers the moral feelings to intervene and gently win it back to a humbler level. In the present instance, the hero of the drama is not a martial victor, but a moral leader. It is by the power of eloquence that the wonders he initiates are wrought. The poet describes him therefore as passing eloquent, and gives him striking opportunities of exhibiting his eloquence, but withdraws him from the scene of action. This is the whole argument of the play, which is thus clearly and poetically propounded in the introductory scene :—

Guiscardo. His words were fire—both light and heat ! At once
 With zeal they warm'd us, and convinced with reason.
 I had read and heard of eloquence before,
 How 'tis despotic ; takes the heart by storm,
 Whate'er the ramparts, prejudice, or use
 Environ it withal ; how, 'fore its march,
 Stony resolves have given way like flax ;
 How it can raise, or lay, the mighty surge
 Of popular commotion, as the wind,
 The wave that frets the sea ;—but, till to-day,
 I never proved its power. When he began,
 A thousand hearers prick'd their ears to list,
 With each a different heart ; when he left off,
 Each man could tell his neighbour's, by his own.

Stephano. Is't John of Procida ?

Guiscardo. So rumour says.
 Who else ? The constant'st friend of Sicily ;
 The friend that loves, yet suffers for his love.
 Heard'st ever lips before, with power like his ?
 A holy man, and brigand, near me stood,
 Wedged by the press together ; churlishly
 They first endured their compell'd neighbourhood,
 And shrank from contact they would fain escape :
 The one with terror ; and with scorn the other,
 Who blaz'd with life and passion, like a torch
 Beside a taper ;—such the man of prayer
 Appear'd, in contrast with the freebooter.
 But, lo ! the change ! soon as the orator
 That universal chord, with master skill,
 Essay'd—the love of country—like two springs,
 Ravines apart, whose waters blend at last
 In some sweet valley ; leaning cheek to cheek,
 Attracted by resistless sympathy,
 Their tears together ran, one goodly river !
 Hark ! the dispersing crowd, taking their leave
 From the last hill-tops. Let us join them.

[*They cheer.*]

Stephano. Hither

Come Andrea and John of Procida.
 Let's on, my friend, nor interrupt their converse,
 For it seems deep, and earnest.

Guiscardo. Have with you.

I would Fernando had been here, that friend
I scarce can boast, yet can't refrain to love.
If there be latent virtue in his blood,
O' the kind endears the land that gives us birth,
Such heart enforcement sure had called it forth !

How finely written is this brief dialogue—yet how simply ! and if we bear the design of the poet, as thus stated, in mind, we shall not be disposed to find fault, as some have done, with the poet's last two acts. His hero is an orator—has become an orator from fatal necessity, and the sufferance of intolerable wrongs. But the exercise of oratory as an art, has roused his own intellect, and awakened feelings of the true and great, such as without that practice would never have risen before his imagination. Wisely, therefore, is he withdrawn from the scene of action to one of meditation and of private interest, where his own heart might receive the softening that it needed—be unstrung from that high pitch of indignation to which it had been previously exasperated, and redeemed to that tenderer mood which was expedient to prepare him for the proper government of the land that he had liberated. With this power is he invested at the moment he is mourning over the corse of his son, who, in the *mêlée* of the massacre, has fallen a victim with his bride to mistaken vengeance. The manner in which the son Fernando is drawn is entitled to unqualified praise. The apology for the sort of man he has become is satisfactory, and his conduct is the natural evolution of such an individuality.

The burthen of the drama then rests with the two Procidas, and Isoline ; and these characters in representation were supported in a style seldom realized. Mr. Moore fully justified the hopes of the author of whom he is a *protégé*. He showed a power of elocution and an energy of purpose, both in the conceptive and executive parts of his profession, that fully satisfied the judicious, and delighted by their effects the many. Mr. Anderson deserves too the highest praise for his poetic feeling and graceful embodiment. His performance in the second act was exceedingly touching—nay, the sense of remorse that he contrived to show for having drawn his sword upon his father, was a sign of genius which leads us to hope much better things of Mr. Anderson than we had previously conceived. But thus it is, that, as opportunity is given to actors, they will improve. The narrow system, which is now passing away, has been destructive both to actor and to author. But better days are coming.

Now let us turn to Ellen Tree ; and here permit us to assert that we recognize in her efforts more than acting. There is soul in all she does. It is a spiritual life that animates a *physique* else weak. But it is not a loud voice, nor a large person that prevails most on the heart—but high feeling, strong moral sense, and natural expression. All these Miss Tree has in perfection. Hence her success.

Such being the powers of his performers, the manager need not shrink from the representation of tragedy this season. Nay—he must not. If he does, he commits a very suicide. But on this point and others, we would address a word or two to him. Listen !

Let us revert to Mr. Bunn's Stage for a moment. This gentleman

tells us that when Mr. Macready announced Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Duchess de la Valliere*, he commended it to managerial notice as "a first-rate play written by a first-rate author." Sure, the last clause was a pleonasm! Is not the man who has written a first-rate play a first-rate author? Truly! But nevertheless such was not the Macready notion of the matter. His plan was (in which, heaven be thanked! he has most signally failed) to trade, not on first-rate plays, but on first-rate authorial names! To him the merit of the play was nothing, but the writer's cognomen every thing. What then? the actor's private interest seemed involved in this plan; besides, the period during which it reigned was but one of transition. By the steps that we have erewhile explained, the manager had nearly annihilated the actor with the author; and now for the actor's sake, it was prudent to fall back on the author—but this with a mental reservation on the actor's part, that his supremacy should be saved. All such reservations must now be abandoned. In an individual instance or so they might last for a time—but at length names only will not serve. A good play is the thing wanted, and if certain authors of note cannot write such, the public will desert the theatre. Nay, it must be a *great* play to do the business thoroughly.

So much is a *great* play needed, that *Blackwood's Magazine* for last month prophesied that *Covent Garden Theatre* must close in the middle of the season, unless a great tragedy be produced. Let them say what they will, the *Covent Garden company* can perform both great and good plays. Mr. Knowles' tragedy is both; but no theatre will perform its duty unless it produce *four* such in a season. We can tell Mr. Mathews, for his comfort, that they veritably exist. We know of more than half-a-dozen—more than one of them accepted by the best actors over and over again from Young to Macready, and ultimately thrown upon their authors' hands. Why? because they had written first-rate plays without being first-rate authors—or rather because they were not men of rank and fashion, but only God-made poets, sown up and down here and there in a desert-world. Not upon names, but on works like these, Mr. Mathews must depend. We can help him, we say, to some half-dozen or more of such plays, by men whom we have reason to respect, as good neighbours as well as good poets, and who, if encouraged, will support any theatre for half-a-century to come. We ask, once for all,—shall these men be employed? We *demand* that they *SHALL*! It is much to the honour of Mr. Sheridan Knowles that in this feeling he consents with us. Not upon old plays, but upon new ones, produced by men of genius, the theatre must depend. To revive Shakspeare, or any of his contemporaries, is to destroy living dramatic genius. We have but one house where there is the least hope. *Covent Garden Theatre*, we hope, is the arena provided by destiny for this grand experiment.

No further dependence can be placed on the patent monopoly. Look at *Drury Lane*! and then look at the *Haymarket*, without such patent! The *Haymarket*, however, is an actors' theatre. *Covent Garden* must be an authors'. Let Mr. Mathews conduct it on this principle, and we pledge our judgment that he will find it a profitable management for a quarter of a century to come. *Verbum sap.*

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MESMERISM.*

A GRAVE discussion on the phenomena and laws of Mesmerism, after the learned of the medical profession have almost unanimously decreed the nonentity of the state itself, may seem, among *their* retainers, to be little better than a dishonest joke or a sheer impertinence: notwithstanding which, we have come to a decision to treat the subject reverentially and affirmatively, and to avail ourselves of Mr. Townshend's book to lay some account of it before our readers. Our reasons for this heretical proceeding are, that the negative state of the scientific world is no fault of ours,—that the whole progress of science is scarcely anything but an appeal from the opinions of men to the volume of nature,—that we have opened that living volume with our own hands, and read it with our own eyes, and have found mesmerism clearly written down in those pages, whose words are neither imaginations nor delusions, but real things:—in plain English, that we have ourselves both witnessed and produced the phenomena in dispute, and having no guage of the possible, and no faith in the impossible, have been enabled to believe them on precisely the same ground as we believe the existence of the learned doctors, their opponents; namely, on the evidence of our healthy senses.

Many a conclusion unfavourable to mesmerism has been drawn from the incompetence of its professors; the world having always confounded the facts believed with the character of the believers. This injustice will now work its own cure, if the same principle be fairly carried out, and mesmerism, which shares the disgraces of Mesmer, be allowed the credit of the veracity, disinterestedness, and fine intellect of Mr. Townshend. Whether this generous spirit shall speedily prevail, or not, we feel assured that the reverend gentleman must sooner or later be identified in public estimation with the object of this in-

* Facts in Mesmerism, with Reasons for a dispassionate Inquiry into it. By the Rev. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND, A.M. 8vo. pp. 575. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans', Paternoster Row. 1840.

Human Physiology, with an Appendix on Mesmerism. By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D. Fifth Edition. 8vo. pp. 1194. London: Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longmans'. 1840.

quity, and accepted, to the exclusion of all former writers, as its faithful representative, since he is undoubtedly the first who has had the requisite courage and ability to wrest it triumphantly from the twin errors of credulity and scepticism, and bring it under the formal conditions of the recognized sciences: putting a period to three quarters of a century of speculative assertion and speculative denial, by seeing mesmerism as a fact, and making it amenable to the laws of facts.

The qualifications for such an enterprize are of course neither few nor unimportant. Mesmerism is as much a part of the nature of man as of the phenomena of the universe, and therefore it has a varying as well as a constant side. Thus, to give it a home among human beliefs requires an almost simultaneous statement of effects and causes; consequently, the possession of two different orders of faculties, one of which respects the sensible world, the other, the mental constitution. For the first, Mr. Townshend brings a full confidence in the reports of his senses, and a large acquaintance with the records of science, especially with human physiology; great acuteness in observing, and patience and skill in eliciting facts, and a laudable anxiety to derive all his data from his own experience. For the second, he works under a continual presence and with a clear sight of guiding principles, which he never suffers to escape him in the maziest labyrinth of facts. An admirable metaphysician and logician, he has in his own mind the means of adducing our human nature to illustrate the subjective phasis of his inquiry. He loves to pierce the accidental and the formal, to find the true connexions of things under their apparent discrepancies. Lastly, he inclines to high views, and admits of central and authoritative truths, so giving his labours a moral aspect, as well as an intellectual one, and impelling him to seek to utilize mesmerism. When we add to all this, that he has the power of graphically delineating his facts, and pouring forth his reasons with an eloquent earnestness and a flowing ease which is scarcely paralleled by any living writer, and certainly by no writer on science, the reverend gentleman's equipment will seem to be pretty complete.

There is an old saw, still, perhaps, honoured by the respect of many, that the porch of doubt is the true way into the temple of science. It probably belongs to the school with which "I think, therefore I am," is the initial maxim, and which would seem to inculcate that one is obliged to create oneself, before any subsequent step can possibly be taken. We deny this altogether. Our faculties, each and all, are given and positive, and further, the end they arrive at is rigidly determined by the road they take, like ever leading to like, doubt to ulterior doubt, an affirmative state to an affirmative science. Nevertheless, when the natural entrance into a subject has been walled over by the human will, and a doubt-portico erected and opened, we may be absolutely constrained, at least if we would address ourselves to other men, to seem to adopt the unnatural inlet. In obedience, doubtless, to this necessity, Mr. Townshend's first book consists of a "Review of the Causes which have made mesmerism unpopular, and which render it a subject difficult to be treated." These are seen and stated with great clearness. The principal of them are,

1. The prejudice arising from the venality and unscientific character of Mesmer. 2. A mistaken application of the term mesmerism, whereby it has been made to stand for hidden causes instead of visible effects: the consequent investigation of causes before effects, to the periling the existence of the latter on our knowledge of the former, and converting a mere scientific examination into a verbal dispute. 3. Nearly connected with this, the decision of the French academy, which at the same time that it admitted the phenomena, ascribed them to the influence of the imagination. 4. The early attempt to assimilate mesmerism to the certain sciences in an erroneous manner,—to invest it with the needful scientific invariableness, by making it conform to the established rules of other sciences, rather than by studying its own distinctive and peculiar conditions, and resting in its conformity thereto:—such attempt necessarily issuing in an irreconcilable difference between the supposed laws and the real facts. 5. Our impatience of whatever we cannot directly account for: this being, in fact, the deepest reason of all, and the true motive of the rest. These are the causes which are proper to, and which have weight with the sceptic; but the irrational believer himself also supplies his full quota. He is too probably “bewildered with rushing thoughts and wondrous speculations.” Novelty adds its charm, and self-love, and the pride of possessing a new power over man, their flattering lure. The flood-gates of belief are thrown wide open, and an ultrafidianism destroys the healthy balance of his faculties. Mesmerism is the universal solvent of every difficulty, the one cause of all phenomena. Between these parties, truth is exposed to the danger of two fires, till it is forced to betake itself to its old quarters, “the bottom of a well,” which, indeed, may serve as a very correct description of both the plight and the locality in which it was when Mr. Townshend sought it.

Now, if we abstract from these “causes” the indifferent matters of time, place, and circumstance, we shall find that they are by no means peculiar to mesmerism,—that some one, or some combination of them, has been at the foundation of every erroneous result in physical inquiry. Thus, Mr. Townshend, in recording the grounds of the world’s denial of mesmerism, has, in point of fact, given, in the historical form, a fine critique on the manifold errors of the scientific powers themselves, when they are separated unnaturally from higher principles. And here we would remark, that there seems to be some general misunderstanding of the vital nature of errors; it appears to be supposed that the great Bacon settled and actually slew a whole class of them two centuries ago, and that whatever new ones may have since arisen, the old ones at least are clean gone for ever. How much more is it the case, that between error and truth there must be eternal battle without extinction. The very history of opinion demonstrates that fallacies the most ancient are ever stealing into the world in new guises, and mesmerism itself declares but too plainly that the errors of a scientific kind are the same now as they were in Bacon’s time; that many a bigwig who prates of his own inductive science and the follies of the schools, is himself but a modern schoolman, preserving unimpaired and in full flow every characteristic of the ancient ones—with just the exception of their learning.

Passing from the prejudices of its opponents and the mistakes of its professors, we proceed, in Book II. to the phenomena of mesmerism. The simplest statement of its existence is, that when one human being puts himself, with mesmeric intention, into a certain relation of position to, and performs certain motions of the hands before another, he produces in that other a peculiar sleep. The time in which this effect follows is uncertain, varying from a few minutes to an hour. Some persons manifest it imperfectly; some not till after several successive mesmerisations; and some not at all. In the mesmeric sleep, the mind is awake and active; the patient answers the mesmeriser's questions, and exercises motion at the mesmeriser's command; he is mentally and physically attracted towards the mesmeriser; follows his steps, obeys his beckonings, and shows the greatest uneasiness when separated from him; he has a knowledge of what the mesmeriser eats and drinks, indicating community of sensation with him; an increased quickness of perception, whereby he is enabled to discern the hand and the property of the mesmeriser from that of other persons present; he has a development of the power of vision, an occasional community of motion with the mesmeriser, and an isolation from all others than him. The whole of these phenomena may be terminated at will by horizontal motions of the fingers of the operator across the forehead of the patient. When the latter awakens, he retains not the slightest recollection of all that may have passed in the mesmeric state, but he generally feels refreshed and invigorated. In order that the reader may perceive some life under this dry generalization, we shall now cite a few of Mr. Townshend's cases:

"CASE VI.

"On this occasion some ten or twelve persons were assembled to witness my experiments; and amongst them was a man of luminous intellect and varied acquirements, whom I was naturally desirous of interesting in the question of mesmerism. He was decidedly sceptical on the subject, but I knew that his was a mind which, if once fairly convinced, would be firmest in faith and foremost in investigation. I was therefore vexed when, after long mesmerisation, my servant, whom, from his having once passed into perfect sleepwaking, I had chosen as the subject of our experiments, remained uninfluenced. Two or three of the party, tired of waiting for a result that came not, went away, and the person whom I was chiefly anxious to convince, and whom I will call V —, having an engagement, was about to follow their example, when I urged him to stay a very short time longer, while I tried another patient, D.C., an undergraduate of Trinity, who wished, as he said, to try the effects of mesmerism, in order to prove their nothingness. After this, I need not add that he was very incredulous on the subject; every circumstance seemed to diminish the probability of my success. The man I had agreed to mesmerise was in the strength of three and twenty years of age, six feet in height, and muscular in proportion. The stillness of the meeting, once broken, could not be restored. Persons were talking, and moving about the room, and my recent failure had thrown an air of ridicule about the proceedings of the evening, which, if the mesmeric influence were dependent on imagination, would have been sufficient

to annihilate it at once. V—— looked hopeless of seeing any thing remarkable, and had taken up a book.

“The following facts then occurred:—

“I had not held the hands of D. C. more than five minutes, when I remarked a dizzy look about his eyes, which is peculiarly indicative of the incipient stage of mesmeric sleepwaking. Encouraged by this success, I had recourse to the mesmeric passes, when by degrees the eyes of the patient closed, and shortly after the head followed every motion of my hand. V——, at this moment looking up from his book, was surprised to see what had been effected. I beckoned him to come near, and, by reiterated trials, convinced him that my hand had an attractive power over the patient.

“I now spoke to D. C., and asked him if he were asleep; to which he replied, ‘Not precisely.’ I then, at V——’s request, said, ‘How do you feel?’ ‘Very strangely,’ he said, ‘as I never felt before.’ Shortly afterwards, V—— himself spoke to the patient, and I called him by his name, but he seemed to pay no attention to the circumstance. When V—— happened to lay his hand upon his shoulder, the effect of the touch was like that of an electric shock. The patient’s whole body quivered, his features were convulsed, his countenance became deadly pale, and he seemed to gasp for breath, like a person who has been suddenly immersed in cold water. Nevertheless, he did not awake, and the affection, whatever it was, seemed entirely physical (as if his mind had no longer its usual partnership with the body). He himself appeared to be unaware of it; and, when I asked him what had disturbed him—what was the matter with him, he said that he felt nothing whatever. Still, however, he continued to tremble, until, by the application of my hand to his forehead, and by mesmeric passes from the head downwards, I restored him to tranquillity. V——, whom since he touched him, the patient seemed to hear equally with myself, now recommenced speaking, and asked D. C. if he knew him. He replied in the affirmative, and named him. ‘Do you see at all?’ V—— inquired. ‘Not much; I see a red light about so large;’ and D. C. made a circular motion with his hands to express the size of the light. I then asked him, ‘Do you see *me*?’ to which he answered, ‘Yes, I see you always.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I wish you now to get up from your chair.’ ‘Oh no, no! I prefer staying where I am; but *you* must stay with me.’ ‘No!’ I replied, ‘I am going:’ whereupon, he seized both my hands, and exclaimed, ‘You must, on no account, leave me.’ I, however, rose up, when the patient also rose; I walked forward, and he walked also, but unsteadily, and leaning upon me. As he seemed to dislike remaining in an upright position, I placed him in a chair in a part of the room opposite to where he had been. I then proceeded to show V—— some of the characteristic phenomena of mesmerism. I drank wine, water, coffee, with the usual precautions, and the patient distinguished them all, going through the motions of tasting simultaneously with myself. There were various articles of food upon the table, amongst others some sandwiches. These last were given me, and he said directly, ‘You are eating sandwich.’ This may seem strange—it is so to myself; but I state the fact as it occurred. Some snuff that I took from the chimney-piece behind me, turning my back, and suppressing as

much as possible, the usual indications of smelling, was named directly; this being exchanged for flowers, the result was equally satisfactory.

"Remembering with what acuteness of perception Mademoiselle M—— had distinguished between objects that did or did not belong to her mesmerist, I asked for the pocket-handkerchiefs of all the party, twisted up my own in the midst of them, and laid them on the knee of D. C. He was immediately affected with slight shuddering; and tossed away very quickly all the pocket-handkerchiefs but mine. The experiment repeated gave the same results; but the second time he grasped and firmly held my handkerchief, until the time of his awaking.

"At a yard's distance his hand rose up to meet mine, as iron flies to the magnet. From the approach of other hands he recoiled.

"These experiments concluded, V—— said to me—'I am now satisfied that all you asserted to me respecting the mesmeric state is correctly true. I do not know that we are liable to elicit any new fact by keeping D. C. any longer asleep. He looks ill and suffering, and I think you had better wake him.'

"Upon this, I asked the patient if he desired to wake, and he replied, 'Yes, I feel much fatigued.'

"I awoke him, by the usual mesmeric passes, when he expressed the utmost astonishment at finding himself in a different part of the room from that where he had first been mesmerised. The last half-hour had been a blank to him, with this single exception—he thought that he remembered hearing V——'s voice, asking him if he knew him. Faithful, however, to his character, he refused to believe that he had exhibited the phenomena to which we bore witness.

"The next day, as may be supposed, I talked over with V—— the circumstances of our mesmeric evening. I found him entirely persuaded that mesmeric sleepwaking was a distinct state, worthy to be investigated as a part of man. His concluding words were these:—

"'I thank you for having enlarged my experience by facts perfectly new to it. I have seen a something which is not sleep, which is not delirium, but a *tertium quid*, for which, as yet, we have no accurate name. The thing is most interesting, but should, I see, be exercised with caution. The effect of my touching D. C. was fearful. You have verified many phenomena. It has occurred to me that you might try, when you have an opportunity, whether the sense of touch in the mesmerised sympathizes with that in the mesmeriser, as do the senses of smell and taste. Try whether, *through you*, the mesmerised person may have a cognizance of form—whether he can ascertain by means of your perceptions if you are handling square objects or round, rough or smooth.' To this suggestion I promised to attend."

"Out of three and twenty individuals in whom I induced sleepwaking, more or less perfectly, six only were women, one only a decided invalid. Let me, however, hasten to anticipate an objection which may have been forming in my reader's mind. I ought, it may be urged, to have noticed my cases of failure as well as of success. This objection shall not long be valid—I have already stated that a cousin of mine could not be influenced by me mesmerically. The trial was, however, scarcely serious or protracted enough to be considered as decisive one way or the other. At Cambridge two persons experienced

no effects from mesmerisation. The one was determined to resist the influence, and to that end was solving an abstruse mathematical problem all the time that I was mesmerising him. The other disliked being mesmerised and was afraid of it;—and fear I have always found to be in mesmerism a most disturbing force. Subsequently among those whom I have essayed to mesmerise, I have met with but four persons who manifested either no symptoms of being affected, or those so slight and equivocal that they may not be relied upon. Of these, two were ladies, who ought (according to the received notion of mesmerism) to have been more easily influenced than persons of the other sex, especially as they allowed me a fair and sufficient trial, while, on the contrary, the two other individuals alluded to jumped up from their seats after a mesmerisation of a few minutes, one of them exclaiming, ‘I feel nothing; and now believe in mesmerism less than ever!’

“However, allowing these cases to pass as absolute failures, it appears that in the space of less than two years, the number of persons mesmerised by one single individual was in the proportion of twenty-three to eight. Striking off even the imperfect cases, there will remain fourteen persons out of thirty-one in whom sleepwaking was fully developed with all its attendant train of characteristic phenomena,—these, too, not being selected by myself as likely subjects for mesmerism, but offering themselves accidentally: and surely they who consider how difficult it is, first, to prevail on persons to submit to mesmerisation at all; and, secondly, to secure an adequate trial, will wonder that the cases are so many rather than so few. The great argument, therefore, against mesmerism, of infrequency and irregularity, falls to the ground. Nor can any one rationally demand a *universality* of mesmeric sleepwaking, before he will admit that it is one of the states into which man generally has the capacity of passing. The exceptions forbid not the existence of the rule. All persons are not, it is to be hoped, mad; yet we pronounce madness to be an affliction to which any man whatever is liable.

“ ‘Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
Burly and big—a black abyss of drink,’ ”—

may see all his fellow toppers under the table, himself sober the while; yet this by no means affects the proposition, that drunkenness is a state into which man generally has the capacity of passing.”

The plain inference from these facts is, that mesmerism is a peculiar condition of man: Firstly, as being induced by an external agency, therein differing from somnambulism, hypochondriasis, catalepsy, and all similar abnormal conditions. Secondly, as possessing its own characteristics when induced; for the mesmeric patient acts upon real impressions, and in perfect conformity with external circumstances, but the somnambule generally labours under some delusion. The after oblivion of the perfect mesmeric state is complete; while, on the contrary, some recollection of the respective states of somnambulism, of the exaltation from opium, of drunkenness, and sleep, is commonly carried forward into the ordinary state.

The powers which are manifested by mesmerism, are developed pro-

gressively, becoming exalted with each successive operation. They may be divided into those which are evolved spontaneously by the patient, as natural elements of his new condition; and those which result more clearly from his instant connexion with the mesmeriser. Beginning with the former, and dividing the corporeal functions into sensitive, vital, and motor, we find that the external sensoria are all deadened and unemployed—the eye being the first to resign its office. Of the vital functions, the respiration and the circulation are slower and more tranquil than in the natural state; the digestion more rapid and more perfect. The muscles are totally quiescent, but the power of motion may be reimpacted by the mesmeriser, until, increasing gradually, it attains to more than the common perfection; the patient also exhibiting a coincidence and correspondence of his own movements with those of the mesmeriser. We shall now give a case of mesmeric digestion; it might well be headed “glad tidings for dyspeptics:”

“E.A.—a youth aged fifteen, whom I frequently mesmerised, and whose general health was excellent, was suffering one day from an accidental attack of indigestion, accompanied by slight sickness. During an hour's sleepwaking his uneasy feelings were suspended, and, when he awoke, were found to be completely removed. At another time—not with a view to any particular experiment, but in the way of a pleasantry—I kept the same sleepwaker in the mesmeric state for a longer period than usual, so as to make him eat his supper with our family party, while still in sleepwaking. Our evening meal was brought in; and the patient, at my request, (for otherwise he did not seem to care about taking anything,) ate whatever was given him; and as our object was to make him *feel*, on awaking, that he had had his supper, and to wonder how this had come to pass, we supplied him plentifully with food, so that he actually made a fuller meal than was usual with him at the same hour. We then had the supper things removed; and, in about a quarter of an hour afterwards I awoke the patient. His first question was, “Have I been long asleep?” “How long should you suppose?” we inquired. “I cannot imagine,” he replied; “but I hope we shall soon have supper, for I am very hungry!” At this we all laughed, and assured him that he had just made a capital meal—a piece of information which he at first refused to believe. The bell was rung, and the servant called in to depose to the fact, before he could credit it; and then he appeared by no means disposed to rest contented with what seemed in his idea a refectation as visionary as that wherewith the Barmecide in the Arabian Nights regaled the beggar. He begged to have if it were only a crust of bread, to appease the cravings of hunger; and, the wherewithal being afforded, soon made a second repast as substantial as that which we had forced upon him during his sleepwaking.”

The patient undergoes a no less singular change in his mental condition; there is a rise in his moral being, and a new understanding of spiritual things. The light, the vain, the deceitful, and the sceptical, are elevated into the presence of sublime truths, and give forth the utterances of a high philosophy. The unsentimental enter a poetic region. The powers of the memory are especially and remarkably

increased—the patient's past life being represented to him in a wonderful manner. He also exhibits other mental peculiarities. 1. Peculiarities (which belong to him, *per se*,) of consciousness. 2. Of will, the volition which governs bodily motion being active, but the will, in its proper sense, passive and enthralled, and the will of the mesmeriser substituted for it; in consequence whereof, even the volitions require to be primarily instigated by the will of the latter. The mind possesses certain instinctive knowledges. Of remedies, of all that relates to the mesmeric state, and of the lapse of time. The patient, although the external sensoria are closed, preserves, nevertheless, some kind of relation to external things, and the conditions of ordinary sensation, like those of motion, would seem to be restored to him through the mesmeriser. The principal phenomena of mesmeric sensation are, “concentration on, and a consequent intensity of perception of, certain objects with which the mesmeriser places him in contact; a sensibility to influences, such as the emanations of metals, precious stones, &c. to which he is nowise liable in the natural state, and a faculty analogous to vision, which has been denominated *clairvoyance*. In this crowning marvel of the mesmeric state, the patient perceives objects without the ordinary organs of vision, and even athwart the impediments of opaque and solid bodies; nay, the most complete darkness is no hindrance to his perception. This appears to take place generally through the forehead, but occasionally through the whole circumference of the head, or even from remote parts of the body. The eyeless patient executes with precision the delicate operations of needlework, writing, &c., and reads with more or less facility, bringing whatever he handles opposite to the frontal region. The account he gives of his perceptions is, that they come not mediately through the sensorial organs, but immediately to the brain, which, in this state, projects a light upon the object, thus reversing the conditions of the ordinary state, in which the light mounts, *ab extra*, from the object to the brain. This faculty is best exhibited when it develops itself spontaneously, and when the patient operates without solicitation or effort. It is very variable, dependent to a considerable degree on the tranquillity of the patient, on the mental and physical condition of the mesmeriser, and even on the state of the atmosphere. It would appear to be one of the most rare of the phenomena of mesmerism.

Many very interesting cases, exhibiting the phenomena we have described, may be found in the short appendix on Mesmerism, in the fifth edition of Dr. Elliotson's Physiology. The doctor, we think, is peculiarly happy in pointing out the sources of the failures to which mesmeric experiments are liable, and in separating the distinctive phenomena of the state from the accidental conditions which are frequently developed with it. Now mesmerism being, physically speaking, a peculiar abnormal affection of the nervous system, which when once produced, is sometimes capable of reproduction by the mind alone, having also a certain degree of variability, and a tendency to simulate other states, for its very law; it becomes quite necessary, in studying it, to put off all pretences to knowledge *à priori*, and never so much as to employ the mind until the senses have done their utmost, and given in their report; and Dr. Elliotson is well aware of this, as well as of the difficulty of attaining it, when he makes the

seemingly paradoxical assertion, that "*more men can reason well than observe well*:" that more can proceed "*ab assumptis stadiis ad præoptatas metas*" in their own minds, than can find and follow nature's order. We wish our space would allow of large extracts from the doctor's pages; but, as it is, we must content ourselves with a very short one, which will however at once amuse and instruct the reader.

"One of the cleverest men in this country mesmerised an incredulous gentleman, who suddenly fell into the coma. He then blackened the gentleman's face and put him on a woman's cap, and placed a looking glass before him, intending to wake him in this state, and thus convince him he had been asleep. But the wife feared he might be terrified into a fit; so the glass was removed, the cap taken off, his face washed, and he was awakened by transverse passes. When he was awake, he stoutly denied he had ever been asleep, and *disbelieves mesmerism to this hour*. The gentleman who operated had refused to accompany a distinguished friend of mine to the hospital to see my experiments, on the ground of having conceived a respect for me, though unacquainted with me, and being unwilling to have his good opinion lessened by seeing me make a fool of myself. At length he did accompany the baronet. He was astonished, but could not believe, till, seeing one of the Okeys, after the experiments, hanging carelessly over the balusters, he made a pass at a distance behind her back, and in such a manner that it was impossible for her to be aware of it, and he fixed her instantly, senseless and rigid. He has now mesmerised hundreds and converted as many."

All these things, we are well aware, have been a thousand times pronounced impossible, and this, by the first scientific men of the time; but as they have been *seen* by competent witnesses, we, like good Baconians, at once accord them a place among irrefragable and established facts. The method of their proof is precisely that which has been adopted with the facts which stand in our books of chemistry, optics, electricity, and other sciences; and the precautions which have been taken against delusion, fully make up the difference between mesmerism and any purely objective thing, and ensure to it all the certainty of which any physical truth can possibly be capable. Mr. Townshend, however, is not satisfied with the mere proof of his point: he humanely endeavours to deprive incredulity of all its pretexts, and in Book III. proceeds to show, that many abnormal states, whose existence is acknowledged, serve to connect mesmerism with our general experience, and thus to facilitate its reception. For instance, natural somnambulism, which, in many of its wonders it nearly resembles, links it with traditionary belief, and with personal experience, and our familiar association of power with the corporeal instruments of the mesmeriser, the eye and the hand, suffices to exhibit it in connexion with an adequate cause.

Further, the peculiarities of the mesmeric consciousness are themselves but extreme phases of well-known and even ordinary states. For, firstly, it is a law of our common condition, that, in proportion as self-regardance is annulled, the powers of thought and motion are increased; and facts show, that in the mesmeric state, from which the introspective consciousness is completely absent, a similar, but greater,

increase of those powers is effected. Secondly, in proportion as the intellectual consciousness is heightened and spiritualized, the physical is deadened and depressed: a spiritualization and a deadening which differ indeed in degree, but not in kind, from the physical unconsciousness, and mental elevation, of mesmerism. Thirdly, consciousness acts more forcibly, the more it is brought to bear on a single point: a law which is remarkably carried out in the power of the faculties during that concentration of mind which is peculiar to the state we are now considering. Fourthly, the phenomena of oblivion and recollection in the mesmeric state, plainly come under the rule, that series of thoughts recur then, and then only, when we are in conditions of consciousness similar to those in which they were conceived originally.

It remains to be shown, that mesmeric sensation, with all its apparent anomalies, is no real infringement of the absolute laws of sense. To do this, we must discard appearances, and search for principles: we must bear steadily in mind what all physiology teaches us, that the absolute essentials of sensation are only two; firstly, the mind, in which sensation really exists; secondly, certain motions, propagated in whatever manner from some object to the brain, whereof the last is the true antecedent to the sensation. These essentials we must distinguish carefully from the formal conditions of sensation; namely, the sensorial organs, and the motions affecting them, which do no more than give limitation and fixity to the sentient mind and ever-varying nerves. Keeping this distinction continually in view, it will be plain that no alteration or even annihilation of the mere sensoria is sufficient to annul the possibility of sensation, provided adequate motions be still enabled, by any other path, to travel inwards to the brain. Now we challenge all the physiologists who ever existed to show that the great toe itself may not furnish such a path. This view of the case, which must, or at least ought to be a familiar one to the medical philosopher, subdivides sensation into general and special, fundamental and organic; and on this point let us attend, for a brief space, to Mr. Townshend.

"We have followed sensation inward only to arrive at the mind itself, and to exhibit it as not the plaything of the senses, but their lord and master.

"Is this a truth which is new to us? If so, it is well that we should learn it now. It is time that we who talk of the march of intellect at the present day should rise above the vulgar view of sensation, and, as Coleridge phrases it, endeavour "to create the senses out of the mind, and not the mind out of the senses." Let us no more return to gone-by errors. Anciently courage was seated in the heart, sorrow in the spleen, love in the liver, &c.; yet this was not worse than deeming sensation to be actually in the organs of sense. We may as well say that modesty is inherent in the cheeks, because they blush. Again, when smell is lost through the absence of its external organ—when hearing is impaired by a collapse of the external ear—when a person is near-sighted from convexity of the cornea, art can supply a false nose whereby odorous impulses are again properly gathered and perceived—can concentrate in an ear-trumpet the vibrations of the air—can, by proper glasses, restore the purblind to perfect vision. Are we, on that account, to say that sensation is seated in our false nose, arti-

ficial ear, or spectacles? What better reason have we to suppose that any external apparatus of sense can actually *create* ideas in the soul?

“ A higher philosophy must teach us that the senses are but the instruments—the mind the power—of knowledge. The development, indeed, of its immortal stores may depend upon some external touch, which unlocks the treasures of the casket, and one by one exposes them to the light ; but, as a seed includes potentially the future plant, leaf, blossom, and fruit, so does the mind contain within itself its own capacities of expansion. Even granting that, till written upon by the finger of the universe, it is a blank, and that all the magnificent endowments which it displays are, until called into action and educated by external existences, as though they were not, still, when once vivified and instructed, it is able to act for itself, and to use its material organs as instruments of its intelligence and will. Till we recognize this truth in perfect clearness, there will be confusion even in our physiological researches. Before, also, we can study sensation aright, we must learn to separate it logically into its two great divisions of general and special—the first relating to us when considered as sentient beings only ; the second relating to us, when considered as sentient beings fitted and adapted to a peculiar state of existence and to the mechanical arrangements of this our world. The first is fundamental, the second occasional ; the first is a principle, the second the modification of a principle. Our present organization has reference to our present condition ; but sensation is of no time—of no era : it is as old as creation itself. Now mesmerism tends to expose to us the fundamental sensation apart from the organic. Unless, then, we can approach it with a due knowledge of this distinction, its revelations will be spread before us in vain ; they will darken rather than illuminate our understandings. Till we thus study man and mesmerism (which is almost another word for man) we shall remain far behind the German school, both of metaphysicians and of physiologists. But unfortunately we incline to the philosophy of a lighter nation, who have anatomized the body till they see nothing beyond the play and spring of nerve and muscle. With their accuracy of material examination I do not quarrel ; I will, if they please, give up the term *soul*, which seems to offend them so mightily ; but I will, even from themselves, force the confession that man *thinks* ; and whoever does not see clearly that *thinking* has no likeness or relation whatever to any material operation is in no condition to judge any subject, or to argue on any point whatever. There is a radical defect and confusion in his mind, or (if he prefer so to phrase it) in his brain. These remarks are not uncalled for, because it is to be suspected that one of the sins, of which mesmerism is guilty, is that of giving preponderance to mind over matter, and of rescuing sensation from its connection with certain organs with which some persons would absolutely and inextricably identify it. Can it be denied that too many physiologists love to view man as only a *result* of various organs ? It has even been affirmed by those who would make us wholly dependent on our material organization, that the loss of an external sense involves the loss of ideas, which have been furnished by that sense. Nothing can be more absurd or untrue. I have questioned on this very point many individuals

who had lost their sight for years, and they have all concurred in saying that in dreams they had a lively sense of vision.

“Milton’s beautiful sonnet, beginning—

‘Methought I saw my late-espoused saint,’
and ending—

‘But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I woke—she fled—and day brought back my night,’

is a written record that sensation survives the sense to which it formerly was indebted. Beethoven, it is well known, became perfectly deaf at the age of twenty-eight, and thenceforth his whole world of wondrous harmony was seated in his mind. A celebrated living artist is blind of one eye. According to the theory of some persons he should be only half an artist; but his works are remarkable for correctness of design, and splendour of colouring. These are facts which are in harmony with mesmerism. Let not, then, the determined materialist quarrel with this infant science, as if it alone proclaimed the supremacy of mind over matter. Even should it go to prove that we can see without our eyes, there is no such great cause for alarm. Metaphysicians have told us again and again that we do not see with our eyes, but with our understandings,—and the world is not yet come to an end.”

We proceed to the Theory of Mesmeric Sensation. Now as all perception of distant objects must evidently be brought about by connecting media, so, too, must mesmeric perception; and the absolute conditions of sense being moving media, and a corresponding sensorium, it is clear that both these pre-requisites may exist in the mesmeric state, although, inasmuch as the ordinary sensoria are closed, the ordinary media must be unavailable. That a subtle medium, then, which probably is the external groundwork of all sensation, does supply the required communication between the mind and the object, is a hypothesis necessitated by the facts of the case; in other words, it is an enlargement by mesmerism of our knowledge of nature’s hidden principles; and such medium becomes no less a fact than is oxygen gas, or any other colourless and unliquifiable thing which has never yet been rendered visible; but whose existence physical effects themselves attest and demonstrate.

In Book IV. Mr. Townshend propounds his theory of the mesmeric agency, considered as a branch of physics. The influence of one human being on the body of another, and through intervening spaces, proves the existence of an invisible medium between the two, which he denominates the mesmeric medium. The physical effects of this medium on man, its aggregation when transmitted through persons placed in contact with the mesmeriser, its exhaustion and repair, and the manner in which its effects, like any other corporeal gifts, are strengthened by just and regular exercise; also, the probability deduced from facts, that there is a certain fixed ratio between the mesmeric force of him who dispenses, and him who submits to the influence—these considerations contribute to bring it within the domain of physics. Like all other physical agents it affects man mentally as well as physically. The variability of its effects on different subjects, and on

the same person at different times, is precisely what might have been anticipated from its contact on one side with the ever-changing states of ever-varied man. This medium is primarily set in motion by the human mind, as is evident from the fact, that in ordinary states of sensibility, its influence is never communicated, save when the will is directed to produce mesmeric effects. Impulsions from the mind have the power of pervading the medium to great distances, and of there operating mesmerically on susceptible patients. In consequence of the communication of the physical forms of thought as they exist in the brain to this elastic medium, the patient sometimes has the singular faculty of reading the mind of his mesmeriser. Mr. Townshend regards the mesmeric medium as probably identical with the medium of mesmeric sensation, inasmuch as what is predicated of the one may be said equally well of the other; both being capable of communicating impulsions to the human system from a distance;—both acting through obstacles which are impediments to grosser media;—both bearing an especial relation to the human mind. The mesmeric medium resembles electricity in many striking points; for instance, in its varied action and pervading influence; in its ready escape from the points of the body, such as the tips of the fingers; in its transference to certain metals by human contact, and in the slow manner in which these substances part with it; in its conditions of exhaustion and repair; in its intensity or diminution during different states of weather; and in the possibility of its accumulation in bodies, without producing any sensible change in their properties. Further, the faculty revealed by mesmerism of producing motion and sensation in another human being by a medium, would seem to indicate, that our own minds make use of a medium, and of a similar one, to produce these effects in ourselves, consequently, that the mesmeric medium is the long-sought connexion which links the soul to the body, and the spiritual to the material creation.

Having thus proceeded from effect to cause, it remains to carry the process a step farther, and to exhibit mesmerism as more than an intellectual curiosity—as a means to definite and peculiar uses. These are physical, mental, and spiritual. Mesmerism is one of the most potent, and yet the most gentle of remedial agents. In its deep and unconscious bosom, the restless will ceases its wearying, the ills of the individual are held in abeyance, and nature herself, actively influent and unhindered, tacitly re-arranges the disjointed organism. Its restorative energies are often immediately sufficient for the removal of our lighter ailments; while diseases of long standing, and even those which are incurable, *secundum artem*, have given way under its continued operation. Nay more, patients have undergone formidable surgical operations in the mesmeric state without feeling and without fear, only learning afterwards by word of mouth that the dreaded thing was over.

Mesmerism has also its mental application: concerning us nearly “as improveable beings, capable of immortality.” It demonstrates a larger communion of man with nature,—a more universal presence of the soul in the body, than had hitherto been dreamt of in our philosophy. It shows all our human faculties in immediate contact with

God's creation, and thus connects even dead things with eternal uses. It reveals the mind as independent of the senses, and lays bare to reason the fundamental organism which is to constitute the spiritual body. In a word, it is a means of extending our knowledge that it may confirm our hopes; and it is even more than a means—it is an end in itself—a necessary part of our very essence, wherein consists its final use and its spiritual character.

We have now followed Mr. Townshend pretty closely through his "Facts in Mesmerism," and we are so well satisfied with the manner in which he has executed his difficult task, that we hope he will straightway look out for some other high thing which is suffering undeservedly from the world's neglect, and take it under his immediate protection. Nevertheless, we have one or two exceptions to take to his generally admirable reasoning. It may be seen from the course of this analysis, that he represents the mesmeric state as a rise to the patient in his moral, intellectual, and sensitive capacities. This, we admit, is a convenient, and it may be, even a necessary use of terms, for there are the sensible evidences of an elevation *somewhere*, and where shall we so naturally place it as where it certainly appears to be—in the patient? Still we think it ought to be guarded by an explanatory statement, and this is nowhere made. Now how there can be any "moral" state at all in the patient, seems inexplicable, since "his will, in its freedom and absolute sense, is passive;" that will, which is determinant of the whole man, and gives him his every particular direction towards good or evil. Nor can we allow of the *patient's* intellectual elevation; firstly, because the will, which is the very groundwork and mainspring of the intellect, is, *pro tempore*, extinct and inactive; and secondly, because the intellectual state of the patient is proved by Mr. Townshend's own facts, to be the mere reflexion of the mesmeriser's mind, the structure of the patient's intellect only availing to mould in some slight degree the character of the materials it receives. Nor can sense and motion be any more said to attach to a being whose proper will and intellect are dormant, than morality and intelligence. The simple fact seems to be, that the mesmeric agency reduces the patient to a mere organism, whose animation is marvellously suspended, yet not extinct, and that the will, which constitutes our individuality, and by a sort of spiritual impletion and tension makes our very bodies our own, being abrogated, certain influences act upon and guide and sway the wondrous fabrics of the inner man. What these influences are we had rather not declare our opinion, lest the world, or even the Reverend gentleman himself, should accuse us of superstitious tendencies, classing us, perhaps, with "some wild author, who believed his dreams to be the work of spirits."

We find ourselves again dissentient from our author, on the question of the identity of the medium of mesmeric sensation with that other medium which connects the mesmeriser with the patient. We regard the reasons on which Mr. Townshend seeks to establish such identity, as unsatisfactory and inconclusive; and we do *not* admit that all the qualities of the one may be predicated of the other. The medium which is effective of mesmeric sensation extends from the object seen to the internal sensorium; but the medium which conveys the mesmeric

action, from the organs of the will (wherever they be)—not from the sensoria—to the same organs in the patient. Thus the two mediate between things which differ from each other in their very essence. It is true, indeed, that they both bear an especial relation to the human mind ; but, then, the very conditions and necessities of their existence demand their relation to different powers or principles of it. Can we for a moment imagine that that which mediates between the will of the operator and that of the patient, availing to subjugate the latter to the former, can be identical with that which connects the sensoria of the patient with outward objects? This would be to jumble together all the faculties of the mind, in which even nature's distinctions begin, and where distinctness reigns pre-eminent, in one homogeneous and inextricable confusion. Nor will it avail to contend, that sensation is itself an action, (which we readily admit that it is,) unless it can be shown, that the several acts, of will, thought, and sense, are all adapted to give impulsion to the same system of media. Now we find that common sensation, which also is an action, is physically effected by a different medium from mesmeric sensation, although the objects perceived, and thus the last result, are in both cases precisely the same : and shall we not, reasoning from this safe analogy, infer a difference far greater between the medium which has primal contact with the human will, (the originator, not of sense at all, but of pure action,) and the medium which only reaches the highest organic principle of sense, than between the latter and the medium of outward sensation? Nay, further, the same remarks will plainly apply to the communications of an intellectual kind between the mesmeriser and the patient. The action of the understanding through distances also demands a medium of operation, and a peculiar one, on precisely the same grounds as the internal sensitive capacities themselves.

We here take our leave of Mr. Townshend, with a wish and a hope that again and again we may meet in the fields of literature, fertilizing the barrenness of "our poor singular age." The subjective or spiritual side of things lies all before him : let him now set about to explore its arcane treasures, that so, under his guidance, we may, in his own beautiful words, "be enabled to exchange abstracted notions for something which may satisfy the natural longings of man after the real and the permanent,—a conclusion to which even the ideal tends."

J. J. G. W.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR. In giving insertion to the above review, we are desirous of adding a word in corroboration. Mr. Coleridge lived to give testimony in favour of the facts of animal magnetism ; we are also witnesses ourselves to cases where no doubt can exist. Some people, however, seem to think that the psychological evidence produced by its means is of an *à priori* character. On the contrary, it is as *à posteriori* in its nature as that of Chemistry itself! The method proceeds in fact by psychological analysis.—*Ed.*

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS, IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.—NO. III.

GERMAN POETS.—FREIHERR VON ZEDLITZ.

WHEN we last accompanied Von Zedlitz in his summer flight among the green fields and bright flowers of poetry, however much we might rejoice in the beauty of his verse and the sweetness of his thoughts, many of us, I doubt not, missed the energy and the majesty which have always characterized at least some of the productions of the true poet. We felt that it was play and not work wherein we were engaged; that we were lolling easily "*patulæ sub tegmine fagi*," while others, with less power, were bearing the heat and toil of the day. We must now show our readers that our poet too has his hours of severe and earnest thought; although he still hides their sternness and severity with the veil of his "own melodious verse." He has as yet been but dallying with the muse; it has as yet been but the sunny, yet butterfly time of courtship, wherein all sorrow, all care, all that may vex and trouble, is scrupulously hidden from the view of the beloved, and heaven and earth searched for "all sweet forms of pleasure." But these bright hours are past, and he is as it were wedded to his airy companion, and therefore the times of his boyhood are past with him, and he begins to see and sympathize with the sterner things of humanity. In this state, and under this light, we shall now contemplate him, and for this purpose we have selected his best poem, the "*Todtenkränze*" or "*Wreaths for the Dead*." Under this title he gives us his views of the aim and scope of humanity, and its ultimate attainment of its end. The poem is written in the beautiful canzone measure of Italy, and its form is something of the following nature. Dreaming of warlike fame, the sweet pleasures of love, and all the realities or nothings, as the case may be, in search of which men spend their lives, he is roused by a mocking spirit of death, a Mephistopheles of the tomb, who undertakes to lead him among the graves of the great and good of earth, and over those solemn spots to show to him the emptiness and futility of all human aspirations. They seek accordingly the tombs of Wallenstein, Napoleon, Petrarch, Byron, and others, at each of which the poet refutes the scoffs of his spiritual foe, and concludes with a triumphant assertion of his victory; the only result of his airy tour being that his thoughts are purified and chastened, and in several respects corrected. He learns to see less of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, and to see through the thin veil of glory, the bloody corpses of the slain, to hear through the din of trumpets the groans of dying victims to ambition. But to balance this, he sees more of, and learns to trust more to the higher and nobler affections of man, and traces through a thin and hazy atmosphere of worldliness how "perfect love casteth out fear." If we have any fault to find with this it is that it is too earthly, that he has refined too little, and been too sparing in his use of the magic wand of poesy. But as our readers may judge differently, we submit the words themselves to their decision, trusting,

however, that our opinion may be confirmed. It is at the grave of that modern "*εὐνοσίγαιος*," whose sceptre for a while swayed the wild waves of humanity, but at the last was broken in the struggle.

Then from his grave I brake a branch of laurel,*
And hid it in my bosom for a token :
"O lead me far from hence, O lead me onward,"
Unto the sprite I cried ; "O let us hasten
Far from this spot of sorrow all too worthy !
For what is worthy yet to win compassion,
And draw forth tears outgushing,
If not the sight of those who down have sunken
Beneath the Gods of vengeance, for that, daring,
Their co-mortality they have forgotten,
Drunk with the pride of their own swollen greatness ?
Lead me from henceforth to the furthest distance,
Hence from the dust of burnt-out planets lead me.

Not those who for war's blood-stained fame have striven
Will I behold, and never more extol them ;
So many tears on the proud wreath are hanging.
Oh, who upon that gory path would wander,
Whence all joy's blessings, ruthlessly outrooted,
Are trampled down in the rough dance of battle ?
I shudder at this splendour,—
This dark, this wild, ungente, fiery redness.
On this sad earth there weighs enough of sorrow,
'Tis time at last peace were again upon it,
Time that men blessed, time that they ceased from slaughter.
Take hence the sword, and leave yon palm-trees waving,
Hence with the wreath, I may no more behold it.

Them let me praise, who the dull world regard not,
Who stand alone 'mid its tumultuous raving :
Perceiving nothing of the tempest's horror,
And only up to one sweet star are gazing ;
Who it, and it alone, love to contemplate,
Although unnumbered in the dark blue azure
Of heaven's vaulted meadows,
The golden glories here and there are sailing.
O fools, who after other joys are hasting !
Two hearts who find and recognize each other,
Four lips upon each other closely pressing,
Four arms each other sweetly intertwining,
What more on earth is needed for enjoyment ?"

One would think something more. A heart full of heavenly love of which the earthly love was but a phase, and whose signature it should bear. Such is the perfect love that casteth out all fear, and war, and bloodshed ; and O that God would shed abroad his love in our hearts ! O that we saw how contrary all war, how much more needless war is to the spirit of our holy religion ! Men's eyes are very dim, or else they have wilfully blinded themselves. Even our clergy do not recognize the duty of protesting against needless war ; they have for-

* I have given most of my extracts in unrhymed verse : but in order that the reader may see the style of the versification, I have given one or two pieces in the metre of the original, *e. g.* the verses upon Byron.

gotten that they are the ministers of peace and mercy. It is, indeed, lawful for Christian men to take arms at command of the magistrate, but is it lawful that that command should be given always and for any reason ; that earth should be deluged with blood, thousands of families bereaved, and mischief irreparable committed for some poor dispute, a petty line of boundary, the imaginary integrity of a fallen power, or the hundred other causes for which rulers think fit to plunge a peaceful nation in all the horrors of war? In such cases why are the ministers of the Prince of Peace silent? Why is it left to one of less authority to announce to erring man the will of his Maker? Why is the poet to stand in the place of the ordained minister of God? Verily, in more senses than Shelley meant it, are poets "the hierophants of an *unapprehended* inspiration." But we must part from this subject ; it is one too vast, we had almost said too holy, for hasty writing and crude thoughts ; one that needs volumes for its enunciation, that should have the voice of an archangel for its enunciator. May God soon teach men what he meant when he said, "mercy and not sacrifice," till our vain lip-worship end in true reverence for Him, and through Him, His creature and our fellow-creature, man. But for love, is our poet perfect in his view of it? Is love to be restricted to that between man and his fellow-creature? Not that we would speak slightly or disparagingly of human love ; for that it is which softens and hallows our intercourse with each other, which is our support and encouragement in toil and sorrow : but this is not *love*. Love it is by which the course of nature moves in its unvaried round. Love it is by which the stars perform their appointed courses ; it is love that rules the waves and sways the tempest ; by his power all things are double one against another, and nothing is made single. Love made the worlds, for *God is love*. Our poet, therefore, has made too little of his subject ; enough he could not ; more he might have made. But he has not spoken only of love and lovers abstractedly, he has also given us an actual, veritable pair, "far-famed" in story, personages no less than Laura and Petrarca. Let us hear what he says of them :—

Behold yon monastery gray upsoaring,
 St. Francis binds it in its bonds of duty.
 See'st thou its towers? "There," said the mighty spirit,
 "Doth Laura, once a star of love and beauty,
 From ages gone her gleaming light outpouring,
 In yon dark church her resting place inherit.
 See'st thou yon altar? Near it
 From earthly troubles snatched away, she lieth."
 "Each tongue thy name revered to heaven upraiseth,
 Thy name in joyous strains a monarch praiseth ;
 As long as love thro' earth a wanderer hieth,
 Petrarch, so long thy gentle lays are sounding,
 Like a sweet echo from each breast rebounding.
 O, happy pair, well envy men your pleasures,
 As he who stands on mountain tops beholdeth
 Clouds in the vale beneath, while round expanding
 In golden rays his head the light air foldeth ;
 So deep beneath you lie all earthly treasures.
 While ye upon life's loftiest height are standing ;

Ye from that height commanding,
 Despise the idle toys which fools desiring,
 Spend life and its short span in vain endeavour
 To grasp the treasure heap that flies them ever ;
 Ye scorned the empty glare, more high aspiring,
 Ye shine all glorious in the bright sun's centre,
 High over earthly joys which might not with you enter."

" And yet I say, from Laura's eyes descending,
 More tears have rolled, her soul within her sinking,
 More vipers upon Petrarch's breast suspended,
 His heart's best life-blood from that breast were drinking,
 Than e'er—"

But we need quote no farther : there are but few who would yield up the pleasure of love for fear of its pains ; the rose has a sting, and yet many gather it.

Our next extract must be rather longer. It is a character of Byron, or rather Herr v. Zedlitz' opinion of his character. On a point still so disputed, and on which so much has been written, we will add no more, except to say that the opinion of the German poet does not seem the *most* unworthy of adoption : it is given evidently with a mind unprejudiced, which blames the noble bard rather for the good not done, than for the evil done, rather for the talents unspent, than those mis-spent. We have selected it also as a specimen of the author's style, and have, therefore, rendered it in rhyme as well as in the metre of the original.

Come ! wouldst thou contemplate another poet,
 Come o'er the sea round Albion's island bending,
 Which rages round in tumult everlasting,
 Her tall white cliffs from every foe defending.
 Lo yon proud tower ! in shade the gray clouds throw it,
 How 'mid the air its rocky breast 'tis casting,
 Wild tempests round it wasting,
 How 'mid the air its giant limbs 'tis heaving
 Up to the starless heavens dimly lighted.
 Hark to the moan ! the ravens fly affrighted,
 The tempest banners everywhere are waving
 Amid the marching winds, which swift are pouring
 Thro' the gray oaks in fearful concert roaring.

Those halls are empty, once with throngs abounding,
 Each chamber desolate, no sound relieveth
 The deep stern silence of these ruins hoary :
 No servant now the welcome guest receiveth,
 The stranger hears his own steps only sounding
 Through the high-vaulted roofs far-famed in story.
 Why, O, of song thou glory,
 Art thou no more these kindred walls adorning ?
 Thou mouth of song, why art thou shut for ever ?
 Why hast thou ebb'd away, thou glorious river ?
 Ye genii of the place, I ask you, mourning,
 Where is the high soul once amid you dwelling,
 Who on the whirlwind rode 'mid tempests swelling.

Here dwelt a spirit full of strength and wonder :
 His breath was not like summer breezes sighing,

From 'mid the linden summits gently pouring,
 All pleasant flowery odours from them flying!
 His song was fearful as the stormy thunder
 When upon mighty wings 'tis onward soaring
 Amid the tempest's roaring,
 While the dark clouds their bosoms are unlading,
 From the dense hail which in them they were bearing.
 We view its might the golden corn uptearing,
 The skies their rainstreams o'er the fields are shedding.
 Save where the veil of the black cloud is riven,
 There through the darkness smiles the dark-blue heaven.

And as the fearful hosts of demon faces
 Drove men to madness with their savage chorus,
 A shuddering thus our deepest sense comes over
 When his fear-bearing minstrelsy streams o'er us :
 And as men rising to heaven's highest spaces
 Where air is rarest—life and breath discover
 Stayed when too high they hover,
 And from the close-pressed lungs the blood upstarteth ;
 So, to escape the magic full of anguish,
 The soul strives while with fear the senses languish,
 Until the terror from the mind departeth,
 When he who drew the ring, the great magician,
 Raises his wand, and laughs in proud derision.

In just complainings melts aright our sadness,
 Our spirit on such mournful picture dwelling,
 Not a fair swan o'er bright green meadows singing,
 Where smiling fields with fruits and flowers are swelling,
 We see thee borne through airy realms of gladness,
 Lone eagle like, where fear her shades is flinging,
 O'er deserts sad thou'rt winging :
 We gaze, and in the air no more may find him,
 When from the rock on which he sate he saileth
 Through distant realms of air, our vision faileth,
 The eye which fain would follow stays behind him,
 And yet not to the sun his way he forces,
 He seeks around with piercing glance for—corse.

Oh thou unhappy one, whose troubled mirror
 Reflects those pictures back so dark and tainted,
 Which life and nature, o'er their surface streaming
 In brightest tints so lovelily have painted ;
 Dost thou rejoice to draw the soul to error
 With thy pale light, tho' on thy forehead beaming
 The master-seal e'er gleaming
 Shows power is given thee, 'mong the spirits, o'er us ;
 No more thy memory to my soul returneth,
 Before mine eyes Prometheus' image burneth,
 Yet in confusion strange it lies before us :
 Art thou Prometheus 'neath the vulture bleeding ?
 Art thou the vulture on his entrails feeding ?

Whether this be true or not our readers must decide each for himself : it certainly is beautiful ; and even supposing the character drawn to be entirely imaginary, is full of brilliancy and majesty of thought. There is about our poet a sound healthy tone of expression, a mode of thought which shrinks from triviality while it keeps far away from

mysticism, which, in these times of common-place and obscurity, it is very gratifying to meet with. In this poem, in particular, he has grappled with all the difficulties of a most difficult subject, and yet avoided entanglement and confusion; he has shown the end and aim of man's strivings; he has grappled bravely with that intricate question of the balance of good and evil in human fate, and solved the question in the way we would wish it to be solved, without bringing in the aid of religion; he has made his poem a practical vindication of the ways of God to man, only introducing the creature, and leaving the Creator behind the veil of those causes and effects which he has made the immediate agents in his moral government. It is a poem on natural religion, and on man's inherent greatness; and nobly has he shown forth man through all the dimness and mist of crime and error, to be yet a creature worthy of so great a Maker! in his goodness how majestic; in his sin and misery fallen, yet fallen like an angel. Triumphant, too, is his final declaration of the usefulness of man's strivings, even though on earth he grasp only shadows; shadows though they be, he yet shows them to be types of realities to come; shadows truly, but of coming certainties. Would to Heaven the Christian could feel the firm conviction of man's capability for happiness and goodness which is thus deduced even from the imperfections of *natural humanity*; then would faith be more pregnant of reality, hope the more surely be swallowed up in completion. Let us hear his magnificent conclusion:—

“And art thou blest?” I heard the spirit asking,
 “Who mock'st the prudent one, who free from troubles
 'Neath the broad shade of peace himself reclineth,
 Content, if for his frame he hath provided;
 On a safe path that will not yield he walketh;
 Securely held and anchored in the haven
 His vessel safe is lying;
 Whilst thou art wandering over mountain pathways,
 A fallen, frail tree thy bridge o'er deep abysses;
 Close by thee roll uprooted rocky masses,
 And bare cold mountain paths soar high above thee,
 Thou whose whole life is vain and empty striving
 After a distant goal, say, art thou happy?”

“I am, I am! e'en could I ne'er attain it,
 Still I could dream it, and mine eye behold it;
 As Moses stood before the land forbidden,
 And knew it by its signs so full of blessing,
 Sending his glances on his wishes' pinions,
 Thus stand I, gazing from the rocky summit!
 I am! tho' death's strong fetters
 May now surround me—my pulse beat no longer,
 Yet I *have* seen it—with its flowery meadows,
 Its roses, and its rays of sunny beauty,
 Its flowing brooks, and lakes of molten silver!
 Yea tho' my foot ne'er touch it I *have* seen it,
 Like Moses on the threshold will I perish!”

“And what then hast thou gained, that Caleb's vintage
 Thou hast beheld yet tasted not, I ask thee,
 That thou reality for dreams hast bartered?”

"The firmness that reality to suffer.
 I can behold, how merit lies in ashes,
 How darkness circled round with brightest glories
 Its hollow head upreareth,
 How in the wise man's room the fool is sitting,
 And virtue grieves all wretched and forsaken,
 How hateful vice and vile demerit scoff her,
 And drive her trembling from the home of fortune,
 The bad tree blooming, and by lightning stricken
 The noble stem—this can I see still hoping.

And therefore will I hail the better future
 Which in me lives, which I behold within me,
 Thither to meet the young day will I hasten,
 Following the star to which my fate I've trusted.
 When I the dust from off my feet have shaken,
 Then will I too, soft branches round me waving,
 Lie down in happy quiet!
 For one, I know, amid the stars is circling,
 And from their bright choir draweth strains harmonious,
 Broods o'er the waters, bids the storm be silent,
 And bids a Pharos glitter in the distance.
 No seed in vain from his high hand down-falleth,
 And in his time he will perfect the harvest."

"Well, then, now will we part," replied the spirit,
 "And if a dream be joy, be still a dreamer;
 Yet, once awaked, again thou wilt not slumber."
 He fled, once more I lay 'mid grassy verdure,
 Dark groves and trees around, and matted thickets,
 While, like the Phoenix with his fiery pinion,
 The glorious sun was sinking;
 And bright green glories played among the foliage,
 And all things round seemed melting into roses,
 As if dame nature were a feast preparing,
 Showing herself in beaming robes of glory!
 But, like thin-wreathed smoke, the spirit vanished
 Into the air, and I no more beheld him.

A glorious conclusion this, to be deduced by the unaided natural man. Surrounded by this bright halo, life, its toils and troubles, its cares for bread by day, and rest by night, its blighted hopes and baffled aspirations, vanish in a blaze of light. It is, indeed, encouraging to see this faith in humanity among our modern poets; to behold them beckoning on the sinking spirit, showing it its powers, the mark at which it is justified in aiming, showing the internal reward which still remains after a lifetime spent in fruitless struggles for a bright and lofty object. After the deluge of mock-misery, which poets, old as well as young, good as well as bad, have been pouring upon us, in which they have confounded means with ends, causes with effects, and morbid sentimentality with well-warranted despair, it is pleasing to see the more healthy school of poetry rising up round us. The light of hope has sprung up in the horizon of despair, and "hope on, hope ever," is the motto of our new champions. The philosophy of sense, so pregnant with disappointment, is fast losing its hold upon our poets, and a better day is dawning, wherein the spirit shall be aided against the flesh, and the flesh war no more against the spirit. We may see in those

twin-born spirits of darkness, Socialism and Chartism, the last-dying efforts of that overweening affection for the things of sense, which forgot the very power by which those things were.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood in what we have said ; let us not be supposed to be setting too high a value on this natural religion, which is but one step, although a most important one, towards our emancipation from this sensuous incubus which has lain so long upon men, cramping and rendering ineffectual all their strivings for something better. Doubtless doth this poetry of natural religion show how virtue is its own reward, and lead us, as God did Moses, to an eminence above the more sensual of our species, whence we may behold the land flowing with milk and honey. But there is much more left for poet to teach and man to learn. He must learn how his own efforts are ineffectual to attain the end, that aid must be sought from heaven, and that "Caleb's vintage" can never be reached without Caleb's faith. Add to the purifying influence of natural religion the power-giving atonement of him who is styled "the wisdom of God, and the power of God," and, like Joshua and Caleb, man not only sees but enters the promised land. Under the dispensation of natural religion the goal is seen, but it is through haze and mist and dim uncertainty, and the eventual attainment of it is at least doubtful. Throw in the Christian scheme in its pure integrity and bright spirituality, and all becomes clear. The clouds roll away, the mist disappears, and "the prize of our high calling" is full in view. The doubts of its attainment yield to faith in the promises of God, and the believer hastens on undoubting through tribulation and distress, through fire, famine, and sword. In disappointment he sees only the loss of things in which he has no permanent concern, in prosperity or adversity only one difficulty more or less between him and an object in the pursuit of which he has God for a helper, and in death he only sees the certainty of victory. Would that our poets, and Von Zedlitz among the rest, would learn to rest their faith upon higher grounds, and build upon a more firm foundation. Would that they left not the name and power of Christ to be confined to sermons and biblical comments, but interwove them with every thought and feeling of our nature. Then, indeed, would the mysterious dispensation of life be no more a mystery, and we should cease to wonder and despond because the wicked flourished like a green bay-tree. Then should we walk faithfully and untremblingly upon the waves of life, following him who walked before us. And at the conclusion of the short but eventful history, when the keepers of the house trembled, and those that looked out of the windows became dark, when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken, the dying Christian would behold the heavens opened, and the goal, in the attainment of which he had spent his life, already within his grasp. It is this which should have been taught in the poem of which we have spoken, and this great opportunity the poet has needlessly lost. But we have gained much, although not all, and thankful should we be to see thus much done. We have no fears for the future, and we trust to see others following in the wake of our poet, with still more spirituality in their hearts, and still more faith to guide them on their glorious way.

LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

THE STORY OF THE TATAR CAMBUSCAN,

MODERNIZED FROM CHAUCER.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
And of his wondrous horse of brass," &c.—MILTON.

I.—THE SQUIRE'S PROLOGUE.

Now, quoth mine host, God in his mercy keep
Me from such wife, or waking or in sleep!
Lo, now what cunning sleights, and subtleties
In women are: for busy ay as bees,
A mazy web, beside the truth, they weave,
Us silly men for ever to deceive.
This, by our merchant's tale, too well we feel;
Yet, ne'er the less, as true as any steel—
I have a wife—ay, poor, although she be;
But of her tongue, a blabbing shrew is she:
And yet of vices more she hath a heap—
But let that pass—the score's not worth the keep.
But guess ye ought? in counsel be it said,
Me rueth it full sore that we are wed:
For if of all her faults I make the list,
My worthy friends would think me fond, I wist:
Sith I do ween it would reported be
To her by some of this good company;—
Of whom, it, certes, needeth not to tell,
Since women's gossipings are known so well:
And eke my skill doth not to that height run
To set down all: wherefore my tale is done.

Sir Squire, draw near, and if it your will be,
And say, somewhat of love, for certes ye
Do know thereof as much as any man.
Nay, Sire, quoth he—but such thing as I can
Right heartily; for I would not rebel
'Gainst your desire: a tale then will I tell.
Hold me excused, if I speak amiss:
My will is good, and, for my tale, 'tis this.

II.—THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

At Surra dwelt a Tatar-prince, who had,
Like to a wolf, Muscovie worried;
Through which there died many a doughty man;
This noble king was named Cambuscan;*

* It will be perceived, that I have kept throughout Chaucer's own pronunciation of this name, in opposition to Milton's, adapted to his own measure: the rather because I think the *Cas* to be the title—as Khan of Tartarie—thus Gengis Khan.

Than whom was none, in all the regions round,
 So excellent a lord, or so renown'd.
 He bore him like a prince in every thing,
 Nor lack'd he ought belongeth to a king.
 True to the sect in which he had been born,
 He kept the law to which he was ysworn.
 And therewith he was hardy, rich, and wise,
 Piteous and just, and ever to men's eyes
 The same: benign, and true, and honourable,
 His courage, as a center, firm and stable;
 Young, fresh, and strong, in arms adventrous he
 As any bachelor of his house might be.
 Of person fair he was—and fortunate,
 And kept alway so well his royal state,
 That there was nowhere such another man.

This noble king—this Tatar Cambuscan,
 Of sons had twain by Elfeta, his wife,
 Of whom the eldest was call'd Algarsife;
 The other he was named Camballo.
 A daughter had this worthy king also,—
 Who youngest was, the gentle Canace—
 Of all whose beauty (fair it was to me)
 My tongue no cunning hath its praise to sing,
 Nor dare I enterprize so high a thing;
 Albeit my English is too poor and scant—
 A practised rhetorician it doth want,
 Well skill'd in all the mastery of his art,
 But to describe of so great charms a part:
 I am not such—I must speak as I can.

Now it befel, that when this Cambuscan
 His crown had twenty winters borne, he through,
 As he was wont from year to year to do,
 His city bade the lusty heralds cry
 The solemn feast of his nativity.
 'Twas the last ide of March, following the year,
 Phœbus, the sun, full jolly was and clear,
 For he was to his exaltation nigh,
 In Mars his face, and in his mansion high
 In Aries, that cholerick hot sign;
 Full lusty was the weather and benign,
 At which the birds did turn to the bright sun,
 By the soft season and green leafing won,
 Brimful of gladsome and of grateful song,
 As they the shelter saw from winter's wrong.—
 Nor feared more his sword so keen and cold.

This Cambuscan, of whom I have you told,
 In royal vestments on his dais sate,
 With diadem full high in kingly state;
 And held his feast so rich and solemn there,
 That none the like thereof beheld elsewhere.

Of which, were I to tell you all th' array,
The story would outwear a summer's day;
In sooth, it needeth not thus to devise
Of every course that past before their eyes.
I will not tell of their strange cookerie—
Nor of their swans, nor their young heronrie;
(Eke in that land, as olden knights do say,
Some meats be dainty that here go for nay):
There's none may tell of all; and as 'tis *prime*,*
To tarry were no fruit, but loss of time.
So to my purpose I will have recourse.
Now it befel that after the third course,
When that this king, amid his gallant train
Of nobles, listed to the minstrel's strain,
Who at his board did play deliciously,
In at the hall-door wide, full suddenly,
There came a knight upon a steed of brass,
And in his hand a mirror broad of glass;
A ring of gold was on his thumb descried,
A naked sword depended at his side:
And up he rideth to the dais-board—
In all the hall there was not spake one word
For marvel of this knight: him to behold
Full eagerly await both young and old.
This stranger knight, whose sprite-like presence spread
Amaze, all richly armed, save his head,
Saluteth king and queen, and nobles all,
In order as they sate them in the hall,
With such observance and high reverence,
As well in speech as by his countenance,
Not Gawain with his ancient courtesie,
Though he were come again from Faerie,
Could have amended him. This having done,
He afterwards, before the festal throne,
(Following the form and fashion of his tongue),
With manly voice, and free from hurt or wrong
To word or syllable, his message spake;
Which his brave bearing still did better make,
As it doth hap with him that knows the wile
Of artful speech: to climb so high a stile
Fitteth not me—yet, for its bare intent,
Take, in plain words, what thinketh me he meant.
He said: the King of Ind' and Araby,
My liege lord, on this high and solemn day,
Saluteth you as best he can and may;
And honouring your feast, doth by my hand,
(That at your high 'hest here do ready stand,)
Send you this steed of brass, that easily,
And in a natural day, from peril free,

* Far gone in the morning.

Can bear your body to whatever place
 It listeth you, in twenty-four hours' space,
 Or be it foul or fair, or wet or dry :—
 Or would'st thou in the air, all eagle-high,
 Ascend, as when it liketh him to soar,
 This same steed then shall bear you evermore
 Withouten harm, till he have done your 'hest
 (Though you be sleeping on his back, or rest),
 Or change his course, with turning of a pin ;
 Who wrought it, ere he could this mastery win,
 Did many a constellation watch and wait ;
 And many a seal knew he, and bond of fate.

This mirror in my hand, too, hath such might,
 It bringeth all adversities to sight,
 Or to yourself or reign, and it will show
 (All openly) who is your friend or foe ;
 And, passing this, if any lady bright
 Have set her heart on any manner wight,
 If he be false, she shall his treason see—
 His new love, and his wicked subtiltie ;
 So that no thought disloyal shall he hide :
 Wherefore, against this lusty summer-tide,
 This mirror and this ring I bear to thee,
 He hath sent to my Lady Canace,
 Your matchless daughter, that is present now.
 The virtues of this ring, if ye will know,
 Are these : that when it pleaseth her to wear
 It on her thumb, or in her purse to bear,
 There is no bird that fleeth under heaven,
 But to her understanding shall be given,
 To know his meaning openly and plain,
 And in his language answer him again.
 And she shall know each grass, and who 't will heal,
 How deep or wide his wound from foeman's steel.
 This naked sword, which hangeth by my side,
 Such virtue hath that none its stroke may bide,
 But whatsoever man its blade shall smite,
 Right through his armour it shall carve and bite,
 Were it as thick as is a branched oak ;
 And he that once is wounded by the stroke
 Shall ne'er be whole, untill you do him grace
 With the flat side to touch the wounded place ;
 No matter then how grievous, it will close—
 And this is very truth, and without glose :
 It faileth not while it is in your hold.

And when this knight his marv'lous tale hath told,
 He rideth out of hall, and down doth light :
 His steed, which as the sun shone dazzling bright,
 Standeth in court, as still as any stone.
 The knight is to his chamber led anon,
 And there (unarmed) adown to meat he sate ;
 Meantime the presents are brought in in state—

That is (the sword and mirror, I should say),
And to the great high tow'r are borne away,
By officers appointed thereunto,
To render to such gifts the honours due.
But unto Canace this wondrous ring,
Where sitteth she, they solemnly do bring.
But for the horse, good sooth ! I fable not—
They could not move him from the place one jot,
With all their engine-craft ; but there it stood
All fast and firm, as to the ground 'twere glued.
So they are fain to leave him there, untill
Sir Knight shall teach them of his cunning skill.
Great was the crowd that swarmed to and fro,
To gaze upon this horse that standeth so ;
For it as high was, and as broad and long—
Withal so well-proportioned, to be strong,
As it had been a steed of Lombardie :
Yet full of horsely grace, and quick of eye,
As though that it a gentle courser were
Of soft Apulia : for from tail to ear,
Nor help of nature nor of art did need
Him to amend : so all that saw agreed.
But evermore the greatest wonder was,
How it should go that was of molten brass.
Some people deem'd it was from Faerie ;
But divers folks they judged diversely.
Like to a swarm of bees their murmuring—
While many heads do many judgements bring.
Framing their thoughts to their own fantasies,
They conn'd them o'er the olden poesies ;
They said 'twas Pegasus with winged back,
Which some will have to be the Muses' hack ;
Or that Greek's horse that such destruction wrought
To Priam's house, and brought old Troy to nought,
As may we in those old adventures read.
My heart, quoth one, is evermore in dread ;
I trow some men of arms be hid therein,
That practise how this city they may win :
It were right well that we the truth did know,
Another, turning, spake his fellow low—
He lieth, for it is more like, I say,
Some shape of magic raised in juggler's play,
As is oft done at such great feasts as these.
Thus, jangling o'er their doubts, their minds they tease.
As happeth mostly with the unlearned rout,
When things more subtle than their brains fall out,
Lacking the wit, the right to comprehend,
They lean them gladly to the wronger end.
And some did wonder at the mirror's pow'r,
That was upcarried to the master-tow'r ;
How men such marvels in its face might see :
Another answering. said. this may right be

By nature of its form, and just direction
 Of angles, and the art of sly reflection :
 And, furthermore, in Rome was such an one.
 They speak of Alhazen and Vitellon,
 And Aristotle, all which in their lives
 Did write of mirrors quaint and prospectives,
 As they do know who in such books are stored.

And other folk they marvell'd at the sword,
 That nought could stay, but pierc'd thro' every thing ;
 And fell to speak of Telephus, the king,
 And of Achilles, and his spear, whose steel
 Had the rare virtue, or to hurt or heal.
 Of many such quaint weapons they averr'd,
 Of which right well you may yourselves have heard.
 They spake of metals and their properties—
 And of the pow'r that in their hard'ning lies ;
 And of the time when they should temper'd be—
 And how—which are clean quite unknown to me.
 This said they all, discoursing of the ring,
 There never had been such a wonder-thing
 In ring-craft seen, or heard of—never none,
 Since that Dan Moses, and King Solomon
 Got them a name of cunning in such art.
 Thus spake they, drawing them in groups apart,
 And some did say, that it their wits did pass,
 How of fern-ashes men should maken glass ;
 Sith nought like glass in ash of fern is seen :
 Yet, knowing well that fern it once hath been,
 Here is an end of jangling and of wonder.
 As men do moil their brains to account for thunder—
 Or mist, or gossamer ; or ebb and flow—
 And all things else, untill the cause they know :
 So they in wrangling judgements did devise,
 Until the king did from the board arise.

Phœbus hath half-way journey'd from the East,
 And yet ascending is the royal beast,
 *The gentle lion with his Aldrian,
 When that the Tatar-king, this Cambuscan,
 Rose from his table, where he sate full high—
 Before him goeth the loud minstrelsy ;
 Till, at the presence-chamber coming, there
 The instruments did make such joyous chere,
 That it was like a heaven itself to hear.
 Now dance the children of Love's lusty queen,
 As they of very love had maden been—
 For that their lady, with a look benign,
 In most auspicious star did sit and shine.
 This noble king now seated on his throne,
 The stranger knight is led to him full soon—
 And to the dance he go'th with Canace :
 Here be the revel and the jollitie,

* The constellation Leo, and a star in his neck.

That skilleth not a dull man to declare.
Love he must know, and his sweet service share—
Must be a feasty man, and fresh as May,
That would set forth to you this brave array.
For who could tell of the strange form of dances,
Or the succession of new countenances :—
The sly dissemblings, and the subtle looks,
Such as are only read in the eyes' books,
By jealous lovers ? none, but he that's dead—
*Launcelot :—wherefore I pass it by unsaid.
Thus then I leave them in this jolliness,
Till to the supper they themselves address.

Amidst this melody of sounds divine,
The stewards bade them haste the spice and wine,
The ushers and the squireerie being gone,
The spices and the wine came in anon.
They eat and drink, and having made an end,
(As duty calls) they to the temple wend ;
And, service done, they sup them all by day—
But, for the cheer, what serveth it to say ?
For well ye wot, that at a Prince's feast,
Is plenty—from the greatest to the least,
Beside the dainties that these banquets bring.
Now, supper done, forth fares this noble king
To see this horse of brass, with a whole rout
Of lords and ladies thronging him about.
Not since the siege of Troy, when that men stood,
In wondring guise, around a horse of wood,
Was ever known so busy wonderment,
As caused this horse of brass from far Ind' sent.
Then questioneth the king this trusty knight,
What be the courser's virtues, and his might :
And prayeth him to tell his governance—
Anon this elvish horse 'gan trip and prance,
When that the knight did on the rein lay hand ;
Who answer'd thus the Tatar-king's demand :
When that to ride him, sire, you have a mind,
Just turn the pin, that in his ear you find,
(The which in secret 'twixt us two I'll show)
Naming to him the place were you would go—
Or to what country you would wish to ride ;
And when ye come where liketh you to bide,
Bid him descend, and turn another pin
(For all the mystery doth lie therein),
And he will light him down and do your will,
And in that place abiden him stone still ;
Though all the world contrariwise had sworne,
He shall not thence be drawn, nor yet be borne.

* Launcelot de Lake—one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Or if ye list to bid him to the moon,
 Writhe but the pin, and he shall vanish soon
 Beyond the strongest necromancer's sight,
 And come again, be it by day or night,
 When it so pleaseth you for him to call,
 After that manner I shall teach withal,
 Full speedily, what time we be alone :
 Ride when you list, there needs no more be done.
 Now when the king (instructed by the knight)
 Had in his mind conceived all aright,
 The form and manner how to do this thing,
 Full glad and blithe, this noble, doughty king
 Repaireth to his revel, as before.
 The bridle is to the high tow'r upbore,
 There to be kept 'mongst jewels prized and rare ;
 The horse, he vanished I know not where,
 Out of their sight—ye get no more of me,
 But that we leave in mirth and jollity
 This Cambuscan his lords a-banquetting,
 Until well nigh the day began to spring.

PARS SECUNDA.

Sleep, of digestion gentle nurse, began
 To wink on them, and bid them mind how man,
 After much drink and labour, needeth rest,
 And speaking with a gaping mouth them kest,—
 And said that it was time adown to lie ;
 For blood was in his principalitie.
 Cherish ye blood, quoth he, Nature's dear friend ;
 They thank him (gaping wide) and so an end,
 And every wight withdrew him to his nest,
 As sleep them bade—bethinking it were best.
 I shall not here their dreams confused disclose,
 From fuming brains that dim and shapeless rose.
 Long after prime most slept, save Canace ;
 She was of measured *mirth*, as women be,
 For of her father she had taken leave,
 To seek her couch, soon after it was eve :
 That on the morrow with unfaded cheek,
 All fresh and feastly, fitting maiden meek,
 She might appear. Then, sleeping her first sleep,
 With such a joy she wake, her heart did leap
 At thought of her rare mirror and strange ring—
 Full twenty times her fair cheek colouring,
 And in her sleep did such an image grave ;
 She of her mirror did a vision have.
 Wherefore or ere the sun 'gan upward glide,
 She wak'd her mistress that slept by her side,
 And said, " that it did please her then to rise."
 Now these old women, they be (gladly) wise ;

As was this governess, and answer'd so ;
Saying, " dear madam, whither would ye go
Thus early ? for the folk be all in rest."
" I care no more to sleep—'tis therefore best,
As pleaseth me, to rise and walk about,
(Quoth she) wherefore call of my maids a rout."
By ten or twelve they rise them presently—
And so among the rest rose Canace,
Ruddy and bright as the young beaming sun,
That in the ram but four degrees hath run ;
No higher was he, when in summer suit.
At easy pace, she goeth forth a-foot,
Lightly to sport her with her minionie—
So through a trench forth to the park goes she,
Ruddy and broad the sun look'd from the skies,
As he is wont when morning mists do rise ;
Nathless it was so beautiful a sight,
That it did glad their hearts with new delight—
Both for the season and the fair morning,
And eke for the sweet birds that she heard sing :
For well she wist what all these warblings meant,
Right by their song, and knew all their intent.

If that the reason why each tale is told
Be tarri'd, till desire thereof grow cold
In them that for it long have hearkened,
The savour passeth, and they 're sickened
For fulsomeness of the prolixitie—
And, by like reason, it bethinketh me,
That I should to this motive condescend,
And of her walking make a speedy end.

Beneath a tree, dust-dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in her walk,
There sate a falcon o'er her head full high,
That with a piteous voice so 'gan to cry,
The wood throughout with her loud plaining rings,
While she herself so beateth with her wings,
That, pitiful to see, the crimson blood
Ran streaming down the tree, there, where she stood—
And ever and alway did cry and shriek,
The while her poor breast tearing with her beak,
That there no tiger is, nor cruel brute,
Which through the forest prowls with savage foot,
But would have wept, if such its nature were,
Her mournful sorrowings and loud shrieks to hear.
For there was never yet alive the wight
(That peerless falcon could describe aright)
Had of such plumage or such fairness heard,
Or gentillesse of shape, as had this bird :
And all so falconlie her head she bore—
She seemed some unhappy wanderour

From foreign land ; and ever as she stood
 She swooned oftentimes for loss of blood ;
 Till she had well-nigh fallen from the tree.
 This noble king's fair daughter, Canace,
 Who on her finger wore this famous ring,
 Thro' which she comprehended everything
 That every fowl might in his *latin* say—
 And could straight answer him in his own way,
 Did understand the words this falcon cried—
 At which for very ruth she well-nigh died.
 Then to the tree she goeth hastily,
 And on the poor bird looketh piteously,
 And held her lap abroad—for well she wist,
 When that she swooned next, she could not list
 But fall from off the twig, for lack of strength.
 Long while she stood awaiting her ; at length
 With question soft she in this manner spake
 Unto the hawk, which did for sorrow quake !
 “ What is the cause, if that ye may it tell,
 Why ye be in this raging pain of hell ? ”
 Quoth Canace unto this hawk above—
 “ Is this for dread of death, or loss of love ?
 For, as I trow, these be the causes two
 That work in gentle hearts the greatest rue.
 Of other harm it needeth not to speak,
 Which you yourself upon yourself do wreak ;
 That proveth well, that either ire or drede,
 Must be the occasion of your cruel deed ;
 Since that I see none other doth you chace :
 For love of God, who so hath shewn you grace,
 Say what may be your help ! for west nor east
 Saw never I (till now) nor bird nor beast,
 That fareth with herself so piteously—
 Ye ail me with your sorrow grievously !
 Such pity to thee in my heart is grown ;
 For God's love ! come then from the tree adown.
 And, as I am a crown'd king's daughter true,
 If that I verily the occasion knew
 Of your discomfort, (an' 'twere in my might)
 I would amend it ere that it be night ;
 As nature's God, that keepeth every kind,
 Shall help me, healing herbs enough to find
 To work thy speedy cure.” Then fell anon,
 With louder shriek, plumb down as any stone,
 This hapless falcon on the cruel ground—
 And there as dead she lay in a deep swoond.
 But Canace her in her lap hath taken,
 Until the time she from her swoon doth waken.
 And when that life, like light on her did break,
 In her hawk's tongue right sadly thus she spake :

" That pity floweth soon in gentle heart—
 (Feeling another self in sorrow's smart)
 Is proved every day, as men may see,
 As well by deed as by authority;
 For gentle heart aye showeth gentillesse :
 That ye compassion have on my distress,
 Appareth tender maid, full openlie,
 Thou well of womanly benignitie !
 Which, like a shrined gem, that doth diffuse
 Its light abroad, *thou* dost for others use :
 You serve, in nature, but your own heart free—
 And do *her* bidding but to succour me.
 Even as the cub that kingly beast hath torn,
 So have my wrongs of baser birds been born,
 Wherefore while leisure serves, as best I may,
 My wrongs I'll tell, ere hence I pass away."
 And ever while that one her griefs did say—
 The other wept as she would well away ;
 Until the falcon bade her cease her wail,
 And with a sigh thus told her tristful tale :
 Where I was born, alas ! the hapless day !
 And foster'd in a rock of marble gray,
 So tenderly, that nothing ailed me,
 (I nothing wist what was adversitie)
 Till I could soar full lofty under sky.
 There dwelled then a *tercelette** me fast by,
 That of all gentleness the well did seem—
 Yet did with treason and all falseeness teem.
 He was so wrapped up in humble wise,
 And did so well in hue of truth disguise ;
 As well in pleasure as in busy pain,
 No living wight might deem that he could feign.
 Thus under borrow'd feathers he embow'rs,
 Right as the serpent hideth under flow'rs,
 Till he may see the season for to bite—
 Right so this god of love's false hypocrite,
 With worship feigned and low obeisance,
 Doth serve him in the semblance, not the sense—
 That is unto the gentle ear of love,
 As to the tomb the heraldrie above,
 When under is the corpse—such as ye wot :
 Such was this hypocrite, both cold and hot ;
 And with this guile he served his intent,
 While, but the fiend, none wist of what he meant.
 Thus he so long had weeped and complain'd,
 And many a year his service to me feign'd,
 Till that my heart, too fond and pity-fraught,
 And of his crowned malice dreaming nought,

* A male falcon or eagle.

Upon his plighted oath and honour's tie—
And fearing, as it thought me, he should die,
I granted him my love, with this just claim,
That evermore my honour and good name,
In public as in private saved were —
Ah ! what could silly falcon ask more fair ?
Then, sooth to say, that after his desire,
(Nor knew I that he felt a baser fire,)
I gave him all my heart and thought, (God wot !
And he, who other's actions judgeth not,)
And took his heart in change of mine for ay :
But truth is said, and that sith many a day—
A true wight and a thief think not upon.
Now when he saw the thing was thus far gone,
That I had fully granted him my love,
In such a guise as I have said above,
And given him my own true heart, as free,
As he swore that he gave his heart to me ;
Then did this tiger, full of doubleness,
Fall on his knees with so great humbleness—
With such high reverence, if that looks may speak,
So like a gentle lover that did seek,
His suit to win : so ravished for joy
He seem'd, not Jason, no, nor he of Troy—
Paris—nor certes, any other man,
Since Lamech was, that first of all began
To loven two, or writers are forsworn—
Nor never sith that the first man was born,
Could any, by the twenty thousandth part,
Approach the sophisms of his 'sembling art ;
None was there ever fit to loose his shoe,
In double feigning him for to outdo.
None could so thank a maid as he did me ;
His manner was a heaven for to see,
To any woman, were she ne'er so wise ;
So well at all points wore he truth's disguise,
As well in words as in his countenance,
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the truth I deemed in his heart,
That was there any thing might cause him smart,
An were it ne'er so small, and I it wist,
Methought a death-pang my fond heart did twist.
But, briefly, so far forth this feigning went,
That my will was but his will's instrument ;
That is, my will did ever his obey
In every thing, as far as reason may ;
Keeping the true bounds of my worship ever :
And there no pleasure was that I had liever
Than he, God wot, nor shall have evermore.
Thus fareth it a year or two before

That I supposed of him ought but good.
But, finally, thus at the last it stood,
That fortune will'd that he forthwith should wing
Out of the place of my first fostering.
Sad wo was mine, as is no question—
I cannot make of it description :
For one thing I dare speak it fearlessly—
That I do know the pain of death thereby ;
Such harm I felt. And there was no reprieve,
So on a day he took of me his leave,
So sorrowful, that I thought (verily)
That he had felt as mickle pain as I,
When that I heard his speech, and saw his hue ;
But, natheless, I believed he was so true,
And would so soon repair him, (truth to say,)
To cheeren me on rock of marble gray ;
And sith that reason was that he should go,
For his honor's sake, as oft it happeth so,
I made a virtue of necessitie,
And bore it well, since that it needs must be.
As best I might, I hid from him my sorrow,
And took him by the hand (St. John to borrow),
And said him thus : " Lo I am your's through all—
Such now and ever have I been, and shall."
His answer here it needeth not rehearse,
For who can better say—or who do worse ?
When he hath fairly *said*, then hath he done—
Wherefore behoveth him a full long spoon,
That would eat with a fiend, as crones do say.

So at the last the tercel went away,
And forth he fleeth where it likes him best ;
And when the season came folks think of rest,
I trow that text was upmost in his mind—
" How every thing, repairing to his kind,
Gladdeth himself : " thus men do say, I guess,
Who love (of their own kind) new fangelness ;
As do these birds that men in cages feed ;
For though they every hour of 'em take heed,
And strew their cage as fair and soft as silk,
And give them sugar, honey, bread, and milk,
Yet right anon, if that his door be up,
Each with his foot will spurn him down his cup,
And to the woods he will, of worms to eat—
Thus ever fickle be they of their meat,
And seeking novelties, each to his kind.
No gentle blood this love of change can bind
Even so this tercel ; who, alack the day !
Though he was noble born, and fresh, and gay,
Of manners meek, and goodly for to see,
Yet on a time he saw a base kite flee,

And suddenly he loved this kite so,
 That all his former love of me did go.
 Thus has he fals'd his troth, for base bird sold,
 Who doth my love in her mean service hold.
 And I am 'lorn, undone past remedy!
 And with these words this falcon 'gan to cry,
 Swooning again in Canacea's lap.
 Great was the sorrow for that hawk's mishap,
 That Canace and all her women had;
 Nor wist they how they might her lone heart glad.
 But that sweet princess bore her right away,
 Soft in her lap, and on her breast did lay
 (Which she so frantically herself did tear)
 Such soothing plaisters as all ready were.

Now Canace she searcheth all around,
 And nought will do, but she must delve the ground
 For rare and precious herbs, and fair of hue,
 From which fresh balms to make, and ointments new,
 To heal this wounded hawk. From morn till night
 She doeth mercy's work with all her might.
 And eke a mew she made at her bed's head;
 With velvet blue it was all covered,
 In sign of truth, that is in woman seen;
 And all without the mew was painted green,
 On which depicted were all such false fowls,
 As be those titmice, tercelettes and owls;
 And chattering pies, their falsehood for to chide,
 Right for despite were painted them beside.

Thus leave I Canace, her hawk to keep,
 And of her ring I now no more will speak,
 Until it suit my purpose to explain,
 How this fair falcon got her love again,
 Repentant, as the story telleth us,
 By mediation of that Cambellus,
 The king's young son, of whom I have you told;
 But here I must my further progress hold,
 Adventures strange to tell and battles dire,
 That in past wonders shall leave nought t'admire.

First I will tell you of this Tatar-king,
 Stormer of cities past my numbering;
 And after will I speak of Algarsife,
 And how he Theodora won to wife;
 For whom thro' many a peril he did pass,
 That had he not but for the horse of brass.
 And last of Cambello, stalwart and true,
 That fought in lists with the stout brethren two,
 For Canace, or ere he might her win—
 And where I left, I will again begin.

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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MONARCHIC REVELATIONS—WITH
SOME GENERAL REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF
GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is now twenty years ago, since *Professor Arndt*, lately reinstalled into his office by the king of Prussia, published his work "Germany and the Revolution." These enigmatic words, pronounced by a man so worthy and upright, have lost nothing of their truth and pungency by the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century. Still, times have changed *somewhat*, and if the Sybille (inexorable in her claims and demands) had even at that period already thrown into the fire and burnt three of the prophetic and fatal books—three more have since shared the same fate; and we are fully aware, writing at the eleventh hour of day, that *Shuffling* is impossible any longer—the battle prepared for ages past must be fought; the battle between tyranny and freedom, absolutism and constitutionalism, thorough social corruption, and social reform and "*Regeneration*." These are the questions which meet us at every corner, which continually come forth in a thousand different forms and shapes; of which, in fine, every historical fact of the present age is but the exponent and representative. We would not go so far as to say, that the reasons for political and social regeneration are in Germany more urgent, than in any other civilized European country—still, they are as urgent there as any where else. If the English reader was acquainted with the fact, that in Austria (the head! of Germany) not even the label of a wine bottle can be printed without the permission of censorship—that a man may there, on the slightest political suspicion, be taken from the very side of his consort, in the midst of the night, at the mere appearing of a Commissaire de Police*—if the English reader were to consider all this, he would see, that our assertion was not uncalled for. The feeling of such and similar numberless wrongs is pervading the speeches and writings of those men, who have still courage to utter any complaints. M. de Rotteck said last year, in one of his memorable speeches in the lower house of the Baden Estates, "that Germany is in a state of siege (!), against which he, however, has scarcely the power to do more than protest."

This simile of Professor Rotteck is most pregnant and rich. Germany, encompassed and oppressed as it is by a most rigid censorship, by very severe encroachments upon the *right of association*, and by a system of *bribery* and intimidation, of which the annals of history do not present any counterpart—is in a state of siege to all intents and purposes. Under such circumstances help can only come from *without*; and the sincere and anxious friend of the besieged must search after every agency, by which to afford relief to his countrymen, placed under such desperate circumstances. It is under that impression, that we have taken up a book, published by Duke Charles of Brunswick—the sole monarch, whom the German potentates have *permitted* to be deprived of his crown, and in favour of whom that "fine word

* See Silvio Pellico; Andrynanne's Memoires of the Spielberg etc. etc.

legitimacy" (for which torrents of blood have been shed) has not been applied and appealed to. In his work (*Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Souverain*, Paris, 1838), the duke has brought most severe charges against his fellow-monarchs, and it bestows upon this work some additional value, that a *souverain* appears here as the *accuser* of other sovereigns; and as it seems, moreover, that the duke was allowed to pass somewhat behind the grand political curtain, his *revelations* belong to the province of history. Even the outset of the duke's life, when he was a pupil of George IV., contains some interesting incidents, and affords scope for some curious remarks—and it is on this rare medley of monarchic circumstances, we intend first to fix the reader's attention.

If we were to find, even within the pale of private and humble life, a young man of only seventeen or eighteen years, implicated in a most violent quarrel with his uncle and tutor; if we were to see subsequently, that acts of unaccountable injustice and despotism are resorted to against the former—that finally his very paternal inheritance is taken away from him, without the most scrupulous observance of forms adequate to such bold and energetic proceedings—we should, I say, have no alternative but to suppose, that there must be something essentially and deeply *wrong* on *one* side, that, in fine, either the tutor or the pupil must be a man of the worst dye of character, and of a truly awful corruption of mind. Such would be the conclusion to which we should arrive, if we had to cope with circumstances merely private, if the case were one amongst individuals in a private or humble walk of life. But if the above strange, inexplicable, and violent proceedings have taken place amongst men of the highest rank of society—in a word, amongst sovereigns; if not merely a private patrimony (albeit of the highest value), but the possession of a whole land, of an extensive and opulent dukedom—if the ruling over a brave, loyal, and intelligent nation had been at stake—in this case, we say, the above supposition does not lose anything of its truth; but besides the perversion and criminality of *individuals*, a deep and almost incurable disease of *public* affairs may become revealed to us; and in the same manner, as the skilful diagnostist and physician may, from the appearance of one single symptom judge of, and declare the whole body to be in, a state of utter corruption, so in the present case, we may perhaps be able to show from one single instance, "that there is something rotten in the state of Germany."

To dilate upon the antiquity, historical signification, or the public merits of the house of Brunswick, does not fall within the province of our present task. But what sensible reader, far less what sensible German, can be indifferent about a land, in which (most probably) the possessions of Hermann, the Heruscer, were situated—a land also, where, on the Ihdtfeld (campus idistavicus) the battle of Drusus Germanicus was fought, whom Tiberius had sent to revenge the defeat of Varrus. It is at the foot of the sombre Solling, that the most sacred monuments of ancient German freedom and ancient German heroism are to be met with. Not only was the greatest part of the inhabitants of Brunswick Saxons (Sassen), but it was also a collateral line of the Saxon emperors, which first ruled this dukedom—a line, however, which

became extinct with Egbert II. in 1009. One of the most conspicuous characters of the middle ages was Heinrich der Löwe (Henry the Lion), who was continually annoyed and worried by the retrograde and absolutist party of *those* times—we mean the clergy. His sepulchre in the cathedral of Brunswick, is one of the most interesting monuments of German history, and no one seeing it, can but recollect those fine lines written about him by one of the first historians of our age. “Henry the Lion was a hero, courageous and brave, generous, incessantly active, but also obstinate, of a haughty demeanour, and impassioned; withal pious, but no hypocrite. He stands above his century by his unceasing endeavour to spread commerce, industry, civic prosperity and happiness, to patronize arts and sciences as far as he could. He never *succumbed* to a dire destiny, but fought it with persevering courage.” To descend from such a man, is certainly a title of nobility.

It was Otto (called the Child) who obtained for his allodial possessions the ducal dignity in 1238, and was the real founder of that house. Thus, for ages past, that sovereignty has been formed out of the allodial possessions of the Guelf-Este, and the lands of other dynasties. The allodia of the Billungen and Brunons, those of the Nordheims, Süpplingenburgs were the original stock. Thereto were added in the lapse of time, the patrimonies of the Counts of Kattelnburg, Sommerschenburg, Eberstein, Dassel, &c. And it is obvious, that the rights of *him*, who has to rule all these, are the more sacred, as they are based upon, and derived from so many different titles, all of which (even in a merely legal point of view) ought to have their full due.

Without entering into the detail of the lives of the Dukes of Brunswick of a more distant period, we have to mention *Ferdinand*, who was one of the most distinguished generals of Frederic the Great. Having taken subsequently the command of the English troops at the request of George II., it has not been forgotten, that the conqueror of Minden left his army not richer than he was when he took the command thereof—whilst Marechal Richelieu built palaces with the large perquisites he contrived to take hold of. Ferdinand having retired to Brunswick, became Grand Master of the Freemasons’ lodges of Germany, and devoted the remainder of his life to the ancient and royal art they profess—one, in fine, in which many of the democratic tendencies of our age have taken their concealed origin. More known still is *Charles William Ferdinand*, Duke of Brunswick Lüneburg. His preceptors were men like Jerusalem, Gaertner, Hirschman—and his very outset in the career of war gained him the admiration of Frederic the Great. He distinguished himself afterwards throughout the seven years’ war, especially at Crefeld, Forback, &c. In 1770 and 1771, he was the companion of Frederic II. in his travels through part of his provinces. When Mirabeau saw him in 1786, he wrote about him the following memorable lines: “Sa figure annonce profondeur et finesse—il est prodigieusement laborieux, instruit, perspicace. Religieusement soumi a son metier (!) de Souverain &c. &c.” In 1787, he was placed at the head of the army of the Statthouder, and took Utrecht, the Hague, and even Amsterdam. Thus at the commencement of the war of the French Revolution, he found himself (we would say unfortunately, or

at least untowardly) the *first general of his age*. He became the leader of the famous campaign of 1792, which had been commented upon in a manner so sarcastic, yet true and sincere, by Goethe. The only real blame which could be attached to Charles William Ferdinand is the most famous manifesto, which—to use the words of Napoleon, uttered on another occasion—was not only a crime, but even a blunder. It belonged, however, to his grandson, to purge him entirely from this imputation.* We pass over his subsequent successes at Weissembourg and Kaiserslautern, and conclude this relation with alluding to the deadly wound he received on the fields of Auerstädt, and which in a great measure brought on the victory of Jena. But the bravery of Charles William found an immediate follower in his very son *Frederic William*, who after having made the memorable retreat from Bohemia to the Baltic, in 1809, died at Waterloo, at the head of his gallant corps.

We have thus dilated upon the merits of the Brunswicks as soldiers—nay as heroes:—but our readers may not be aware, that a great many of the members of this family were most conspicuous for their learning—nay, were authors even in ages, when authorship with sovereigns was something quite extraordinary and unheard of. We begin the array with *August Duke of Brunswick Lünebourg*, called the young (born 1579). Of him it is said, that “the well being of his citizens was the sole object of his cares!” He encouraged first the working of mines in his country, and possessed (in 1643) a library of 80,000 volumes—a number we should believe, scarcely exceeded by any library of those times. He was the first of the Brunswicks who devoted his leisure to literary occupations, and published his works under the name of *Gustaphus Selenus*. Amongst these is his Treatise on Chess; Leipzig, 1616—and his *Cryptomenityces et Cryptographiæ &c.*, Lüneburg, in fol.—both which works are of value even at the present moment. *Ferdinand Albert*, Duke of Brunswick Lüneburg (born in 1636), spent great part of his life in learned travels; he visited Italy and Sicily, where he ascended the Etna, and at his arrival in England, was received a Fellow of the Royal Society—an honour never before bestowed upon any member of a sovereign family. After his return to Germany, he published “*Aventures admirables*,” Part I., where he described the several countries of Europe which he had travelled over. Part II. contains “*The Miraculous and Divine things of the Old and New Testament*.” *Anton Ulrich*, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel

* Les émigrés François avoit demandé et obtenu du roi de Prusse, de lancer contre la France republicaine un manifeste capable a porter la terreur au sein de ses assemblées. Le roi et ces ministres persuadaient au Duc de Brunswick, qu'en sa qualité de generalissime c'étoit de lui, que devoit emaner cet act. Le Duc éprouva une vive repugnance a le faire, mais considerant qu'il étoit de son devoir d'obeir aux ordres positifs du roi, il consentit a signer le brouillon. C'étoit un soir, qu'épuisé par les fatigues, qu'il signa la copie mis au net, après l'avoir a peine parcourue des yeux, ne suspectant pas la “loyaute,” du roi. Cependant celui-ci, avoit ajouté au brouillon le fameux paragraphe, par lequel on faisoit declarer au Duc, que si les Français ne consentaient pas a mettre bas les armes, et a recevoir leurs roi Louis XVI., il ferait brûler Paris, et executer a mort un homme sur dix de la population. Le Duc, a la publication du manifeste, s'ayant aperçu qu'on avoit ajouté cet paragraphe, offroit sa demission au roi—mais celui-ci se humilia tellement devant le Duc etc.—“Charles D'Este, ou Trente Ans de la Vie d'un Souverain,” p. 5.

(born in 1633), published "*Aramine Princess de Syrie*," a novel taken from the history of the patriarchs, and "*Octavie*," which is a Roman history, but contains many interesting and secret revelations of the history of his times.* Such acquirements possessed by one single family could not have resulted but from deep and well-calculated agencies; and even in those times the family of the Brunswicks had become memorable amongst the sovereign houses of Germany, and remained so, for the superior education which these princes were in the habit of receiving. *Frederic August*, Duc of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel-Oels., Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, translated into Italian the "*Considerations sur la Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*" of Montesquieu—a translation highly spoken of by Denina. His brother, *William Adolph* (also a Berlin Academician), translated "*Salust*," and wrote a "*Discours sur la Guerre*," praised even by Frederic the Great.

Thus we see, that the house of Brunswick had all along identified itself with the popular and democratic interests of Germany, placing itself in the ranks of, and associating with the learned of the land—a line of procedure quite at variance, nay in opposition with that *proclamation*, as it were, of the head of absolutism and tyranny, we mean Francis I. of Austria, who said on a public occasion, to a body of professors of a university, that he did not want *learned* men, but obedient subjects.† When, therefore, in our subsequent pleading for the descendant, nay the chief of such a house, we might be induced to appeal to the sentiments of the age, we shall be able to appeal also to the democracy of the learned (*respublica literaria*), convinced as we are in advance, that they will sympathize with a man and prince, the ancestors of which have not disdained (in an age comparatively sullen and dark) to seek for the honour of literary laurels.

But even after these many deserving men of the House of Brunswick, we cannot forbear mentioning one, who accomplished a deed, which, if we shall state our sincere belief, has none to match it, at least in modern history. This was *Leopold* (*Maximilian Julius*) of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel. He also was brought up with particular care by the Abbé Jerusalem, and travelled in Italy under the direction of Lessing. Having become a general and governor of Frankfort on the Oder, he fixed his residence in that place, which "was a great blessing for its inhabitants. Leopold employed his time in visiting the sick, the poor, and spared no exertion to have them relieved. He ascended the garrets of houses, and did not disdain to enter the most gloomy recesses of poverty. He established a school for the children of his regiment, and had them instructed in trades." We have the more eagerly cited this passage, as it is from the pen of such a writer as M. Guizot. (Biog. Univ.) But the most deserving fact comes yet to be related. Frankfort had been already preserved, in 1780, from a dread inundation by the cares of Leopold. But unfortunately, another accident of the same kind occurred again in 1785. The same exertions were displayed on the part of the prince. Much had been thus achieved, when two persons were yet seen struggling amongst the infuriated

* About his placid death, l'Abbé de Bucquoy has published a little piece, called "*La Force d'Esprit, ou la belle Mort &c.*"

† At Laybach, shortly after the famous congress of 1821.

waves. All looked on, but no one could or dared to help. Under such circumstances, Leopold arrived. Having his hands full of gold, he exhorted the people to follow him in a small boat. Two boatmen were found, the two unfortunate men were saved; every one anticipated with joy the prince's success. When lo! sufferers and relievers were swallowed up by the same wave. So ended the pupil of Jerusalem, of Lessing—worthy of them, still more worthy of himself. There were princes who have sacrificed gold, and other men who have sacrificed their lives; but to sacrifice life, where gold might be considered sufficient, belonged to Leopold of Brunswick.

But it is even high time to approach our immediate task closer and closer; and as it is his education of which the Duke Charles of Brunswick complains in the first instance, it is this subject we have to broach first. After what we have said about the education customary for centuries amongst the Brunswick family, it is pretty clear, that Duke Charles had certainly a right to one of the same kind, and that the duke, as the son and the grandson of men, who had devoted their very lives for the public cause, had a claim to every consideration possible. But for the sake of thoroughly understanding the strange and subsequently inimical behaviour of George IV. towards his young nephew and pupil, it will be necessary to revert to the juvenile years of the king himself, and to inquire whether the accidents of his own life when young, will not afford us a clue for judging of his behaviour towards others—whether, in fact, the hoary old sovereign did not want to *preserve* his pupil from those dangers and snares, in which he was himself near to fall. This certainly, if it could be proved, would be an apology for that sovereign, which, as well in his private as public capacity, he is much in need of. We must begin the strain of our present argument with the rather strange and extraordinary remark and belief of ours, that almost all princes are *born* with unusual and extraordinary talents—talents which go on increasing and improving, until the clumsy or guilty hand of a perverted education interferes. It would lead us too far to substantiate this assertion in detail, and we state merely the salutary and beneficial external circumstances under which the *great*, and still more the *greatest* are placed from their very birth; and how is it possible that these beneficial circumstances should not bring forth minds pure and sublime? But salutary and beneficial circumstances, and subsequent court cabals, and underhand tricks, and double shuffle, and clandestine views, are very different things.

In a word, seeing the lively, promising, exuberant disposition of Duke Charles, George the Fourth found perhaps his own counterpart of earlier years, and his aim was to crush those qualities in Charles, as they had been crushed or tamed down in him—finally, to preserve the Duke from all those deleterious accidents, in which he himself had nearly been entangled. But we must go still deeper, in fact who can go deep enough in grappling with such a character as that of George IV.? He certainly was *not* the pattern of a monarch. But what the world may call the faults of his education, appeared never such to him.*

* The great defect of the plan of the royal education seems to have been a want of attention to make the prince acquainted with actual life. It was conducted with so

Austerity and slavishness had been enforced on him, and such were also the agents to be used with Duke Charles; because George the Fourth had become convinced, that all the education necessary for a young sovereign, is to make him cunning enough to *preserve and enjoy* his power to the last—*après moi le déluge*—if it so pleases God. But whilst the education of Duke Charles had to be to a certain extent the perfect antitype of the king's own, it had to guard George the Fourth from the unpleasantness into which he (when Prince Regent) had placed his father, namely, of his nigh becoming a liberal.* And, finally, there is one point to be mentioned, in which the perverse views of George the Fourth touched on the ground of morality and righteousness, it being (as it seems) impossible, that even *much* bad can be attempted without some admixture of the good. George the Fourth wanted, perhaps, to guard his pupil from those snares of deep profligacy† and debauchery, into which he fell, disgraceful to human kind, loathsome and fraught with evil for himself.

But this whole affair teems with wrongs and irregularities to such an extent, that (obliged as we are to be brief) we can not always adhere strictly to the sequence of chronology. The father of Duke Charles had deposited a will at London, dated 16th of July, 1812, in which he bequeathed the tutorship over his son and the *regency of his country* to the Margravine of Baden, his mother in law, and after her demise, to a brother of his, Duke Augustus of Brunswick. This settlement George the Fourth kept back, and arrogated to himself (by letters patent of the 18th July, 1815) the tutorship over the young prince, and the government of the dukedom, which Count Münster exercised through M. Schmidt Phiseldeck, a creature of his own. This arbitrary act (not protested against by any power) left George the Fourth free hands to do whatever he liked, and the first act subsequent to it was to remove Mr. Thomas Prince, an English clergyman, who had been hitherto the private tutor of the two princes. Mr. Prince seems to have been one of those mild, gentlemanly, and judicious men, who are not unfrequently met with amongst the English clergy, and the regrets of Duke Charles at the loss of this friend of his are creditable to his feelings. Mr. Prince died at Bedlam, where he had been confined by orders of

much austerity, with so little regard to the valuable principles of practical life, that the moment of His Royal Highness's emancipation was that of a prisoner released from confinement.—*Hewitt's Memoirs of George IV.* (p. 25).

* Misunderstandings which took place between the then sovereign and the heir apparent. The early friends of the prince were in avowed opposition to His Majesty's government, and they soon infused (!) their hatred of ministers and their jealousy (!) of the king into the mind of the prince. On political grounds alone the king had reason to be incensed at their influence, &c.

“I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence (*how base!*) of the people, and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live.”—*First speech of George the Fourth in the House of Lords.*

† On his release from the controul of tutors and governors, a number of persons of a perfectly opposite character were waiting to celebrate his freedom. Among them, the nation must ever lament, were certain —, much more ready to corrupt his morals than —.

“D—n Sherry, (meaning Sheridan), and I must hang—hang—Hanger, for they will break my heart, and ruin the hopes of my country,” said George the Third; and certainly no monarch and father could have spoken more feelingly, at least in his way.

King George. Mr. Eigner, and subsequently Baron Linsingen, were nominated the duke's tutors, and certainly, if hitherto true revelations concerning the education of sovereigns had been wanting, Duke Charles has supplied this desideratum in a most complete manner. The following scanty extracts will explain the proceedings of these two tutor-footmen :

"I shall punish you," was one of the favourite expressions of Linsingen.

At the age of eighteen, the young prince was not allowed to pass from one room to another, or to take a walk in the garden, without the express authorization of his gaolers, and without being constantly accompanied by one of them.

They shut him up in his apartment, where they sometimes kept him two days without food.

Linsingen took the greatest care, lest any newspaper or historical book should fall into the hands of his pupil.

Linsingen took great pleasure in always bringing the fate of Mr. Prince before the recollection of his pupil. "Mr. Prince," would he say, "was as little mad as you, and he died, notwithstanding, in a complete state of madness(!), in consequence of the impressions which his daily contact with the furious madmen of Bedlam produced upon his lively imagination. And if circumstances require it, care will be taken to provide similar company for your highness." This menace he repeated often and often, and whenever at home or abroad an opportunity presented itself, he conducted the young duke into madhouses.

The fact, that these two tutor-footmen occupied, in travelling, always the best apartments, and the best places in the carriages, &c., with other similar mean and base proceedings, as well as other acts of blackguardism and cruelty against the duke, the reader will find amply detailed in the work alluded to (*Vide p. 39, et seq.*)

It is natural to ask, why the relations of Duke Charles did not interfere with, and protest against such a low and degrading behaviour of the two tutors? But the sovereigns (?) of Germany were, in 1820, already so much tamed down, that they knew, that remonstrating against anything emanating from one or more of the great powers (!), was unbecoming in them, uncourteous, and still more, dangerous. The king of Naples, summoned before the Congress of Verona, showed them the ticklishness of their own position, and whatever had been ever approved of by Metternich, they knew was altogether beyond their reach. Things had even at that early period succeeding the Congress of Vienna, come to that pitch, that the five great monarchs had already usurped and absorbed all the power and sovereignty of the smaller ones; and it was quite clear, that the arbitrarism which Francis I. (or rather Metternich) allowed George IV. to exercise over and in Brunswick, he might have claimed in his turn against some of the petty princes of Italy. *Hanc veniam damus etc.*

Although Prince Charles had been educated from his fifth up to his tenth year in England, this was then a matter of absolute necessity.

* This seems altogether the *genre* of absolutist princely education. Ferdinand I. of Austria had similar fates, and Francis II. said once to young Napoleon, "Your father is shut up, and if you behave ill, you will be shut up just the same."

But that this continued ever afterwards was a great political mistake, and certainly one of the chief reasons (although yet not taken notice of) which led to the subsequent discomfitures of the young duke. He became not only altogether estranged and foreign to the eyes and minds of his people (speaking sentimentally and feelingly), but when he finally came to Brunswick as a monarch, he was a stranger to its laws and constitution, to the whole practical machinery of its government; he was moreover a stranger to, and unconnected with the whole persone of the government officers, nobility and gentry—in a word, he came to occupy a large house, to rule over an extensive household, without being acquainted either with the locality of the former, or the habits, temper, talents, and sentiments of the latter. This certainly would have been most difficult for any one, having received the best private, and even a general good political education, and how much more for a pupil of such nonentities as Linsingen and Eigner. Still, it was obvious even at that early period, that the endeavours of tutors, ministers, and great chamberlains, might be at once frustrated; that the talents of Duke Charles would not be subdued, and that if he ever were to *understand* his position, he might, like the hero of Sophocles (Œdipus) accomplish in another way that very vocation and destiny, from which his kind relative and menials would keep him aloof. Pitying, as every sensible mind must, the duke, after having passed a number of years in slavish subjection—still, there is one redeeming light cast over this sad scene, and this is the constant love he bore to his younger brother. This even might have convinced his gaolers, that they had not succeeded in their task, because a low and corrupted mind could never have been capable of any real (even merely fraternal) attachment under such circumstances.

But we pass over the mere youthful years of the duke, and approach the epoch when he had attained his majority, and was to assume the reign of his dominions. This majority was fixed by family statutes and precedent, at the age of eighteen years. But Duke Charles had heard it so often objected to, and doubted by his tutors, that it is easy to believe that he began to think how to obtain his rights in due time. It was about the year 1820 that (advised by the Margravine of Baden, his grandmother,) he asked from Count Alvensleben, the principal minister of Brunswick, for a copy of his father's testament, but he received only an unsatisfactory and scanty *extract*. Thus the conduct of George IV. (since it was to him, that every thing of the kind was referred) was illegal in every instance; the withholding of the will of a father from a full-grown son, would be considered actionable even in humble life. But the clouds seemed to thicken around the king, and the misfortunes and agonies which he brought upon a great man at a distant island, recoiled as it were upon his own head. We would not have had occasion to mention the death of Queen Caroline, if it had not materially affected and impaired the circumstances of the young duke. And looking over the pages of the "*Trente Ans de la Vie*," we find a tissue of intrigues (relating to Duke Charles and others) which appear, if true, to place George IV. in a somewhat more than unfavourable light.

The work of Duke Charles does not contain a word from which it could be inferred, that at any period whatever, a friendly feeling had existed between King George and him. The numerous occurrences before alluded to, must have increased considerably this distance between the two personages; but at the period of the congress of Verona, the duke had two plans before him, by which to arrange his differences with the king. The latter had written him an official note, 25th January, 1822, in which he states: "The theory, that in the ducal line of our house, the age of eighteen years ought to be considered as the end of minority, does not seem to be in accordance with family conventions and the German law. — As I, however, wish to assign to your minority the shortest time usual in the princely houses of Germany, I fix this to the completion of twenty-one years." Previous to this, the King of Prussia had, in a most straightforward manner, advised the duke to address himself to the congress of Verona—an opinion, which was also shared by the Emperor of Russia, who declared to the duke in a personal interview, that he would interest himself for him, if he were to ask him officially to do so.

But at this stage of the proceedings, we come to an intricacy of affairs, which even the duke has not entered into, nor cleared up in his memoirs—perhaps, because he was not aware of them. That the young duke was considered a lively, original, fearless character; that he had been reported such to his royal uncle and tutor, there can be no doubt; proof positive is afforded thereof throughout the memoirs. But this was not the sort of princes the Holy Alliance wished for, far less that secret conclave of the Holy Alliance, of which Metternich, Castlereagh, Münster, and, perhaps, (as a sleeping partner) George IV. were the leading members. Goethe, in his travels through Italy, says that looking at a certain convent, he thought that "this was the place where friars' heads are coined and timbered in a certain way." Such a place was, and is still Vienna. Vide the Duke of Reichstadt, Duke of Vasa, Don Miguel (!), Duke de Bourdeaux. It was in this hotbed of absolutism and sullen tyranny, that poor Duke Charles was now to be placed—and if his highness wishes to be candid, he must confess that it was in *Vienna*, where his affairs took a decidedly wrong turn, that it was in *Vienna*, where his present untoward position really originated. King George, in a letter, had previously enjoined his ward to go to Vienna, and to wait (!) on M. de Metternich, (mark well, not on the emperor), "for, you will learn from M. de Metternich, how you must govern to be adored and blessed by your people." The duke also says very naively, that the emperor did not *speak* to him on his affairs at Tegernsee, and his highness seems, therefore, never to have been aware, that he had to do with a perfect automaton, who could not *say* any thing, but those low, common-place Vienna puns, which he learnt when brought up amongst grooms and chambermaids. The King of Bavaria had moreover said to Duke Charles, "that the Emperor Francis had *entirely left* it with M. de Metternich to decide the question of the majority," p. 71. The pen drops from our hand in writing this libel on German sovereigns. Napoleon certainly ruled them—but it was himself who did it, and

he never left it entirely to M. Champagny or Talleyrand—men, infinitely more talented and honest (albeit not so cunning and deep), as the Austrian diplomatist.

On the arrival of the duke at Vienna, his life had nearly been trifled away by the voluntary negligence (if we may call it so) of this low menial, Eigner. The duke being at a ball, where he had danced much, and his hat having been exchanged, he—with a truly Brunswick *étourderie*, went away with his head uncovered, and the clever and conscientious tutor, instead of remedying this in some way or other, forced the poor lad to keep the windows of the carriage open. It being the depth of winter, and the duke sweating profusely, what might have been expected occurred; he was brought near his grave. Such were these men; the same at Vienna and at St. Helena. Well might Napoleon exclaim on his death-bed, “Je legue Pignominie de ma mort à la maison regnante d’Angleterre!”

How could Duke Charles expect, that Metternich would assist him powerfully against the runaway Schmidt Phiseldeck—as in the very first conversation they had together, the Austrian minister was surrounded by runaways and ancient commissaries of police, viz. M. Gentz, (a Prussian) who, after he had addressed Frederick William III. as an advocate of the liberty of the press, penned twenty years afterwards the famous *ordinances* of Carlsbad. Another witness of that conversation was M. de Münch Bellinghausen, who began his career as commissary of police in Austrian Galicia, and is now dictating laws as President of the German Diet.

But we turn from this more especial case to the major one, that in one of the first interviews which the duke had with the Austrian statesman, this latter guarded him “against demagogues, and other liberal tendencies of the age.”* It is astonishing, to hear the (we are sure candid) assertion of the duke, that his tutors had so successfully kept him aloof from the above “*corruptions*” of the age, that at the time Metternich broached these matters to him, the duke did not even know what these words meant. The whole *empressement*, which the Austrian minister showed the duke was (we are convinced), merely for the sake of winning *one more friend and auxiliary* in the subjugation and enslavement of Germany—we would say of Europe. It is by such clever and *most minute* attention to his views, and by the constant persevering therein for the last thirty years; it is by leaving no stone unmoved—be it in Brunswick, or in Lisbon, in the Brazils or in Bavaria—it is by such means, we repeat, that Metternich has accomplished the task of holding Europe now for so many years in his fetters, and has brought mankind to a state, which, if we look

* “La raison principale que le roi, votre tuteur objecte, et la seule, si elle était fondée, que je pourrais excuser, c’est la crainte de voir son neveu, si jeune encore, se laisser séduire par les idées libérales du siècle, suivant l’exemple de son cousin germain, le roi de Wurtemberg. Rien, disait-il, ne serait plus désastreux et plus à redouter que, si, par suite des différens survenus entre vous et votre oncle, votre nom devenait un point de ralliement pour les démagogues allemands, qui ne demanderaient pas mieux que de se servir du nom d’un souverain, et de la maison de Brunswick surtout, pour leurs sinistres desseins. Ne vous lancez donc point dans cette voie.”—*Trente Ans de la Vie d’un Souverain*, p. 84. Digitized by Google

back at the *promises of princes*, and the *aspects* of the years 1814 to 1819, must astound any reflecting and sincere mind.

Still the duke obtained his throne and his majority sooner than could be anticipated, and it was Prince Metternich who powerfully and chiefly assisted him. But the conditions which were then imposed by the Austrian statesman upon the duke, and which he was *young* enough to accept, compelled, perhaps, moreover, by the strain of circumstances, are so characteristic of the man who imposed them, that we insert a *verbatim* translation of Metternich's words from the duke's work.* "For the sake of perfectly answering my intentions on that account—intentions, which are altogether to your advantage—you must, on arriving at Brunswick, leave all in the state as you have found it."—"It is necessary to the interest of your future prospects, that you must learn to shut your eyes as long as possible."—"I do not demand this abnegation of yourself, this sacrifice of which I feel all the merit, for more than three years" (!!!) Metternich has been said all along to be the protector of the monarchic principle and of monarchs; and certainly, it is easy to *protect* things, which had been brought down so *low*.

Has it been ever recorded in history, that a man (like Duke Charles in the present instance), should have possessed sovereign rights, should have issued precepts, and decrees; in fact, should have exercised all the ponderous rights and *duties* of a monarch; whilst in the meantime, he had pledged himself (as the duke had done) to the most absolute inertness—to leave, in fine, every thing for three years in the very same state he had found it. And this pledge has not been even demanded by another monarch (although not a jot more reprehensible than), but by a subject and servant, who in the very same conversation said; "Je (!) nomme des aujourd' hui le Comte Spiegel de Diesenberg, Envoyé Extraordinaire, et Ministre Plenipotentiaire de l'Empereur a votre cour." (p. 87.)

The effects of this unworthy chaining and shackling a monarch, could not fail of manifesting itself at the very arrival of the duke, and during his whole stay at Brunswick, and a chapter of the "*Trante Ans d'un Souverain*," bears the ominous inscription, "*Le duc enchainé par les promesses faites à M. de Metternich.*" The following explanation of the position of a sovereign of *old Germany*, is too interesting to be passed over in silence. "The resolution which the duke had imposed on himself to abstain during three years (!), from every decision in the privy council, if he had not in his favour the majority of votes, submitted him often to hard trials."—"The duke would often repent inwardly the promise he had made at Vienna, but he considered himself bound in honour towards M. Metternich. However, it is a cruel position to see things bad, without being able to remedy them," (pp. 98 and 109). We sympathize with the position of the duke (then nineteen years old), but still more with that of a people, which

* If any thing is clear in the work alluded to, it is the faithful memory of the author. No minute occurrence whatever is omitted, and it is the more to be supposed, that such conversations as the above, are repeated with the greatest accuracy. Besides, the author says expressly, that this conversation is given "after most exact documents."

was ruled by a sovereign shackled by a foreign subject. We hasten to a conclusion, and pass over all the subsequent fates of the duke, his *rencontre* with the Brunswick and Hanoverian aristocracy; his pamphlet war with his late tutor George IV.—ominous circumstances, which lasted as long as that wily monarch lived.

Thus at issue, first with the nobles of his land and the king, then even with the Diet—in fact, with every one around him, some friendly and conciliatory offers were made at the coming of William IV. to the throne of England. But it was now too late. The very night (sixth September, 1830), when the duke had quitted Brunswick for London, his palace was burnt down; a provisional government was established; and the Diet asked his brother Duke William to take the reins of the State—which he has kept up to the present date.

We come now to an act of Duke Charles, by which he has connected himself with the most popular demands of the present times. The declaration of Ellerich (printed in Frankfort) guarantees to the Brunswick people:—

1. Universal suffrage.
2. Abolition of hereditary nobility, and all other feudal rights.
3. Justice to be administered in the name of the law, and no more in that of the sovereign.
4. The right of every citizen of Brunswick to oppose force to any act which is not legal.
5. One sole house of legislature.
6. The abolition of slavery and tithes.
7. Introduction of new national colours, as the symbol of freedom.
8. Abolition of all direct imposts.
9. Institution of a national jury.
10. Abolition of the conscription.
11. Absolute freedom of instruction.
12. The municipal and departmental institutions surrendered into the hands of the people itself, which alone would have the right of electing its magistrates, prefects, and other municipal functionaries, for the maintenance of which, however, it has to provide.

We draw breath, as it were, after having written down so many *fine things*, but cannot abstain stating some of our observations thereon. Men are continually searching for *new* formulas to express that which, however, is but one and the *same potency*. The English charter, for instance, is but another (and we would say a *concise*) wording of what the Radical Reformers sought after, *fifty years ago*. Such equally were the constitutions of the Cortes of Cadiz, and the wishes of the present Junta nacional, the Neapolitan constitution of 1820, the Polish of 1831 &c. Words enough have been spoken; deeds are required to accomplish the consummation of a *NEW CYCLUS* in history—a *cycl*us, the arrival of which has been acknowledged, and often powerfully (yet always discreetly) broached by the Monthly Magazine under its present colours.

We revert to the author of the proclamations of Ellerich. The decision about the duke's affairs had been all along *left* by the Emperor of Austria (and therefore by all German monarchs) to M. de Metternich; it was *that* minister who emasculated (if we may use the term) the

duke politically for three years; it was M. Handel, the Austrian resident at Frankfort, who signed the decree, which finally *proscribed* the duke from his land, showing throughout, that with Austria (the head of Germany) to be a *liberal*, or incurring the mere apprehension of becoming a liberal, is an offence unpardonable even in a sovereign. Still, the *word* has been spoken, Duke Charles of Brunswick (a German sovereign) has issued the declarations of Ellerich. Coming events cast their shadows before, and slight beginnings have often in history engendered great results. Young as the duke is, in the enjoyment of an adequate fortune, he may be called upon to play a part in the *Regeneration* of the nations of Germany. It appertains to him to make himself worthy of so high a mission!

P. S. Since the above has been written, a *second* treaty of Pilnitz has been entered into against France—even as it is, too liberal for the absolutist powers. No Brunswick will *this* time lead the invading legions—yet Providence may perhaps provide another Dumouriez, and the *Revolution* (as Napoleon prophesied) yet embrace the civilized world, not excluding the nations of Germany, esteemed abroad, slaves within their land—nay, their very houses. *Alea jacta est.*

* * NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In permitting insertion to the above communication from a Foreign Correspondent, we feel that we are departing from our ordinary rules, and that the reader should be cautioned on the tone of the article in many places. But as we took the initiative in the *Chartist Epic* of *Ernest*, wherein we were followed by the *Quarterly Review*—we are still desirous of being in advance of other publications in announcing any new and important movement in political opinion. The catholic policy that we advocate, indeed, regards both extremes of political feeling. We therefore deem it our duty to hear both sides. What is to be said here on the other? Will some correspondent answer? Our task will be confined to synthesizing both, by referring each to the same law. What our present correspondent says of a New Cylus now eliminating is true.—We but anticipate an avowal which will ere long become general. Whoso is wise, will make ready for serious changes. But who are the wise? Has England now any philosophers? Our aim is to give her a philosophy—and it shall be given. With the first number of the new year, the consideration of this momentous argument will be commenced in earnest. The MONTHLY MAGAZINE will then take at once the position that it has lately claimed.

POETRY AND PROSE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I.—NAY, DO NOT WEEP IN SORROW NOW.

NAY, do not weep in sorrow now
 The time for tears is past;
 'Tis gracious to my soul that thou
 Hast seen me shed my last—

For I have feared, through lingering years
 Of agony unguessed,
 That I should weep my final tears
 By thee unmourned—unblest !
 Then oh ! forbear the anguish'd tear,
 That dims thy pensive eye ;
 It makes this world again too dear,
 It holds me from the sky,
 The world—I have so long abhorred,
 The sky—so oft desired ;
 Now ! with thy early love restored :
 Life's love is re-inspired !
 Forgive ! it looks like taunting thee,
 Reverting to past pain,
 Yet, mindful of that misery,
 I would not live again ;
 For were I in my primal bloom,
 Thou might'st nor weep, nor pray ;
 'Tis but because th' insatiate tomb
 Now snatches me away :
 And thou beholdest, all too late,
 Death's hand upon my brow ;
 That thou deplor'st my timeless fate,
 And wouldst avert it now.
 The arrow's sped—I must obey,
 Hush ! that last pray'r of thine,
 As my freed spirit soars away,
 I'll bear to realms divine.
 There ! will I only tell thy love,
 Thy faith of youthful days ;
 That the celestial courts above
 Shall echo with thy praise !
 I'll be thy intercessor there,
 That when thou com'st to die,
 Thou'lt feel assurance, saints prepare
 Thy welcome to the sky,
 For if it's dear on earth to know
 We're loved by those we love ;
 Oh ! far beyond all joy below
 Is that blest truth above !
 The mightiest amount of bliss
 Of long impassion'd life ;
 Is all concentrated in this
 Last hour of nature's strife.
 Yes ! on the tomb's eternal brink,
 When mocking were a crime,
 Thou'st bound me to thee by a link
 Inseparable from time.
 The union of expiring hearts,
 Love's signet, by Death set ;
 That as my wedded soul departs,
 It dares thee to forget !

II.—ON VIRTUE.

"Then, to be good is to be happy: angels
 Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
 Guilt is the source of sorrow: 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
 With whips and stings. The blest know none of this;
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness."

ROWE'S FAIR PENITENT.

To be enabled fully to understand and appreciate the charms of retirement, it will have been necessary to have had such previous knowledge of the world as to have acquired a settled and rooted disgust for its follies and dissipations. So, in like manner, to really comprehend "the beauty and holiness of virtue," man must (either from his own experience, or from having witnessed the remorseful contrition of others) have learnt a timely horror and detestation of the "deformity of vice;" as everything is felt the most forcibly by contrast. And happy indeed is the youth, who, thus forewarned, can early entertain a contempt and dread of those alluring pleasures which inevitably conduct to destruction, and whose transient gratification must be paid by long and bitter repentance. For, let the thoughtless and unwary be ever so incredulous as to the result of unlawful indulgences, it is infallibly the same to all. Some may have more skill in disguising their sufferings from the eye of their fellow-creatures, and with a reckless desperation affect to continue a joyous career in crime, but God, "who is not mocked, and who knoweth the heart, knoweth its bitterness too!" Pain of body, anguish of mind, a palled and satiated appetite for every rational enjoyment, and a conscience, whose reproaches are a perpetual torment, is the sure portion of the votary of vice and folly: whereas, the fervent and sincere pursuit after virtue, begets a keener relish for every innocent delight, mitigates the asperity of temper, awakens charity and amenity of feeling, diffusing a calm serenity over the mind, and lending its invigorating influence even to the body (for what is more beautiful to contemplate than the countenance of a good and virtuous man? it is, indeed, made after the image of God, undistorted by any evil passions)! and also creates a humble hope, that the favour and grace of the Almighty will yet mercifully strengthen our efforts to become perfected in it.

"For all her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace!"

To be virtuous—that is, to observe a strict rectitude of conduct and manners, so that neither by word or deed we offend either God or man—it is not necessary to practise a rigid and absolute asceticism, but to partake, with a cheerful and grateful moderation, of the blessings so liberally strewed in our path by the hand of a bountiful and beneficent Creator. For, as He bestowed nothing in vain, He expects his creatures to avail themselves in all thankfulness of His gifts, more pleased with the wholesome restraints they impose on their natural propensity to excess, than as if doubtful of their own powers of resistance, they fled to almost monastic seclusion, to avoid the temptations which are only culpable by abuse. The knowledge of *right* and

wrong is inherent in our nature, and the *will* to select from the two extremes is also ours.

“God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power: ordained thy will
By nature free, not overruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.”

Milton's Paradise Lost.

Nor is the certainty of eternal felicity hereafter, however encouraging and consoling under adversity, the only stimulus to virtuous actions through life, for it cannot be denied, even by the lover of pleasure himself, that the better a man's conduct is, the happier he is. Not that a good man is always the most prosperous one, in a worldly point of view. Alas! very—very far from it, in too many instances; but there is an abiding strength, an unshaken conviction in his mind, under every pressure of misfortune—under every privation when assailed by poverty in its most repelling form—when smitten to his heart's core in his dearest affections—when bowed almost to the grave by the most acute sufferings, “that all is for the best; that whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth; that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for him an exceeding weight of glory.” Yes, the really good man, the humble-hearted Christian, when tossed on a sea of troubles—when every hope, save one, is wrecked—when every endearing tie is rent asunder, and “no sorrow seemeth like unto his sorrow,” can still look with almost an eye of compassion on those who are revelling in every luxury—who are yet unacquainted with disappointment, and who blindly imagine that the delights of sensual enjoyment are to endure for ever, for he remembers the promises of his God—he remembers the haven of rest awaiting him above—he remembers, even with sorrow remembers, the terrible denunciations uttered by that unerring God, against those who give their hearts and souls to this world only.

“I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

“Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.”

III.—THE DYING MAN AND THE CHILD.

“Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.”—S. MATT. c. 18, v. 3.

Oh! take away that laughing boy,
This is the house of tears;
Yet, 'tis unkind to mar his joy,
Or gloom him with our fears—
Let him exult in infant mirth,
Too fleeting for the sons of earth!

He sees those tears of anguish flow,
 Nor guesses why we weep ;
 He cannot comprehend our woe,
 Nor why we watchings keep—
 But as his circling moments roll,
 Grief will instruct his sadden'd soul !

He heeds not why we steal along
 The dimly-curtain'd room,
 Not to his artless years belong
 Memorials of gloom :
 But they will come with added years,
 For manhood is the time for tears !

Then, oh ! in pity, take away
 That gleesome merry thing ;
 Yet, no—forbear ! perhaps he may
 An angel's mission bring,
 The delegate from God on high,
 To whisper of eternity !

On yonder wakeful couch there lies
 (Rack'd with remorse—despair ;)
 A candidate for Paradise,
 Yet dreading to go *there*—
 Conscious the wrath of God alone
 Must wait him at his awful throne.

No bodily infirmity
 Provokes those tort'ring sighs,
 But terrors of the deepest dye,
 Which conscience bids to rise—
 To rend his soul with that fierce grief
 To which death would be blest relief.

Interminable crimes appear
 From mem'ry's Hades now,
 To wring him with that desp'rate fear
 Which dews his suff'ring brow :
 Speak peace to his conflicting breast,
 Lord ! let thy wrestling servant rest.

Teach him to mark the innocence
 Of this unblemish'd child,
 How once, like it, without offence,
 In sinlessness he smiled ;
 That he a child, again *must* be
 Ere he can win eternity !

Dare he look back through the dark space
 Of years of mis-spent time,
 And through the maze of folly trace
 The paths that led to crime ?
 He may—he must—for at the end
 Repentance waits—the sinner's friend.

Speak ! spotless child ! God speaks through you,
 Your voice inspired raise ;
 “ From mouths of babes, and sucklings too,
 He hath perfected praise.”
 Show, through the vista of Despair,
 Young Mercy, list’ning to his pray’r.
 Repeat the message, from *that* home,
 Where contrite hearts are blest ;
 “ Ye weary heavy-laden’d come,
 And I will give you rest—
 Come ! to a God alone of love !
 A Saviour’s death all sins remove !”

IV.—THE MAGIC OF A NAME.

They spoke, “ as household words,” of all
 The pleasures they once knew ;
 When Sorrow lifted Mem’ry’s pall :
 And brought the past to view !
 Strange then to me the mystic spells
 Affection bow’d before ;
 Which, in the depth of feeling dwells,
 For Musing to adore.
 I could not comprehend a strain—
 A sound of other days—
 Could wring the prostrate soul with pain,
 Or, joy ecstatic raise !
 What is that faculty ?—more dread
 Than Endor’s witch possess,
 To rouse the spirits of the dead,
 So long consign’d to rest !—
 ’Tis memory !—no thing of fear
 The guardian of the mind,
 Restoring Love’s last precious tear,
 More tender—more refin’d—
 Yielding his beaming smile, at will,
 The soft melodious tone ;
 The eye, whose glances warm us still,
 Kindling for us alone.
 So indurate my bosom then,
 I almost felt a sneer
 My lips distort satiric, when
 Regret awoke the tear—
 Or, when a smile o’er sorrow’s face
 In hurried brightness stole,
 As shadows, Time could not erase,
 Rose on the pensive soul !

But now!—I feel as truths sublime
 Those dreamings of the heart,
 Where, vivid as the present time,
 The past hath only part.

Dearest!—it was for thy blest name
 To teach the mystery,
 For, oh! it very soon became
 “As household word,” to me.

Now! I *can* feel, that in a name
 There dwells a magic pow’r,
 To light Affection’s ardent flame
 Glowing to life’s last hour.

Now! I *can* feel, a simple name
 (Despite the sceptic’s creed,)
 Eternal memory will claim
 “As household word,” indeed!

Now! now I feel, a name *can* raise
 An ecstasy divine,
 In the rapt soul-like angel’s praise:
 But then, it must be *thine*!

Yes, Mary! thy pure name hath set
 Love’s fond hermetic seal
 There—which it will nor break—forget
 Till it forgets to feel!

MONTGOMERI.

A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

THE night had far advanced, and the pale yellow moon had taken her seat in the heavens some two hours past, totally eclipsing the faint lights of the lesser luminaries, and throwing a bright glare over the surface of the earth. There is something solemn in the contemplation of a moonlight midnight; all nature seems at rest, every thing is silent and still; the rocks and shrubs throw their lengthened shadows o’er the earth; and should the low murmur of a stream, or the whistling of the wind amongst the broken fabrics of the trees, strike upon the ear, it sounds to our frightened senses like the roaring of a distant cannon, and conjures up to our sight, in spite of our determinations to be bold, the horrors of the assassin or the dungeon. It was on such a night, the moon shone brightly on the mountains to the west of St. Aubin, and seemed to invite the travellers on in their journey. The country, in its scenery, was wild and picturesque; at the south was the road to Auvergne, which seemed to wind around the base of the mountains, suddenly obstructing the view of the traveller, and again as quickly exposing to him the beauties of the scene. At the north and east was a dense wood, partially stripped of its foliage; and from which, at intervals, could be seen the lofty and massy tower of some castellated

building, or the taper and more graceful spire of a neighbouring convent. Proceeding towards the north, and on the road from Auvergne, appeared two travellers, each mounted on a powerful black gelding, and wrapped in a thick roquelaure of a black dye, which gave them, at first sight, the appearance of some peaceful monks, but another glance sufficed to prove the absurdity of the opinion. As they approached the mountain where the path grew steep, the horses, as of their own accord, slackened their speed, and proceeded leisurely along; although each rider was closely wrapped in his roquelaure, it was evidently from a desire to shield themselves against the chillness of the night, and not any motives of secrecy; for as the breeze blew aside the dark folds, the hilt of a sword and of other weapons, could be distinctly perceived; they seemed to practise towards each other a kind of partly distant and familiar courtesy, but the latter predominated, and showed they had been friends. In their personal appearance they were entirely dissimilar, varying in every possible manner. The first was a short, thick-set man, adorned with a profusion of hair, which time had tinged with her silver dye; his manner was cool and abstracted, but there was that in the expression of his dark flashing eye, which told a volcano burned beneath the freezing surface. He sat his horse with an ease and grace, combined with firmness, which might have been envied by the proudest sons of the land; but as he rode on, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he would sometimes draw tightly on the reins, suddenly checking the progress of his steed, and then instantly bury the rowels in his side as if to punish the animal for his caprice. The expression of his countenance was that of a man of a malignant disposition, but a firm, unbending mind. A smile seemed continually to play about his lips, but it evidenced neither satisfaction nor pleasure, but showed the secret workings of a soul prone to deeds which shrunk from day. His companion, however, was one of another mould; young, apparently not long having attained the years of manhood, he was possessed of all the feelings of a brave but honourable man. His hair was black as the raven's wing, and fell in careless tresses o'er his shoulders, fluttering in the breeze as the speed of his horse was increased; his forehead high, his eye dark, but devoid of that piercing expression which so characterized his companion; his mouth well formed; the upper lip adorned with a pair of moustaches, and his chin small and rounded; the entire expression of his face was pleasing—by many he would be called handsome; judging from his position he might have been above the ordinary height, well proportioned, and possessed an implicit command over his steed. As they emerged from the steep, narrow path, and entered a broad road which led through the centre of the wood, the younger reined up beside his companion, and bending forward in his saddle, said, "What you said, Raivallac, has sunk like a dagger to my heart; the circumstance was unfortunate for Montgomeri, and I may say for me. Hopes which I had fondly cherished during my exile, have, within this last hour, been blasted, I fear, for ever."

"They must be," said the other, in a cold, though decided tone. "I tell you, Jean de Roche, it must be so; the king died by his hands; I saw him thrust the spear which sent Henry to the shades; and would you, a loyal subject of France, unite yourself in bonds

which can never be undone, to a traitor!—the murderer of your sovereign!" For a moment he paused, with his eyes fixed upon the face of his companion, then added in a low, though not less impressive tone: "De Roche, I ask you, would it not stain your ancient name?"

"It would;" said De Roche, suddenly aroused by the question from the thoughtful attitude he had assumed. "You are right, Raivallac; by heaven! I know not what to do, I am harassed at all points. You say you saw it; let me hear the whole—I might then be more decided."

"I would that you were," replied his companion, "but I can tell you little more than I have said. It was at a tourney held at C , where Henry in person presided, and entered the list as a single knight. The courtiers who flocked around him all fell before his lance, until at last he found himself in entire possession of the lists; exasperated at the easy conquest he had gained, and confident not one of them had exerted his skill, he singled out Montgomeri, and commanded him on his allegiance to fight with his utmost dexterity. In vain did the count represent the impropriety of the action; in vain did he declare he had not come prepared for an encounter; in vain did he entreat being spared to raise his lance against his sovereign; his arguments and entreaties were alike disregarded, and he was compelled to enter the lists. The nobles who surrounded feared the issue of the encounter, for they all too well knew that Montgomeri wielded the best lance in France. It was a noble sight; never before did I see such tilting; but the king had his more than equal; at the first pass he received the lance of the count on his shield, but as he passed him on his return to the lists, he said, 'Count, by your allegiance, I charge you to use your skill,'—and he did; for after two passes the king lay stretched upon the sword."

"Was it so!" said De Roche, drawing a deep breath, and raising himself from his leaning attitude as though he had been suddenly relieved from an unwelcome burden, "was it so! then she is still mine! the king paid for his temerity by his own life, and was his own murderer—the count is innocent. Raivallac! I have sworn upon this steel that I will wed her, and I renew the oath. By St. Denis, not the holy inquisition shall make me swerve."

"Rash boy!" muttered Raivallac, "you know not your own mood; I tell you again it is impossible."

"Not so, marquis; although a boy, I have been used to encounter difficulties which men would shrink from; I have travelled alone and unaided through the most troublesome nations of Europe; I have, in foreign courts, with mine own single arm, upheld the dignity of France, and this good steel has been used to ensure my liberty. All this, though a *boy*, I have done, and will now do more to secure the happiness of her I love."

"You are warm-hearted, De Roche, and gloss over the weakness of the sex; woman's love is like the vane on yonder turret, changeable as the wind which directs it, and stops not at any point; we think she is ours, but we are deceived: when we fancy we have grasped her for ever, some more forcible attraction is presented, and she is gone.

Listen, count, and you shall hear a tale, which may prove of service, ere another sun has waned."

"Raivallac, you can have never loved, but your opinions are formed from those who know not the affections of the heart. Even angels have fallen, but some remained constant. No, marquis! I judge from mankind in general. I look not at a particular nation or sect, but the world; and not fire or sword shall eradicate from me the reverence I have for the sex. They can love constantly, but if man deceives ——"

"They fall," said Raivallac, in a sarcastic tone, "no—they may be unhappy. And why did you, sentimental as you appear, play with the happiness of one, whom you would fain persuade me you adore? Is that a lover's will? you perceive your fame has spread far, even to the castle of Tourbelain."

"You mean the affair on the German frontier—but it is false! However, marquis, the tale you spoke of——"

"It is an unpleasant one, De Roche, but you must hear it, and then decide on your future conduct. Agnes Montgomeri has had many lovers since you parted."

"I know it; but a favoured one you cannot say."

"You have been sometime absent, De Roche, and changes are effected where we would least suppose. Would the difference be great should I say that she is false?" As he spoke he fixed a searching glance upon the face of the youth, as though he would fathom his most private thoughts.

The count started in his saddle, as he heard the concluding sentence, and half drawing his sword from his scabbard, replied in a voice tremulous with emotion—"You shall prove what you say, Raivallac, and if I find it false, by our holy church, I will not rest until we have crossed our blades; if true, you are indeed my friend—but I doubt you."

"I am used to the censures of the world, count," said the marquis, perfectly unmoved, "and can give tolerance to your unbridled tongue; but, as a friend, I will caution you—beware how you offend De Raivallac."

De Roche heeded not the caution, but seemed buried in deep thought; for some time they rode on in perfect silence; Raivallac occasionally directing one of his piercing glances at his companion, when they were suddenly startled by a loud and piercing shriek, which seemed to the travellers to issue from a female in the centre of the wood. They both started, and for a moment listened with intense anxiety, when another sound more shrill even than the former, broke forth on the stillness of the night. "There is foul work there," said De Roche, "let us on to the rescue;" and not waiting for the assent of his companion, he started off in the direction of the sound.

"Speed on, count," said De Raivallac, putting his horse in a gentle canter, "speed on, nor spare your steed; I will be in for the after-scene." But the count was already from his sight, and far beyond hearing; another and another piercing shriek seemed to act upon the humanity of De Raivallac, and he too, after a few minutes, was quickly following in the same track. The direction taken by the

count brought him farther into the intricacies of the wood, and he almost despaired of rescuing the distressed one, as all was now perfect silence, when the moon issuing from the cover of a dark cloud, threw a bright glare of light on the road before him, and discovered to his anxious gaze three men, one of whom was mounted; it was evident they were equally on the alert, and he was perceived; for the horseman, with his lance in its rest, and his visor drawn, rode fiercely towards him; De Roche followed the example of the stranger, and rode forward for the encounter; as they neared each other they stopped not for an explanation, but driving the spurs into the flanks of their steeds, they rushed on and met, with a terrific shock; each rider was doubled back on his saddle bows, and had it not been for them, would have been unhorsed; the stranger was the first to recover himself, and throwing his lance upon the ground, he came to the side of the count, and grasping his hand, said, "Sir knight, whoever you may be, you hold a firm seat, and a good lance; you are the first who ever kept his saddle after my charge, and the first who has made my brain turn as it did not a moment since; you are a worthy opponent for Montgomeri!"

"Heaven forbid I should ever cross steel with him," replied De Roche, "for although I have fought the stoutest knights of Europe, I would fain keep from the lists where he sways."

"How, sir!" said the stranger, in a tone of bitter irony, "do you fear the curse of outlawry would contaminate your fair person, or the name of robber would be attached to thine own for fighting a traitor, the scourge of the land; or are you lenient to the rebel for his fair daughter's sake? Be candid, my new-found friend, for we must be better acquainted."

The blood mounted to the cheeks of De Roche, as his companion concluded the various taunts, and he answered, "Hark you, sir stranger, were you the devil and but armed, I would make you prove your vile insinuations. He who calls Montgomeri a robber or a traitor, has himself a fairer claim to the titles; but he who will dare mention his daughter with aught but respect, shall know that the days of chivalry are not yet past."

"They are not," said the stranger, with a deep sigh, "too fatal have they been to my peace. Sir knight, you speak such words as have not been heard by me this many a day; they are, indeed, a balm to my soul. Ave Maria be praised! there is still one whom I may trust. Will you, as a friend of the church, who should aid the distressed, swear to me eternal secrecy if I confide in you?"

"Spare yourself, count, for I know all; your words alone have convinced me you are Montgomeri himself."

"Am I betrayed?" said he, reining up his horse, and directing a piercing glance at his companion, "have I such rascals in my camp who would sell their chief? I have not. Are you a spy?"

"If you were to say on the actions of the world, I would answer yes! but if you refer to yourself, I swear by our blessed church, I would rather die. No, Montgomeri, if you would remain private, bridle your tongue, for none but yourself can complain as you have done. If you doubt me still, and would have further proof, look at

me well, and see if in these altered features you can recognize one who was always your friend, who parted with you when a boy—his name, De Roche.”

“De Roche!” said the count, grasping his hand and looking keenly upon him, “De Roche! can it be? are you indeed De Roche?”

“I am.”

“I see it,” said Montgomeri, pressing his forehead with his open hand, “years have rolled on since I fondled you, an infant, scarce able to prattle your own name; those were happy times. Never shall I forget the words of the good old count, when on his dying bed he resigned you to my charge—‘Be kind to him,’ said he, whilst the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, ‘be kind to him; teach him the use of arms, and he will repay your toil.’ You were a boy, then; but I obeyed the injunction of the dying man, and you did repay my toil. With pleasure have I heard of your exploits during your long exile, and looked forward to the time of your return. But my fortunes have changed since we parted. I am a man with the curses of the nation upon me; but, De Roche, do not believe all you may hear. I am innocent.”

“I know it, count, and will uphold your name to my last gasp. I have heard the tale from the Marquis de Raivallac, a man who would scorn to lie.”

“De Raivallac!” replied the count, with a sudden start, “the devil himself has not a blacker soul. Shun him, my friend; spurn him as you would an adder from your path; beware his words, they forbode of ill. I never saw the man, but I know his deeds; and if ever the guillotine released a villain’s soul, it should be his; but he is as wily as a serpent, and will foil them all.”

“You astonish me, Montgomeri, I had supposed differently of the man. We parted not half an hour since, and he is now in this wood on his journey to Tourbelain. I fear he will not be a welcome guest.”

“To Tourbelain! is the villain so bold? However, he may retrace his steps, for never shall he find a resting-place within those walls. Does he think we are such arrant fools? No, no, Raivallac, we will foil you here. Let us on, De Roche; we must arrive the first.” So saying, they set spurs to their horses, and speedily arrived at the waters of the bay of Avranches. There is something peculiar in the appearance of the scene, as you look forth and view the expansive sheet of waters: but what first excites the attention, is the peculiar appearance of the mountains of St. Michael and Tourbelain, situated about three-quarters of a league from each other, and in the middle of the bay. Nature has completely fortified them by their craggy and almost perpendicular ascent, which renders them impracticable for courage or address, however consummate, to scale; and those parts which may not be so strong in their natural defences, are plentifully supplied by works of art, which renders them equally impregnable. At the base of St. Michael’s and winding around it to a considerable height, is a street or town; above are the chambers where prisoners of state were kept, and other buildings intended for their residence; and at the summit is erected a prodigious edifice occupying an immense space of ground, and of a strength and solidity equal to its

enormous size. This mount was in possession of the crown, but Tourbelain had long been a fief of the family of Montgomeri, and was now occupied by the exiled count. From this fastness, accessible only at low tides, he continually made excursions and annoyed the enemy, who never dared to attack him. He coined money, laid all the adjacent country under contribution, and rendered himself universally dreaded; the time when we have introduced him, he was on one of his predatory excursions, and was in the act of carrying off a female, who had resisted him in his endeavours to discover where she had laid her private hoard. It was such a scene as that which we have been attempting to describe, which burst upon the view of De Roche, and as the tide was low, they without delay crossed over to Tourbelain. The heavy drawbridge was raised immediately they had crossed it and entered the inner yard.

"Be careful," said Montgomeri to the warder, "that no one enters without my express permission. I expect intruders."

The man nodded his assent, and drawing forth his heavy keys, seated himself on the ramparts, and seemed as if awaiting the coming of the stranger. He had not kept his seat above half an hour before Raivallac appeared on the sands, and crossing over, demanded admittance.

"To whom?" said the man in a rough voice.

"To the Marquis de Raivallac."

"I should expect the curses of all good people upon me did I do what you desire; no, no, good marquis, we are not so well supplied as St. Michael yonder, stretching forth his brawny arm in the direction of the pile before him; if you come guarded by soldiers of the crown, I will direct you there; if not, I will recommend it to you, for it is fit only for such as thee."

The marquis bit his lip, but long having been accustomed to restrain his passions, he said coolly, "Go, my good fellow, to the Count Montgomeri or De Roche, tell them Raivallac is here, and I am persuaded you will change your words."

The man shook his head as he said, "It would be useless, sir; if I were to tell the count he would drive me out to keep you company; and to seek De Roche would detain me too long, for I should have to travel over the whole of France, if report speaks true: how say you, would you stay where you are until my return?"

"You are wrong, my man; De Roche, if I mistake not, entered but now with the count, and in whose company I have been for a week past; lower the bridge—I will stand between you and harm."

"But not between me and Montgomeri," said the man, with a meaning look; "it cannot be, marquis, we must sup apart to night, adieu! adieu! we will be on more familiar terms when you call again;" so saying he doffed his cap with an appearance of mock respect, and disappeared from the wall.

"You are deep, Montgomeri," muttered Raivallac to himself, "but no match for me, which I will speedily prove; I would bet my head against a brazen pipkin, that I cross that very bridge before to-morrow sunset;—and now to St. Michael's."

Whilst this scene was passing without, one of a very opposite kind

was acting within. De Roche having acquainted the count with his various adventures, was admitted into the presence of Agnes Montgomery, and he was not a little astonished to perceive the difference time had made in her appearance, but he soon discovered her heart was still the same,—it was all his own. In her person she was tall, of a most graceful figure, and free from that unpleasant hauteur which had become so general to the ladies of the age; her features were regular, and the expression sharp and vivacious; her hair was of a bright auburn, and fell in luxuriant tresses from beneath a band of black velvet, which confined it over her forehead; her dress was of the most costly kind, a veil of net, interwoven with gold, hung gracefully from the head, extending almost to the ground; her robe was a light blue velvet, bespangled with silver, embroidered here and there with some tasty device, and, as if to add a delicacy of finish to the whole, a plain blond scarf was thrown carelessly across the shoulder. When he entered she was standing near a window, holding a guitar in her right hand, and looking towards the sea, apparently without regarding any particular object, like a person who is deeply engaged in thought; for some moments she seemed unconscious that any one had intruded on her privacy, but on turning from the window discovered she was not alone. She raised her kerchief to her eyes, and would have passed on to an adjoining room, but De Roche gently detained her; he saw by that one glance, that for some cause she was unhappy, for the tears had plentifully bedewed her cheeks. “Agnes,” said he, taking her hand and looking on her face with all the feelings of love, “have you forgotten De Roche, your long absent friend?” She looked up, but the glance sufficed; “De Roche,” said she, “De Roche!” she could say no more, the tears started again to her eyes, sobs choked her utterance, and she fell into the arms of her lover. For some minutes she remained thus, as if entranced; but let us throw a veil over the scene, let us leave them to their privacies, nor pry into the secrets of hearts so devoted as theirs; let us leave them to pour forth to each other the effusions of the soul, and remember only that they love.

The following morning, about noon, a monk presented himself at Tourbelain, and demanded private conference with the count; his features were not discernible, for the cowl was closely drawn, but the bigotry of the times was so great, that those of the church could perform what a civilian dare not attempt. His wish was immediately complied with, and after a few moments he found himself in the presence of Montgomery.

“Remove your cowl, good father,” said the count, “we are alone, and you need not fear harm.”

“I do not,” said he, complying with the wishes of Montgomery; “if I would trust my life to the honour of man, it should be to thine, but I have that which will purchase your esteem. Read,” said he, placing a parchment before Montgomery, “and say is it as you desire?”

“You offer much,” said the count, glancing his eyes a second time over the letter; “what do you ask in return?”

“I have foresworn the world, my lord, and ask not for earthly pleasures; all I desire is, respect to the church.”

“And have I not?” replied the count, “who can accuse me of aught

but the most profound regard for our blessed religion. Ave Maria, spare us from such sins. But, father, there is something else you demand in return for this; be candid, I will grant all you can ask with propriety."

"You are too good, my lord; but since you are determined to show your generosity, I would ask, that when you are in possession of the mount, you will punish a rebellious man, who last night sheltered himself within its walls; he is called De Raivallac."

The count fixed a keen, searching look on the face of the monk, but he could elicit nothing from the search, for the friar still remained motionless, with his glance directed towards the table. "Raivallac," muttered the count to himself, "Raivallac—shall be punished like a villain as he deserves. Do you know the man?"

"So far, my lord, as his outward appearance is concerned, I may say I do; his character has been borne to me by the busy tongue of rumour—but can man be so bad?"

"They can, monk—you know it; did he not command the plunder of your holy church at Auvergne; but to leave this, monk, and return to our agreement; you say in this paper, that to night you will deliver over to me and my followers the mount of St. Michael, on condition that I respect the church, and punish De Raivallac. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"They are fair terms; but how shall I know that you are true to your new cause; you monks like not the show of steel or blood, and may shrink; when you should prove most firm, your hearts may fail at the last; or, in other words, you lead us to a trap with no mouse to release us. I will be plain with you, father, there is that in your eyes which makes me fear the worst. Mark me! I will be there at the time appointed, and if you prove traitor, you die, although the pope himself should demand your release. These are my terms, what say you now?"

"I agree; why should I have trusted myself here, unarmed, and without even a passport for my safety, had I not wished what I offer; do you think, count, treachery could lie masked without detection, before a man who is famed throughout the world? No; and if you want a further guarantee for my faith, I would pledge it to thee upon our holy cross—will that suffice?"

Montgomeri sat with his chin resting upon his hands, and casting long and suspicious glances on the monk; even he, for a moment, seemed undecided, but as he heard the last words, he rose from his seat, and pacing to the side of the monk, said, in a low, deep tone, "If you respect not the church, the outlawed Montgomeri can; I would not contaminate it by such an oath;" then, after a pause, he added, "but I would fain have more than your word; swear, monk, 'for you proposed an oath,' upon the sword of Montgomeri, that you will prove true; I shall consider it fully binding; for well I know that few, even those of the church, will dare not respect it." The monk received the sword, and as he pressed it to his lips and took the desired oath, the look of Montgomeri was fixed keenly upon him; but though he perceived it, he quailed not, nor evidenced the least surprise; not even his colour

changed, nor muscle of his face relaxed from its accustomed rigidity. "He must be true," muttered the count, to himself, and loudly to the friar exclaimed, "It will do! I have in thee full faith; this evening, when I perceive a white flag shown from the upper window of the western turret, I will be with you. You know your fate if you prove false; I will not deviate from my word."

"Fear me not, my lord," replied the monk, adjusting his cowl and retiring from the room; "Adieu, most noble sir,—we shall meet ere long, and may God speed thee!" Could the expression of his face have been seen as he uttered these words, no doubt would have remained as to his real motives, but unfortunately the cowl was too closely drawn. It must be attempted, thought, or rather soliloquized, Montgomeri, after the departure of the unknown intruder, and not only sought, but won; it is a prize which I have long desired, and now methinks I could grasp it with a firm hold, had any but that treacherous-looking monk devised the scheme; I like not his eye, for villany speaks in its every look; but I think wily as he was, I hold him firm; he knows his oath, and I have passed my word for retaliating an injury, which men know I never break; my word once spoken is irrevocable, and 'tis well it should be so; I have rough spirits to deal with, who, although true on the whole, are apt to speak loudly at times. But enough; I have secured him, and he dare not draw back. At this juncture the door was thrown hastily open, and De Roche entered; "Tis well I have met you, count, were his first words; for I *must* speak with you, if but for a moment; whom have you had here?"

"A monk from St. Michael's, but why? You seem to look as though you would doubt my words,—explain yourself, De Roche."

"I will. No monk has crossed the threshold of this door since you entered; I can prove what I say, Montgomeri; you have been grossly deceived; the villain who has dared to personate one of the holy order is no other than *Raivallac*. You may stare, but it is true. His figure, his carriage, and his voice, combined, show too forcibly the man; I could not be deceived, even if you were. You never before saw him; but I parted from him not twelve hours since. Count, I will return you your own caution respecting the same man. Beware! in whatever he has said, he means to deceive. Twelve hours ago I would not have said this, for then I knew not the man; but since I have discovered his character from you and your retainers, and speak from my heart—trust him not."

"I suspected him," replied the count; "but it is a grand stake, and I cannot believe that even *Raivallac* could be so bold. No, De Roche, you must be wrong, but thanks for your warm-hearted attachment;" and Montgomeri then related the conversation he had held.

"Trust him not," said De Roche with unusual warmth, as he became fully aware of the danger his friend was about to incur; "let me persuade, command, entreat! any thing to detain you here. It was *Raivallac*, Montgomeri, on my honour! and you know he is not true."

"De *Raivallac* I know well, but cannot think that he, even with his effrontery, could be so bold; you must be wrong." Then, after a pause, he added, "De Roche, your persuasions will be useless; I have

long wished to surprise the mount; it has, indeed, been my every-day thought, and could I now shrink at the mere supposition of danger? No! no! the idea offends me. Silence, De Roche! silence! if the signal is shown I go, if a dozen Raivallacs plotted against me." A pause of some moments ensued, for the decided manner in which he spoke convinced De Roche his determination was fixed, and nothing then could make him swerve. The count was the first to speak, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of De Roche, continued, "but I have one favour which you must fulfil. There may be danger, but I care not how soon I die; the world for me has lost its pleasures; I am shunned by mankind, the stamp of a murderer is upon me, though heaven knows how unwilling was I to fight. I have a secret foreboding of ill, although I must on, whatever my fate; but you, my friend, will remain at Tourbelain to guard the Lady Agnes and the castle, the two dearest to my heart. Die ere you surrender the one or the other; and, if I fall, revenge my death upon Raivallac, for he will be the cause. Promise me this; I will trust to your word, for I would trust my life to your honour."

"I cannot, Montgomeri, nor will not; if you go, I follow. If you die, I will be there to revenge thee; could I desert you in the hour when you most want my help?"

"And would you resign the protection of Agnes to one who may prove traitor to his trust; where is your boasted love, that you would act thus?"

"Montgomeri, I have not decided rashly on my plans, but after much thought; and the more am I convinced I will be with you. If treachery is intended, do you not think they will require the aid of every man they can muster, without dividing their force by the attack of Tourbelain; and if the monk is true, there will be no fear of a surprise. At all events, happen as it may, we can speedily return."

"You may be right, De Roche; indeed I am persuaded that you are; and if you will follow Montgomeri to the last, may God help thee in time of need." An ashy paleness spread over the dark features of the count as he continued, "I feel a weight at my heart, a foreboding of danger, but I must on; let what happen may, do you protect Agnes,—and now to prepare."

Thus the two separated, the one to the court to summon his retainers, the other to the apartments of Agnes, to prepare her for the coming conflict. But let us leave these to their various tasks, and return to the monk. So soon as he had emerged from the castle, instead of crossing straight over to the mount, he turned to the main land, where a horse, with its bridle tied to the bough of a tree, stood ready to receive him; the monk slowly mounted, and having gained his seat, applied a small whistle to his mouth and blew a shrill blast; scarcely had the sound died off than a well-mounted cavalier came spurring down the hill towards him, and doffing his cap as he approached, said, in the obsequious language of the retainers of the time, "The road is clear, my lord, and we can return by a path which will lead us to the southern face of the mount, and cross over without detection, for those at Tourbelain must have sharp eyes to perceive us through the granite screen."

"They are sharp, Rodan; Montgomeri has played a deep game, and holds me with a firm grasp; but I will foil him with his own weapons, or I am not De Raivallac. What think you, I have sworn on his sword to be true."

"It is a binding oath," replied Rodan; "and I am told that he respects an oath. How will you deceive him?"

"Throw it back in his teeth, or give him the temper of my steel gratis. We are both too far to recede, and must face out the storm. Montgomeri is bold, but shall not conquer me; if he brings a hundred of his followers they shall all find a grave at the base of St. Michael's; not one shall return. I have sworn that in mine own heart, which is more binding than the cross or steel; I will seize Tourbelain and his possessions, marry his pretty daughter, whether she will or not, and by our joint estates I think not the stoutest of France will war with me. The only stumbling block which remains to be removed is De Roche, and if we meet at any time, I fear I should fare but ill; Rodan! you have a plotting head, cannot you, in your ingenuity, devise some palpable means of ridding the world of him?"

"By what means would you prefer," replied the plotting villain, "I have a hundred at command; the dirk, the pistol, the goblet, and others innumerable; say but which, marquis, and you are obeyed."

"You are kind, Rodan, and are ever ready with your help; but we will settle first what we have already undertaken, and then to punish him. There will be hot work to-night; I intend you to be one who will receive the assailants; but mind, not a murmur is to be made, and on no account bring fire-arms of any kind; the least noise which may arouse suspicion, will mar the whole."

"Which shall not be done by me," replied the cold-blooded villain; but they had now arrived at the beach, and without more words, they crossed over to the mount.

The sun had set, and the shades of evening were spreading darkly over the heavens; the clouds had collected in dark masses, completely obstructing the light of the moon; the sea moaned, as it rolled its heavy billows towards the shore, as if lashed by the rising tempest; the shrill scream of the curlew could be distinctly heard, as it swept past, and told in its piercing note a tale of the coming storm. Indeed nature seemed to frown at the dark deed which was to be done, and wished to raise her powers in the defence of the betrayed; but it was vain, the warning was unheeded, and their fate was fixed. Nothing but confusion reigned throughout the castle of Tourbelain; the men were running in every direction, some armed, others nearly so, whilst two or three of the principals looked on and commanded what was to be done. At last the hour of midnight was sounded, in hoarse discord from the turret clock, and was the knell of many a brave man. Scarcely had the sounds ceased to vibrate, and the troop drawn up in order for marching, than the rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning broke forth in vivid flashes, illuminating the scene with a momentary glare: the appearance was awful, and many a firm heart shuddered at the prospect. At last Montgomeri and De Roche appeared, each mounted on their powerful chargers, the only two of the troop who retained their saddles. "Have you seen aught?" said

Montgomeri, who had been stretching his orbs of vision to the utmost, if possible to pierce the darkening gloom.

"Nothing!" was the unanimous reply, "it would be impossible to see aught such a night as this," and a low murmur ran throughout the troop.

"Silence!" said Montgomeri, as the sounds of the dissatisfied caught his ear; "silence, my men! I know there is not one of you but would follow me on, if to death; the night is fierce, but our hearts are not less firm;" as he spoke, a small light, like the twinkling of a star, could be perceived through the darkness, and in another moment a vivid flash of lightning lit up the surrounding scene, and discovered to the anxious gaze of the count a white flag, beside the light he had before noticed on the western turret. "I have it," said Montgomeri, whose keen eye had immediately perceived it, "the fellow is true, open the gates and let us march on, the time is come." The order was obeyed, and the devoted band marched out to return no more. With difficulty they crossed the sands, for the sea was rolling in with immense force, and the appearance of the surface was like an uneven ground covered with snow. Not a murmur was now heard, for they had marched forward, and their hearts were elated with the hopes of success, their nerves were strung with a firmness and determination to be conquered only by death. Alas! for the brave and devoted band, they perished but too soon. Fifty noble fellows, who had survived many a well fought field were cut off by the treachery of one. For a quarter of an hour they marched on thus, when they arrived at the mount, and during the whole time not a man had opened his lips. But now the orders of Montgomeri could be heard in cautious whispers, as he rode beside his troop and directed their movements. "Place your scaling ladders in silence and haste, and mount every man of you—I will follow!"

"And I will proceed!" said De Roche, springing from his horse, and wielding his heavy battle axe. "On, men! on! to conquer or die!" His foot was on the first step of the ladder, and he would soon have been beyond reach, when a powerful arm seized him from behind, and the deep voice of Montgomeri sounded in his ears:—

"Back! count, back! if you love yourself or me, return; should there be danger, you must not share it. I command here, De Roche, and must be obeyed."

De Roche perceived his real intentions were love to his daughter and his friend, and without resistance he allowed himself to be drawn from the ladder, when immediately it was covered by the daring band. One after the other entered the aperture in silence; there was not a murmur, a cheer, or a groan. At last they had all entered; and Montgomeri, impatient at not having received any signal of their success, rushed up the ladder, wielding his heavy battle axe in his right hand, and breathing vengeance on all who should oppose him. As he approached and was about to enter, his quick eye perceived the monk standing near him, with his sword drawn and hands covered with blood. "Treacherous devil!" he exclaimed, striking at him with his heavy battle axe, "take the price you deserve." Fortunately for Raivallac, owing to the position of the count, the axe fell short of the

intended victim, and from the strength with which it was wielded, it sunk deep imbedded in the floor; the count saw himself foiled, and springing forward, attempted to seize the monk: "Where are my brave fellows?" he exclaimed, in a voice deep with emotion; "wretch, thou shalt answer for their lives!"

"They are there!" said the monk with a fiendish grin, pointing to a dark gulf, immediately before the window, "and where thou shalt soon follow."

Montgomeri, mad with rage, would have entered and revenged, if possible, the lives of his companions, when his own fate would have been irrevocably fixed; but De Roche who had closely followed him, caught him by the arm, and prevented his taking the fatal leap: "Back, back, Montgomeri!" said he, in quick accents, "fall back! are you mad, to act thus? you are betrayed, follow me;" and without releasing his hold he descended the ladder. The count allowed himself to be quietly led; his senses for the moment were paralyzed—the fate of Montgomeri was fixed.

"A pistol! a pistol!" said Raivallac, turning to his men; "quick! or he will escape now, and what have we done if he is free?" But his orders for the absence of fire-arms had been strict, and implicitly obeyed, and there was not one upon the spot. The marquis ground his teeth in disappointment, and looking out upon the beach, he perceived the two had mounted their horses and were beyond his reach: "Fool! fool! that I am," said he, hurling his battle axe towards them with a desperate strength, "I have lost what I most desired, but I will have you yet." For a moment he continued to mark their progress, then with a clouded brow made his exit from the room.

For two days the count was wrapped in deep meditation; and by the working of his brow it could be perceived his thoughts were not of an envious kind; they were pregnant with revenge. On the third day a messenger arrived at the castle, bearing the unpleasant news of the revolt of the town of N——. To reduce it to its former obedience was necessary should be immediately done; and Montgomeri set out with one hundred men, leaving the castle occupied and to be defended by a troop of fifty. Their most minute movements had been watched by those of the mount; and no sooner were they beyond the rising grounds, and had struck into the wood, than Raivallac issued forth at the head of a large body, and taking the course he did the evening he had left Tourbelain, proceeded to that fortress, thus precluding all suspicion of his having proceeded from the mount; and in one hour he arrived at the base of the castle. De Roche had been already summoned, and not being deceived by the circuitous route the enemy had taken, determined, drained as he was of troops, to defend his charge to the last. Raivallac rode in the front of his troops, and depending on his incognito, addressed himself loudly to those on the rampart: "Warder," said he, in a confident and even commanding tone, "throw open your gates; the Marquis de Raivallac, having heard of the loss you have sustained at the mount, and your now reduced numbers, wishes, as a friend of Montgomeri's, to throw in this troop, to assist in defending the castle, should any unexpected attack be made."

De Roche remained silent until he had concluded, but then replied, "Raivallac, I have full knowledge of your detested plans, and am not blind as to your present intentions, but you shall never possess this whilst a man lives to defend it; let one of you advance but a single step, and I fire."

"We will try," said De Raivallac; and raising his sword above his head, cried with a loud voice, "Advance!" and instantly the whole troop was in motion. De Roche was one who never shrunk from his word; and in a voice heard above the din of shouts on either side, commanded the fire. For an instant there was a dead silence on the part of the besieged; each man was taking his deadly aim, for they were too few to fire at random, but the next moment the stillness was broken by the loud report of fifty rifles, and the view of the enemy was obstructed by the dense volume of smoke which hung between them.

"Now, men," shouted De Raivallac, "scale the walls ere they can reload; wherever you see my plume, follow."

As the smoke cleared off, the effects of the fire could be perceived, and encouraged the besieged to another attempt; a second volley was then poured forth, and the leaden shower spread devastation around; but the enemy had now mounted, and they had to defend themselves hand to hand: but even then occasionally the report of the rifle could be heard. Several times did the besiegers gain the wall and even land upon the platform, but they were either cut down or obliged to return.

Raivallac was not backward in the attack, but among the foremost of the whole, and where the battled thickened there was he. His intentions were to fight his way to the postern and open a free access for his troop: this he would have effected, for his heavy sword bore down opposition, but as he turned an angle of the building, and entered the narrow passage which led to the portal, he found it stoutly defended by De Roche against two of his own men who had preceded him. As the men beheld their leader they seemed confident of success, and dealt their blows with less skill though more alacrity; for a time De Roche seemed to stand only on his defence, parrying off the thrusts intended for him with the skill of a most accomplished swordsman, but suddenly perceiving his opponent off his guard, he put in his thrust and passed his sword directly through the body of his adversary; the man gave a dying shriek, and fell upon the heap of slain who had been cut down by the same in defence of his post; the other, seeing the fate of his companion, turned and fled. De Raivallac during the combat remained a quiet spectator, for even he had too much honour remaining to attack one on such unequal terms; but when he saw the field open, he immediately presented himself, and, without a word, crossed his blade with that of De Roche. The count drew a long breath, planted his feet firmly on the ground, and with his eyes fixed on those of his new opponent, seemed to await the attack. For a moment they stood motionless, neither willing to commence an assault which might prove fatal to both; for each having been long injured to war, possessed a thorough knowledge of the weapon. The marquis was the first to move his position, by making a feint at De Roche;

but the count was not to be thus thrown off his guard, but still retained a power over his action until a more favourable opportunity. Raivallac perceiving he could not be drawn out by such inoffensive means, determined at all hazards to assail him with violence, and if possible drive him for support against the wall; accordingly the contest soon became, as if by their mutual consent, of a more active kind. But Raivallac had reckoned without his host; every thrust or pass that he made was parried off with an agility that astonished even him.

"By St. Jago!" muttered the marquis, "is this play never to end?"

"In good time," replied De Roche; and silence again prevailed. Pass after pass was exchanged without any advantage to either, when De Roche, having made a lunge at the marquis, slipped his foot over a body which lay upon the ground, and thus was almost at the mercy of his opponent. Thus exposed, he became immediately fully aware of the extent of his danger, and with an extraordinary effort sprang beyond the reach of his weapon, but not until he had received a thrust, which lay bare his left side; with a presence of mind to be obtained only by long and constant practice, he pressed his arm upon the weapon, and as it had got entangled in the folds of his cloak, he thus rendered it difficult to be extricated. Quick as a flash of lightning the sword of De Roche was uplifted above his head to add a stronger impulse to its descent, and then fell with a force which bespoke the strength of its possessor; the marquis uplifted his arm to ward off the blow, but such resistance was as a straw, it was severed above the elbow like a thread, but the weapon glancing from its direct course, sunk deep buried in the opposite shoulder, partially striking the arm from its socket, rendering him disabled for ever. Raivallac uttered an agonizing yell, and fell upon the heap of his slain companions.

"Lie there," said the count, spurning him from him, "thou demon of wickedness—even that death is too honourable for such as thou. I swore we should meet, and we have upon fair terms."

The assault was now carried on with vigour, each party was determined not to surrender; fast as they ascended the wall they were beat back, either thrown headlong into the moat, or compelled to return by the way they came; but many had entered and gained a complete footing within the walls; these kept the others at bay, and as we have before said, the troops of Tourhelain were considerably lessened by their late discomfiture, it was impossible they could long withstand the overwhelming force. At last the opponents within became so strong that they drew up in a body, and presented an uninviting front. Musquetry was again had recourse to, and volley after volley was poured forth with a destructive effect, materially lessening the number of either party. De Roche perceived the utility of such efforts; he saw the number of the others would soon entirely overwhelm him, for they were now flocking over the walls with comparatively little opposition, and numbered ten to his one. In this emergency he mounted the turret at the back of his troops, and loading with grape a brass culverin, which was continually kept there, poured forth fire after fire on

his foes. The scene now became awful ; the carnage was tremendous, and as the assailants received one of these unlooked for and destructive fires, they fell back in a mass, as though one heart possessed the whole. Their hope now was to gain the turret, and to this point charges were continually made—but the besieged, knowing the advantage of the post, defended stoutly every inch of ground. The fire at length became so hot, and so frequently were they repulsed, that although still superior in numbers, their hearts failed them, and they contemplated a retreat. One last effort was to be made ; it was a hard struggle—a long and maddening struggle of life and death, and many a brave heart then ceased to beat for ever. On they came, like a torrent, heedless of the destructive fire they were subjected to, and threw themselves on the bayonets of the besieged, determined to break their line or die in the attempt ; but it was useless, for it still remained as when formed, presenting an impassable barrier : hand to hand they fought, the bright rays of the sun glistened upon the shining weapons, but it was of no avail, the courage of the troops was invincible ; as soon as one fell, his place was immediately supplied by another, who was determined to follow the example of his predecessor. In this emergency, when the pavement was literally washed with blood, a bugle sounded three shrill notes, an instant it was sounded again, and again. The men knew the sound—at that moment a welcome sound ; it was the signal for retreat ; and without order, literally turning their backs upon their conquerors, for such they were, they rushed to the wall. And now might have been seen a scene too horrible to be described ; scores sprung from the battlements to escape the swords of the avengers, others thrown over in their vain attempts to descend, and many were massacred unresistingly by the companions of those who had before shared a similar fate. Nothing seemed to be considered too horrible to be perpetrated on the remorseless villains who could slay, as they did, defenceless men. At last the castle seemed deserted of its assailants, and the sound of war was not to be heard. De Roche, willing to know the fate of Raivallac, proceeded to where he had left him ; but he was gone, the postern open, and the bridge lowered. This could not have been done by him ; but most probably, assisted by his followers, he thus made his escape.

* * * *

On the evening following the contest, a horseman arrived at Tourbelain with despatches for De Roche ; it was from Montgomeri, but melancholy were its contents. It ran thus :—

Dear Count.—At last, after seventeen years exile, I am caught in the toils of my enemies, and without reprieve shall receive my doom. I know with whom I am to treat, and look not for the shadow of mercy. Catherine de Medicis, from the time Henry fell by my hand, although Heaven knows how unintentional was the act, has sworn vengeance upon me, and now I am in her power I shall receive what she considers a murderer's fate. I have been long sick of the world ; oft have I wished to die, but not thus ; in the field, or by the assassin, I could have resigned my life as a man ; but by the executioner—the thought maddens me—but I fear it must be so, and how soon I know not ; see me, at all hazards, before I die, and after, when I am no

more, and Agnes shall not have me as a protector, I resign her to your charge. This is the injunction of a dying man—follow it De Roche.—I had proceeded to N—and quelled the insurgents, who made a stout resistance, but treachery has surrounded me at all points, and when I thought I had subdued them and our work was done, a large and unexpected force came suddenly upon us; we resisted whilst we could hold our swords; I fought with a desperate madness, but an unlucky shot, disabling me of the use of my leg, I fell; soon after we were overcome by their numbers, my brave troop entirely routed, and I taken prisoner. This, too, has been the work of Raivallac; he did not command, but his plotting head set them on. Punish him, De Roche, for he is a man whom I scorn—has been my overthrow—punish him; if you have to pursue to the confines of the earth, rest not until you have avenged your friend; death would be too easy for such as he. Protect Agnes. Should we not meet again, adieu for ever.

The colour forsook the cheeks of De Roche as he perused this letter; he felt for the moment as though his happiness had entirely fled; he crumbled the letter in his grasp, and burying his face in his hands for a time, was absorbed in thought; it was but a momentary weakness, for he immediately perceived much depended on the instant, and springing to his feet he wrote a short billet to Agnes, informing her of the absolute necessity for his immediate departure for a few days, but gave no cause for this sudden movement; he feared to give the right, and scorned to be false. Having resigned this to the care of her attendant he proceeded to the yard, and mounting his horse, was quickly on his road to Paris.

It will be needless to give an account of his journey; suffice it to say, he spared not fatigue on his steed or himself, and arrived at the capital in an incredibly short time, but preparations were already afoot which made him fear the worst. As he entered the Champ de Mars an immense concourse had assembled to witness the execution of a criminal who was about to suffer; his heart misgave him, and he feared to ask the name of the doomed one. The soldiers surrounded the scaffold, keeping off with their fixed bayonets the brutal populace, the headsman stood by with his axe, ready to perform his office, but the victim had not yet appeared. Suddenly a door opened, and a tall man, with a firm walk and an unflinching look, strode forward to the very edge of the scaffold—it was Montgomeri.

De Roche looked upon his lost friend, and exclaimed, at the same time spurring his horse into the centre of the crowd, “Montgomeri! I am with thee to the last, and will get thy release—stay!—a moment!—a single moment!—a reprieve for Montgomeri!”—he would have said more, but having penetrated into the thickest of the mob, they became outrageous at the trampling of his steed, and dragged him from the saddle. He heard Montgomeri addressing the populace, but he knew not a word he spoke—he still continued to cry “a reprieve,” but he was unheeded. At last he heard the last words of Montgomeri, uttered in a firm unflinching voice, “Adieu, De Roche;” the words acted like magnetism on the prostrate count; he struggled to regain his legs—it was useless—the crowd pressed thicker—again he struggled, and again—at last a

division seemed suddenly to be made where he lay, and springing up, he directed his first look at the scaffold—never before did he suffer such agony as at that moment—Montgomery was no more—for a moment he seemed fixed to the spot, his senses were paralyzed, when a voice whispered in his ear, “This is no place for thee, De Roche, away!” He looked round, but he who gave the warning had fled, but the caution was not to be unheeded, and mounting his horse he retraced his steps to Tourbelain.

To depict the grief of Agnes Montgomery when she heard of the death of her father would be a task unpleasant to me, and if I judge rightly, to you, gentle readers; long did she mourn the fate of her parent, but time brings its balm and makes the most poignant woes less sharp. It did so with Agnes Montgomery, and two years after she was united to De Roche, whom she had ever loved. Their union was happy, such as might have been expected from two such devoted hearts, but they never ceased to think of their unfortunate parent Montgomery.

Raivallac, the cunning deceitful villain who had plotted the fall of so many, was disappointed, and at the same time punished by him on whom he had fixed his greatest stake. He lost both arms, was shunned by the world, and, finally, died insane: he could restrain his passions, but whilst they were imperceptible to the eye, they were harrowing up his soul—they were indeed a volcano beneath a freezing surface. He died three years after, miserable and unlamented.

THE FLASH COVE'S CONFESSION.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF “JACK SHEPPARD.”

My name is Snorval: close to Champion Hill
My father plies his awl—a drunken wight,
Whose constant care is to procure his gin
And whack his only son—myself—from home.
But I had heard of burking, and had long'd
To follow in the steps of Burke and Hare,
And thus obtain the tin my dad denied.
Yon moon, which rose last night round as my hat,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when by her light
A set of tipsy covies from the shades
Rush'd like a press-gang, right down Holborn Hill,
Larking like any thing. The Charlies fled
For succour and for safety. I alone,
With plaster pitch'd, though quiv'ring at my errors,
Hover'd about the gentlemen, and mark'd
Who tipsiest seem'd; then, whistling for some pals,
Who with a set of fifty fresher “burkes”
I met advancing—the pursuit I led
Till we o'ertook the wine-encumbered foe.
We closed and scrimmaged—ere his breath was drawn
A plaster from my hand had gagg'd a chap

Who sported then the togs which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The cobbler's slothful life ; and having heard
 That brave Jack King was forming a choice band
 Of cracksmen in the purlieus of Cheapside,
 I left my father's stall and took with me
 A chosen cad to pouch the pilfered pelf,
 Yon snivelling blackguard who has 'peach'd his pal.
 Prowling about one day, I met Tom Towers,
 And, devil-directed, came this night to do
 The sappy deed which blasts my rising fame.

LOPEZ.

LOUISA VINNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE."

I NEVER could endure a prodigy, and have no doubt I was myself as disagreeable a little whelp as ever drew vital air, having at a very early age astonished my maiden aunt and my poor mother, with answering in *immortal verse* a trumpery charade that happened to be proposed in a two-penny publication, entitled "The Weekly Messenger," an accompaniment of "The Sherborne Journal," every Saturday, and which afterwards contained sundry precious *morceaux*, written by my baby hand, sent up by my admiring relatives to *head-quarters*, where they were sure to be duly puffed and admitted, from the circumstance of the editor of this same savoury satellite having been formerly in love with my mother, and consequently thinking her hopeful son to be, and dubbing him also with the astounding name of a *prodigy*.

Well do I recollect this my first poetical effusion, and the throes it cost me to bring it forth ; then did I rock myself backwards and forwards in my bed before I could get my words *to chime* according to my boyish taste. It was completed at length, and it proved the foundation on which I consequently built all my future fame ; but for this fortunate charade and my renowned answer to it, I might have remained "a mute inglorious Milton" with the rest of them, instead of being *what I am* ; but what that is it would be most horrid bad taste in me to repeat. I will copy this celebrated *bursting forth* of youthful genius verbatim for the benefit of those who may be still in the bud—but Rome was not built in a day.

ANSWER TO CHARADE 34.

A swine's fat gammon I did take,
 And tied it fast upon my back ;
 And when together we were seen,
 Backgammon we were call'd I ween.

H. B.

Editor's note at the bottom of the page :—

* "The above answer to charade 34, was written by a child of only seven years old. Such early indications of *genius* are rare indeed,

especially as he comes from a very prosaic family, and therefore has no one to fan the *ethereal spark* of poesy into a *blaze*!"

A *blaze* indeed it was, for I had like to have consumed the whole house, by setting fire to my bedgown whilst studying in bed, an elegy to one of my own front teeth, which I was then shedding, and which my aforesaid maiden aunt assured me, "was a very pretty subject for my muse."

I know not how it was, but I had at that time a confused notion, that though I was a true and acknowledged *prodigy*, yet that I was not yet a *phenomenon*, which I conceived to be a much higher sort of a thing, and I feared quite out of my reach; so from that moment I heartily despised the word *prodigy*, which I have continued to do ever since.

I met with an individual of this class a few years after I became a *prodigy* myself, which heightened my aversion to the very name; this favoured being was a certain Miss Biffin, who most generously suffered herself to be taken about the country in a caravan for a show, and who most industriously cut out watch-papers with her toes, selling them for sixpence a piece—and she cut them with her toes for the simple reason, that she had no fingers wherewith to perform that praiseworthy vocation. When I looked upon my ingenious sister *prodigy*, with "*rings on her toes*" and bracelets on her ankles, twisting about the scissors in all directions, and turning out devices of every bird in the air, and every fish of the sea, I swore in my innermost heart (that is the core of it), that I would eschew the appellation of *prodigy* from that hour, and rise to be a *phenomenon* or perish!

But I am becoming an *egotist*, and that is still worse than a *prodigy*; let me turn away from self, to a real, downright *phenomenon*, that has just fallen within my observation, and with your permission, good, kind Mr. Editor, I wish to describe to you what this phoenix resembles, and what it does. If any of your readers are disposed not to believe me in my relation of it, let them go and examine it themselves.

Well, then, this *rara avis* is a female infant only three years and a half old, with a fine expressive eye (of course I mean two of them), and a forehead very largely developed. I will use her father's own words regarding her, which I have every reason to believe were spoken in simplicity and truth. He is a native of Devonshire, and at a very early age himself exhibited great precocity of talent in that divine art, music, in which his little daughter Louisa is a decided *phenomenon*, exceeding all I have ever seen or heard of, with the exception perhaps of Mozart and our own Dr. Crotch.

"It was at the early age of nine months," says he, "that I first observed the intense delight my infant daughter Louisa derived from music. When crying, the sounds of a musical instrument immediately soothed her; her whole frame moving in unison with the measure, and her face beaming with enjoyment. I was delighted with this very early and extraordinary development of talent, and I played to her occasionally upon the violin—the great pleasure she decidedly derived from it being a sufficient inducement to me to repeat it."

"I took the opinion of several medical gentlemen upon the pro-

priety of indulging my child in this kind of amusement, lest my ambition of seeing her one day a good adult musician, should be frustrated by too early excitement; their advice was, to give her gentle exercise in *singing*, and to guard her against late hours.

"In the early part of an evening in June, 1839, (this being last year, and the child only then two years and eight months old) I was called by her mother, who was in tears listening to the child, *singing in her sleep!* This she had often done before, but never so sweetly and distinctly. Surprised at the beauty of the melody, (*which was perfectly new to me,*) and her repeating it several times, I had an opportunity of writing it down. On the evening of the day she spent with Mr. Mocheles, she also sang several times in her sleep, and he has given the following testimonial:—

"SIR.—I have with great pleasure listened to and examined the vocal performance of your little daughter. She appears to me, not only to be most liberally gifted with a voice of unusual compass, but also with a sensitiveness of organization, whether as concerns the power of correctly retaining melodies, or of reproducing intervals, remarkable, she being only three years and a half old.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"3, Chester Place, 1840."

J. MOCHELES.

The great Thalberg also bears me out, Mr. Editor, that my little friend, Louisa Vinning, who I saw yesterday at her own house, playing with a doll dressed in yellow; and who was just going out to give it and herself a ride in one of the goat carriages in Hyde Park, is a real and undoubted *phenomenon*, leaving myself and the industrious Miss Biffin, my sister prodigy, far in the rear. Thus does he write to her father:

"SIR.—I regret exceedingly I have not until now had a spare moment to fulfil my promise in writing to you, expressing the delight I had in hearing your dear little girl sing so astonishingly correct, and with so pleasing a voice. She is, indeed, a most astonishing child, and I hope she will soon meet the patronage and encouragement which her extraordinary talent undoubtedly claims.

Your's truly,

"Plymouth, Dec. 11, 1839."

S. THALBERG.

The kind wishes of M. Thalberg respecting my phenomenon have been fulfilled, for she has sung before the first personage of this kingdom, and her illustrious consort, at Buckingham Palace, and so charmed and delighted was the Queen at her singing and expression, that she took a precious diamond from her own dress, and placed it in the bosom of the infant Sappho, handing to her father also for her use, a rouleau of gold, on which was written, it is believed with her own hand, *For Louisa Vinning*.

I have heard this astonishing infant sing in public more than once, and during the whole of her performance she appeared to me like a thing *inspired*, and as if she had lost all consciousness of the outward world; indeed her father assures me, that on the first night of her performing at the Polytechnic Institution, by some accident the two chandeliers that are suspended over the piano on which the little vo-

calist stands fell together, within a few inches of her head, but the child perceived it not, and went on in her sweet warbling as if nothing had happened. This incident drew down loud plaudits from the audience.

I have not been fortunate enough as yet to hear this sweet child warble in her sleep, but the air entitled "*The Infant's Dream*," which has been harmonized and words written to it, by Mr. J. Blockley, I have heard her sing, and it occasioned me such a thrill of delight that I wrote and sent to her father the following lines, with which I shall conclude this little article, that the reader may judge between my first and last productions in verse, my answer to Charade 34, and my spontaneous effusion on hearing Louisa Vinning warble her own sweet melody.

TO THE INFANT SAPPHO, LOUISA VINNING,

ON HEARING HER WARBLE THE AIR OF "*THE INFANT'S DREAM*,"
WHICH WAS FIRST SUNG BY HER DURING SLEEP.

From *Heaven*, sweet babe ! thou must have brought
Those melodies which angels sing ;
For not on *Earth* hast thou been taught
The airs of thy sweet warbling.

Whene'er thy eyelids close in sleep,
Still may'st thou have *new* dreams of heaven ;
And may thy memory ever keep,
All that in sleep to thee is given.

So may we then some faint glimpse gain,
Of joys that now we only guess ;
And may'st thou, *Favour'd-one* ! obtain,
More than in dreams, Heaven's happiness.

FLOWER SPEECH.

THIS flower has speech, and speaks from earth,
As speak the stars from heaven above,
Like singers round an altar's hearth—
And this the theme—We love ! we love !
We love ! we love !—there is no death
Of loving hearts in earth or heaven ;
And not a flower but breathes to birth
A love vow to some spirit given.
How soft its voice—yet passing sweet—
No music hath so sweet a tone ;
But not the ear its accents greet,
It speaks but to the heart alone.—J. A. H.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. London. By Permission of the Proprietor, WILLIAM SMITH, 113, Fleet Street. 1840.

AMONG our many desires, one of the dearest has for a long time been, a new and complete edition of all the poetical writings of the much ill-used John Keats. The coarse-minded and pitiless reviewer of the *Quarterly* had boasted that he had extinguished the poet, and the poet's friends have also accused him of having slain the man. By way of apology for this heartless, or at any rate, erroneous conduct, the publication in question, instead of confessing its mistake, has, we are sorry to say, repeatedly justified it; asserting that, by its means, *Endymion* was killed—never to know resurrection—and charging the death of the author on the natural bad state of his health. As to the character of the act performed, the indignant verses of Shelley will brand the pseudo critic with the sign of guilt, and ~~dams~~ the memory of his deed to everlasting fame, when his deed itself shall have gone into oblivion. Who reads the despicable article in question now? Who would reprint that? Many and many have nevertheless studied the poetry which it condemned; and now we have a collected edition of all the poet's works. Blackwood's Magazine likewise incurred the guilt of condemning Keats.

As the chief objection stated against Keats lies to his versification, we will begin with that topic. The versification of Keats' *Endymion* imitates that of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. Yet has the poet imitated, not so much the style of language as of thought; that is, he has cast his creations in their mould. But there is a severity of versification in Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Tempest," and in Milton's "Comus," to which the "Faithful Shepherdess" and "Endymion" are utter strangers. In these the versification is bound by no laws, controlled by no propriety. Like "the great Deity, for earth too ripe," it "lets its divinity o'erflowing die—in music." The rhyme is to it as a dam stopping its course for a while but to provoke its resistless overflow, and sometimes it descends "with the voice of thunder, and in brightness o'er its precipitous way, yet musical," as a magnificent cataract on which rests a morning iris, evanescent but beautiful, "like hope upon a deathbed," or "love watching madness," softening its rugged progress and lawless violence. It has no mechanism, it disdains all rules, and will have its own sweet will and way; and if you would observe its course, you must submit to its tortuous windings, its angular projections, its abrupt divisions, well content with the more manifold images with which by those means it makes you acquainted. The momentary prospects which are thus opened—the glimpses of varying scenery—the many paths, light or obscure, whence heaven is seen in its infinite expansion—"the freshness of space"—or partially perceived between "the swell of turf and slanting branches,"

"Through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue;"

and with the melody by which the wavelets of the pellucid current are ever accompanied, making the air pregnant with magic, and the banks pleasant with enchantment. The hand that would touch with effect the "oat of pastoral stop," must be a wizard's. He must "bid it discourse" dulcet and

lofty music; but must produce this by no reference to the gamut, by none of the common means, not by attention to rule and measure,—it must come upon the ear like the unearthly sounds of an *Æolian* shell, as fearlessly and freely—like

“The vague sighing of the wind at even
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,
And dies on the creation of its breath.”

Fletcher has, indeed, successfully produced these sounds; and Keats, with no feeble hand, tried his early skill. The stories of Shakspeare's two pastorals are certainly superior to Fletcher's fable. They are imagined with more delicacy and more dignity, but not executed with more sweetness of sentiment, nor so much delicious wilfulness of versification—a versification which may sometimes cloy from its lusciousness, but which is so redolent of spring, and love, and poetry, that none other appears (to us, at least) so suited to the simplicity of the subject, or so capable of expressing the fantastic combinations which it admits and requires, so capable of echoing that sating yet “faint breath of music which fills out its voice and dies away again,” proper to pastoral poetry, which is as a dream

“Of idleness in groves Elysian;”

and like our ideas of Arcady, indistinct, as all our notions of happiness must inevitably be.

Keats and Fletcher's destiny were similar. “The Faithful Shepherdess” was condemned at its first appearance. We have already reminded our readers of the manner in which the *Quarterly Review*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, treated “*Endymion*.” This overflowing of the versification was complained of, and the author was charged with linking his rhymes together at a venture, by which rhyme was made to produce rhyme, and not the sense. It was said that the imagery and the sense were dependent on the rhyme. What of that? Fletcher offended before him, if offence it be? Blank verse might have been more consonant to their free exuberant souls; but they wear their chains gracefully, and show by the uses to which they put them, and the assistance which they make them render, that they knew how to overleap the barriers that oppose them, and betray the sportive purpose for which they were assumed, and the happy captivity is willingly endured. Nor though the thought appear evolved from the rhyme, is the thought dependent on the rhyme. Still, sense predominates over sound, which at the termination of each verse, seems to listen for an invisible echo from the intellectual voice—for some new idea which shall as unexpectedly comport with this, as the concluding word of the following line chimes-in with the present, in harmonious and original correspondence, surprising the ear with a complicated sensation of difficulty and ease. Thus is the material medium of the poet's thoughts kept in perpetual reference to the ideal world. In the mechanical versification of Pope, the very idea is mechanised, and contracted or extended to suit the *Procrustes* couch of his monotonous prosody. Compare the following passages from both poets,—

“How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory

Of his own beauty, nor Sylvanus' boy,
Nor the twice ravished maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive."

Faithful Shepherdess.

"Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream,
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimmed
For the boy Jupiter; and here, undimmed
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums;
And here is manna picked from Syrian trees,
In star light, by the three Hesperides."

Endymion.

Thus Fletcher addresses the moon:—

"Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself."

Faithful Shepherdess.

Thus Endymion:—

"Aye, 'bove the withering of old-lipped fate,
A thousand powers keep religious state."

"And, by the feud
'Twixt nothing and creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy sister fair
Is of all these the gentler—mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship:
Thou dost bless every where, with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine;
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes:

And yet thy *benediction* passeth not
 One obscure hiding place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within his *tranquil* ken,
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
 Takes glimpses of thee ; *thou art a relief*
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea !
 O Moon ! far-spooning ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load." *Endymion.*

A contrast of these poems with Gray's Pastoral Tragedy of "Dione" would illustrate the appositeness or impropriety of this sort of versification. It is a matter of feeling—it would be absurd to reason upon it.

These sort of poems are generally allegorical—Shakspeare's, however, are only mythological, and have therein a manifest advantage. Being allegorical, there is less chance of finding reference in them from the material world to the intellectual. We have not been able to discover one in Spenser's "Faery Queene." The ideal world is allegorized by means of reference to material images—it is embodied. Those passages, however, above distinguished by italics, contain allusions to the intellectual. There is besides a continual reference to a moral in many of the situations in "The Faithful Shepherdess" which may be claimed as instances. They are of the same kind as the passages in Shakspeare's "As you like it," which are referable to the mental circumstances of the speaker—these are referable to the moral of the poet. The continually recurring moral is illustrated by the reverence which the rude satyr observes towards Clorin, who has sworn eternal constancy to her "buried love." This reverence is referred to the peculiar power with which the poet has endowed Chastity—an idealism with which Milton, in his "Comus," has likewise invested the same virtue in imitation of his predecessor.

The enthusiasm in the passages relating to this quality which poetry has created for Chastity or Virginity, is noble—it has all the fervour of original conception—the rapture of genius that a new idea is born into the world—the thoughts breathe and the words burn.

Milton's is as follows :—

" CHASTITY.

" She that has that, is clad in complete steel,
 And like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells
 By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty."

" The sublime notion—the high mystery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage,
 And serious doctrine of virginity."

Comus.

In Spenser's "Faery Queene" the lion is made to pay homage to the virgin Una, and defend her.

Milton has concentrated and improved Fletcher's idea, as indeed he improved every thing he honoured with imitating; and we have quoted from him, seeing our extracts from Fletcher are already of some length. In

Fletcher it is spread over the poem, and the interest of the plot hinges upon it. It meets you at every turn, combined and complicated in every possible manner of which the limits of the poem were capable, or the imagination of the poet creative. Thenot, a shepherd, in love with Clorin—wherefore loves her? Loves her because of her constancy to the dead, and this romantic passion is only to be subdued by the inconstancy of Clorin; thus, he is in a most novel and perplexing situation, and well may he ask,—

“ Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded ?”

And in a strain of the highest enthusiasm he addresses this constant virgin in the following passage, which, perhaps, might have been better used for comparison with the versification of Keats than even those we have already adduced.

“ ’Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho’ it be full and fair! your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelop’s shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul. Your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Tho’ it spoke sweeter than Arion’s harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand’ring soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien snow:
All these, *were but your constancy away*,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, while this honoured strictness you dare keep,
Tho’ all the plagues that e’er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off these drops of weakness, and be free,
E’en in the arm of danger.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

————— “ if you yield, I die
To all affection; ’tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire.” *The Faithful Shepherdess.*

Clorin finally practises a pious fraud, and affects the inconstancy which he abhors—he is cured of his passion, and quits her with indignation.

How so young a man as Keats generated a mythology of his own—for this he will be found to have done, though adumbrated it be in Greek names and symbols, if his poetry be strictly investigated)—were an interesting subject for inquiry. It marks a religious instinct in the poet, and testifies to the great, the immortal truth, that the Poet ever is and must be a Religious Man. Such is the spirit that breathes in the exordium of “Endymion”—an exordium once read, never forgotten—

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poetry, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,
 They alway must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion.
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green
 Of our own valleys : so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din ;
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hve
 About old forests ; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber : and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
 Hide in deep herbage ; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half-finish'd : but let Autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.
 And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness :
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
 Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed."

From this point we wind our way through several delicious wastes, until we

come to a choral lyric addressed to Pan from his altar in a grove by priest and shepherd, and the shepherd-king, Endymion—a lyric, not without faults certainly, yet on the whole passing sweet. Rural games are then described, quaintly but not ably—in which, however, Endymion shares not. He sat apart with “the aged priest and shepherds gone in eld”—

“There they discoursed upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun’s purple couch; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tail’d exhalations;
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess’d offices.
Anon they wander’d, by divine converse,
Into Elysium; vying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossom’d boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish’d, ’mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow huntsmen o’er the wide champaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famish’d scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain’d up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon’d off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden’s sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept
Like one who on the earth had never slept.
Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.”

Peona, Endymion’s sister, observing his mood, withdraws him from the scene, and proceeds with him in a shallop down a river to “a bowery island opposite,” and there in an arbour of her own hushes him to sleep; from which awakening, he gratefully promises her that he will be no more sad and solitary, but will resume the sports of the field, and closes with request-

ing that she will cheer him by playing to him on a lute, to which she consents, but soon breaks off the strain to question him of the cause of his melancholy. He tells her of a dream he once had—a dream within dream—a dream of Dian, and of her embracing him on an alp. Peona rebukes him for having “pierced high fronted honour to the quick, for nothing but a dream.” Endymion hereupon demands

“Wherein lies happiness? In that which beck
 Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
 A fellowship with essence; till we shine,
 Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
 The clear religion of heaven! Fold
 A rose leaf round thy finger’s taperness,
 And soothe thy lips: hie! when the airy stress
 Of music’s kiss impregnates the free winds,
 And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
 Æolian magic from their lucid wombs:
 Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs;
 Old ditties sigh above their father’s grave;
 Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave
 Round every spot where trod Apollo’s foot;
 Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
 Where long ago a giant battle was;
 And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
 In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
 Feel we these things!—that moment have we stept
 Into a sort of oneness, and our state
 Is like a floating spirit’s. But there are
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
 More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
 To the chief intensity: the crown of these
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
 Upon the forehead of humanity.
 All its more ponderous and bulky worth
 Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
 A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
 There hangs by unseen film, an orb’d drop
 Of light, and that is love: its influence
 Thrown in our eyes genders a novel sense,
 At which we start and fret; till in the end,
 Melting into its radiance, we blend,
 Mingle, and so become a part of it.—
 Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
 So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
 Life’s self is nourish’d by its proper pith,
 And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
 Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,
 That men, who might have tower’d in the van
 Of all the congregated world, to fan
 And winnow from the coming step of time
 All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
 Left by men-alugs and human serpentry,
 Have been content to let occasion die,
 Whilst they did sleep in love’s elysium.
 And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness:
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits unknowingly;
 As does the nightingale, up-perched high,

And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
What I know not : but who, of men can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet ?”

This is exquisite sentiment. Endymion then proceeds to give Peona reason for believing that his dream was not all a dream. Waking corroborations have been vouchsafed—nevertheless he will bid farewell to this visionary life—and hereupon they seek again their boat and return to land.

The following passage gives the moral to this most delicate of poems.

“ Whoso encamps

To take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he ! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile !
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil :
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
That he will seize on trickling honey-combs :
Alas ! he finds them dry ; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life : the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human ; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence and to show
How quiet death is. Where soil is, men grow,
Whether to weeds or flowers ; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in : I can see
Nought earthly worth my compassing ; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone ? No, no ; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to 't,
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
Of heaven ! O Cynthia, ten times bright and fair !
From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of tempered light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared !
Yet do not so, sweet queen ; one torment spared,
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self : but rather tie
Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout

Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
 Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
 Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
 O be propitious, nor severely deem
 My madness impious; for, by all the stars
 That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
 That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
 Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!
 How beautiful thou art! the world how deep!
 How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
 Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
 How lithe! When this thy chariot attains
 Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
 Those twilight eyes? Those eyes!—my spirit fails;
 Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
 Will gulf me—help!"—At this, with madden'd stare,
 And lifted hands, and trembling lips, he stood;
 Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
 Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
 And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
 A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
 Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
 Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth: 'Descend,
 Young mountaineer! descend where alleys bend
 Into the sparry hollows of the world!
 Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurl'd
 As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
 A little lower than the chilly sheen
 Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
 Into the deadening ether that still charms
 Their marble being: now, as deep profound
 As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crown'd
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
 The silent mysteries of earth, descend!'"

Endymion, previously to the utterance of the above soliloquy, has been guided by a butterfly to a fountain's side, at which arriving, the aery voyager disappeared. As invited, the prince descends, and passes through mysterious places, charmed as he goes with strains of sweetest music, which

"Came more softly than the east could blow
 Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
 Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
 Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
 To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
 Who loved—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
 Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
 That things of delicate and tenderest worth
 Are swallowed all, and made a scared dearth,
 By one consuming flame: it doth immerse
 And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
 Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
 Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
 Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear;
 First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
 Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abyss he had gone,
Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
Brushing, awaken'd : then the sounds again
Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
Over a bower, where little space he stood ;
For as the sunset peeps into a wood,
So saw he panting light, and towards it went
Through winding alleys ; and lo, wonderment !
Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-wall'd, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside :
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach :
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ancles pointing light ;
But rather, giving them to the fill'd sight
Officially. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To alumberry pout ; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal ; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and tramell'd fresh :
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine ;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;
With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
And, ever and anon, uprose to look
At the youth's slumber ; while another took
A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
And shook it on his hair ; another flew
In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes."

It is Adonis sleeping his winter-sleep out ; but now it is nearly his time of awaking, and ere long Venus descends, and after having entranced her reviving lover in a mysterious embrace, commends Endymion to her son, as the beloved of some immortal ; though of which goddess he is the chosen, the queen of beauty is yet ignorant. These visions pass, others follow—the strangest, yet

of the most classical kind—the float of Thetis—flowers—peacocks—swans
and naiads—founts Protean—mother Cybele—

“ Alone—alone—

In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch.”

Having lost his way amid these wonders, Endymion prays to Jupiter, who sends an eagle to his assistance, between whose wings he rides divinely, albeit in a downward direction. At length he is landed in “a jasmine bower, all bestrown with golden moss,” and anon, stretching his arms in an indolent mood, finds a naked goddess within them, himself too within hers. The “two bubbling springs of talk that ran from their sweet lips,” is not for our transcription. Suffice it, that the deity wishes to remain nameless and unknown to her mortal lover. The poet then thus beautifully allegorizes the origin of this love-story :

“ Ye who have yearn'd

With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind into a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
Yon sentinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penn'd doth always find
A resting-place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
And 'tis but echoed from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.”

Endymion finds himself once more alone—alone—but O! how changed! Love's madness, like that of the tortured lion, had changed to a love that was dove-like;—for he has “*drunken of pleasure's nipple!*” But he is not left uncheered—the loves of Alpheus and Arethusa, are sung in his ear, and permitted to his sight—and his soul is moved to pity. Ere long, visions of earth vanish, and he beholds “the giant sea above his head.”

Two more books remain for analysis. The poet describes the symptoms of love observable in Cynthia's influences—on cloud—on wave—and wood—every night she sends—

“A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion.”

And thus it is that the love-sick goddess “soothes her light against his pallid face.” Morning comes, and Endymion is a wanderer again, expressing upon occasions his perplexed feelings in these words :—

“What is there in thee, moon ! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently ? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem’dst my sister : hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool’d their cheeks deliciously :
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance :
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou lifted’st up thine eyelids fine :
In sowing-time ne’er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake ;
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion’d to the self-same end ;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours ; thou wast the deep glen ;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage’s pen—
The poet’s harp—the voice of friends—the sun ;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won ;
Thou wast my clarion’s blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :—
Thou wast the charm of woman, lovely moon !
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful !
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality : I prest
Nature’s soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But gentle orb ! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity’s abyss !
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely ; no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me : O be kind !
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live !—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries !
How far beyond !”

How far beyond this his raptures would have carried him there is no knowing, had they not been stopped by the presence of Glaucus, of whom the description is exceedingly grand ; one who had forsaken an earthly Scylla for the watery Circe : hateful witch, whose beauty turned to ugliness, and whose spite then changed him from young to old, from motive to sedentary, dooming the spell to hold dominion on him for a thousand years, having first paralyzed

him with the touch and sight of his drowned Scylla. The arrival of Endymion, however, puts an end to the dread palsy under which poor Glaucus had so long suffered. For on a time when a certain shipwreck had passed before his eyes, a scroll was given to Glaucus commanding him to lay all shipwrecked lovers side by side in the crystal temple wherein he had already deposited his own wronged Scylla, until the coming of Endymion. The commissioned youth performs the required ceremonies, and Glaucus is not only restored to youthful vigour and grace, but Scylla is revived to partake his affection. Continuing to scatter "minced leaves" on the other lovers, a general resurrection ensues. All proceed in order, a beautiful array of reanimated lovers, until they reach the palaces of Neptune, and adore the god on his throne, accompanied with Cupid and Venus, and ministered unto by Triton, the Nereids and the Syrens. Venus speaks words of hope to Endymion; she has found reason to suspect a certain goddess, and so forth—and full soon the youth may expect his immortality. A hymn is sung to Neptune—a magnificent lyric, which is broken in upon by pageants of Oceanus, and Amphitrite, and by Endymion's swooning. The style of this book is of a much severer kind than that of the two preceding.

Endymion is nestled pleasantly in a grassy retirement, paying his vows to heaven, when he is greeted with aerial words. No! not aerial! They proceed from an Indian damsel, and her plainings put the fidelity of Endymion's first love to much trial. 'Faith! but he is sorely tempted; nay, he loves beyond doubt the strange maiden. She sings him a song of sorrow, too;—a wild thing. Here it is—

"O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—

To give the glow-worm light?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—

To give at evening pale

Unto the nightingale,

That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

O Sorrow!

Why dost borrow

Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?

A lover would not tread

A cowslip on the head,

Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—

Nor any drooping flower

Held sacred for thy bower,

Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow

I bade good morrow,

And thought to leave her far away behind;

But cheerly, cheerly,

She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me, and so kind :

I would deceive her,

And so leave her,

But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept—

And so I kept

Brimming the water-lily cups with tears

Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,

I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,

Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,

But hides and shrouds

Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side !

And as I sat, over the light blue hills

There came a noise of revellers : the rills

Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew !

The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin !

Like to a moving vintage down they came,

Crown'd with green leaves, the faces all on flame ;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy !

O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !

And I forgot thee, as the berried holly

By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,

Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon :—

I rush'd into the folly !

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,

Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,

With sidelong laughing ;

And little rills of crimson wine imbrued

His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white

For Venus' pearly bite ;

And near him rode Silenus on his ass,

Pelted with flowers as he on did pass

Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry damsels ! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,

Your lutes, and gentler fate ?

We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,

A conquering !

Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,

We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :

Come hither, lady fair, and joined be

To our wild minstrelsy !

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye,

So many, and so many, and such glee ?

Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left

Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ?—

For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;

For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms ;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth !
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy !

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants :
 Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil :
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
 A three days' journey in a moment done ;
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearly hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
 Into these regions came I, following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime ;
 Alas ! 'tis not for me :
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee,
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
 No, no, not one

But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade."

He is now reduced completely under her dominion. Then comes Mercury, crying, "Wo, wo, to that Endymion! where is he?" and finding him he charms from the ground two jet-black steeds for the service of the lovers. They mount up into air on the back of these magic coursers. Sleep comes also to their help, and Endymion dreams of a familiar introduction into heaven, of Phœbus, of Pallas, of Hebe, of the four seasons and chief of Dian—the crowning object of his heart's one love. But he awakes, and is subsequently led into a state of Hades, from which emerging, he is treated with a "skyeey mask," in honour of some feast of Dian that is toward; while songs are sung touching "Cynthia's wedding;" in the midst whereof the steeds plunge down and land Endymion and his Indian maid on "the green head of a misty hill." Now, thinks he, that his love for Dian was altogether visionary, and that he will find happiness in his Indian maid. "I," he exclaims—

"I have clung
To nothing, loved a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! Oh, I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired: so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never lived a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing; gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
And warm with dew at ooze from living blood!"

He is, however, perplexed with the recollection that just ere his transit into Hades, her body had melted away into a crescent—in fact, had "fainted gaunt and spare in the cold moonshine." This he dismisses, however, as a dream—and, ere long finding himself in his own land, he perceives Peona—his loving sister! How she welcomes him, how she welcomes too his bride, as she supposes the Indian maid to be. She tells him also that

——— "On this very night will be
 A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
 For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
 Good visions in the air,—whence will befall,
 As say these sages, health perpetual
 To shepherds and their flocks; and furthermore,
 In Dian's face they read the gentle lore:
 Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
 Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
 Many upon thy death have ditties made;
 And many, even now, their foreheads shade
 With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
 New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
 And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
 Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
 This wayward brother to his rightful joys!
 His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
 His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
 To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
 What ails thee?"

Endymion is moody; in presence of actual joys, he still pines for the ideal. There are higher pleasures than the earthly. What says the Indian maid to this? Like one resigned and bent by circumstance, she vows to take the veil.

——— "Thus, that meek unknown:
 Ay, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
 Of jubilee to Dian:—truth I heard!
 Well then, I see there is no little bird,
 Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
 Long have I sought for rest, and unaware,
 Behold I find it! so exalted too!
 So after my own heart! I knew, I knew
 There was a place untenanted in it;
 In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
 And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
 With sanest lips I vow me to the number
 Of Dian's sisterhood; and kind lady,
 With thy good help, this very night shall see
 My future days to her fane consecrate."

There is no help for it—the concluding paragraph of the poem must be quoted *in extenso*.

"As feels a dreamer what doth most create
 His own particular fright, so these three felt:
 Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
 To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
 After a little sleep: or when in mine
 Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
 Who know him not. Each diligently bends
 Towards common thoughts and things for very fear;
 Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
 By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
 That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
 Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
 Endymion said: Are not our fates all cast?
 Why stand we here? Adieu, ye tender pair!
 Adieu! Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,

Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
His eyes went after them, until they got
Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Engulf for ever. Stay! he cried, ah, stay!
Turn, damsels! hist! one word I have to say:
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair,
Into those holy groves that silent are
Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again— At this he prest
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a mossy hillock green,
And so remain'd as he a corpse had been
All the long day; save when he scantily lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly as that very river flows,
Walk'd towards the temple-grove with this lament.
Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour-roses;
My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heart-break, woe,
What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
I am but rightly served. So saying, he
Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appear'd as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober seemlihed
Gave utterance as he enter'd: Ha! he said,
King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Promethean clay by thief endued,
By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy;
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious. So he inwardly began

On things for which no wording can be found;
 Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
 Beyond the reach of music: for the choir
 Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough brier
 Nor muffling thicket interposed to dull
 The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
 Through the dark pillars of those silvan aisles.
 He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
 Wan as primroses gather'd at midnight
 By chilly-fingered spring. Unhappy wight!
 Endymion! said Peona, we are here!
 What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier?
 Then he embraced her, and his lady's hand
 Press'd, saying: Sister, I would have command,
 If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate.
 At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
 And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
 To Endymion's amaze: By Cupid's dove,
 And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
 Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth!
 And as she spake, into her face there came
 Light, as reflected from a silver flame:
 Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
 Full golden; in her eyes a brighter day
 Dawn'd blue, and full of love. Ay, he beheld
 Phœbe, his passion! joyous she upheld
 Her lucid bow, continuing thus: Drear, drear
 Has our delaying been! but foolish fear
 Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate;
 And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state
 Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd-for change
 Be spiritualized. Peona, we shall range
 These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
 As was thy cradle; hither shalt thou flee
 To meet us many a time. Next Cynthia bright
 Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night:
 Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
 Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
 She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
 Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
 They vanish'd far away!—Peona went
 Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment."

And thus ends this most voluptuously delicate of all living poems!—the spiritualization of a mythologic theme. What if it be too shadowy and ideal for popular apprehension? Why it is its merit—it was not written for the profane. Not exoteric, but a thoroughly esoteric production, it belongs to the initiate, and is beloved by the worshippers behind the veil. We loved it in our youth—we love it now—in manhood. See ye not what the poet has shadowed in the shadowy? The influence of the ideal on aspiring virtue—the difficulty in its realization—the substitution we make for it, and our consequent infidelity to the original—the merely apparent nature of that infidelity—the simple inadequacy of the type, and yet its symbolical truth—and lastly the identification of the sign with the thing signified. The Indian maid and Diana are one.

True lover, or poet, or religious man, political reformer or conservative! is there one who experiences not the truth of this? Let each rejoice in the wife of his bosom, whether it be a true woman, or a poem, or a creed, or a charter, or an institution. What if none of these answer fully to the idea

which they would embody? All words made flesh are touched with the feeling of mortal infirmity—and await the redemption of the body. Consummation is promised and will come—to every one. We are all Endymions—and “from this mortal state” shall, like him, “by some unlooked-for change be spiritualized.”

In interpreting Keats' *Endymion*, we have, in fact, interpreted all his other poems. *Lamia*, *Isabella*, and *The Eve of St. Agnes*, are similar expressions of like pious sentiments, differing only from the *Endymion* in this;—that whatever is faulty in it, whether regarding style or diction, is in them thoroughly corrected. The most fastidious reader has no right to complain. Concerning the *Hyperion*, all that can be said is that it is a blank verse fragment, leaving far behind and beneath it every attempt of modern times. It is severe—solemn—sublime! Keats stood alone in *Hyperion*, the Titan of another world, and yet on ours. Among his miscellaneous poems are some juvenile verses, which, probably, excited against him the animosity of those critics who worshipped Pope idolatrously.

“Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds? Has she not sworn us all?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eyebrow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows? Here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloy'd
With honours; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
Men were thought wise who could not understand
His glories: with a puling infant's force
They sway'd about upon a rocking-horse,
And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-soul'd!
The winds of heaven blew, the ocean roll'd
Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer night collected still to make
The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
Why were ye not awake! But ye were dead
To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,

And did not know it,—no, they went about,
Holding a poor, decrepid standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau !

O ye whose charge
It is to hover round our pleasant hills !
Whose congregated majesty so fills
My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
Your hallow'd names; in this unholy place,
So near those common folk ; did not their shames
Affright you ? Did our old lamenting Thames
Delight you ! did ye never cluster round
Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
And weep ? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
To regions where no more the laurel grew ?
Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away, and die ? 'Twas even so :
But let me think away those times of woe :
Now 'tis a fairer season ; ye have breathed
Rich benedictions o'er us ; ye have wreathed
Fresh garlands : for sweet music has been heard
In many places ; some has been upstirr'd
From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
By a swan's ebon hill ; from a thick brake,
Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe ; fine sounds are floating wild
About the earth : happy are ye and glad.
These things are, doubtless : yet in truth we've had
Strange thunders from the potency of song ;
Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
From majesty : but in clear truth the themes
Are ugly cubs, the Poets' Polyphemes
Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
Of light is poesy ; 'tis the supreme of power ;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
The very archings of her eyelids charm
A thousand willing agents to obey,
And still she governs with the mildest sway ;
But strength alone though of the Muses born
Is like a fallen angel : trees uptorn,
Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
Delight it ; for it feeds upon the burrs
And thorns of life ; forgetting the great end
Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man."

We have left ourselves no more space than just enough to commend from among Keats' miscellaneous poems the Odes *To a Nightingale*, *To Psyche*, and *On a Grecian Urn*—nearly all the sonnets, and any half dozen of the other pieces that may most please the reader's fancy. Not one of them but is good for something.

THE PLASTIC ARTS, AND ARTS OF DESIGN;

IN REFERENCE TO POPULAR EDUCATION.*

THIS book professes to comprise the first part only of a work on the subject of "The Fine Arts in England, their state and prospects considered relatively to National Education." The writer is thoroughly acquainted with his argument and not a little enthusiastic in his objects and motives. He quotes from Browning's *Paracelsus*—

—— "Progress is
The law of life.—Man is not man as yet,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness—here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its crawling fellows
When all the race is perfected alike
(As *man*, that is) then in completed man
Begins anew a tendency to God."

It is interesting to consider the several relations in which the arts of painting, sculpture and architecture have been, or may become, the subject-matter, either of legislative enactment, or of the administrative care of government. A select committee, as our readers know, have instituted an inquiry into the means of popularly extending artistic knowledge. A taste for the beautiful should be generally cultivated—and employed in purposes religious or national as the handmaid of the highest excellence conceivable by man. It is the duty of government to remove all obstructions in the way of its attainment in the first place—and in the second to provide facilities, such as public galleries and museums, and to take advantage of all opportunities afforded by useful and necessary public works, for the adequate employment of that highest order of genius, which, even under the happiest circumstances, merely private and individual patronage will always leave in comparative neglect.

The laws of copyright and letters-patent have an important bearing upon the arts, and must be much amended. The excise duties on bricks, glass, and paper have an injurious tendency. All improvements in these articles rest the question mainly on the simple grounds of protection to property, and freedom of industry. But, moreover, it is a duty incumbent upon the state to promote the universal education of the people by all means within its power. "We have no want," exclaims our author, "so great, and so urgent, as this of a truly national education. Many noble-minded men, and women too,—for in this work they must take no unimportant a part—are devoting their best energies to its realization; and believing, as I devoutly do, that man's aspirations are God's promises, I cannot doubt of their full and enduring success."

Schools of designs are desirable for the training of industrial artists, in addition to public galleries and museums, for which all experience proves no adequate provision can be made except by governments. Of a *Museum of British History*, we have not even the beginning.

The *National Gallery* is deficient in the chief masters of the Roman or of the Florentine schools, which possess the qualities most needed in England to counteract the prevalent defects of our native artists. The catalogue of this collection needs correction and arrangement. A tabular chronological view of the schools of art, in connexion with the leading personages and events of the several periods, would prove a useful feature in catalogues

* The Administrative Economy of the Fine Arts in England. By EDWARD EDWARDS, of the British Museum. London: Saunders and Otley, 1840.

intended for popular use. Mr. Edwards approves of the proposition for opening the *British Museum* on Sunday.

Admitting that the Royal Academy works well, Mr. Edwards, nevertheless, is of opinion that the union of powers to confer honour, and grant exhibition, is to place not alone the professional distinction, but also the very means of subsistence of the rising artist, at the absolute disposal of a body of men at once his competitors and his judges.

"But," continues the writer, "it must ever be remembered that academies are but one link in the chain of means to this end. It were vain indeed to educate artists, and to confer on them the marks of distinction, if such employment be not afforded them as is calculated to call forth their highest powers. This employment, on any extensive scale, can only be afforded by the state."

Among the subjects left open to modern artists, Mr. Edwards suggests representations of an expected immortality, as a great and almost untrodden field.

The state should provide a *Gallery of National Honour* worthy of the British people. The French have the Pantheon, the Germans their Walhalla; Britain, however, has consecrated no edifice to the memory of the men who have made her what she is.

But it is in connexion with popular education that the entire argument rises into due importance. "The highest value of the arts of design consists," says our author, "not in their power to minister to the luxury and splendour of the few, but in their eminent capability to promote the fitting culture and education of all—to contribute to what Milton calls *the inbreeding and cherishing into a people of the seeds of virtue and public civility*;—our survey naturally lands us in the question,—How near are we to the possession of an adequate system of means and appliances for the obtaining of a truly educated people?"

To the requisite organization of such a system the state must afford some aid. What control a particular church shall have is matter of question, but religion should have supreme authority. Amongst the adjuncts and supplemental means, are schools of design, mechanics' institutions, Lyceums, free exhibitions, public galleries and museums, and the cultivation of music.

"Vocal music," says Mr. Edwards, "if adapted to songs or odes of a popular and inspiriting kind, is a most powerful adjunct to national education. The effect of Luther's hymns, and of some of Klopstock's odes (for example) on the German people has been remarkable; and Herder, in speaking of it, has beautifully observed on the grandeur of the task of 'filling a youthful mind with songs, which shall dwell with it life-long, inciting it to virtue, affording it consolation, and being to it as undying voices, alike while doing and while suffering, in life and in death.' The man who shall do this for England has yet to appear."

We quote the conclusion of this book with great delight.

"At no period was ever a truly complete and generous education more wanted for all men than now. *We live under the dynasty of the understanding, and this is its golden age.*" Every where we see triumphant the faculty of means to ends, which are themselves medial. Every where man's dominion over brute matter is rapidly extending itself, but often at a cost which, for the time, is indeed fearful. As the struggle of daily existence becomes keener, and occupies thought and action more and more engrossingly, it surely becomes of gravest importance to make every possible provision for those highest faculties—the sovereign REASON—the IMAGINATION—the SOUL.

"But if such provision be made; if a truly qualificative education—quali-

ficative not alone for time, but for eternity, bringing out that whole humanity which lies in every man—be placed within every man's reach, as far as by human arrangements it can so be placed, then how wide and glorious the prospect opened up by this increasing subjection of the material forms of nature to the will of man! It were scarcely a bold figure to say, that for us, as compared with the men of antiquity, time and space are almost annihilated. We, indeed, are cosmopolites, for we live less in England, or in Europe, than in the world, which we traverse at our will. We live, too, in intimate communion with the greatest minds of all past ages, and the records of those ages lie unrolled at our feet."

A Sister's Love; a Poem. By Guido Sorelli. London: Rolandi. 1840.

A prettily versified poem, in Italian and English, in blank verse, recording the affection of the sister of Silvio Pellico, who, when she heard of her brother's imprisonment, resolved no longer to enjoy the sweets of freedom, and accordingly enclosed herself within the walls of a nunnery.

Sketches of Country Life, and Country Manners. By One of the Old School. London: Rivington. 1840.

A very pleasing little volume.

A Patriot's Fourth Letter to the British People. By Sir William Boyd. Third Edition. London: Wilson. 1840.

"Let us thank God for books," exclaims the author of the little pamphlet before us. Ay, we rejoin, if we have with them that which will enable us to interpret them. Plain enough is it, that books alone are far from being productive of unmixed good.

A New General Biographical Dictionary. Projected and partly arranged by the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, B. D., Principal of King's College, London. London: Fellows. 1840.

An exceedingly useful and well-conducted work. We wish to its proprietors every success, as it seems likely to supply a *desideratum* hitherto too much wanted in the English literature. The articles on the German and Italian authors display extensive knowledge and research. In the biographical department there is occasionally a tone of sentiment which is very pleasing.

The Return to England. A Tale of the Fourth Year after the Battle of Waterloo. By a Friend of the Service. 2 vols. London: Cadell. 1840.

The Preface to this book almost disarms criticism. "Though given as a tale," says the author, "it is in some of its main parts founded on facts." Much, it seems, of its materials were derived from other than fictitious sources, and most of its characters have, or have had, their living prototypes. If this is indeed true, we must say such events do not happen every day. But, as the writer has observed, there is "no tragedy more tragic—no comedy more comic—no romance more romantic than those of real life." In style and arrangement, the author has evidently chosen Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as his model—a work which, although most beautiful in itself, will hardly bear to be imitated. It stands alone, and must ever do so.

The Forget Me Not. A Christmas, Birthday's and New Year's Present for 1841. Edited by FREDERICK SHOBERL. London: Ackermann.

This most elegant annual is still going on its way rejoicing. It sets before its readers for the present year, a sufficiently agreeable array of tales and slight poetical pieces, illustrated by the usual number of engravings. Of these some are of great merit.

The Juvenile Album, or Tales from Far and Near. By MRS. R. LEE. London: Ackermann. 1841.

A very tastefully got-up little volume, containing pretty tales, and still prettier pictures, for the amusement of such members of the rising generation as may possess literary tastes or a predilection for gaily bound books.

The Morning Star, or Phalansterian Gazette. A Weekly Herald of Universal Principles and Progressive Association. Edited by HUGH DOHERTY. No. 1.

This is a periodical devoted to the advancement of progressive association according to the principles of Fourier, which have already received some notice from our hands in our earlier numbers. It has no connexion with the Owenites, and is conducted with a great deal of talent.

A FEW WORDS ON THE THEATRES.

THE theatres are again driven back on revivals. Miss Ellen Tree has left Covent Garden for the provinces until January next; and the establishment seek to occupy the interval with the performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate," slightly altered, by the change of Bartolus' wife into his ward (a little awkwardly though for certain parts of the dialogue), the re-disposition of some of the scenes, and the omission of the entire scene of the lawyer's characteristic revenge in the fifth act. Revivals from Beaumont and Fletcher—from Ben Jonson and Massinger, are less objectionable than from Shakspeare, because the public is less acquainted with them, and needs teaching how opulent the British drama really is! With such resources, in fact, it is ignominious for an English theatre to fail; it requires the most inveterate mismanagement to achieve the disgrace. That theatrical speculations have so seldom succeeded in this country condemns sufficiently the course of conduct hitherto pursued.

The *dramatis personæ* of the "Spanish Curate" are remarkably well suited for the Covent Garden Company. Mr. Farren, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Mathews, and Madame Vestris, are almost all that is desirable.

At the Haymarket, *Master Clarke* was a worthy attempt on the part of the author, spoiled by the interference of which we complained in our last number. Mr. Webster has accordingly fallen back on Lord Byron's "Werner." Mr. Macready's and Mrs. Warner's performances no terms can sufficiently praise. Mr. Wallack's *Ulric* was capital; and Mr. Phelps' *Gabor* quite justified our opinion of the actor's great talents. We take credit to ourselves for having demanded that justice should be done to this performer. It is thus that the weapons of criticism should be wielded.

Drury Lane is occupied with Promenade Concerts, under the name of *Concerts d'Hiver*. Mr. Eliason deserves much encouragement for his exertions, though we wish that he had another arena for their display. He has secured the assistance too of Musard himself. The energy with which Musard conducts the band is a pleasure of itself to contemplate. His arrangement of the first grand fantasia, from

Meyerbeer's opera, "*Les Huguenots*," is very satisfactory, and the performance of it gave us great delight. Music has charms—and our soul is no deaf adder.

But proper things in proper places. Dramatic production must be no longer a matter of private speculation. A spirit is in arms, that shows all is not right in the theatrical Denmark. It appears now to one, and then to another. We have seen—and heard it—and have testified thereof. We have received also the testimony of other eye and ear-witnesses. The great cause we have in hand brings to us utter strangers, who take and give good counsel. Plans, more or less laudable, are on foot. One of the best is the following.

"DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

"It is much to be lamented that the noblest and most intellectual of our national amusements should now be approaching fast towards total oblivion; that the legitimate drama, at one period the centre of attraction for elegance, talent, and respectability, is now abandoned to its fate, and our principal theatres appropriated to the paltry purposes of Promenade Concerts, or the profligate designs of low assemblages, termed Masquerades.

"A profession once adorned by names imperishable, an example of morality and excellence, has now to seek encouragement in foreign lands, to make way for foreign innovators, and the present caprice, already surfeited with the flimsy productions of other nations. In these days of advancement, both of education and science, our native talent, were it fostered and encouraged, would break forth with an unexampled brilliancy; even our own day affords specimens of professional talent, if not superior, at least equal to the days of a Siddons, a Garrick, and a Kemble.

"It is proposed therefore, with the hope of restoring and preserving to the British Public the most rational of their amusements, the legitimate drama in its pristine excellence, and of affording to native talent those opportunities to which its genius and great respectability entitle it, to form an Association for the purpose of carrying out these objects, and of obviating the many difficulties that exist in the present theatrical system.

"It is contemplated that the proposed Association should become Lessees of those Metropolitan Theatres which are at present unlet, and open negotiations with the occupiers of those already under lease, which should be refitted and managed under judicious revision, with greater regard to the comfort and convenience of every class of the public, and a more striking effect in their design and appearance.

"That a supreme direction should be formed from the principal Nobility and Gentry, patrons of the Drama; to consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, and Council, and that the general management should be vested in a Committee, composed principally of the most talented and experienced Members of the Theatrical Profession. (?)

"That greater emolument should be offered to native performers of acknowledged talent than is at present given, that premiums should be awarded for dramatic productions of merit, and that encouragement be held out to dramatic authors.

"That for the purpose of fostering and maturing talent, Schools for Theatrical Education be formed, under proper superintendence, where a refined and classical taste should be cultivated, and practical opportunities afforded to the student for gaining a thorough knowledge in that branch of the profession, to which their peculiar talent renders them most suited—that periodical examinations should take place, and honorary distinctions be awarded as a stimulus to aspiring genius.

"That an effective and respectable Agency should be formed at home and

abroad, for the purpose of procuring the greatest novelties, and the most acknowledged talent in all its branches.

"That the different theatres in possession of the Association should be appropriated, severally and distinctly, to the purposes of Tragedy, Comedy, Operas, and other novelties.

"That the capital of the Association should be commensurate with the great objects intended, which it is hoped will be viewed not merely as a patriotic undertaking, but under judicious management, as likely to prove a profitable investment to the shareholders.

"A more detailed Prospectus will shortly be issued."

AFFAIRS OF THE LEVANT AND OF SPAIN.

ORDINARY politicians are now at their wit's end to comprehend the present situation of the several nations of Europe. Never was it so unsafe to prophecy—never was it so uncertain what the morrow may produce. These are but signs of the times—times more important than perhaps any which have preceded them. No longer has the contest for its object the aggrandizement of any particular nation or dynasty—it is a deadly struggle for *principles*.

The dispute about Mohammad Alee, which at present painfully engages the attention of the whole of Europe, owes much of its importance to this fact. That, abstractedly speaking, Mohammad Alee is fairly entitled to be declared independent of the Porte, few will deny. The rights of the governors and the governed are reciprocal. The former, in return for the obedience of the latter, are bound to afford them protection for their lives and properties; and as on the part of the subject a failure in obedience forfeits the right of receiving protection, so an inability to protect on the part of the sovereign, absolves his people from their allegiance. It therefore being quite evident that the sultan never could govern or protect his Egyptian and Syrian subjects, they were undoubtedly justified in transferring their fealty to any prince who could establish an efficient and regular administration. This is the abstract state of the case with regard to the justice or injustice of the pacha's proceedings; but, as usual, justice is thrown overboard, and expediency is enthroned in her stead.

That there should be many contradictory opinions concerning what is expedient, and what is inexpedient, is only natural; nor can we be surprised that in such a case England and France should disagree. The tendencies of the one are comparatively conservative—the other, for ever changing, is not likely to oppose change elsewhere. Hence, although both profess to be exceedingly anxious that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire should be maintained, they are at daggers drawn when the means of preserving the said integrity and independence are broached.

But, in reality, much that is said of the independence and integrity of Turkey is exceedingly vague and shadowy. The best method to preserve its independence is to permit the sultan and Mohammad to decide their disputes as they can. In the words of M. Thiers, "the viceroy of Egypt has founded an empire with genius and constancy. He has learned to govern Egypt and Syria, which the sultans could

never govern. The Mussulmans, long since humiliated in their noble pride, behold in him a glorious prince, who restores to them the sentiment of their force." He is the only Ottoman prince who has any innate strength—who can exist without the protection of other states—who can defend himself from a foreign foe. Surely to destroy him would be to prostrate the last remains of the ancient Mohammedan energy. Yes, but Mohammad Alee is a rebellious vassal, who threatens the dismemberment of his master's empire, and it is not expedient that such dismemberment should be allowed. Fatal, however, for this argument is the fact that if events had been allowed to take their natural course, no dismemberment had been possible. The Egyptian viceroy is not the first Turkish pacha who has successfully rebelled against the sultan, advanced upon Constantinople, and made and remade sultans at his pleasure. On all these occasions the very success has preserved the integrity of the empire; for Constantinople, whoever might be its master, still remained the centre of power. If the other nations, after having compelled Russia to remain neutral, had left the sultan and his viceroy to settle their dispute between themselves, the result would have been just the same as it always has been. Ibrahim, in 1833, would have entered Constantinople, and Mohammad Alee would have been the dictator of Turkey. What dismemberment would have then taken place?—how then would the integrity of the Turkish empire have been menaced? And what does it matter to the Christian nations who the Mussulmans may choose to obey as their sultan, so that such sultan preserves his independence? How many Ottoman emperors have ascended the throne by deposing their predecessors?—How many usurpations are recorded in the Turkish annals? And if it is *expedient* to preserve the Ottoman independence, surely we are more likely to obtain that object by supporting him who is already at the head of victorious armies, than a boy-sovereign, who is hated by his own subjects through his father's ill-timed reforms?

This seems to be much the view of France; but fearing that if Ibrahim was at any time to advance upon the capital, Russia would be too ready to afford the sultan an exclusive and fatal protection, she agrees that Mohammad should still continue the hereditary vassal of Turkey, although she will not consent to any further measure of coercion. She considers that as it is impossible the sultan should ever be enabled to maintain the direct administration of Egypt and Syria, the power of Mohammad in those provinces is rather a safeguard to the integrity of Turkey than otherwise. "Why weaken," asks M. Thiers, "this useful vassal, who, once separated by a well-selected frontier from the states of his master, will become for him the most precious of all auxiliaries? He aided the sultan in his struggle against Greece, why then should he not help him in his struggle against neighbours of a different faith? His own interest answers for him in doubt of his fidelity. When Constantinople shall be menaced, Alexandria will be in danger. Mohammad Alee knows this very well; he shows every day that he is well aware of it. It is necessary to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, from Constantinople to Alexandria—it is necessary, at the same time, to save the sultan and the pacha of Egypt, the latter submitting to the former by a feudal tie.

The Taurus is the line of separation indicated between them. But it is thought to take from the pacha of Egypt the keys of the Taurus. Be it so. Let them be restored to the Porte, and for that let the district of Adana be taken from Mohammad Alee. They also wish to take from him the keys of the Archipelago. Let them refuse him Candia—he consents to it. France, who did, in fact, promise her moral influence to the treaty of the 15th of July, but who gives it all to peace, has advised Mohammad Alee to make these sacrifices, and he has made them. But, in truth, to take from him two or three pachalics, and not to give them to the sultan, but to anarchy—to ensure the singular triumph of integrity, already deprived of Greece, of Egypt, of the pachalic of Acre, to call upon this integrity the only serious danger which menaces it, which England found so dangerous last year, and to prevent which it proposed to force the Dardanelles, is an extraordinary means to provide for its great interests." Most true!

Even the enemies of the viceroy are fain to confess that the advantages of his rule are greater than its disadvantages. This, however, is not, by any means, a fair appreciation of a man like Mohammad Alee. Although his sway is a despotism, perhaps rigid as that he has supplanted, yet it must be remembered it is a strong and vigorous, not a weak and vacillating one; while by striving to introduce European customs and feelings, he is gradually preparing for the subversion of all arbitrary power. Worse than absurd would it be to imagine that a people, who had, for centuries, been the oppressed slaves of proud and ignorant masters, could be induced to take even the first steps towards self-elevation, unless guided, nay goaded on, by a mighty, unswerving, and reckless hand. Upon this point it is that the pacha is the most sensitive. He is anxious that his name should go down to posterity, not as a successful rebel, but as a fearless renovator. Unjustifiable as may have been many of his actions, this has been their single end; and he is well aware that if he does not succeed in consolidating his throne, and with it the ameliorations he has effected in Egypt, mankind will be little disposed to pay to his memory that honour of which he is so ambitious. After a life spent in toil and danger, he wishes to be remembered as a benefactor, instead of a troubler of mankind.

The newspaper press has fully discussed the merits of M. Thiers and Lord Palmerston, but with little perception of the philosophical point involved in the dispute. Probably, neither has done more than he was required by his peculiar position to do. That both of them should be mistaken in their views was no more than we anticipated, and consequently the whole of their proceeding has been a series of blunders. Much of the disagreement appears to have arisen out of the personal character of the two rival ministers—a remarkable confirmation of a remark made by us some months back, that in every thing the *personal* is predominant.

Meanwhile, in other portions of Europe, stirring events are hourly tripping up the heels of each other. The Queen Regent of Spain has been forced to abdicate, and leave that country to the cruel tender mercies of a soldier of fortune, and sundry characterless political ad-

venturers. The streets of Madrid will once more be deluged with the blood of revolutionary proscriptions, and the whole land become the blighted seat of intestine division. France, likewise, is a volcano, whose continual rumblings are ever giving notice of approaching convulsions. War is desired by a powerful party in that country—not so much to humiliate England and the rest of the allies, as to afford an opportunity for annoying, and perhaps overturning, the present system of government in France. Louis Philippe himself is aware of this fact, and accordingly finds his interest in so moderating the French counsels as to prevent an open rupture. If France is dragged into a war, the throne of Louis Philippe will be in a very precarious condition.

But it is still exceedingly doubtful whether war will really ensue. There has lately appeared some reason to anticipate, that sooner or later the viceroy would accede to the wishes of the allies, and be content with the hereditary possession of Egypt, and the life-possession of a portion of Syria. However, if such be the case, we must not be too sanguine as to the duration of such an accommodation. It being completely impossible that the sultan should ever, under any circumstances, be enabled to establish a vigorous administration in these provinces, the only result of Mohammad Alee's destruction would be, to deliver them once more to all the miseries of disorder and barbarism. If, therefore, it is the will of Divine Providence that Egypt, or Palestine, or both, should be regenerated, however amicably the present disputes may be arranged, the same difficulties and perplexities will again occur. M. Thiers may resign, and the peril of war be suspended for a while, or he may be recalled, and war may be re-threatened; or Louis Philippe may abdicate and then be restored; but these are mere passing accidents, not charged with any ultimate effects.

But these, says a weekly criticaster, are out-of-the-world politics. What then, most sapient Shallow of the veritable Gotham? Have you yet to learn that celestial observations are needful for the scientific construction of terrestrial charts? But it seems that, for some people, Coleridge has written in vain. Yet he is not unconfirmed, if *that* be considered necessary, by the highest philosophical authorities. Jouffroy, for instance, scouts with ridicule the very notion that politics can ever be advantageously discussed without reference to the philosophical laws, which not only regulate them, but, properly considered, veritably constitute them. The terms with which he speaks of his own countrymen are too applicable also to our own to be omitted here. We then hold with him, and with minds like his, that the future condition of our civilization is the most momentous question that philosophy can propose. Although the Masters Slenders of our Sunday press may not know it, it is verily a household question for all men, and a national question for all nations; and for us who are the immediate children, the actual citizens of this civilization, it possesses the most lively and urgent interest. To them, who cannot seize the Unity which lies beneath the difficulties presented by the actual spectacle of the world, the necessary elements which are involved in the contingencies manifested by the events of history, and who, filled with a superstitious reverence for the hidden future, dare not bind it in advance to the laws of a reason which will, as they suppose, die to-morrow;—

"to them," exclaims Jouffroy, "we can imagine our speculations may appear as dreams. Few political competitors," he justly observes, "have ever taken a year, nay, a month, or even a single week, to reflect on the destinies of the race. Is the science of politics," he demands, "such a simple affair, that it is enough to have arrived at years of discretion to comprehend it, or that, by special grace it reveals itself at once to those who engage in it. There is, undoubtedly, a practical kind of politics, which needs only the light of simple good sense and experience of life. Surrounded with the bonds of society, every one feels in his own village on which side the chain presses him—the humblest peasant can go as far as to the hand of the sub-prefect who draws it, and a little more sagacity will lead to the prefect himself. Without being greatly enlightened, twenty individuals in a department can reach the source of the evil, and deliberate on a remedy. But the destiny of a nation no more consists in questions like these than the destiny of an individual, in suitable nourishment, warm clothing, and commodious lodging." These are not ends, but means. Nations, like individuals, have their mission to fulfil in the world, and for them also, besides the science which is occupied with the health of the body politic, there is another, which is occupied with its destiny. The former may suffice for the administration of a country, the latter is required for its government.

Whether we may say of our statesmen what Jouffroy says of the French, that they give themselves no concern upon this point, let the facts that daily appear bear true witness. We fear that economists, administrators, and jurists are made in both countries by the dozen, but that men of political science—statesmen in fact—are alike wanting to both. How should we have them, the philosopher inquires, when the questions on the solution of which their formation depends are not even proposed, nor even suspected by those who sit at the helm? When, instead of looking at the horizon, they look at their feet—instead of studying the future condition of the world, and in this the future condition of Europe, and in the future condition of Europe the mission of their country, they give themselves no trouble on such points, and are occupied only with the details of their national administration? For to such a degree of degradation are we sunk in politics, that we do not even comprehend the signification of the word, and imagine we are dealing with politics when we are employed merely with our internal affairs. Nor is there any exaggeration in the charge. French and English statesmen not only imagine this, but act in consequence of it. "Do not fear," adds Jouffroy, "that they will cast a glance at the other side of our frontiers. What is beyond is nothing to them. What do they care for Europe—for humanity—for the world?"

Genius is the saviour of nations; and Providence, we trust, will yet provide another CANNING who shall understand these truths, and act in the light of their influence.

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OUR COMIC WRITERS.*

COMEDY, without poetry, must be immoral. It deals necessarily with the sensuous part of the human constitution. It lives among the lusts of the flesh and the appetites of the natural man. Love is too pure for it, and the sympathies too sacred. It must have the privilege of jesting; love and the sympathies are also too serious and earnest for its mood. They belong to the tragic muse—the comic sister delights in the apparent, the worldly, and requires poetry to preserve her from the immorality which clings to such exhibitions in a mere prosaic form. What in the prose-world about us is vicious, in the poetic world above us and beneath is a mere sport of nature—an accident of manifestation having little to do with the essential humanity manifested, except as an evanescent exponent, a merry pageant which is but for a moment, and then yields place to better—at least to other—things.

But it follows not that what is not written in verse is not poetic. Prose is no antithesis to poetry—but only to metre. The opposite of poetry is science—and poetry may be written either in prose or metre, as science may be and has been written in verse. What was it that Coleridge wrote on the Wonderfulness of Prose? O, here it is—not the least wonderful passage in his own prose!

“It has just struck my feelings that the Pherecydean origin of prose being granted, prose must have struck men with greater admiration than poetry. In the latter, it was the language of passion and emotion: it is what they themselves spoke and heard in moments of exultation, indignation, &c. But to hear an evolving roll, or a succession of leaves, talk continually the language of deliberate reason in a form of continued preconception, of a Z already possessed when A was being uttered,—this must have appeared godlike. I feel myself in the same state, when, in the perusal of a sober, yet elevated and harmonious, succession of sentences and periods, I abstract my mind from the

* The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, with Biographical and Critical Notices by LEIGH HUNT. London: Moxon. 1840.

particular passage, and sympathize with the wonder of the common people, who say of an eloquent man :—" He talks like a book ! " "

Good prose is better than bad verse, and splendid poetry may be written in either. We fear that Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the magnificent volume before us, has not sufficiently regarded this. Surely, he means not that Beaumont and Fletcher are to be commended only because they wrote in verse, and Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, condemned because they wrote in prose ! Yet there is something like this in the tone of some of his remarks :—*e. g.*

" We are not to suppose that such a world as that of the very best of these dramatists is the best sort of world, or the cheerfullest, and the one to be most desired ; much less such a suffocating region of fine heartless ladies and gentlemen as that of Congreve, who, in his passion for wit and a plot, thought of nothing but intrigue and lying, and saying two contrary things at once. It wanted all the poetry of the drama of the preceding ages, and had no fixed belief in any of the philosophy of the future ; though the good-nature of the better part of it was a kind of substitute for both. The best as well as worst of its women, for instance, are only fit to laugh and to perish. Perpetuity disowns them as thorough capable human creatures, such as Desdemona and Imogen,—ready-made for being finally beautiful and moral, under the best conceivable dispensation : and yet the *Sylvia* and *Mrs. Sullen* of Farquhar have links with even women like these, by the force of their sympathy with whatsoever is kind and just ; and Wycherley's *Fidelia* is an imitation of them. But who that is anything but half a man, ignorant of what such whole books as Shakespeare's can make him, would think of taking to his heart the flimsy creatures, made of ribbons and tittle tattle, out of the rest of the volume before us ? or the hoydens, that come driving out of the pantry, and running down the butler ? Wycherley was obliged to go to the former times for his new edition of *Viola* ; and so was Farquhar for his *Oriana*. And it is not a little curious to see, up to the days of sentimental comedy, what an uncouth tendency there was, whenever a little romance and good faith was to be introduced, to stilt up the dialogue into verse or measured prose ; as though the moment the writers came to anything serious, their own style was felt to be nought, and that of their predecessors the only worthy language of truth and beauty. Vanbrugh himself begins in verse ! but is soon obliged to give it up. In fact, English comedy, as it is emphatically understood to be such in these prose-dramatists, is the poorer half of the comedy of the preceding age ; or the levity and satire of it, deprived of its poetry. Farquhar's ' *Inconstant*,' inasmuch as it is a de-poetization of Fletcher's ' *Wild Goose Chase*,' is a type of the whole series."

We must inquire into this, by your leave, Mr. Leigh Hunt, a little further. Goethe seems to have apprehended a musical capability in prose. It occurs in Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*, and is thus translated by the estimable Thomas Carlyle. " To poetical rhythm," says Goethe, " the musical artist opposes measure of tone and movement of tone. But here the mastery of music over poesy soon shows itself ; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still for the musician few syllables are decidedly short

or long; at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythm, nay, change prose itself into song; from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves; and the poet would soon feel himself annihilated if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence; and now in the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in the mind."

Prose, in fact, presents far greater possibilities than verse for *various* metrical arrangement. But the question is, whether the comedies before us are not only written in prose, but deficient in poetry? We believe that the difference between Charles Lamb and Mr. Leigh Hunt lies in this, that Mr. Leigh Hunt sees no poetry in the prose, and Charles Lamb saw abundance of it. We fear (strange as the charge may seem) that Mr. Leigh Hunt has sacrificed too much to the spirit of convention in his remarks, forgetful of the inspired maxim, that "to the pure all things are pure." We do hold that, above all men, Mr. Leigh Hunt should not so have conceded, and to such a spirit. Why, we who have been "dwelling in decencies" for too great a portion of our lives, are free to assert a wider liberty. Should we, besides, forget that "manly Wycherley" himself has left on record his defence of the alleged unpoetic immoralities which mere convention denounces? In as plain words as befit *The Plain Dealer*, he tells us that it is only the meretricious and hypocritical Olivias, the concealed harlots of society, who would condemn the *Country Wife*, or convict of immodesty the woman who should see it without blushing, or omit to publish her detestation of it. The ladies of America, we are told, are squeamish, for which they have been well laughed at by Mrs. Trollope, but not more than they deserve. Be sure of it, that woman has an indelicate mind who blushes at a naked statue. Honest Wycherley has branded all such mock-modesty with the character that it merits. In the following brief dialogue, he clusters together various kinds of these pruriencies which pretended virtue makes for its own nasty indulgence:

"*Olivia*. Ah, cousin! nothing troubles me but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reason now to talk as freely of me as I used to do of it.

Eliza. Faith, then, let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, cousin, the world cannot talk worse of you than it did before.

Olivia. How, cousin! I'd have you to know, before this faux pas, this trip of mine, the world could not talk of me.

Eliza. Only that you mind other people's actions so much that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a thief, because you know yourself most guilty, you impeach your fellow-criminals first, to clear yourself.

Olivia. O wicked world!

Eliza. That you pretend an aversion to all mankind in public, only that their wives and mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private.

Olivia. Base world!

Eliza. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask your pardon at home, and to

become dear friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Olivia. Abominable world !

Eliza. That you condemn the obscenity of modern plays, only that you may not be censured for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Olivia. Damned world !

Eliza. That you deface the nudities of pictures and little statues, only because they are not real.

Olivia. O, fy ! fy ! fy ! hideous ! hideous ! Cousin, the obscenity of their censures makes me blush !

Eliza. The truth of 'em, the naughty world would say now !"

This defence is triumphant, and becomes still more so when we consider the final cause, end, and purpose of comic writing and acting. Its office is to expose absurdities and vices ; and to do so, it must convince the spectator of the ridiculous and the impure. Do the comedies before us represent the age in which the writers lived ? Undoubtedly ! Then they did their duty ; they served to detect for the audiences of their time the impurities and coxcombries of it. Once thus exposed upon the stage, it was not possible they should long continue to pester society. In fact, they did not ; and the comedies themselves ceased to be played when the occasion for them ceased.

But we shall be told that the writers themselves had no such moral design. Wycherley had—nothing can be clearer than this fact. He was a wise physician, who knew the cure that was wanted, and boldly prescribed it. Nay, all the writers before us were men acquainted with the world, and proceeded with a perfect consciousness of what they were about. But suppose they worked unconsciously ? In such unconscious working we recognize the true poetic instinct. Artificial life lay before them ; inspired by the comic muse, they selected the points for representation which told best for the reformation of manners. Whether we consider these points poetic or not, depends upon our capacity to apprehend the poetic in the artificial. There is poetry undoubtedly in the country, but there is poetry in the town also ; in the former the poetry of nature, but in the latter the poetry of man. Charles Lamb had an intense perception of this, and so we thought had Mr. Leigh Hunt, though not unwisely inclined to "babbling of green fields."

The question, however, may be settled in one word :—were the writers before us men of genius ? They were—men of indubitable genius—not mere men of talent, like the worldling fops who scribble Sea Captains and such rubbish of the present day. Enough, then. Whatever is genial is poetic. We have said it ; we condescend not to explain the saying. It is an axiom for such as are capable of receiving it—to fools it is folly !

Whatever is genial is poetic, and the utterers of it are men who have a divine commission. Every man of genius is an apostle, not by historical succession, but by spiritual ordination, and does the work, whether consciously or unconsciously, that his master requires. The work that these men were appointed to do, they did, and did thoroughly, in the best manner, and with the readiest means.

Ah ! but they partook themselves, as individuals, of the vices of the age in which they lived. Granted. But then they were not worse than others ; and in their capacity of dramatic poets, they were better. The evil they saw and suffered they sought to eradicate—laboured to do it—and did it. And then, as members of the age, they partook of the spirit of the final cause for which the age itself existed. The puritanism of the preceding age was destructive equally of the charities and the arts—nay, humanity would have died of formalism. The best of dogmas must come to an end when they have outlived their spirit. The form of godliness, without the power, is a reigning blasphemy, which must be resisted whenever and wherever it may rear its crowned front. The nonjuring Collier was erroneous in these things—as bad a defender of the church as an impugner of the stage. Notwithstanding the Puseyism of the *Quarterly Review*, the Protestant Church of England never was, and never can be, the sort of institution that the nonjuring clergy of the present and past times wished to make the laity believe. Christianity never had but one high priest, and, since his reception behind the veil, recognizes no priesthood. The national Church of England, which has no faithfuller member than ourselves, has very properly had its clerisy ; but this is a very different affair altogether. It is not impossible that it may yet be left for the stage to laugh out of countenance the clerical assumptions that have travelled from Oriel College, Oxford, to Albemarle-street, London. Shall monks and friars be brought on the stage—and shall fox-hunting parsons escape ? Forbid it, religion ! But it is time to pause, now that we have descended from the drama to polemics.

Let us, in conclusion, record our unqualified praise of the work before us ; it is indeed a treasure which, having once possessed, we would never live without. The biographies by Mr. Leigh Hunt are charming pieces of writing—in fact, altogether delightful. Notwithstanding what we have blurred out above, we can assure him that we were never better pleased with him than on the present occasion. Mr. Moxon (“ the poets’ publisher,” as *we first* called him) should come in also for a share of the praise. He stands in contrast with the spiritless booksellers of the day, who, whether it be old or new, recoil from literary excellence, and seek their natural refuge in the dullness and insipidity which lies more level to their uncultivated understandings and low commercial instincts. A few more such enlightened publishers, and some fine spirits, who now have too much reason to lament that they are fallen upon evil days, might begin to hope. It is fearful to think what is lost by reason of the mere trading principle on which literature in general (to say nothing now of the theatrical portion of it) is conducted. It was always bad enough ; but the evils were once counteracted by a spirit of private enterprise. There is at present, however, no “ speculation in the orbs ” of men. Publishers were once merchants—they are now but shopkeepers. We must have Associations to do what theatrical managers and booksellers have not sufficient “ pluck ” to attempt. A little while—and the remedy will be provided. Meanwhile, live in faith.

VERSIONS FROM GERMAN POETS.

BY MESSRS. BARHAM, BERNAYS, AND HERAUD.

I.—THE SPRING FEAST.

Paraphrased from the German of Klopstock. By Francis Barham.

[THIS ode of Klopstock used to be considered by many foreign critics as the finest in the German language;—the national taste has, however, lately run against the poet, in favour of recent and more polished writers.]

I will not dare
To sound the ocean of the universe,
Nor hover where
The angelic choirs of morning stars rehearse
The ecstasies of song.

Yet still along
This sunny atmosphere of vernal earth—
Last drop of Nature's bucket—latest birth
Of all the joy-diffusing planet throng,
Will I shout hallelujahs,
For this last drop of the life-teeming stars
Flowed from the hand of God.

When from the Omnipotent
The effulgent sunstream of creation poured,
And the seven spheres spangled the firmament,
This natal orb of love
Burst into being, ever to improve.

When high in purple heaven
The inextinguishable lamp of day
Scattered its streaming ray
Like cataracts of lightning, tempest driven,
Girding Orion—thou didst start,
O mother earth—mother of gentle heart,
Into thy choral dance of harmonies.

Planet of genial life,
Who are the million-fold existencies
That have in joy and strife
Lived round thee? Who am I?
To the Creator, hallelujahs!
Something which cannot die,
Akin to the pure stars
That glitter through the emblazed immensity.

Such is the immortal soul,—and who
Shall limit soul to man? Methinks that you,
O flower-rejoicing butterfly, whose wing
Upon the ethereal breeze is fluttering,
May be immortal too.

Flow, flow, ye luscious tears,
And thou my harp again,
Twined with the palms of thy triumphant strain,
Ring to the echoing spheres
The glories of the Eternal! He whose light
Flashes around me, making all
Miraculously lovely. In my sight
Naturals grow supernatural, and recall
The image of the Invisible. Each wind
Glow with his living Spirit, as it breathes
Freshness upon my passion-burning brow,
Fainter, and still more languishing. And now,
The vapour of the sultry noontide wreathes
Round every tree, and lo, the Almighty mind
Comes in the thunder-cloud.

Hark, the storm rises,
Swift and crushing, and howling loud,
The forest it surprises,
Waves lash the rocks with foaming spray :
And 'mid the tempest-crushing jubilee
The Godhead stands confest—

Our giant oaks are staggering round,
And ocean rears his snow-white crest,
Rebellowing back the thunder's sound.
I fall upon my face, and still,
And mute amidst the hurricane,
Invoke the Omnipotent to kill
None but the haughty and the vain.

And art Thou angry, Lord,
When the meridian whirlwind sinks to sleep,
That thy mysterious Presence walks abroad,
Robed in Night's sable mantle? No! the deep
Night also is a blessing, as it flings
Refreshment on the strengthening corn, and dew
On the heart-gladdening grape. Father, I knew
Thou wert not angry. From thy wings
The showers of love descend ;
And from the bell
Of the wild rose, the moth I loved so well
Looks forth, and owns its Maker for its friend.
Perhaps it is not soulless—it may be
Full of thy glories—immortality.

Alas! that I could praise
Thee—Universal Spirit, as my heart
Pants to adore thee. Lo thou art
Still more revealed in midnight's mysteries ;
The darkness sterner grows,
And richer in the opiate of repose :
But through the sombre shadow we behold
New lightnings, bickering yet more terribly ;

We hear again the thunder peal that rolled
 From the fixed pole's electric axletree—
 Startling the nations :
 Lord, be merciful !
 Destroy not thy creations !

Again the storm-winds howl,
 And in their blast the rattling peal again
 Once more the forest bends, and then anon
 The noise is hushed, and all the fury gone!
 The black cloud hovers over field and plain ;
 Fiercer the lightnings flash—
 Then comes the wild and desolating crash,
 And the struck forest smokes :

But not our cot :—
 The invisible hand that rent the gnarled oaks,
 Leaves the hut harmless, on its lowly spot.

And now the balmy showers
 Rush on the thirsty earth,
 And all the drooping flowers
 Laugh in a second birth.
 The Omnipresent majesty
 Hath hushed the booming storm,
 And sits in smiling radiancy,
 Upon the rainbow's form.

I went out to adore,
 And lo, I weep, yet weep not in despair ;
 Thou who art Evermore,
 Forgive the tear—that things so bright and fair
 Should be deemed finite. Unto thee,
 Father of Spirits, tremblingly I creep ;
 Thou knowest all I feel,
 And with thy grief-consuming fires canst sweep
 These sable vapours of mortality,
 And to my dark conception canst reveal—
 Whether the inspiring soul
 Which fills and warms the whole,
 Dwells even in the butterfly—
 Or whether it must die ?
 Art thou but fashioned dust, child of the flower,
 To flourish and to fade in one brief hour ?
 Or wilt thou sparkle through new spheres of sense,
 Back to the uncreated effluence ?

II.—ELEGY,

*Prefixed by Goethe to his Metamorphosis of Plants, translated
 by Leopold John Bernays.**

Thee this thousand-fold mingling of flowers confuseth, my loved one,
 This fair flowery choir spreading the garden around ;

* Mistakes having arisen, we beg to state, that this gentleman is the eldest son of
 Dr. Bernays, Professor of King's College.—ED.

Names in profusion thou listest, and into thine ear ever thronging,
 With their barbarian sound, one o'er another they press;
 Similar all in their forms, and yet none like to another,
 And thus some hidden law point they all out to the mind,
 And some hallowed enigma. My best beloved, would I could give thee
 To it an answer at once by some felicitous thought.
 As into being they spring, contemplate how led by degrees on,
 Little by little the plant forms into blossoms and fruit,
 Out of the seed it unfoldeth as soon as earth's bosom in silence
 Maketh it fruitful, and then gently transmits it to life,
 And to the charm of the light—the hallowed—eternally moving,
 Straightway commendeth the fair, delicate framework of buds.
 Wrapped in the seed slept the power—the embryo yet undeveloped
 Lay in itself enclosed, hid 'neath the veil of the shell.
 Leaflet, and root, and bud, yet but half formed, and without colour;
 Thus the dry seed doth preserve life, though inactive within:
 Upward then striving it springs, to the gentle moisture confiding,
 And at once raiseth itself from the environing night,
 But still simple remaineth the form of the primal appearance,
 And thus, e'en among plants, still doth the infant appear,
 And up-raising itself, one impulse succeeding another,
 Piling up knot upon knot, still the first image renews;
 Truly not alway the same, for manifold aye is developed,
 Formed, e'en as thou behold'st, leaf ever following leaf.
 Still more extended, more notched, more split into points and in por-
 tions,
 Which undeveloped before lay in the organ beneath.
 And thus it reacheth first the highest appointed completion,
 Which in many a form moveth to wonder thy soul.
 Ribbed and indented much on the rich and luxuriant surface,
 Endless, without restraint, seems the full impulse to be.
 But here with mightiest hand doth nature check the formation,
 And gently guideth it on to its perfection and end.
 Guides she the sap with more moderation, and narrows the vessels,
 And, lo, the form at once tenderer workings presents.
 Silently now the growth of the on-striving edges retireth
 While the ribs of the stem fuller develope their forms.
 And, lo, leafless and swift a tenderer stalklet appeareth,
 And a wonderful form now the spectator attracts.
 Now groweth circling around, numbered up, and yet without number,
 Lo! a smaller leaf near to a similar one,
 Pressing around the axis the hiding calix appeareth,
 Which for the fairest forms bright-coloured crownlets emits.
 Thus doth nature exult in her highest, her fullest appearance,
 And showeth forth in rows member on member up-piled.
 Still new wonders await thee, where first o'er the scaffolding tender
 Of ever varying leaves stirs on the stem the bright flower.
 But this beauty becometh a fresh formation's announcement,
 Yea, the bright-coloured leaf feeleth the finger divine,
 And it draws itself quickly together, while forms the most tender

Twofold forward extend for closest union designed.
 Friendly behold they stand—the gentle couples—together,
 Numberless ranging themselves the hallowed altar around ;
 Hymen hovereth near, and glorious odours with power
 All things filling with life, pour sweetest incense around.
 And now at once disunited, the numberless blossoms are swelling,
 Veiled in the motherly breast of the developing fruits :
 And here nature shuts up the circle of powers eternal,
 Yet a new one at once taketh the former one's place,
 So that the chain still onward through age upon age is extended,
 And thus with life is the whole, as is the single one, filled.
 Now, my beloved, turn thy glance to the host many coloured,
 Which o'er thy thoughtful mind moves in confusion no more.
 Lo ! how each plant announceth to thee an eternal commandment ;
 Every flower hath a tongue louder and louder for thee ;
 But if thou here the goddess's holy letters decipher'st,
 Alway thou may'st see the same, though in a different form ;
 Though the worm creeping delays, and the butterfly busily hasteth,
 Though man's plastic soul varies the image designed.
 O, bethink thee then also how out of the germ of acquaintance,
 Step by step in our minds beautiful custom arose,
 How then friendship with might and with power expanded within us,
 And how love at the last blossoms and fruitage produced.
 Oh, bethink thee how soon sweet nature gave to our feelings,
 Silent unfolding itself, manifold different shapes.
 Joy thee also to-day, for love the holy one striveth,
 Aye to the highest fruit—similar feelings and thoughts,
 Like contemplation of things, that by a harmonized gazing,
 Joining in love the pair may find a loftier world.

III.—PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

From the German of Schiller, translated by John A. Herand.

[Schiller has written a very pretty allegorical poem, to show the poet's unfitness for the world, entitled *Pegasus im Joche*—of which the following translation is almost literal, i. e. quite so, save a few words introduced for the sake of metre or rhyme. The lines, too, are of the same length and number, and the rhimes fall in the same places, in the English version as in the German original.]

PEGASUS IM JOCHE.

Auf einem Pferdemarkt—vielleicht zu
 Haymarket,*
 Wo andre dinge noch in waare sich ver-
 wandeln,—
 Bracht'einst ein hungriger Poet
 Der Musen Ross, es zu verhandeln.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

To a horse-mart,—perhaps the market
 named of hay,
 Where other things as well in merchan-
 dize are proffered,—
 A hungry poet, on a day,
 The Muses' steed in barter offered.

* Schiller means the English Haymarket, where, however, horses are *not* sold. Lessing made similar mistakes in his *Emilia Gallotti*.—J. A. H.

Hell wieherte der Hippogriff,
Und bäumte sich in prächtiger parade;
Erstaunt blieb jeder stehn, und rief;
Das edle, königliche thier! Nur schade,

Dass seinen schlanken wuchs ein hässlich
flügelpaar
Entstellt! Den schönsten postzug würd'
es zieren.

Die race, sagen sie, sey rar,
Doch wer wird durch die luft kutschieren?

Und keiner will sein geld verlieren.
Ein pächter endlich fasste muth.

Die flügel zwar, spricht er, die schaffen
keinen nutzen;

Doch die kann man ja binden oder
stutzen,

Dann ist das pferd zum ziehen immer
gut.

Ein zwanzig pfund, die will ich wohl
dran wagen;

Der täuscher, hoch vergnügt die waare
lozuschlagen,

Schlägt hurtig ein, "Ein mann, ein
wort!"

Und Hans trabt frisch mit seiner beute
fort.

Das edle thier wird eingespannt,
Doch fühlt es kaum die ungewohnte
bürde,

So rennt es fort mit wilder flugbegierde,
Und wirft, von edelm grimm entbrannt,
Den Karren um an eines abgrunds rand.

Schon gut, denkt Hans. Allein darf ich
dem tollen thiere

Kein fuhrwerk mehr vertraun. Erfahrung
macht schon klug.

Doch morgen fahr' ich passagiere,
Da stell' ich es als vorspann in den zug.

Die muntre krabbe soll zwei pferde mir
ersparen;

Der koller gibt sich mit den jahren.

Der anfang ging ganz gut. Das leicht
beschwingte pferd

Belebt der klepper schritt, und pfeilschnell
fliegt der wagen.

Doch was geschieht? Den blick den
wolken zugekehrt,

Und ungewohnt, den grund mit festem
huf zu schlagen,

Verlässt es bald der räder sich're spur,
Und, treu der stärkeren natur,

Durchrennt es sumpf und moor, geackert
feld und hecken.

Clear neighed the hippogriff and loud;
And pranced in pride and showed his
fine points finely;

In wonder stood stock-still the crowd,
And cried, "the noble beast! he moves
divinely!"

Pity! his slim shape's spoiled by those
two monstrous wings,

It else a four-horse carriage would embellish—

The race is rarest of rare things,
Yet who would coach the air? 't were
spellish—

And none his gold to lose would relish!
At last, a farmer, brave and bluff,

Opines—"those strange wings, to be
sure, are useless—very—

But may be tied or clipped, without
more query,

And then for draught the horse serve
well enough—

A twenty pound I well may venture on
it."

The dealer, too much pleased to cavil or
to con it—

"A man—a word!" right brisk replies—
And Jack trots off with what he deems
a prize.

Fixed in the shafts, the creature nice
Scarce feels the unwonted burthen on
him lying,

Ere forth he starts with wild desire of
flying,

And nobly angry, in a trice,
O'erturns the cart on brink of precipice.

"Well—well"—thinks Jack—"I see,
I dare not trust this Sorrow

To draw at all alone. Experience makes
us wise.

But travellers I shall drive to-morrow,
Then—then—the team his leading vigour
tries!

The sprightly shrimp will e'en two duller
horses save me;

Years quench the fire that now would
brave me."

At starting, all was well. The lightly-
winged steed

Quickens the ponies' steps—the stage
flies like an arrow—

What happens next? His eyes up-
turned the welkin read;

And with firm hoof unused the ground
to measure narrow,

He soon forsakes the wheels' sure track,
and to

His first, his stronger nature true,
Through marsh and moor he runs,
ploughed field and hedge, in error—

Der gleiche taumel fasst das ganze post-
gespann,
Kein rufen hilft, kein zügel hält es an,
Bis endlich zu der wandrer schrecken,
Der wagen, wohlgerüttelt und zerschellt,
Auf eines berges steilem gipfel hält.

Das geht nicht zu mit rechten dingen !
Spricht Hans mit sehr bedenklichem
gesicht.

So wird es nimmermehr gelingen ;
Lass sehn, ob wir den tollwurm nicht
Durch magre kost und arbeit swingen.
Die probe wird gemacht. Bald ist das
schöne thier,
Eh' noch drei tage hingeschwunden,
Zum schatten abgezehrt. Ich hab's, ich
hab's gefunden,
Ruft Hans. Jetzt frisch, und spannt es
mir
Gleich vor den pflug mit meinem stärk-
sten stier.

Gesagt, gethan. In lächerlichem zuge
Erblickt man ochs und flügelpferd am
pfluge,
Unwillig steigt der Greif, und strengt die
letzte macht
Der sehnen an, den alten flug zu neh-
men,
Umsonst, der nachbar schreitet mit
bedacht,
Und Phöbus stolzes ross muss sich dem
stier bequemen,
Bis nun, vom langen widerstand ver-
zehrt,
Die kraft aus allen gliedern schwindet,
Von gram gebeugt das edle götterpferd
Zu boden stürzt, und sich im staube
windet.

Verwünschtes thier ! bricht endlich Han-
sens grimm—
Laut scheltend aus, indem die hiebe
flogen.
So bist du denn zum ackern selbst zu
schlimm ;
Mich hat ein schlem mit dir betrogen.

Indem er noch in seines zornes wuth
Die peitsche schwingt, kommt flink und
wohlgemuth
Ein lustiger gesell die strasse hergezo-
gen.
Die Zitter klingt in seiner hand,
Und durch den blonden schmuck der
haare
Schlingt zierlich sich ein goldnes band.
Wohin, freund, mit dem wunderlichen
paare ?

Like madness seizes all—the team to
prance begin—
No call avails—no bridle reins them in—
Till lastly to the traveller's terror,
Th' unlucky wain, well shaken, broken
quite,
Halts on a mountain's top, a perilous
height.

“ It seems to me there's magic in it ”—
Says Jack with sadly rueful countenance,
“ Gold it may lose, but never win it ; —
Let's see, spare food, hard toil, per-
chance,
May tame the mad-brain, though it thin
it.”
The trial's made—alas ! the royal beast
and rare,
Ere yet three days are all departed,
Is to a shadow worn, and Jack is merry
hearted—
“ Now with the steer he'll foot it square ;
Yoked to the plough, the strongest with
the spare.”

So said, so done. And laughably they
tether
Ox and winged steed before the plough
together—
Scornful the griffin soars, and tugs with
might and main,
To take the flight that did ere while besit
him—
Thoughtful his neighbour plods along—
'tis vain !
And Phoebus' haughty steed must to the
steer submit him,
Till by resistance long exhausted now,
Strength fails each sinew—his limbs lan-
guish—
And the brave steed divine, with grief
laid low,
Fallen to the ground, rolls 'mid the dust
in anguish.

“ Accursed brute ! ”—Jack's rage at last
found way—
Loud are his oaths—fast fall his blows
and thicker—
“ Then thou art e'en too bad for plough-
ing—ay ?
And I've been cheated by a tricker ! ”

While, in the fury of his wrath, yet he
The whip whirls round, brisk comes, and
cheerily,
A youth along the road, right full of
merry bicker.
The Cithern sounds within his hand,
And through his fair adorning hair,
Twines elegant a golden band—
“ Whither, friend, whither, with this
wond'rous pair ? ”

Ruft er den bau'r von weitem an.
 Der vogel und der ochs an einem seile,
 Ich bitte dich, welch ein gespann!
 Willst du auf eine kleine weile
 Dein pferd zur probe mir vertrau'n?
 Gib acht, du sollst dein wunder schau'n.

Thus to the boor he calls from far—
 "The bird and ox both in one rope together—
 Gramercy, what a team they are!
 Come, for a little while untether,
 And let me try your horse!—you will?
 Now—mind—you shall see marvels
 still!"

Der Hippogryph wird ausgespannt,
 Und lächelnd schwingt sich ihm der
 jüngling auf den rücken.
 Kaum fühlt das thier des meisters sich're
 hand,
 So knirscht es in des zügels band,
 Und steigt, und blitze sprühn aus den
 beseeelten blicken.
 Nicht mehr das vor'ge wesen, königlich,
 Ein Geist, ein Gott, erhebt es sich.
 Entrollt mit einem mal in sturmes wehen
 Der schwingen pracht, schießt bransend
 himmelan,
 Und eh' der blick ihm folgen kann,
 Entschwebt es zu den blauen höhen.

The hippogriff, set free, stood bland,
 While, smiling, on his back the youth
 assumed his station;
 Scarce feels the beast the master's steady
 hand;
 As champing at the bridle band,
 He prances—while his eyes all flash with
 inspiration.
 No more the former being, royally,
 A spirit, nay, a god, soars he!
 Unfold at once, a whirlwind in each
 feather,
 The broad bright wings, and aim direct
 for heaven;
 And, ere the eye can follow even,
 Lost are they in blue heights of ether."

[TRANSLATOR'S REMARKS.

Now this is lucky. Here are even on my table Retzsch's Outline Illustrations of this very poem. I know he has done the same good service to Schiller's *Song of the Bell*; but the sketches for that poem I have not yet seen. Those that now lie before me, I could look upon for ever.

The Artist has presented us with the Poet sadly seated, bent over his lyre, with empty purse in hand, and revolving in his troubled mind the necessity of disposing of the noble animal, "das Götterpferd," who, with neck over-arching his master's head and shoulders, as if lovingly, refreshes himself, as his wont is, with the scent of flowers, by the inspiration of whose breath he is nurtured and fed. Ah! happy steed, whose appetite was so easily supplied. This is a delicate fancy of Retzsch's. Is there not, however, too great a prominence in the jaw of the winged horse? Or is there an ideal beauty in that preternatural enlargement by which the poetic sketcher would distinguish Pegasus from all other steeds? It may be so. Well may the poet grieve while meditating the need of parting with a creature so beautiful! Nevertheless he cannot starve. The eagle above his head finds means to still the hunger of her young one. But Man—while the birds of the air have nests, and the foxes holes,—has often not where to lay his head. Yet, had he faith, bread for him would be made of the very stones. Faith is dead in the heart of the poet before us; and in the distance, yet not out of sight, are preparations making for the approaching horse-market—men and steeds are there. O ye muses! lead not the poet into temptation!

The temptation has been strong! Behold the poet at the market, receiving a meagre price for his matchless beast. With woe-begone

expression he accepts the fatal gold ; and the abandoned steed looks back upon his late guardian with a kind of reproachful pity ! Well he may !

Now are the wings of the divine hippogriff tied to prevent his flying, and with a bridle he is tethered to post and bar, to be gazed at with wonder by the stupid crowd.

In the fourth Outline the boor is seen conveying home his winged purchase. Riding on a wearied jade, he would willingly keep back the companion he wishes to lead, and not to follow. Scarcely his strong arm can retain possession of the rein. Home, however, he has arrived, and placed the poetic brute within two most prosaic shafts, to drag along a cart full of stones. The very turkeys look up and cackle with astonishment. But Jack braves all danger, and undertakes himself the driving, much to the satisfaction of all his labourers, who are glad to get quit of the peril. Sorely, however, has he found reason to repent his temerity ; for lo, the overturned cart—the raging winged horse—and the cast out yeoman. Nevertheless he still holds fast by the bridle, though lying at the mercy of those angry heels. A mother clasps up her child in utter fright ; while the husband rushes from afar to save his wife and offspring.

In much of all this Retszch has been his own poet.

He now begins to stick closer to his text. Great is the terror—nay, horror—of the passengers, as, with eye upturned to heaven, the divine steed drags after him the ponies and the stage in courses most erratic. Vain is the driver's skill and rage—one readily sees what will be the end of it all. They are now on the edge of the steep—and lo, a sudden halt, sufficient to overset the whole concern. Those below, whether man or brute, cringe in fear, save an excited individual, who hastens to render help in this apparent extremity.

The hippogriff is next displayed in the yeoman's stable ; he is safely haltered to an empty manger, eagerly observing the oxen in another part feeding at their crib. Jack seems to delight, with threatening fist, in the success of his starving scheme. It has visibly begun to take effect ; and yet the noble creature wanted but the breath of growing flowers to live on.

None such are in the field, ploughed or being ploughed. Pegasus has yielded to the steer—he has sunken to the earth—he is subjected to the lash. But Apollo is at hand—punishment is suspended—the god's request is granted.

And anon behold the result. Aloft he soars—divine steed, with rider no less divine ! The boor's upturned astonishment must needs confess that, though useless to draw and toil—the creature is eminently fitted for flying in the air—nay, reaching heaven.

With this the artist might have concluded—but now he gives us a view of his poet's apotheosis. The bust of Schiller in Elysium—in the middle air, Pegasus and his rider careering—round about such Grecian sculptures as might be there present to the soul of a bard. All is repose and peace : only the tuneful prevails ; gliding down, the expanded stream gives animation to the picture. Enough !

J. A. H.]

MISFORTUNE.

If one calls to mind the time necessarily spent in the mechanical operations of civilized existence,—in dressing and undressing, eating, sleeping, and repeating common-places,—how short is seen to be the period of man's real *life* even in cases of the longest ordinary duration ! What weakness, then, do we exhibit when we allow any portion of this brief span to be occupied with gloomy anticipations of sorrow, which after all may never reach us, or in regretting evils which are past and irremediable ; and yet how large and important a part of it is by many of us thus spent ! We would almost exclaim with Cæsar, “ *Melius est pati semel, quam cavere semper.*”

Were the minds of men to be schooled rigidly in practical philosophy rather than attenuated in abstruse disquisitions on far-off points, or amused in the attainment of trifling accomplishments (although there is time for these too), the world would be gainers by so large an amount of happiness as is hardly to be estimated. Quite true it is,

“ That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure or subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepared, and still to seek.”

Happy are those (although perhaps not worldly wise, or likely to be overburthened with its miscalled good things) who, through temperament, can allow the troubles which are man's heritage to pass over them, as a bird through the air, tracelessly ; but still more happy they who, despite a natural thoughtfulness and feeling for the future, which uncontrolled had produced care and chagrin, and had proved an armour so costly and fatiguing as to make even security a loss, are enabled by discipline to regard what is unchangeable as unworthy of regret ; and, feeling that “ horrible imaginings *are* worse than present ills,” can wait patiently the actual presence of misfortune before they allow regret to feed upon their heart, or cloud thick-coming hopes and bright fancies,—to which latter, after all, perhaps belong as much reality and stability as to any other part of the phantasmagoria called life.

One of the wisest of the Latins has written, “ There is no man miserable alone by present evils ;” and few will attempt to gainsay the remark. Let us then avoid repining in anticipation,—unless, indeed, such repining prevent the occurrence of the cause of it, as might sometimes be the case,—and refuse to say, “ I shall probably be miserable to-morrow, and therefore will I be unhappy to-day,” and the length of our life, so far as actual enjoyment of it, and the time and power to develope the mind are concerned, will be immeasurably increased.

Even when disappointment or deprivation does afford substantial ground for grief, if we remember that nothing is felt as a misfortune if we do not think it such, we at once see the means we possess of

lessening the power of accident to oppress us,—“for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.” Time is the great healer—the universal soother. No man feels the loss of fortune, the unmerited abuse of the world, or the death of the dearest friend he knew, with the same acuteness to-day as yesterday; and let but a few more days pass, and he feels it not at all. If, then, this be the case—if we may say with *certainty*, on the occurrence of a misfortune which at the moment were powerful enough, unless combatted, to prostrate all our energies, and make the world a blank, “*To-morrow* I shall cease to grieve,” how weak we must be to allow it under ordinary circumstances to affect us immoderately to-day!

In the search after happiness we are too apt to sacrifice the enjoyment of to-day to the hope of to-morrow—not to *be* happy, but to intend it:—it is all to-morrow, and to-morrow, and, lo! another morrow, and we are dust. Why not, then, reverse our system? Enjoy and be grateful for every gleam of sunshine as it passes, but defer repining until the morrow; by which time, be sure, we shall be a degree nearer than we were to a knowledge of the futility and wickedness of such a course. Man’s life and man’s glory are vain things, but man’s troubles are even vainer still.

GEORGE GODWIN, JUN.

The Knave and the Deuce.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

BY SIR EPHIALTES MOONCALF, KNIGHT-MAYOR.

“Ego me illorum dederim quibus esse poetas
Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere verum
Dixere esse satis : neque si quis scribat uti nos
Sermoni propria.”

[We are glad to hear it. Sir Ephialtes has given a very excellent definition and specimen of what is not poetry.]

’Tis a wild dreary spot—once a heathenish camp—
Where the witches, with shriek and halloo,
For their Master collect (lit by hell-nurtured lamp)
In the skulls of slain babies the poisonous damp,
And thus give the devil his dew.

He wandered disconsolate through the dark wood,
And shivered beneath every gust,
Not a *sou* had he got, and he swore, by the rood,
’Twas hard, though the rain hurried down in a flood,
There was no coming down with the dust.

A gambler he’d been, with Fortune was thick,
Though he wasted much oathing upon her—
But once when at whist, in a critical nick,
’Twas simply remarked to him—his was the trick,
And for nothing they counted his honour.

Since then he had sunk—nay, though awful, 'tis true—
 Had stooped to the horrors of labour,
 But he'd still, if a neighbour of substance he knew,
 (Though since his disgrace such acquaintance were few)
 Keep his hand in at beggar-my-neighbour.

He threw himself down by a holly-bush fine,
 In a shelter to serve at a push,
 And like Trinculo did for a bottle repine,
 For under a bush one may sit and want wine,
 Though good wine stands in need of no bush.

And he cursed at his stars—'tis a custom in use
 By most of your self-martyred martyrs ;
 Yet since he was perfectly welcome to choose,
 And his stockings had dangled down over his shoes,
 He had just as well cursed at his garters.

He cared not for ghosts, but he'd watched like a lynx
 For the deuce when the dice he would rattle,
 And then the bad spirits he'd met with, methinks,
 At the low country taverns they call *tiddleywinks*,
 Might have used him to that sort of cattle.

And besides, he was brave, for his lip had oft curled
 When a priest, or a prayer-book, was near ;
 And chief on all dogmas regarding that world
 Which the doomed shall inhabit, his scorning was hurled,
 For the gambler discovered it here.

Then all kinds of soft things crawled all round the place,
 The toad, and the eft, and the snail,—
 Nay, the two-ended worms, that detestable race,
 Came and stuck up one end of them full in his face,
 And defied him to cry—head or tail.

And some frogs came and stared at the wretch as he lay,
 With a moist sort of cold-blooded doubt,
 But puzzled they hopped to their puddles away,
 With a croak sounding much like the words that at play
 'Tis so pleasant to utter—" We're out."

Still the storm held its own—not its noise—with " a wild
 Kind of justice," not mentioned by Burns,
 For 'twixt thunder and rain so its time it beguiled,
 That it put him in mind of a sadly spoiled child,
 Who keeps roaring and crying by turns.

The gambler through many misfortunes had passed,
 But could hardly conceive such a stew,
 And despairingly frantic, he shouted at last,
 " Oh ! who will restore me my cash and my caste ?"
 An owl that was passing cried—" Whoo ?"

That owl was a Scotch one—so much he could tell—
 By its question-like answer he knew it,
 But then came another voice, deep as a bell,
 With a double Scotch answer-like question—"Well, well,
 And what will you give me to do it?"

The gambler sprang up at the hope it implied,
 And looked for the person who spoke,
 When a pair of red eyes at his elbow he spied,
 To which the big owl's with the candles inside,
 In the Freischutz were really a joke.

"Who are you?" said the gambler, "the night is so dark,
 That to make out your features I fail,
 But your legs, they describe a most elegant arc,
 And I pray you forgive me a hasty remark,
 But I think thereby hangeth a tail!"

"Just so," said the other with singular zest,
 While his tail went a splashing and slopping,
 "I just overheard the desire you expressed,
 And the rain is so heavy (you'll pardon the jest),
 That you'll see nothing strange in eaves-dropping.

"I beg to repeat what I asked you before,
 And your calmest regards let it meet;
 Pray tell me what points in his favour you'd score,
 Who, by giving you cab and bay gelding once more,
 Should set you again on your feet?"

"Remember the pigeons—the shuffle that brought
 Their feathers in clouds at your wish;
 Give that sweet little loo-room one delicate thought,
 And that looking-glass, placed at an angle that caught
 Such lots of her ladyship's fish.

"Remember a deal—and your own—be it weighed
 Before you decide on your offer;
 Take heart, and remember the club where was paid
 In diamonds the stake, when Prince Rubleskoff played—
 And the cough that brought coin to the coffer.

"Come! rub up your memory, aye, rub it until
 The rubber re-enter your soul;
 Recollect the odd trick on the table, where still
 There's a slit in the cloth for the court card to fill—"
 Quoth he, "I remember the whole.

"You, too, I know well, without aid from your feet,
 Nor let this be a cause of surprise;
 My life is a falsehood, a fraud, and a cheat,
 And living so much 'mid his children, 'tis meet
 I should honour the Father of Lies.

"But my soul's my sole wealth that is left me—my *πav*—
And that shall be yours for your pains,
If you'll straight carry out your benevolent plan,
And make me once more a *respectable man*!
And I'll live, as I've lived, by my *brains*."

"Done! done!" cried the demon, "I'll take of you, stop,
One drop of your blood as a hostage."
He produced a dead letter, on which from the top
Of the gambler's pale forehead he pinched out a drop,
Like the smear on the stamps for the postage.

"And now," said the fiend, "they who please may go bail
For this dicer—I think I have nicked him."
So he heaved up his tail, like a death-stricken whale,
It had thickened and swoln to a tub of a tail,
And crash went the head of his victim.

Then he mocked the poor spirit which shivered and plained
In agony under his eye—
"So, you've quickly deserted the rank you regained,
Though I really endeavoured, with honour unstained,
To the full with your wish to comply.

"You'd have lived by your brains—there they lie all around,
Most potent, and open, and quizzable;
A respectable man is a man (and I found
In Judge Blackstone the *dictum*, and therefore it's sound)
"~~Whose~~ *means of subsistence are visible*."

And weeds, dark and slimy, still cling about there,
And kelpie-lumps gibber and jump—
And the golden-eyed toads from the green puddles stare,
And no wild-flowers are waving in pleasantness where
The gambler awaits the last trump. C. W. B.

MIA, THE CAT-FIEND.

[Adapted from the French of F. Coquille.]

I.

IN a well-furnished room in one of the principal hotels of Paris, before a cheerful fire, reposing himself after the fatigues of a journey from Strasburg, sat Mr. Thomas Knoderer. He had just enjoyed himself over a good dinner, and was taking his wine. A decanter placed in front of him on the chimney-piece bore witness to his intention of prolonging to the utmost the pleasures of his repast. Now and then he would cast a somewhat anxious glance on a number of papers that were arranged on the table, but he ever and anon returned with a redoubled alacrity to his bottle. First he satisfied his olfactories as to the quality of the liquor, and then he slowly poured himself out a glass, which he would proceed to discuss slowly and scientifically, gulp by

gulp, as though he would not by any undue precipitancy deprive himself of any portion of the exquisite flavour, after each draught clearing his palate with his tongue for the next, and occasionally uttering a sonorous "hem!" indicative of his sublime satisfaction. At length the fervour of his libation ceased; he lit his meerschaum, and stretching himself upon the sofa, he was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

Mr. Thomas Knoderer was a perfect specimen of a German. Long fair hair, that hung in disordered locks around his temples, a large broad forehead, full open eyes, a nose not very long, but marked with slight streaks of red, and a thick heavy chin, all indicated a disposition towards animal enjoyment. Add to these peculiarities, a body whose length was principally from the head to the waist, athletic limbs, an air of ease, straightforwardness and good humour, and you have some idea of the man. The object of his visit to Paris is soon told.

Thomas Knoderer, and Henry Knoderer, his cousin, lived, the one at Strasburg, the other at Paris. Besides being well off already, they were also the joint heirs of an old uncle, Mr. Max Spreyerman Knoderer, of Wasselone. This old gentleman had been in the army, but the loss of an arm procured him his congé, and he had retired to his estate of Wasselone on the banks of the Rhine. He had since constantly avoided all attempts to draw him into matrimony, on the plea that, having in his youth obeyed so many military commanders, it would not do for him to put himself under the orders of any other, especially of one who might prove the reverse of civil. He, however, duly made his will in favour of his two nephews, and shortly after invited Thomas to his château, where the latter soon rendered himself so agreeable to the taste of the old gentleman, that he declared he was the pleasantest companion to be found on that side of the Rhine.

Mr. Max Spreyerman Knoderer, however, died suddenly. His will, although, or perhaps, because, prepared by the village notary, was held to be in some points obscure, and as the property was large, the lawyers soon contrived to draw the cousins into a very pretty lawsuit. One morning, however, Mr. Thomas Knoderer, in rummaging among the old memoranda of his late uncle for a receipt, chanced to fall upon a paper which turned out to be nothing less than another and a later will of the deceased, written in his own hand, and duly signed according to law, by which he revoked his former testament, and instead of dividing his property between his two nephews, gave the whole "estate of Wasselone, with all the rights and properties thereunto annexed, to Mr. Thomas Knoderer, as a proof of his regard, &c. &c. &c." This will, in fact, had been made only the day before his death, in consequence of some presentiment of his approaching end, and his nephew being absent at the time, he had not been able to inform him of it.

It was in order to place his cousin Henry in possession of this fact, and thus to put an end to the pending proceedings, that Mr. Thomas Knoderer had come to Paris. Not having found Henry at home, he had appointed to meet him at eight that evening at the hotel where we introduced him to the reader, where he is still engaged in smoking his meerschaum, and occasionally relieving his thirst by a return to the bottle on the mantelsheff. His reflections were decidedly agreeable. The prospect of augmenting his resources, which, to say the truth, had

been somewhat impaired by indulgence in the follies of youth, and the satisfaction of being emancipated from a lawsuit, which even under any circumstances is embarrassing, disposed him to a kindly feeling towards all human kind. Amidst these agreeable reflections the time passed rapidly away. The hour was near at which he was to meet his cousin. Once more he rose from his couch to look at the papers on the table—to see whether they were duly arranged to assist him in the approaching interview. Once again did he read the precious testament which had been so fortunately discovered, and which was to effect such a change in his fortunes. While thus engaged, he thought he heard a noise at the door, as though some person desired to enter. Not knowing what it could be, he opened the door, and was surprised to see a cat glide quietly between his feet into the room, and run to hide itself under the bed. Its motions were so quick that he scarcely saw it before it was hidden under the bed. Nevertheless, he endeavoured to coax it out. In the kindest voice possible, he used the customary means of alluring the reserved animal so miscalled domestic. It was in vain: all his advances were unfavourably received—the cat had resolved not to quit her retreat, from which her eyes glared upon him like a pair of carbuncles. At last he perceived the uselessness of the attempt, and he returned to his couch and resumed his pipe, with no kindly feeling towards the animal which had so pertinaciously declined all his advances towards companionship.

Already he had completely forgotten her, when he observed her draw towards the fire, quietly and cautiously, till at length she established herself on her hind legs before it, and began the operations of the toilette, which nature has prescribed to the instinct of all female animals, with her tongue. Somewhat pleased by this approach towards confidence, Mr. Thomas Knoderer remained immovable on his sofa, lest he should alarm his new and singular companion, and observed her with some interest.

She was a cat of ordinary appearance, partly Angora, with a small head and short ears. Her back, feet, and face, were of a deep black, the rest of her body was of a very pale brown. She had on a greyish collar, which formed a species of ruff, and came down on her chest. Most formidable whiskers, green eyes, and a tuft of long hair, which protruded from each of her eye-brows, gave to her physiognomy quite a magisterial gravity. Mr. Thomas Knoderer, seeing her apparently a little more habituated to the room, began again to offer her some little attentions, which she now no longer refused. In fact, she soon became so familiar as to jump on the knees of her host, and from thence on to the table, where at length she established herself quietly, looking at the fire with her eyes half shut. Our friend Knoderer was delighted. The time no longer seemed to pass slowly. At length, without taking the pipe from his mouth, he said,—

“Upon my word, madam, nothing seems to abash you now!”

And in truth nothing did seem to abash her. Pleased with the glorious fire before which she had sat herself, she soon began, kitten-like, gently with her paw to push about a pen that lay on the table by her side. Mr. Knoderer had already re-lit his pipe, and was smoking away with renewed ardour. From the midst of the dense

cloud of smoke which he created, his eyes followed vaguely, and scarcely with any consciousness to himself, the playful antics of the cat as she bounded about among the papers on the table in pursuit of her own tail. Suddenly a paper that had been set in motion by a more than usually vigorous pat of her paw, slid off the table, and was drawn by the current of air from the chimney into the midst of the flames. Mr. Knoderer by this time had fallen into a sort of demi-slumber, but awakened by a vague sense of something going wrong, he rushed to save the paper from the flames. It was too late—there remained but a portion of it on which there was no writing, the rest being all burnt.

As for the author of the mischief, conscience-stricken she made a precipitate retreat under a piece of furniture.

Meanwhile Mr. Knoderer scarcely dared ask himself what the paper was which had been consumed. The fragment in his hand afforded him no clue; but on searching among the other papers on the table, he found, too truly, what his fears had surmised, that the autograph will was no longer in existence.

"TARTEIFLE!" was all he cried when he discovered the immensity of his loss—then, arming himself with a great stick, he prepared to ferret out the unlucky animal, who squatted crouching in a corner, watching with a frightened look these unequivocal preparations for war.

"Oh you infernal beast!" shrieked Mr. Knoderer as soon as he perceived her, at the same time aiming at her a blow sufficient to have annihilated anything but a cat. To avoid it she flew under the bed. Driven from thence she again sought her first hiding place; but her persecutor allowed her no respite. Maddened by the excess of his loss, he harassed her without intermission. In vain she ran around her prison, and now bounded up against the walls to the height of several feet—all was of no use; and at length, when escape seemed hopeless, she turned round and faced the enemy. There she stood, swelling to a frightful size, and all the hairs on her body erect. Her eyes seemed to shoot out lightnings—she hissed, she growled, she miauled, till at last she squatted collectedly on her hind legs, and, just as Mr. Knoderer had again lifted his stick she leaped up at his face with one strong bound, and fixed her claws in his flesh.

Here was a scene at once frightful and ludicrous. In an agony of mingled fear and pain Mr. Knoderer roared madly for help, and nearly pulled down the bell-ropes in his frantic efforts to make his situation known in the house. At this moment the door opened, and a person appeared, who gazed with astonishment on the scene.

"Help! help!" repeated Mr. Knoderer.

The new-comer hastened to deliver him from the claws of his enemy, but she no sooner saw a passage clear than she rushed out and escaped. But at once the stranger recognized her.

"What! *Mia* here!" cried he with astonishment.

"Abominable animal! Where is my stick that I may kill her?"

"In the name of Heaven, my good cousin, of what consequence is that? You are all over blood!"

"Filthy beast!—I am lost—I am ruined!"

"Stay, let me clear your face; and in the meantime collect yourself, and tell me what has happened."

"Tarteifle! such an important paper burnt!"

"What paper? And how did *Mia* get here?"

"*Mia*! who is *Mia*?"

"The cat you were fighting with."

"Filthy beast!"

"She is a cat of mine which I have lost for some time."

"Your cat?"

"I am quite astonished to find her here. What has she done to you?"

Mr. Thomas Knoderer looked wildly at his cousin. The foregoing events had somewhat disturbed his understanding, and he could scarcely believe his ears. At length he suddenly exclaimed: "I will tell you what she has done. She has thrown into the fire a will of my uncle, making me his sole heir, and which I came here to show you."

"What folly you talk! Which will is it of which you would speak with me?"

Mr. Thomas Knoderer could no longer contain himself.

"Aye," cried he, furiously, "I see how it is; you have sent her here on purpose! There is some trick here that I cannot understand. Folly! a folly that will ruin me! But you shall not gain your end! I will go to law—I will go to law. Be off, sir! be off!"

Notwithstanding Mr. Thomas Knoderer's opinion to the contrary, the cat really was *Mia*, whom his cousin had lost. But whence and how had she come to the hotel?

II.

Between Mr. Henry Knoderer and his Strasburg cousin the contrast was most striking—morally as well as physically. The soft pale features of Henry, and a natural grace there was about him, attracted you at first sight. There was an air of abstraction about him which excited interest and sympathy. Possessed of an independent fortune, and united to a young and handsome woman whom he had married for love, he lived a retired life amidst a circle of intimate friends. He was passionately attached to all that seemed honest and generous-hearted, confiding to excess, and full of noble faith and amiable illusions. One thing alone was wanting to complete his happiness; though they had been married three years, they had as yet had no children.

Henry was not fond of the society of the world; his tastes were literary and for the arts. Balls, and assemblies, and conversaziones, were to him inexpressibly tedious. He never found himself so thoroughly happy as when he was in his study amidst his favourite authors. Hoffman, above all, gave him the most pleasure. It would almost seem as if it was in imitation of that singular and most original author, that he had a cat which seemed like a familiar demon. This cat he called *Mia*: wild and savage towards all other persons in the house, she would let no one caress her but him; she would run to him at the sound of his voice, like a faithful dog; she would follow him

from room to room; and when he was engaged in writing, it was her custom to establish herself without ceremony close to his hand, and follow with her eyes the progress of his pen, as though she really understood what he was tracing on the paper. But unhappily these excellent qualities were disfigured by a number of faults. As the favourite of the master, she was the natural enemy of the mistress, and the waiting-maid. Who could find fault with them for this? The importance which she enjoyed, and the protection that was afforded to her on all occasions, were, in their eyes, the most grave of her faults. In short, the household were already at war with *Mia*. On her side, Madame Knoderer entered on the struggle with extraordinary determination. Small and delicate, with fair hair, and languishing airs, she was one of those nervous and irritable females, who, under an appearance of softness, conceal a character of the most despotic kind. Stung by a sense of humiliation at not being able to induce her husband to part with his cat, she began to feel a kind of indescribable jealousy, and, in concert with her confidant, every mean of driving the cat away was put in force, but in vain. Ill-treatment, hunger, blows, all were unavailing; *Mia* only became more cross-grained, and, at the same time, more dear to her master.

"Would you believe, Mons. d'Anvilliers," said Madame Knoderer, one morning, "would you believe that my husband actually takes part against me on behalf of that frightful cat of his? Can anything be more unkind or unreasonable?"

Now M. d'Anvilliers was a young man of about seven-and-twenty, already noted for his affairs of gallantry—was Henry's most intimate friend. In that capacity he ought to have defended him; but never calculate on your intimate friends!

"Indeed, madam, what you say surprises me! Such conduct is very ungallant indeed. But cannot something be done?"

And Madame Knoderer took counsel with M. d'Anvilliers against her enemy. The result of the advice he gave was that *Mia* disappeared. We have seen that chance, or an instinct, directed her to the hotel, and we know the rest. The result was, that after an ineffectual lawsuit, during which all the facts relative to the destruction of the paper by the cat were put in evidence, Thomas Knoderer failed, and Henry became the possessor of his original half-share of his uncle's property, and as he had never believed in the existence of the other will, he felt no compunction whatever in enjoying it. In spite, however, of his accession of fortune, he still retained the original simplicity of his habits. Not so, however, with his wife. Her additional opulence, and it might be also, insidious counsels, had perverted her mind and her heart. She dragged her husband from ball to ball, and from fête to fête, yet the more she plunged into dissipation, the more she seemed discontented with herself and every one else. Henry loved her too deeply to be jealous; in a mind like his, love consists in confidence; he submitted without reproach to her caprices and ill-tempers, finding always consolation in his books. *Mia* was a more constant companion than ever. Her adventure with the will had of course become known, and there were not wanting persons who surmised that it was something more than a mere coincidence. The consequence

was, that she was regarded with somewhat of a superstitious fear; and to be feared is, in this world, to be powerful.

Meanwhile, the number of her enemies was augmented. M. d'Anvilliers had joined the league against her. *Mia* appeared, by some instinct, to know that he was the author of her dismissal; and however far off he might be, whenever she saw him she invariably arched up her back and growled, as though conscious of the presence of her mortal enemy.

One day, some time after these last events, Henry entered the boudoir of his wife, carrying a small parcel, very carefully wrapped up. He had been contriving one of those surprises which so gratify the sex. Madame had the night before admired a splendid set of diamonds, and her husband had now come to present them to her. Affected by this little instance of marital gallantry, she received him with tears;—there was nothing particular in that! Even *Mia* herself, who had timidly followed her master, was kindly received. She was even caressed; but whether it was that she did not deem these caresses sincere, or that she still retained a lively sense of the favours formerly received from the same hand, she obstinately refused to acknowledge them; and when Madame Knoderer with a gentle violence endeavoured to hold her on her knee, she quickly resented the advance by imprinting her claws in the lady's arm.

The latter uttered a sharp cry of pain and alarm; all her past hatred revived. A sudden thought seized her—she determined to seize the opportunity to vanquish her enemy, if possible, for ever. Already the blood that had flowed from the slight wound had stained the muslin of her sleeve: she pretended to faint, and allowed herself to sink as if insensible. As Henry instantly endeavoured to relieve her, she smiled within herself at the awkwardness with which he attempted to unlace her. She prolonged purposely her fit, in order afterwards to make it a powerful weapon against her enemy. * * * *

Suddenly she aroused herself as if a viper had stung her. In the endeavours of Henry to disembarass her of her dress, a note fell on the floor—a note which she had received only half an hour before. The imprudent woman had forgotten it. In her endeavours to destroy poor *Mia*, she had destroyed herself! It was an awful moment. She turned pale—a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes—she felt her reason going; yet by one vigorous effort she stooped (slowly, and not without affectation) to pick up the note. But Henry had already seized it.

“Henry!” said she, in a voice which scarcely concealed her agitation, “give me that note, I beg of you.”

“It is D'Anvilliers' writing, I believe,” observed he with indifference; “I am curious to know what he can have to say to you;” and he turned the note again and again in his hands.

“The note, Henry, the note!” she murmured faintly, holding out her hand; but he gently pushed back her arm, and prepared to read the paper with an air of gaiety. At the first words he started, his aspect became discomposed; he was seized with a convulsive trembling, and his knees seemed about to fail him. A terrible blow had struck him to the heart. He passed his hands across his eyes, and

continued to read. Madame Knoderer lay prostrate on the ground. When he had done reading, he remained for a while dismayed. Gradually the horrid truth found its way into his soul. Again he read a few words of the letter, then folded it slowly and in silence, and turned to depart.

"Henry!" shrieked the wretched wife, striving to catch hold of his vestments. He abashed her with a glance, and hastening to his study, locked the door, and threw himself into a seat.

"My God! my God!" he murmured, in a voice broken by an overpowering emotion.

III.

Henry Knoderer possessed a country-house at St. Mandé, close to the park of Vincennes. It was a retreat solitary and silent. Thither he went, after having signified to his wife that they were separated for ever. Here he would for a time conceal his despair from the eyes of man, and take those steps which his position rendered necessary. There is a class of men, of a kind of stoical firmness, whom the contempt which they entertain for the world, or the respect which they have for themselves, sustains in times of great trial. They carry what the world imputes to them as dishonour with a proud front, and they disdain to take revenge. There are others, more weak or more passionate, who rebel against their fate, like the animal that bites the wound the shot has made; such men have recourse to the duel—that reparation which repairs nothing—that justice of arms, which is still more iniquitous than the justice of the world!

A few days after his arrival, at seven in the morning, a *voiture* drew up before the house at St. Mandé. The two men who stepped from it found Henry ready to accompany them, fatigued by a sleepless night, but calm and resolved. The hours which immediately precede a duel are solemn ones. Henry had employed them to dispose of his property. One portion he devoted to the purposes of charity; the remainder was to go to Mr. Thomas Knoderer. He reserved, however, an annual provision for her who had been his wife; and the fate of *Mia* was not forgotten, she being provided for with an old lady whom he had often secretly aided, and who was happy in being able to receive this last legacy, this last remembrance of her benefactor.

These dispositions made, he calmly considered the chances which he was about to run. Life had no longer any charms for him, and he cared not therefore if he lost it. Should he fall, there would be one source of remorse the more for the man who had deceived him. If he was not fated to avenge himself, the world would avenge him. He accompanied his seconds to the ground, which was a place partly cleared on the skirts of the neighbouring wood. On one side of it ran the wall of the neighbouring cemetery. In summer it was all shaded by the foliage of the trees; but this being the month of January, their branches extended like arms of gigantic skeletons in the frozen air. There was a solemnity in the scene that suited the awful purpose for which the antagonists had met. Concealed in a neighbouring avenue of the wood was a conveyance that was destined to carry the remains of one of them, perhaps of both.

The preparations were soon made. Henry had of right the choice of weapons;—sword or pistol were alike indifferent to him, as in the whole course of his life he had never had occasion to use either. He left it to chance, and chance befriended him by deciding for the sword. While this was going on, his adversary affected quite an air of ease, even of gaiety. He was celebrated for his *sang-froid* and address with his weapon; and the consciousness of this superiority imparted to his manner an assurance which might have been taken for courage. He spoke often, and his words were brief and abrupt. The adversaries were at length prepared, and the combat commenced. Henry was possessed of that natural bravery which the sense of danger arouses; and to a man of vigour and agility, animated by the energy of resentment, the sword is always a dangerous weapon. It more nearly equalizes the chances. Henry was neither tall nor strong; but the pliability of his body, the agility of his movements, the precision of his eye, and the firmness of his nerves, compensated to a great extent for his total want of experience. D'Anvilliers, who had expected to overcome him almost at the beginning of the fight, appeared totally put out by the strangeness of his mode of attack. Henry, although already wounded in the shoulder, kept the eyes of his adversary constantly on the watch, and by the rapidity of his unskilful passes continually endangered him. D'Anvilliers tried in vain to disarm him, so he allowed him gradually to dissipate his strength. Perfectly collected, and with his arm shortened, he watched all his movements, and awaited the moment for the plunge. It seemed likely to occur very shortly. Suddenly, however, his ear was struck by a sound which appeared to come from among the frozen evergreens on the wall: he looked, and before him, at a few paces distant, he saw two glaring green eyes. It was *Mia*, who was crouching there and watching him intently. His glance was but for an instant, yet in spite of all the pre-occupation of the combat, he could not avoid the consciousness that those two glaring eyes were fixed on him. The cat had scaled the garden-wall and followed in the traces of her master. He was not aware that she was there, but D'Anvilliers, disturbed by her presence, yielded to a species of irresistible fascination. Singular recollections rushed into his mind. The strange part taken by that extraordinary animal in the destruction of the will, and the discovery of his own note, returned to his memory. His arm began to lose its nerve, his eyes became less keen, foam appeared on his lip. One of his seconds saw his disturbed state, and endeavoured to drive *Mia* away. Meanwhile, Henry redoubled his efforts—he pressed his attack, multiplied his passes, and D'Anvilliers was soon pierced to the heart. All help was unavailing: he was dead.

Escorted home by his seconds, Henry became a prey to the thousand remorsees which will attack the successful duellist, be his cause what it may. He buried his face in his hands. When he again raised his head, his eyes encountered those of *Mia*, who squatted before him and looked at him with a fixed gaze. An unaccountable trembling seized him, as though he beheld a supernatural vision. He became animated by a kind of fear almost amounting to madness.

“What want you with me?” cried he, wildly. “Are you my good

or my evil genius? They say that it was by you I was made rich—but fortune is now nothing to me! It was by your means that I discovered the infidelity of my wife—and now, although married, I am for ever deprived of the joys of a home! It was by your means, they tell me, that I succeeded in escaping the sword of my adversary—but I desired not to live after I had revenged myself!" * * *

IV.

In the vicinity of Saint Mandé you will occasionally meet a man who, although still young, bears on his face the marks of sadness. When a beggar asks charity as he passes, he will at first deny him with harshness; but soon you will see his aspect soften and his hand open, as though the natural benevolence of his heart overcame all doubt and unkindness. He avoids all communion with his neighbours, nor has he any one in his house but an old female who attends on him. Those, however, who on one pretext or other have obtained admission to him, say that he is always attended by a cat, from which he cannot separate himself, and of which he seems (they say) to entertain a kind of fear. The bitterness with which he speaks also struck them. It seemed as though he desired to strip the actions of men of all their pretended motives of honour, and to discover the baser ones by which they were really dictated. The remembrance of some injury received seems to occupy and to torment him, and he appears to nourish his grief, as though he desired to envenom the wound he has received. Such a man never forgets! Such a man never forgives! * * *

As for Mr. Thomas Knoderer, he soon got over the loss of the will, and he is now as keen a sportsman, and as complete a *bon-vivant* as ever. F.

THE DRUID'S DEATH.

THE scene was Mona. A majestic wood
 Raised its huge columns, like some massive pile,
 And formed a temple vast, with many an aisle
 Of grandeur, such as eye hath seldom viewed.
 Beneath those broad tree-tops, in verdure clad,
 (For it was summer) lay an ancient man,
 Amid a standing group—all silent, sad,
 Gazing upon his face, so pale and wan.

They were all druids, and *he*, once their chief,
 Was fading fast from earth and earthly things,
 Borne upon death's black, never failing wings,
 While they beheld in mute, but heart-sprung grief.
 How reverend looked he, as his form reclined
 Beneath the sacred oak that stood erect
 In stately splendour; while around it twined
 The mistletoe, and its wide branches decked!

Among the group unbroken silence reigns,
 Until the dying man, in feeble tone,

That told too plainly how all strength had flown,
Spoke—while the last life-drops flowed in his veins;
“ I thank you, brothers ! ye have brought me here,
To rest once more beneath this holy shade,
And spend my few remaining moments near
Yon sacred altar, where so oft we prayed.

“ I love to look upon this spot once more,
Though no regret I feel that I depart;
Still it has long been cherished in my heart,
And carries memory back to days of yore.
Farewell to groves whose leaves are doom'd to die !
I quit them for celestial groves above ;
For scenes where endless charms shall meet the eye,
And souls in brightest realms of bliss shall rove.

“ Farewell to all !” in weaker voice he said ;
“ Farewell, my friends ! we all shall meet again,
Where there is found no sorrow, death, nor pain.
Farewell ! farewell !”—his struggling soul had fled.

• • • • •
They buried him beneath the emerald sod,
While towering o'er him branches widely spread
Of oaks—the temple where he praised his God,
And where he lay in sweet repose when dead.

JAMES J. SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM A SCOTCH CONTRIBUTOR.

THE VETO OR INTRUSION COMMOTION IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE kirk of Scotland, which was charged two or three centuries ago by her foes, and even by neutrals, with being very bigoted, violent, and insurrectionary, has for above a century till now been noted for its peaceableness, moderation, mildness, and liberality. But all of a sudden, within the last ten years, a spirit of a different cast has been generated, which, if not checked, will either ruin it, or render it as unchristian in spirit and influence as it was in violent times.

This every friend to Scotland, to Britain, to the British empire, must lament. It was very much the quiet, sober, moderate, liberal, and national character of the Scottish clergy, produced by the results of the Patronage Act, as it was called, of 1711, which has had so excellent an influence among the Scots, as to render them well entitled to the character given them by the late Lord Liverpool, and which has been quoted more than once by the Duke of Wellington. He reckoned them among the best conditioned people in the world.

It is to overthrow this act, which has done so much to benefit Scotland and improve her temper, the party, since 1832, predominant in the general assembly of her church, has put itself forward so boldly, and has succeeded in raising so general and violent an agitation.

The question which this party has gotten up is not a mere local one. It is essentially connected with ecclesiastical polity, or church government in general. A leader of the party has said, that perhaps not a dozen in the two houses know what the question at issue really was. I am inclined to think he himself, though a chief agitator in it, does not fully know it, or, at least, is not fully aware of the consequence involved in it. Lord Aberdeen, in his very able statement, has no doubt made it better known to many. And the observations made by Lord Brougham, in assisting to give the decision on it, in the legal sense, which were clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory, must have made the legal view clear to every lawyer, as well as to every politician who has attended to it.

In order to be able to come to a correct and satisfactory opinion respecting any question, we must first know what it really is. Among my Southern friends (indeed, I cannot except my Northern ones), I have found as few, who understood what had been productive of such agitation in the North, as Dr. Chalmers found among our senators. I shall, therefore, endeavour to lay it fully and fairly before my readers; and it is for them to say, whether they agree with me or not in my opinion respecting the policy of the law as it at present is, and what the agitators want to have it.

As to the mere legality of the matter, indeed, there can now no longer be any doubt. That has been decided by the competent authority. And nothing can now change it but an act of the three estates of our legislature.

The Scottish Act of 1592, which settled this portion of ecclesiastical polity in the Reformed Church of Scotland, provided that presentations to benefices should be directed to the particular presbyteries, and that "the foresaid presbyteries be bound and restricted to receive *whatsoever qualified minister* presented be (by) his majesty or laick persons."

This is the foundation of the existing law. The Scottish presbyterian church, on the restoration of Charles the Second, who made so bad a use of the lesson taught him by his previous sufferings, was, to say it quietly,—and the question does not require us to go into this very unpleasant matter,—completely abolished for the time. At the Revolution, that church was restored; and in 1690, the act of 1592 was revived, except as to patronage. The rights of patrons were abolished, and it was provided that in future vacancies the *heritors* of the parish, being protestants, and the *elders*, should name a person to be presented to the people, who, if they disapproved of the person, should state the reason of their dissent, the truth and relevancy of which were to be determined by the presbytery of the bounds.

By this act, though the privilege of individual patrons was taken away, a popular election was by no means substituted. A few of the wealthiest and most responsible persons of the parish were placed in the room of the single patron.

The *heritors* are the holders of land in the parish, who paid the minister. For they pay *tiend*, that is tithe, or what was converted from tithe into a regular rent-charge, consisting of a quantity of victual or corn, at the price fixed according to the *fairs*, or the average prices

settled, I believe, yearly—of a similar kind as the rent-charge so properly, though so late (above two centuries after the Scotch) adopted by us Britons of the South.

The *elders* are a small select body of the most respectable, sober, staid, and pious parishioners, who are willing to undertake the office. They are not absolutely fixed in number, at least in practice; but I think they do not exceed twelve. They form the kirk session of the parish for managing its ecclesiastical matters, supplying the poor, &c. They assist the minister in performing the duties of his office, and even in administering the Lord's Supper. They do all, I think, but preach.

These two respectable and responsible bodies, the payers of the minister (for the other classes, except under particular circumstances, pay not a farthing to him or the church) and his select assistants to be, named the candidate. But though they submitted his name to the parishioners, this body had not the power of electing. They had no choice. They could only approve or object. But their objections had no value till the reasons assigned for them were determined by the presbytery.

A *presbytery* in Scotland consists of a number of neighbouring ministers. The number in practice varies from four up to twenty-one; but, on the average, the number of its members is about ten or twelve.

There was no choice in the people at all under that law. They could object upon reason given, but no more. The presbytery of ministers determined the question as to qualification, and whether the objections, if any, were or were not good. The election was thus in the small body of the heritors or payers, and the elders.

This middle plan, as usual, though somewhat fair-looking in theory, seems to have satisfied no party, and gave rise to such inconveniences in practice, that the original Scottish Act of 1592, respecting the appointment of ministers, was restored by the British parliament in 1711.

By this act, which is the existing law, the presbytery is bound to receive the person presented by the patron, if found qualified. The patron has the power or privilege of selecting and presenting; but then the person presented must, and most properly too, in every point of view, be fit and qualified for the office. The ancient book *Regiam Majestatem*, of high authority, expresses this qualifiedness correctly and completely. "When a church is vacant, let the patron present ane worthy man, qualified in life, literature, morals, and manners."

I now put it to any reasonable person, whether this law does not necessarily imply the exclusion of all elective power in the parishioners, as an element of qualifiedness to be tried and determined by the presbytery. The establishing the *right of a patron in one person*, in opposition to the late law, which gave it to the heritors and elders, annihilates at once all claim to choice in any other person or persons. And this was intended expressly by the supporters of the law at its passing in 1711, and understood by its opponents. It was the express cause of the opposition of the latter.

The patron has fully the power or privilege of selecting the teacher,

of whom, by the way, he is generally the chief payer ; but then the person selected by him must be a qualified teacher, one fit for his sacred office. This is the full and proper limit and check to his privilege. And who is appointed by the law to be the judge of the qualifiedness ? Neither he nor his friends, on the one hand, nor the parishioners on the other, but the presbytery ; a body of approved ministers, who have already in their turn undergone, and satisfactorily passed, the same trial by persons properly qualified.

I have elsewhere fully shown that the species of property set apart for the established or national clergy in England and Scotland is a real property of their churches ; but it is a conditional property. It is, in its very nature, connected with, or based upon, the performance of certain duties. The holders of it must be found fully qualified for performing those duties by a competent and appointed authority. This exists in the bishops of England, and the presbyteries of Scotland. The patrons have the right to select and present a person fit for the cure of the parish, and the enjoyment of its appropriated property ; and if the person so presented be found qualified, the property of the cure becomes his for life, or while he performs the duties of it.

And now how stand matters ? After this sound and excellent law had existed for about a hundred and twenty years, and produced such desirable effects in liberalising and moderating the national temper, promoting candid inquiry, checking bigotry, and generating a more Christian spirit, a predominant party* in the general assembly of the Church of Scotland carried a measure, which was calculated to set aside this law, and to produce, both directly and indirectly, the contrary effects. In supplying a vacant parish, a *veto* was set up by the party on the part of the parishioners.

In May, 1834, Lord Moncrieff moved that " The general assembly — do declare, that it is a fundamental law of this church that no pastor shall be intruded on any congregation contrary to the will of the people ; and that, in order to carry this principle into full effect, the presbyteries of the church shall be instructed, that if at the moderation, in a call to a vacant pastoral charge, the major part of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly, and due notice thereof given to all concerned ; but that if the major part of the said heads of families shall not disapprove of such person to be their pastor, the presbytery shall proceed with the settlement according to the rules of the church ; and further declare, that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare, in presence of other presbyteries, that he is actuated by no factious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interest of himself or congregation." This was carried by a majority of 46, or 184 to 138.

* I do not enter into the question, whether in the number of the party voting in the assembly or in the presbyteries on the appeal of the assembly to them, some did not vote whom it is doubtful whether the law recognizes as legitimate voters.

And yet what was the decision of the assembly in 1836, two years after this strange innovation on the law and custom of the church, on the motion of Dr. Thomson, which brought the question of patronage, and its merits or demerits, expressly and fully before it, or "that patronage is a grievance, and ought to be abolished?" It gave a direct negative to this proposition! It decided that patronage is not a grievance, and that it ought not to be abolished, by no less a majority than 211, or by 301 to 90. So much for consistency!

Some, in defiance of the law making the patron the sole selector, have said that the approbation of or election by the majority of the parishioners forms an item of the legal qualifiedness. This is truly absurd; such an item deprives the patron or the chief payer of the privilege to select, which the very conferring of such a privilege on one, as I have before noticed, necessarily implies. Give the selection to the majority of the parishioners, or to any portion of them, or give them a veto, or a power to reject the presentee, and you strip the patron of his privilege.

In fact, such a person would be no more a patron, or a selector of the minister, of whom he is the chief payer, than the poorest man of the congregation, and who does not pay a penny to the church or to the income of the minister. This person could present, if presentation mean no more than naming a candidate for others to elect; and if the majority approved, he and the majority would be the electors, and the chief payer would have no selection whatever. The man whom the law made the selector, and who was the chief payer of the teacher, would find his choice rejected.

The vetoists have compared the case of the general assembly, as an acknowledged body in the nation, in disobeying the national legislature, to that of the Queen's Bench acting in opposition to the House of Commons. But without going into the question, whether the Queen's Bench had really the right of refusing to attend to a privilege of the Commons, or not, it is not a case in point. The privilege claimed by the House was assumed by it for carrying on its official duties, but had not been granted by a law of the three estates. But the general assembly disobeys an acknowledged law so enacted. Its disobedience, therefore, is what that of the Queen's Bench would be now, since the privilege in question has been sanctioned by these three estates, and consequently made, like the act of patronage, strictly legal. To refuse now to comply with it, the Attorney-General stated in the House, would expose the judges to an impeachment.

The veto party also contend, that the majority of the general assembly have the power to adopt what they in their conscience consider to be right with respect to religion; and that to yield obedience to what the state enacts, but which they in conscience consider wrong, is to obey man, and disobey God. They are responsible to the author of our religion; and should the secular authority differ from the spiritual, they are bound, as the teachers of true religion, to adhere to the latter.

This is entirely to mistake the nature of an established system of religion, and the circumstances in which established ministers are necessarily and strictly placed according to the plan of English and

Scottish ecclesiastical polity. I do not mean at all to enter here on the question, which I certainly think of great importance, and which I have fully considered in a work of mine on "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," whether a Christian state, in establishing by law the Christian religion, should constitute the Bible itself the confession of its ministers, as a national church is meant to include all, however different in their tempers, views, and opinions; or else in the mode of dissenters, who are bodies of voluntaries that associate for promoting the teaching of certain tenets, some particular or sectarian system drawn from it by learned ministers appointed by the state; or whether the former or latter plan be most consistent with the grand Protestant principle of self-inquiry and individual responsibility. For this makes no element of the veto question. It is sufficient that the latter plan has been adopted by both the English and Scottish legislatures. The thirty-nine articles have been constituted the legal confession of the English church; and the confession of faith, called the Westminster, as being drawn up by the assembly of divines, who met at Westminster, in 1643, which was approved by the Scottish general assembly in 1647, and was established by the parliament in 1649, and 1690, is the confession of the Scottish church. It is a system of high Calvinism, and does not differ in the main points with the original confession of the Reformed Church of Scotland, ratified by the three Scottish estates in 1560, but it is more systematical, minute, and precise.

With respect to these two confessions, whether Scotch or English, I ask, on what authority do they rest as to being the systems to be taught by the established ministers of England or of Scotland? I do not at all inquire into their containing the doctrines of Christ and his apostles, for the ministers who subscribe or assent to them assume this. But is it on the authority of either the present clergymen of England, bishops and curates, or the general assembly in Scotland, that they are to be taught in the churches of England and Scotland? No. Or is it even on the authority of the appointed clergymen who originally drew them up? No. This legal authority depends entirely on the enactments of the three estates in the two kingdoms, which gave them the force of law.

Now the clergymen who have assented to them, and been admitted on this condition to the benefits and privileges of members of these national churches, have thus entered into a solemn contract to teach these doctrines, thus legally enacted. And I have not the slightest doubt, that if a charge were made, and proved, against a member of either church for teaching a doctrine or doctrines contrary to these authorized or legal ones, no judge in either country, who found the charge of this breach of contract proved, could avoid declaring him guilty of a breach of this solemn contract, in consequence of his disobeying the act of the legislature or state which grants him his wages or income. Far am I, indeed, from supposing that, at this time of day, the protestant government of our country would for one moment listen without abhorrence and contempt to any suggestion for attempting to punish such breaches of trust. Still they are breaches of trust by the statute law.

Among all that the vetoist party have so daringly ventured of late,—

and they have dared boldly,—have they dared to add to or take away from these state-authorized articles, or even to alter one of them? Or could they? Or can they? No. They all believe, at least professedly, what the state has required and authorized them to believe. Where, then, is their independence on the state as a church, even with respect to *faith*? They individually, and their churches, believe as the state has directed. Their confession is that of the state.

I am speaking here of the ministers of our two churches, not of the people. The latter are under no such terms with respect to these confessions, and whether they receive them fully or not, they commit no breach of trust. The Bishop of London lately stated in the House of Lords, that “the subscription to the articles was not required from all the members of our church, but from the ministers of the church:” and when I lived in Scotland, it was practically so there also—at least in the south.

If, then, the church ministers of England and Scotland receive their authority for teaching certain law-enacted doctrines, *even of faith*, from the state, and for teaching which they enjoy the law-allowed stipends, what becomes of all the high-flying talk of our veto-folks in the general assembly, and out of it, about Erastianism and such like, in the case of mere civil rights connected with the church? Who gives these servants of the state, and who have entered into a contract to serve it, in order to receive wages for their honest service, the right or privilege of intermeddling with the civil rights granted by the state?

But they are “dethroning Christ,” by giving way to the enactments of the state alluded to, some of the higher flying veto-men tell us. That is for their own private consideration. They have entered as teachers of religion into the English and Scottish churches, according to the systems established by the state; they are paid by the state for that service, and they must perform that service, and give due obedience to what it has commanded them to do. They should have considered, before they entered, whether they could conscientiously comply with the law; and if they could not, there was no legal force constraining them, and they ought not to have entered. Or if they find, after they have entered, that the obedience which the law requires them to give, is not consistent with the duty they owe to the author of Christianity, they, as responsible men, should withdraw, and let other teachers who entertain no such opinion take their place, and honestly earn their pay.

Dissenters are under no such obligation to the state, for they receive not its wages. They are, nevertheless, under a similar one to their congregations; and if they should change their opinions, they also should withdraw.

I find that the high-charactered and consistent sect, the seceders, the most numerous class of dissenters in Scotland, disapprove of the state's prescribing a confession of faith, or form of church government. They say, “This is to be left to the church, and it is an invasion of the liberty of the spiritual and independent kingdom of Christ for the state to prescribe either to her.” But the question here arises, Who or what is the church? What enables any body of ministers to take upon itself, as a church, the power of prescribing a confession of faith

or form of government? These dissenters and the vetoists will find it somewhat difficult to answer that very simple question in a consistency with their views.

As to the civil form of church government, the author of Christianity has prescribed no form. Every state, therefore, has the power to prescribe one if it chooses; but no body of ministers can have such a power of a compulsive nature, unless the state grant it.

Neither has Christ or his apostles prescribed any systematic form of faith or creed. What right, then, on the grand Christian and protestant principle of individual responsibility with respect to belief, has any body of ministers, by merely calling itself the church, to form a system of articles, that must be believed, more than the state?

Among the Romanists, who deny the right of individuals to judge for themselves concerning faith, and who assume as a fundamental doctrine, that their ministers alone, whom they view as the only church, must decide and dictate as to faith, or what men are to believe, the church indeed has fully such a power to form and impose a system of articles, whether really scriptural or not, for the true faith. But the protestant principle, in accordance with Scripture, rejects any such wild power in clergymen as much as in laics.

That the state may require the aid of the ministers of its acknowledged church to draw from the sacred writings the main doctrines taught in them, but as much as possible in their own words, and free from all sectarian technical terms, is most reasonable. If this be done, not for imposing them on the people as what must be believed on their authority, but for the instruction of the great body, the most pure protestant, and who carries out the fundamental principle of protestantism to the fullest extent, will not, I think, object. But on that principle neither state nor church can do more.

On looking again into the "Testimony" of this intelligent sect, I find that, though they view the articles which their ministers have drawn up, as if they were as entirely true as the Romish church has declared theirs to be, they are not quite so dogmatic as that self-supposed infallible church. They adhere to the Westminster confession of faith and catechisms; but they say, "We declare that we receive them neither as equal to, nor in place of, the Holy Scriptures, but in subordination to them. The Holy Scriptures are the supreme rule, according to which the confession of faith and catechisms themselves are to be tried and judged.—So by declaring our adherence to the said confession and catechisms, we do not consider ourselves as either precluded from embracing further light, as it may arise from the Word of God, or as bound to continue our adherence to any thing in them, if it should be found unscriptural."

This shows alike sound sense, and the true protestant and scriptural spirit: and it will be admitted and acted upon by all true protestants. Be forms of articles of belief drawn up by whom they may, neither state nor church can, with due deference to the protestant principle and to the Scriptures, make them more than deductions drawn from the latter, and submitted to individuals, whether clerical or laical, to be received only so far as they appear to each actually to agree with Scripture.

This sect, though they disapprove of patronage, view the claim of the veto party in the general assembly to be unfounded. One of them, a lawyer, in a letter to me some weeks ago, speaking of the question in such warm discussion in the north, says, "The idea of a state church independent on the state which gives it civil support, is one of the most foolish vagaries ever conceived."

From this full and fair statement of the case, I think it will appear perfectly clear, that the competent courts to answer the question respecting the claim of the vetoists,—to wit, the Court of Session, and the House of Lords,—in deciding such a claim to be illegal, have given a just decision.

I regret to have to say that the practical operation of this setting aside the law of the land by an usurped power has been exhibited in a most repulsive, but at the same time impressive and consistent, manner, by suspending seven clergymen of Strathbogie, some of them of great age, and long standing, and all able, pious, and most worthy ministers. And for what? Because they obeyed, like honest men, the law under which they hold their appointment, and from which they derived their stipends. Nay, more, the predominant party threaten these faithful men ultimately with deposition, if they do not join them in openly disobeying the declared law of the country.

I will not expatiate on the sending persons to perform the parochial ministerial offices in the parishes of these honest ministers, in consequence of their having done their duty to the state and to their country. Nor will I say what I think of such clergymen as would undertake such an intrusion. Such outrageous measures, such odious and pernicious intrusion, by the non-intruders forsooth, so like the style of our most rabid radicals and chartists, though some of the leaders affect to be conservatives, I, some years ago, would have considered to be utterly incredible, indeed impossible, if predicated of the clergy of Scotland. It really approaches to an overt act of rebellion. It is of no value to say that the predominant party are acting from conscience. The Highland chiefs in the Forty-five acted from what they conscientiously thought their duty. And here a body of men are actually, in open defiance of the law, inflicting most severe injury on loyal subjects, because they are faithful to the law of their country. I do not wonder that such strange reckless and outrageous conduct has made some here revive the old prejudice, that *Jack Presbyter is Peter Papist in a homelier garb. Only give either power, and—*. But enough of this. It has given me, as a sincere wellwisher of the church of Scotland, much real pain. To persist in such odious persecution under the circumstances shows sheer wrongheadedness, real infatuation approaching to lunacy.

In matters of discipline and mere ecclesiastical management, our legislature does not interfere, and ought not. It assumes that the established clergy in general will act as pious, moral, sensible men, and with a due regard to what the sacred writer recommends. In the case of any minister disqualifying himself after he has been admitted, it leaves them to punish him according to their custom; but in no case contrary to express law; and certainly not to the vetoists of the

general assembly to depose the seven faithful, though persecuted, ministers of Strathbogie.

The question concerning the veto claim has now been fully explained and answered. But there is a question arising out of it which requires consideration. Though the mode adopted by the predominant party be actually illegal at present, ought it to be made legal by the three estates? That is, would it be for the benefit of the Scottish nation, that patronage should be abolished, and either the election implied by the veto plan, or an open one, adopted in its room. This is a serious question, and one of deep import, not to the church of Scotland only, but to all other established churches.

In my work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," I, of course, entered fully into the question of a national church establishment, and a voluntary system, and also of the question proposed, which is intimately connected with the former. There is no occasion for discussing here the question of a church establishment. I shall merely quote the general conclusion, which I consider strictly demonstrated.

1. "The good of a community depends essentially on the great mass of its people being influenced by sound religious motives. A state, therefore, is bound by a just regard for itself to have, as far as it is in its power, pure religion, or genuine religious principles, embraced by, and consequently taught to, its people.

2. "But in the case of virtue and religion, the demand and the supply are in states directly opposite to that in which they are found in other cases; or in the inverse ratio—the greater the need for the supply of these, the less is the demand for them.

3. "The voluntary system of supply, with respect to religion and virtue, is thus utterly vicious and unfit. The nation must, therefore, as a state, do that for the great mass, which [they will not do for themselves."

I saw a national church establishment, some forty years ago, in so serious a light, that in those warlike times I sometimes expressed my opinion with respect to the church of England and the church of Scotland in this military strain,—that, if "necessary, I would carry a bayonet for both." And, after all the additional experience I have obtained since then, I am as strongly as ever of the same opinion, though perhaps not quite so warlike. Yet what will appear singular, after this statement, I was bred up a dissenter, and in one of the strictest of all sects, the Seceders of Scotland, of whom my father was an elder, and a leading one. Ere I was twenty, of my own free choice I dissented from dissenterism. Yet, though I dissented from them, I cherished not the slightest hostility towards them. I differ from them in various points, but I consider them one of the highest charactered and most consistent sects in Christendom. And I believe they do much good in their way. I found much intelligence among them, even in those of the lower rank. And what in the south we should think rather extraordinary of dissenters, when I lived among them, there were few who were not loyal and warm friends of government. My father was a high ministerialist, and one of the most loyal men in the British empire. The Reverend Adam Gib, of Edinburgh,

who had the same influence among them as his cotemporary Dr. Robertson, the historian, had in the church—indeed, he was called the Pope of the Secession—was eminently loyal. And Mr. Young, a minister of theirs at Hawick, during the revolutionary mania in this country imported from the French Revolution, published one of the best refutations of the British Jacobin vagaries, which government took up, and of which above ten thousand copies were sold. Such is my regard for this sect, that, though a staunch friend on principle to a church establishment, while I pay as a small heritor to the Scottish church, and pay also to the English church, and with pleasure, I pay with pleasure likewise to these dissenters. Since the death of my father, I have paid as he paid, and I mean to continue so to assist them.

But to our question. The conclusions in the same work, with respect to the election of the teachers of religion, which were come to without any particular reference to the present local question, were these :—

4. "The mass of a community consists of the lower, more uneducated, ignorant, and prejudiced classes. It cannot, therefore, be a fit chooser of the teachers of religion and virtue. Popular election is thus injurious, and to be avoided. The choice ought to be in a patron, or a small number of educated and responsible men.

5. "No candidate can be, or ought to be, eligible, unless found fit, or fully qualified in point of education, talents, morals, and manners, for a religious teacher, by a proper examiner or examiners : for example, a bishop, as in England, or a presbytery of ministers, as in Scotland. But, if he be found fully qualified, the nomination is, on the whole, best in a patron, who is the chief contributor to his support."

These further deductions also appear to me demonstrable. And of themselves, without the previous one, they afford a decisive reason for a national church establishment ; for such an establishment is requisite to deliver a nation from the evils of a popular election, or the election by a mere majority of number, without regard to *qualification* in the electors.

Now the principle of the veto implies the abrogation of the rights of the patron, and establishing a popular election of mere number, in reality, though not ostensibly, and an insidious and worse sort of election than an open one. For the patron having nominally the right of presenting the name of the minister, any candidate who has not his interest, or his friends or partisans, must go round privately to canvass the parishioners, particularly the lower, because the most numerous and most easily come-at-able, and endeavour to win the males, (but by no means neglecting the females,) in order to get up a majority to oppose and to deprive the patron of his choice. And who are likely to be successful in this underhand business, and among the most numerous portion ? The honest, independent candidate has little or no chance in such a case. The crouchers, flatterers, ranters, highflyers, &c. and their partisans, would, in nine cases out of ten, get up a majority against the patron, and ultimately in favour of themselves.

The veto plan is thus nothing less than a popular election by the

greater number, without regard to the qualification of electors. It, therefore, overthrows the second decisive reason for a national establishment; for the proper object of it, and what is intended by the government and wise of the nation, is to procure fit teachers of religion, or mild, rational, and liberal men.

The principle of election by a *majority of mere number*, without respect to qualification in the electors, as I have elsewhere fully shown, is an absurd, vicious, barbarous, and rotten principle. It is only calculated, from the unfitness of the great mass of men to select, to counteract the proper intention of electing, and to make an improper, a bad choice. What would be the character of the ministers of the church of Scotland, constituted by such electors? They would be at length as bigoted, illiberal, irrational, and wildly factious as they were at her worst times. Is there any sober, thinking, reasonable man, who for a moment would consider the great mass of electors under such a law worthy of being compared with educated, well-informed, liberal, and responsible patrons?

And besides their unfitness for selecting, what right has this mass to claim the privilege of electing the clergyman? They do not pay him. The patron is the chief payer, and sometimes to nearly the whole amount. In Scotland, none of the lower classes pay to the established minister. He is paid by the heritors only.

The case of dissenting clergymen is different. They are paid by volunteers who join to employ him: and as both the rich and poor assist in paying him, all have a fair claim to a vote in selecting him.

Voting either on the underhand veto plan, or the open one, would introduce into the parish, in the case of religion, all the bitter and prominent feuds, factious effects, and other evil consequences of popular elections on a much less extended scale in politics. The results would be most odious, irreligious, and immoral. This is notorious. I shall here quote two cases which I have mentioned in the work on "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," and which fell under my own notice.

Not long after I came to London, which was at the close of 1795, on going into the city, I saw at the brow of Holborn Hill some hackney coaches plying about for voters with great election placards posted on them. I inquired the cause, and I was told there was a severe election going on for a preacher, I think, somewhere in Clerkenwell,—but I did not then know exactly where Clerkenwell was,—and the parishioners were much divided. On one of the coaches I read the very Christian motto—"The Lord Jesus Christ, and the Reverend J. H—— for ever!"

The second example places the case in a very clear and satisfactory light. In September, 1823, I paid a visit to my friend Mr. Preston, who had purchased an estate in Gloucestershire. He was staying at P——, a small town, and I found an election had been going on in it. Mr. W——, a townsman, who dined with us, told me that the election was for a successor to the clergyman, who had died some time before, and that the election was in the householders or pot-wallopers. The candidates were the curate and a Mr. K——. The lower classes were chiefly for the former. After a violent and somewhat riotous struggle for some days, the number of votes for the curate was, he said, 279,

and for the other, 240. A pretty predicament for a clergyman to be in, with such a body of his most respectable parishioners his open, and, as he must consider them, personal opponents. The victorious party, Mr. W—— said, had not trusted altogether to the character and qualifications of their candidate. They opened, I think he said, six public houses in this small town for treating the electors. There were, I saw, still some remains of the election placards on the windows and walls; and Mr. W—— said, among the rest, there was one with—
“Glory to God! S—— for ever!”

Is there any Scotchman, or any Englishman, who can hear of, with patience, such a profanation of religion, and such an insult to Christianity? Or would not the pious and virtuous throughout our island stand forward in one mass to oppose the attempt to subject every parish in its turn to similar scenes?

The highflying party, who have brought forward this wild scheme, I fully believe, can never have thought of its natural, and not only probable, but, with very few exceptions, absolutely certain, consequences, or they would have shuddered to propose it. Can they possibly think that this is the way to promote the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of peace and goodwill among parishioners? or the way to supply them with teachers of the blessed system?

Surely all sober and observing citizens must have seen, too clearly, without going to Hawick, &c., the effects of a much less extensive election in parliamentary and municipal politics, that they should wish to see these feuds in families and among neighbours, with the other demoralizing results of electioneering, carried into religion also; in short, to turn the gospel of peace in every parish into a system of malignance, faction, and feuds, with all their violent, barbarous, and immoral consequences. That the people of Scotland have gained in various points, and particularly in giving her and them the weight to which they are entitled in the state, by the *properly qualified* popular election of their representatives introduced by the Reform law, even though it may have brought some of the evil consequences of popular elections along with it, I fully admit. And no doubt it is from taking advantage of the excitement and the high fanciful notions of election in 1831-2-3, that the leaders of the veto party have gotten many to think, that advantages will be obtained from choosing the teachers of religion, as from choosing their legislators and their municipal officers. But the difference is essential. And while several advantages arise from these two sorts of election, nothing but mischievous and unchristian effects can flow from the first.

All *election* should uniformly imply *selection*; but in how few cases does it do so practically. In regard to teaching in particular, the conjunction is indispensable in order to make the right choice. Who would ever think of making the greater number in all classes, high and low, the electors or selectors of the professors or teachers of any of the sciences? or for selecting our magistrates? or our judges, &c.? How then can any rational being think of making the lowest and most uneducated, who are in every parish the most numerous, the electors, that is, the selectors of the teachers of Christianity? This would be indeed a real intrusion both on common sense and the common good.

But, say the vetoists, we want to bring the election of the ministers more under the power or direction of the church. And how do they propose to do this? Why, by taking away the right of selection from the patron; not to give it to the church, but to the lowest and most unfit of the parishioners! Were the matter not so serious, such a proposition could only raise a laugh at the proposers. Nay, they propose to take away even the power which they themselves or the church already possess by law, to give it to the same precious electors. For though they should find the candidate fully qualified, the majority in number of these electors renders their decision valueless. These have only to declare, that they disapprove of the candidate, honestly, *without assigning any reason!* and the qualifiedness is set aside. Were ever such ignorance and folly displayed by educated men? How unacquainted also, by the way, must they be with human nature, or with the common actings of men, to suppose that a partisan elector's declaring his own opinion to be honest, was of any real value whatever.

Some, indeed, may think, that the ignorance or misconception displayed by these non-intruders in intruding both on the patron's right and their own, and giving up both to a third party, the majority of the parishioners, in order to render the church more completely the dictator of the election, can be at least accounted for on one supposition. The leaders have found, from the good sense of the patrons, that their ambitious party of highflyers, noted as it is both in Scotland and England for a desire to monopolize, have not the means of returning so many of their partisans directly to the ministry as they think they would have indirectly by *managing* the majorities of parishioners.

I think I can now answer the second question as decisively as the first. And the answer is this: The mode of selecting the clergy of Scotland, as at present by law established, is proper in every point of view, and ought not to be altered. On the other side, the underhand mode of selecting by the veto, as well as the selecting by an open election, and a majority of mere numbers, without regard to qualification in the electors, has not one good quality of selecting to recommend it, but has every bad quality to dissuade from it, and would be attended with the most injurious and unchristian results to Scotland.

The patrons are men of education, acting under great responsibility of character, both with respect to their equals, the other heritors, and the people of the parish. It is their interest, and it must be the desire of such men, to see peace prevail among the parishioners, and to please them as far as in their power. They will, therefore, it may be fairly assumed,—and the history of a hundred and twenty years has shown the fact to have been so,—they will nominate moderate men, and men likely to please by their intelligence and benevolent demeanour. The candidates will thus come into the cure without any personal feuds raised against them, and they will have as few against any portions of the parishioners.

The reverse of all this would take place under an election by a majority of number. The great mass in the parish are the most unfit judges. Most of them would object to a candidate for the ministry; because the patron who presented him was, as the case might be, either

a Tory or Whig in politics. The parishioners would be split into excited parties, sometimes nearly equal, as in the case of P——, which I have noticed, with all the usual odious feelings of triumph on the one side, and of defeat on the other. The minister elected would be placed in a wrong and unfortunate position as a teacher. Every election would give rise to party squabbles, and to all the violences, feuds, enmities, and other demoralizing results of election contests.

The power of determining the qualifiedness of the presentee is what the church ought to possess, and it is rightly lodged with the presbytery. This is the proper check or control to the privilege of the patron. From the constitution of the presbytery, and the general character of its members, it may safely be trusted to give a just return. And while a nomination by a majority would virtually destroy this return, the nomination of a patron renders it decisive either for or against the presentation.

I may here take occasion to say, I trust without improperly intruding, that there is one article of qualifiedness, as I view it, and of the greatest value in a public teacher of religion, which, if we may judge from effects, has not been attended to very effectively by either our bishops or presbyteries. This is *clear, distinct, and impressive reading*. Preaching is one of the most important offices of a parochial minister; and if so, as I think every one will admit it to be, to speak or read well ought to be a regular item in the qualifications of candidates for the church.

To speak well extempore, or with promptitude, distinctness, clearness, and proper emphasis, seems to depend on a natural gift. It would, therefore, be too much to expect or to require every minister to be an eloquent extempore speaker. Nor is it by any means necessary. Reading and extempore speaking have each its advantages; but each has its drawbacks also. Good and impressive reading has a powerful and attractive effect. And though every candidate cannot become a good extempore speaker, every one can be made a good and impressive reader. Such a qualification, therefore, should be considered indispensable.

Whether our bishops or presbyteries require this qualification specially, I have not the means of knowing, but they ought to require it, and enforce the requisition. And if no such notice has been given to our public seminaries or universities, it should be given; and it should be clearly announced, that such an accomplishment will be strictly required in all candidates for the ministry.

There are teachers of the art of elocution who will enable the students, even the more aged, to attain it. And the preacher, who has been taught and acquired the art, will find, as some not young ones have confessed, that the ease which it gives him in reading makes it as agreeable to himself as the effects are to his audience. I will not indulge in harsh observations; but the miserable, indistinct, monotonous, unimpressive, unattractive, and soporiferous reading in so many churches is the cause of their being only half filled. Every church, in which the reading is good, animated, and impressive, is full—indeed crowded. I say no more.

Ere a candidate is passed, he ought to be put fully on his trial by

public reading, or reading in the pulpit. The bishop or presbytery should appoint some competent person or persons to attend, and report as to the possession of this qualification. With respect to this, the opinion of the parishioners also should be consulted in a fair way, for all are judges of clear and impressive reading. If the candidate be found not qualified as a reader, his appointment should be postponed till he make himself so qualified.

This qualification should be a *sine quâ non* with every patron in England, and in Scotland, and in Ireland, be the candidate who he may. If the patrons so act, the churches will no longer be empty, and good reading will go far to explode vetoism.

I cannot close without noticing the praiseworthy attempt of Lord Aberdeen to calm this agitation among well-meaning Scotchmen, and set the question at rest. Though he gave up his declaratory bill, he virtually gained what was his object, and did a real benefit to the cause of the church of Scotland, by showing the feelings of the legislature to the vetoists and others. He proposed nothing but what may be said to exist already; for at present the presbytery, though it admitted no elective power in the parishioners, would unquestionably take into consideration any observations from them which appeared to contain something that seriously affected qualifications. Lord Aberdeen meant, I presume, to give no new power; but his bringing forward specially objectings in an ostentatious and regular form, I have little doubt, would tend to disturb the quiet of the congregation, and to give rise to some of those party feelings and other evil effects which flow from elective measures. I, therefore, agree with the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Brougham, and some others, that it seemed to give a licence to intrude somewhat on the rights of the patron. And as it would have no effect on the vetoists,—for, with the ulterior views which their leaders fondly cherish, nothing but what they are evidently aiming at will satisfy them,—I was glad that the minister, Lord Melbourne, refused his concurrence, and that Lord Aberdeen gave his bill up, and left well alone. I trust well will still be left alone, for the present law cannot be meddled with to advantage.

Some of our senators seem to apprehend another extensive separation in the church of Scotland, like that of the *Secession*, in consequence of the veto agitation, and as the result of maintaining the law respecting the selection of ministers. When official men get into a wrong position through misconceptions or prejudices, there is no saying how far they may go in their floundering. But I do not think that the original secession took place chiefly from the Patronage Act, though following up that act was one of the causes assigned by the seceders. The patronage law was enacted in 1711, and the secession did not take place till 1733, and even then it was not voluntary on the part of the few seceding ministers.

It was the departure from high Calvinistic notions into what was called legalism, free-will, Arminianism, and latitudinarianism, and a laxity in respect to the old strict discipline in the kirk, in the opinion of the seceders, that really produced the separation. That staunch old Marrow-man, as my father called our townsman, Boston, the author of "The Fourfold State of Man,"—the Bible of the Scottis'

religionist in the lower classes in my younger days, and I suppose still, —though he did not separate from the church, appears to have been the original generator of the seceding spirit. Mr. Simson, professor of divinity in the college of Glasgow, about 1714 began openly to teach doctrines like what we call Arminian, and some ten years after he was found broaching some anti-trinitarian ideas, in consequence of the “sinful lenity” which the assembly had shown towards this heretic. Our high supralapsarian Boston opposed him boldly and with ardent zeal, but in vain. In 1720, the assembly itself condemned some high Calvinistic fancies, which were stigmatized as Antinomian paradoxes, found in a popular work called “The Marrow of Modern Divinity”—the term *mystical* should have been prefixed to divinity. This confirmed our zealous and able supralapsarian and his adherents in their opinion that the church had fairly backslidden into legalism and latitudinarianism. But though they reckoned the predominant party backsliders, and the church backslidden, they did not leave it.

At length, in 1832, the celebrated Erskines, Ebenezer and Ralph, the pupils of Boston, and who ultimately carried appropriationism, or the doctrine of the Christian’s appropriation of vicarious sufferings and vicarious righteousness, to the highest theoretic pitch, stood forward. In a sermon preached by the bold Ebenezer, at the opening of the synod of Perth and Stirling, in 1732, he attacked the assembly for its doings. The synod censured him. The assembly bore the synod out. They ordered him and three more who had joined him to be suspended. They would not retract; and in November, 1733, they were deposed, or thrust out of the church. In a short time these high supralapsarians drew an immense number after them.

When I lived amid this body of dissenters, by far the most numerous in Scotland, they did not seem to me to lay much stress on patronage. It was because it was a backslidden church, and had fallen into legalism or Arminianism, as well as into a laxity as to discipline, that they dissented from it.

I certainly by no means saw the change in the same point of view that they did. What they reckoned backsliding or degeneracy, I considered improvement. And what they abused under the name of legalism, and latitudinarianism, and laxity of discipline, I looked upon as an advancement in reasonableness, and the mild liberal Christian spirit. This change, which was conspicuous, certainly sprang very principally from the operation of the Patronage Act, and shows the beneficial nature of it. The improvement operated by degrees strongly on the very dissenters themselves. They gradually became more softened, moderate, and liberal. Some five and twenty years ago, a Mr. Hunter, one of them, told me lamentingly, that the seceders had now really backslidden so far, or fallen back from their first excellence, that they were then little better than the church herself was in 1733, when they separated from her. I dare say I admitted that, but instead of lamenting over the change, I thought it a great improvement.

And after all, though an extensive dissent took place, I am not aware that any injury was done to the nation by it. I am rather disposed to think that some advantage arose from the separation. The church was delivered from the inconveniences of having these too

warm and bigoted, though well-meaning, ministers in her courts to disturb her, and her moderated temper served gradually to soften theirs, as it has done in a very striking degree. The minister of the seceders in my native town has long been on friendly terms with the established minister, and the latter actually granted the former, a great many years ago, a little nice garden out of his glebe.

If, therefore, these veto ministers will not, or cannot in conscience, submit to the declared law of the land, they should withdraw, and they may join the dissenters called "The Relief," who differ from the church only as to the appointment of ministers. In so doing, it is true, they must give up the allowance granted them by the state. That is for their own consideration. Both the assembly and the country will be benefited by their withdrawing, as well as their adherents along with them, and the former peace of Scotland as to religion will be restored.

I regret for their sake, as well as for that of the country, that they should have adopted the illegal and injurious measures they have done. But if they will not retract, and return to obedience, it is they, and not the state, that are in fault. The patrons will find worthy successors for those who choose to take this step of withdrawing; and they will no doubt take particular care in future to present none but such as are willing to obey the law.

As to the jargon of non-intrusion, and to their being non-intrusionists, as they affect to call themselves, it is a misnomer. The Lord Chancellor justly observed, it is they who have intruded on the rights of patrons: the patrons have not intruded on them. They are the real intrusionists; and, under the pretence of non-intrusion, they have also intruded even on the acknowledged rights of the church and its presbyteries, by creating a regular species of intrusion, which would virtually set aside the church's power to determine concerning the qualifications of its intended ministers. At the same time, by their species of non-intrusion, they would degrade the ministry by giving the selection of its members to the worst-informed portion of the community.

Some of the leaders talk of their being persecuted. This is truly ridiculous, when no one has interfered with them, except to point out their folly; and the charge comes with a very ill grace from them, when we think of their persecution of their faithful brethren of the presbytery of Strathbogie. But I conclude with praying, that a more enlightened and better spirit may be granted to them, for the benefit both of Scotland and her church.

2, *Mornington Crescent*, 16th Sept. 1840.

SIMON GRAY.

THE WILD WATER-MAN, OR THE SEA-DEMON.

A DANISH LEGEND. BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"TELL me, mother, O tell thy son,
How shall the maiden's love be won?
Her bright eyes to my heart they shine;
How shall I make the maiden mine?"

She made him a horse of the water clear,
She made him a saddle of sea-weed sere,
She made him a bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea snakes curl ;

She made him a vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth ;
She made him a sword of the coral bright,
And a mantle out of the sand so white.

" Now thou lookest a knight indeed ;
Woo her and win her—I wish thee speed ;
Woo her and win her, and come back to me,
We'll find her a dwelling beneath the sea."

He mounted his steed of the water clear,
And sat on his saddle of sea-weed sere ;
He held his bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea snakes curl ;

He put on his vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth,
And his mantle made of the sand so white,
And grasped his sword of the coral bright.

And away he rode over meadow and moor,
Till he came next day to the old church door.
He tied his steed to a stunted tree
And round the churchyard thrice went he ;—

Thrice he passed it round about,
And entered the church ere the folk came out ;
And men and women looked up to see,
And wondered who this knight could be.

The priest himself he stole a look,
Peeping slyly over his dog's-eared book ;
And the maiden smiled,—“ Ah, well !” thought she,
“ I wish this knight came courting me.”

He took two steps towards her seat,—
“ Wilt thou be mine, O maiden sweet ?”
He took her lily white hand and sighed—
“ Maiden, fair maiden, be my bride !”

The maiden blushed, and whispered soft—
“ Meet me to-night when the moon's aloft ;
I've dreamed, Sir Knight, long time of thee—
I thought thou camest courting me.”

When the moon her mellow horn displayed,
Alone to the trysting went the maid ;
When all the stars were shining bright,
Alone to the trysting went the knight.

" I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
Maiden, oh, more than words can tell ;
Maiden, thine eyes like diamonds shine ;
Maiden, sweet maiden, be thou mine !"

" Fair knight, thy suit I cannot deny,
Though poor my lot, my hopes are high ;
I scorn a lover of low degree,
None but a knight shall marry me !"

He took her by the hand so white,
And gave her a ring of the gold so bright.
" Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, sweet maiden, now thou'rt mine !"

He lifted her up on his steed of grey,
And they rode till morning, away, away,
Thorough the wild wood, over the moor,
Till they came to the sands on the dark sea-shore.

" We have ridden east, we have ridden west,
I am weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest ;
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea ?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me ?"

" I have no dwelling beyond the sea ;
I have no good ship waiting for thee ;
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home !"

The grey steed plunged in the waves so clear,
And the maiden's shrieks were sad to hear.
" Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine !"

Loud the cold sea blast did blow
As they sank 'mid the angry waves below,
Down to the rocks where the serpents creep,
Twice five hundred fathoms deep.

At night a fisherman wandering by
Saw her pale corse floating high ;
He knew the maid by her yellow hair,
And her lily white skin so soft and fair.

Under a rock on that lonely shore
Where the wild winds sigh and the breakers roar,
They dug her a grave by the water clear,
Among the sea-weeds salt and sere.

I warn you, maidens, whoever you be,
Beware of the Demon of the Sea ;
Maidens, I warn you all I can,
Beware, beware of the Water-Man.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

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CHAPTER III.

HUMAN, ANIMAL, AND VEGETABLE INSTINCTS.

THE word *instinct* has been variously defined. Dr. Reid considers it a natural blind impulse to certain actions, without having any end in view, without deliberation, and very often without any conception of what we do; and he considers instinct as one species of the mechanical principles of action—the other being habits. Bossuet observes, that philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct, until they have spent some time in the head of an animal without actually *being* that animal. Cudworth referred this faculty to a certain *plastic nature*; and Descartes considered that all the actions of brute animals might be explained by the simple laws of mechanism. He considers animals as machines, totally devoid of life and sentiment, but so curiously constructed by the Creator, that the mere impressions of light, sound, and other external objects on their organs, produce a series of motions in them, and cause them to execute those various operations, which had been before ascribed to an internal principle of life. Professor Winckler says that the soul of a bee or spider is impressed at the birth of the insect with certain geometrical figures, according to which models its works are constructed! Buffon refers the instinct of societies of insects to the circumstance of a great number of individuals being brought into existence at the same time, all acting with equal force, and obliged by the similarity of their internal and external structure, and the conformity of their movements, to perform each the same actions, in the same place, in the most convenient mode for themselves, and least inconvenient for their companions; whence results a regular, well proportioned, and symmetrical structure: and he gravely informs us that the boasted hexagonal cells of bees are produced by the reciprocal pressure of the cylindrical bodies of these insects against each other!* Steffens, a German "transcendentalist," says, that the products of the instinct of insects is nothing more than "shootings out of inorganic animal masses."

In defining instinct, it is necessary to state what it is not. Many have confounded the vital actions with instinctive qualities, and have maintained that the teeth grow by instinct, and that the various organs, in exercising their functions, are influenced by the same principle; but this is clearly a misapplication of terms. It is absurd to talk of the liver secreting bile, or of the heart acting for the propulsion of blood, by instinct. Again, as it is stated by Mr. Green, no action can be considered as instinctive which is preceded by a will conscious of its whole purpose, calculating its effects, and predetermining its consequences. As Mr. Green's notions on this subject are more clearly in alliance with what I am disposed to consider the correct view of the subject, I consider that no apology is necessary for quoting him at some length. He says, "To what kind or mode of action shall we

* Hist. Nat. Edit. 1785, v. 277.

look for the legitimate application of the term Instinct? In answer to this query, we may, I think, without fear of the consequences, put the following cases, as exemplifying and justifying the use of the term in its appropriate sense. First:—when there appears an action, not included either in the mere functions of life, acting within the sphere of its own organismus; nor yet an action attributable to the intelligent will or reason; yet, at the same time, not referable to any particular organ,—we then declare the presence of an instinct. We might illustrate this in the instance of the bull-calf butting before he has horns, in which the action can have no reference to its internal economy, to the presence of a particular organ, or to an intelligent will. Secondly, likewise (if it be not included in the first), we attribute instinct, where the organ is present; if only the act is equally anterior to all possible experience on the part of the individual agent, as for instance, when the beaver employs its tail for the construction of its dwelling, the tailor-bird its bill for the formation of its pensile habitation, the spider its spinning organ for fabricating its artfully woven nets, or the viper its poison fang for its defence. And lastly, generally where there is an act of the whole body as one animal, not referable to a will conscious of its purpose, nor to its mechanism, nor to a habit derived from experience, or previous frequent use. Here with most satisfaction, and without doubt of the propriety of the word, we declare an instinct; as examples of which, we may adduce the migratory habits of birds; the social instincts of the bees, the construction of their habitations composed of cells formed with geometrical precision, adapted in capacity to different orders of the society, and forming storehouses for containing a supply of provisions,—not to mention similar instances in wasps, ants, termites; and the endless contrivances for protecting the future progeny.

“But if it be admitted that we have rightly stated the application of the term, what, we may ask, is contained in the examples adduced, or what inferences are we to make as to the nature of instinct itself, as a source and principle of action? We shall perhaps best aid ourselves in the inquiry by an example, and let us take a very familiar one of a caterpillar taking its food. The caterpillar seeks at once the plant, which furnishes the appropriate aliment, and this even as soon as it creeps from the ovum; and the food being taken into the stomach, the nutritious part is separated from the innutritious, and is disposed of for the support of the animal. The question then is, what is contained in this instance of instinct? In the first place, what does the vital power of the stomach do, if we generalize the account of the process, or express it in its most general terms? Manifestly it selects and applies appropriate means to an immediate end prescribed by the constitution—first, of the particular organ, and then of the whole body or organismus. This we have admitted is not instinct. But what does the caterpillar do? Does it not also select and apply appropriate means to an immediate end, prescribed by its particular organization and constitution? But there is something more, it does this according to circumstances;—and this we call Instinct.”

Locke maintained that the essential inferiority of the intellect of animals as compared with that of man, lies in the very limited enjoyment

of the faculty of abstraction, by which the mind is enabled to single out the different qualities or relations of the individual objects of sense, and make them the subject of abstract thought, and thereby form general notions, which are at once perceived to be equally applicable to many individual cases, and by the help of which it continually elevates itself above the contemplation of individuals, and classifies and methodizes its knowledge, and fits it for useful application—for the deduction of inferences in reasoning, for the formation of fancied scenes in works of imagination, and for the adaptation of means to ends in practice. In illustration of this observation, it has been remarked, that monkeys who have been observed to assemble about the fires which savages have made in the forests, and been gratified by the warmth, have never been seen to gather sticks, and rekindle them when expiring.

If we examine the anatomical construction of animals, we find that when we leave the vertebrated animals, the nervous system is most materially altered and degraded, so that more power is apparently given to instinct and less to intellect. In other animals, as we descend, the nervous system becomes more and more dispersed, so that in those at the foot of the scale we discern no traces of intellect, and very few of instinct, and only so much apparent sensation as is necessary for the purposes of nutrition and reproduction. Again, those animals whose nervous system is cerebral, usually exhibit the most striking proofs of intellect, are more capable of being instructed, and are less remarkable for the complexity and intenseness of their instincts; while those of the next grade, whose nervous system is *ganglionic*, as far as we know them, though not devoid of intellect, are endued with a much smaller portion of it, while their instinctive operations are all but miraculous; and that where the nervous system is still less concentrated, both are greatly weakened, till at the bottom of the scale they almost disappear. From hence it seems to follow, that extraordinary instinctive powers are not the result of extraordinary intellectual ones.

The question as to whether the instinctive acts of animals are the result of a reasoning process, has given rise to much discussion. On this point it has been justly observed by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his able work on Entomology, that "if intellect was the sole fountain of those operations usually denominated instinctive, animals, though they sought the same end, would vary more or less in the path they severally took to arrive at it; they would require some instruction and practice before they could be perfect in their operations; the new-born bee would not immediately be able to rear a cell, nor know where to go for the materials, till some one of riper experience had directed her. But experience and observation have nothing to do with her proceedings. She feels an indomitable appetite which compels her to take her flight from the hive when the state of the atmosphere is favourable to her purpose. Her organs of sight—which, though not gifted with any power of motion, are so situated as to enable her to see whatever passes above, below, and on each side of her—enable her to avoid any obstacles, and to thread her devious way through the numerous and intertwining branches of shrubs and flowers; some other

sense directs her to those which contain the precious articles she is in quest of. But though her senses guide her in her flight, and indicate to her where she may most profitably exercise her talent, they must then yield her to the impulse and direction of her instincts, which this happy and industrious little creature plies with indefatigable diligence and energy, till, having completed her lading of nectar and ambrosia, she returns to the common habitation of her people, with whom she unites in labours before described, for the general benefit of the community to which she belongs."

The word reason has been much misapplied by writers on this subject. If the term is used to signify merely the adaptation of means to a particular end, then I am willing to admit that many animals are endowed with this mental faculty; but this power of the mind has higher and more noble attributes. It has been given for the purpose of enabling us to distinguish right from wrong, good from evil, and to render us competent to appreciate the designs of a beneficent Creator.

"Dim as the borrow'd beams of moons and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
These rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason, glimm'ring ray,
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day."—*DRYDEN.*

"Reason," says Hooker, "is the director of man's will, discovering in action what is good; for the laws of well-doing are the dictates of right reason." "Reason," says Locke, "is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of Light, and Fountain of all Knowledge, communicates to mankind that portion of truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. Revelation is natural reason, enlarged by a new set of discoveries communicated by God himself."

On the subject of instinct, Mr. Addison has written with his usual ability. He observes, "Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation—

"With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner as she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away about half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her

forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

“But at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or species, she is a very idiot.”

With reference to such examples of pure instinct, Addison says, that there is not, in his opinion, “any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it.” And he seems to consider it “the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centre.” A modern philosopher, quoted by Bayle in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, ‘Deus est anima brutorum,’ God himself is the soul of brutes.”

“For my own part,” he concludes, “I look upon instinct as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities, inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, *according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers*, is an immediate impression from the First Mover, and the divine energy acting in creatures.”

It would appear that Addison would draw an analogy between instinct and gravitation; if gravitation be the result of physical agency and not an immediate impression of the First Mover, so may instinct be likewise. On this point it has been well observed, that it is inconsistent with the customary method of the divine proceedings with regard to man, and this visible system of which he is the most important part—for a being that combines in himself matter and spirit, must be more important than a whole world that does not combine spirit with matter,—to act *immediately* upon any thing but spirit, except by the intermediate agency of some physical though subtle substance, empowered by him as his vicegerent in nature, and to execute the law that has received his sanction.*

On the subject of instinct Mr. Coleridge has written with great ability. The distinction which he has drawn between the understanding and reason, appears to be well grounded. He considers that beasts are endowed with the former faculty, and that the latter is the peculiar characteristic of man. Understanding, says Coleridge, is

* Kirby.

discursive, Reason is fixed. The understanding in all its judgments refers to some other faculty as its ultimate authority, but the reason in all its decisions appeals to itself, as to ground and substance of the truth. The understanding is the faculty of *reflection*, the reason of *contemplation*. The following singular case of instinct taken from Huber is referred to by the poet and philosopher as an evidence of the understanding with which he supposes animals to be endowed. "One rainy day," says Huber, "I observed an ant digging the ground near the aperture which gave entrance to the ant-hill. It placed in a heap the several fragments it had scooped up, and formed them into small pellets, which it deposited here and there upon the nest. It returned constantly to the same place, and appeared to have a marked design, for it laboured with ardour and perseverance. I remarked a slight furrow excavated in the ground in a straight line, representing the plan of a path or gallery: the labourer, the whole of whose movements fell under my immediate observation, gave it greater depth and breadth, and cleared out its borders; and I saw at length, in which I could not be deceived, that it had the intention of establishing an avenue, which was to lead from one of the stories to the under-ground chambers. This path, which was about two or three inches in length, and formed by a single ant, was opened above, and bordered on each side by a buttress of earth; its cavity, *en forme de gouttière*, was of the most perfect regularity, for the architect had not left an atom too much. The work of this ant was so well followed and understood, that I could almost to a certainty guess its next proceeding, and the very fragment it was about to remove. At the side of the opening where this path terminated, was a second opening to which it was necessary to arrive by some road. The same ant engaged in and executed alone this undertaking. It furrowed out and opened another path parallel to the first, leaving between each a little wall of three or four lines in height. Those ants who lay the foundation of a wall, a chamber, or gallery, from working separately, occasion now and then a want of coincidence in the parts of the same or different objects. Such examples are of no unfrequent occurrence, but they by no means embarrass them. What follows proves that the workman, on discovering his error, knew how to rectify it. A wall had been erected with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected from the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition upon which it was to rest; had it been continued on the original plan, it must have infallibly met the wall at about one half of its height, and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one."

Every manufacturing art among men was invented by some man, improved by others, and brought to perfection by time and expe-

rience; men learn to work in it by long practice, which produces a habit. The arts of men vary in every age and in every nation, and are found only in those men who have been taught them. The manufactures of animals differ from those of men in many striking particulars. No animal of the species can claim the invention: no animal ever introduced any new improvement, or any variation from the former practice; every one of the species has equal skill from the beginning, without teaching, without experience, and without habit; every one has its art by a kind of inspiration. It is not meant that the animal is inspired with the principles or rules of the art, but with the ability of working in it to perfection, without any knowledge of its principles, rules, or end. The work of any animal is, indeed, like the works of nature, perfect in its kind, and can bear the most critical examination of the mechanic or the mathematician; of which a honeycomb is a striking instance.

Bees, it is well known, construct their combs with small cells on both sides, fit for holding their store of honey, and for rearing their young. There are only three possible figures of the cells which can make them all equal and similar, without any useless interstices: these are the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon. Of the three, the hexagon is the most proper, both for convenience and strength. Bees, as if they knew this, make their cells regular hexagons. As the combs have cells on both sides, the cells may either be exactly opposite, having partition against partition; or the bottom of the cell may rest upon the partitions between the cells on the other side, which will serve as a buttress to strengthen it. The last way is the best for strength; accordingly the bottom of each cell rests against the point where three partitions meet on the other side, which gives it all the strength possible. The bottom of the cell may either be one plane, perpendicular to the side partitions, or it may be composed of several planes, meeting at a solid angle in the middle point. It is only in one of these two ways that all the cells can be similar without losing room; and, for the same intention, the planes of which the bottom is composed, if there be more than one, must be three in number, and neither more nor fewer. It has been demonstrated, that by making the bottoms of the cells to consist of three planes meeting in a point, there is a saving of no inconsiderable amount of labour and material. The bees, as if acquainted with these principles of solid geometry, follow them most accurately; the bottom of each cell being composed of three planes which make obtuse angles with side partitions, and with one another, and meet in the point in the middle of the bottom; the three angles of this bottom being supported by three partitions on the other side of the comb, and the point of it by the common intersection of these three partitions.

It is a curious mathematical problem, at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom of the cell ought to meet, in order to make the greatest possible saving of material and labour. This is one of those problems belonging to the higher department of mathematics, which are called the problems of *maxima* and *minima*. The celebrated Maclaurin resolved it by a fluxionary calculation, which is

to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, and determined precisely the angle required. Upon the most exact mensuration which the subject could admit, he afterwards found that it is the very angle in which the three planes at the bottom of the cell of a honeycomb do actually meet!

The dog has often been known to exhibit a degree of reasoning and affection rarely seen manifested in any other animals.* A gentleman named Irvine, whilst crossing the river Dee, then frozen over, near Aberdeen, the ice gave way about the middle of the river, and he sunk; but having a gun in his hand, he supported himself by placing it across the opening. The dog used many fruitless endeavours to save his master, and then ran to a neighbouring village, where he saw a man, and with most significant gesture pulled him by the coat, and prevailed on the stranger to follow him. The man arrived at the spot in time to save the gentleman's life.

In the year 1791, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretence that he had just arrived from the West Indies, and after having agreed upon terms, said he would send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock at night the trunk was brought by two porters, and was carried into his bedroom. Just as the family were going to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it barked and scratched with redoubled vehemence and fury. At first they tried to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Calling in some neighbours, and making them eye-witnesses of the circumstance, they began to move the trunk about, when they quickly discovered that it contained something alive. Suspicion being excited, they were induced to open it, when, to their utter astonishment, who should present himself but their new lodger, who had thus been conveyed in to rob the house.

One of Sir Henry Lee's servants had formed the design of assassinating his master, and robbing the house; but on the night he had intended to perpetrate it, the dog for the first time followed his master up-stairs, took his station under the bed, and could not be driven thence. In the dead of the night the servant, not knowing the dog was there, entered the room to execute his diabolical purpose, but

* The following beautiful lines were written by Scott on the death of Charles Gough, who lost his way near the Helvellyn Mountain in a fog, and fell down a precipice; at the bottom of which his bones were discovered three months after, attended all that time by his faithful dog.

“ Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain's heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain wind wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.”

was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his intentions.

The marvellous sagacity shown in the preceding instances cannot correctly be referred to instinct; they would rather, as Kirby justly observes, indicate a particular interposition of Divine Providence, either to prevent some calamity, or to produce some blessing or benefit to the individual concerned. Beattie, who relates one of the cases just recorded, takes the same view of the subject. He says, he considers the animal was qualified for the action "by a supernatural impulse." Dr. Kirby knew an instance, in which a valuable life was saved by a dog, which, being condemned to the halter by a former master, and escaping from those appointed to despatch him, at last established himself in a gentleman's family, and afterwards, by the sacrifice of his own life, prevented his master from being drowned.*

A Newfoundland dog, whenever it left his master's house, was assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice; but one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog at the back of his foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult beyond what was to be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. Not wishing, however, to drown the culprit, the Newfoundland dog waited until the poor animal was not only well ducked, but near sinking, when he plunged in, and brought him safe to land.

"M. Dureau de la Motte, in a memoir on the influence of domesticity in animals, mentions a dog, which, being shut out, would use the knocker of the door. And Mr. Kirby had a cat, which indicated its wish to come in or go out, by endeavouring with its fore paws to move the handle of the door-latch of the apartment; and used every morning to call me by making the same indication at the door of my bed-room: other cats have attempted to ring the bell. But the most remarkable instance is one related by the writer just named, of a very intelligent dog, which was employed to carry letters between two gentlemen, and never failed punctually to execute his commission—first delivering the letter, which was fastened to his collar, and then going to the kitchen to be fed. After this, he went to the parlour window, and barked; to tell the gentleman he was ready to carry back the answer.

"The remarkable case of the ass Valiente, and of other animals that find their way to their old quarters from a great distance, may be attributed, I think, rather to natural sagacity and memory, than to any instinctive impulse. The animal just alluded to might have sagacity enough to keep near the sea, or a concurrence of accidental circumstances might befriend her."

Huber, whose inquiries into the science of entomology have been singularly minute and accurate, having had great ravages committed on his hives by the *sphinx atropos*, or *death's-head moth*, determined

* Annal. des Sc. Naturel. xxi.

to construct a grating which should admit the bee, but not the moth. He did so, and the devastation ceased. He found, however, that in other hives, not protected by his agency, the bees had adopted a similar expedient for their defence; and these defences were variously constructed in different hives. "Here was a single wall, where opening arcades were disposed at the higher parts; there were several bulwarks behind each other, like the bastions of our citadels; gateways, masked by walls in front, opened on the fall of the second rows, while they did not correspond with the apertures of the first. Sometimes a series of intersecting arcades permitted free egress to the bees, but refused admittance to their enemies. These fortifications were mossy, and their substance firm and compact, being composed of propolis and wax."

Huber placed a dozen humble bees under a bell glass, along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height as not to be capable of standing steadily. To remedy this, two or three of the humble-bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and, with their heads downwards, fixed their fore feet on the table on which the comb stood, and so with their hind feet kept the comb from falling. When these were weary, others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades at intervals, and each working in its turn, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days; at the end of which time they had prepared sufficient wax to build pillars with it; and what is still further curious, the first pillars having got displaced, the bees had again recourse to the same manœuvre.

Wasps are said to catch large spiders, and to cut off their legs, and carry their mutilated bodies to their young. The following fact came under Dr. Darwin's own observation. A wasp, on a gravel walk, had caught a fly nearly as large as himself; upon being watched, he was perceived to separate the tail and the head from the body part, to which the wings were attached. He then took the body part in his paws, and rose about two feet from the ground with it; but a gentle breeze wafting the wings of the fly, turned him round in the air, and he settled again with his prey upon the gravel. Dr. Darwin then distinctly observed him cut off with his mouth first one of the wings, and then the other; after which he flew away with it unmolested by the wind. In this instance a process very like that of human ratiocination must have taken place in the wasp. A somewhat analogous case is related by Reaumur, on the authority of M. Cossigny, who witnessed it in the Isle of France, where the *sphecina* are accustomed to bury the bodies of cockroaches along with their eggs, for provision for their young. He one time saw an insect of this tribe attempt to drag after it into its hole a dead cockroach, which was too big to be made to enter by all its efforts. After several ineffectual attempts, the animal came out, cut off its elytra and some of its legs, and thus reduced in compass, drew in its prey without difficulty.

(To be continued.)

MESMERISM.—No. II.*

IN our first article on Mesmerism, it was not so much our intention to satisfy the reader on all the points of a most suggestive subject, as to point out to him the means by which real information could be obtained, and honest difficulties surmounted. With this aim, we simply endeavoured to recommend the "Facts in Mesmerism" to general perusal, by presenting a brief analysis, and a few specimens of that remarkable volume,—being well aware that the battle would be more than half decided with the candid objector, if we could once bring him face to face with Mr. Townshend. What success may crown our efforts, we know not; but at all events it is gratifying to see that they have had the collateral benefit of attracting a considerable share of notice from the public press, to the subject and the work in question, and of evoking the signs of a fairer and a better spirit than had ever before been shown towards mesmerism. With the newspaper criticisms to which we allude, we have every reason to be satisfied. Unqualified approval, or a grave and respectful statement of particular doubts, accompanied by suggestions of possible sources of fallacy, and stricter modes of verification,—these are the staple of their contents; and they naturally tempt us to a rejoinder, in the hope that, by setting forth a more complete picture of some of the present incredibilities of mesmerism,—and of a part of it, too, which has been especially dwelt upon by our critics,—we may smooth away all remaining difficulties from the teachable, leaving incurable denial as the significant badge of only the wilful and the foolish.

We do not, however, mean to assert that the good-will of the press is universal: there are one or two instructive exceptions, in which the writers, falling back upon what we never doubted,—the strength of their own incredulity,—give practical proof of how little can be wisely said on the side they have adopted. One of these persons modestly requires to be shown the effects of mesmerism on "drunken draymen," and similar indwellers of his fancy,—in polite language, on man when placed in such conditions as all mesmerisers unitedly declare to be most unfavourable for the trial. In a few of even such extreme cases, we doubt not the experiment would succeed; yet to select them

* A Letter to Col. William L. Stone, on Animal Magnetism; with Remarks on the same by a Member of the Massachusetts Bench. Boston and New York. 1837.
Observations de Médecine Pratique, par C. H. A. Despine. Annci. 1838.

Rapport Confidentiel sur le Magnétisme Animal. Paris. 1839.

Lettres sur le Magnétisme et le Somnambulisme, par le Docteur Frapart. Paris. 1839.

Expériences sur le Magnétisme Animal, par J. B. E. Defer, Docteur en Médecine. Metz. 1839.

Puissance de l'Electricité Animale, ou du Magnétisme Vital, par J. Pigeaire, Docteur en Médecine. Paris. 1839.

Résultat des Opérations Magnétiques de M. le Marquis de Guibert. Tarascon. 1840.

Introduction au Magnétisme, par Aub. Gauthier. Paris. 1840.

Manuel Pratique de Magnétisme Animal, par Alph. Teste, Docteur en Médecine. Paris. 1840.

as proofs and tests, is like resorting to the hardened villain for a pattern of virtue, or seeking one's type of sleep in the crisis of a burning fever. Ratiocination of this kind comes evidently from the will, and not from the understanding; it is but the thin pretext for certain likings and dislikings; and so being a purely personal matter, it may be safely dismissed into the long catalogue of individual obliquities. The old fable of *Argus* is a legible type and prophecy of the state of mind which it implies, in which, symbolically, the man's eyes are transplanted into the peacock's tail, or truth is attempted to be seen from the posteriors of self-conceit.

Our present business, however, is to have another ramble through the fair fields of truth, and not through the madhouses of the human mind; and therefore, without further reply to these wretched perversions, we proceed to notice certain hints which have come to us from more hopeful quarters. The *Morning Herald*, in speaking of clairvoyance, demands,—“Why not apply mesmerism to the partially or even totally blind? If they,” it says, “by mesmeric agency, can be made to see, we shall no longer hesitate to accord our belief to the science.” Now, although we do not admit that our critic is right in postponing his belief, in the face of such testimony as is brought forward by Mr. Townshend, yet we perfectly agree with him on the main point of his suggestion,—that the blind would furnish the most unexceptionable test of the existence of clairvoyance. Mr. Townshend himself is far from overlooking the value of evidence from such a source, and it so happens that his “Facts in Mesmerism” actually contains a case which approximates in its conditions to those desiderated by the critic.

We shall first cite a case of clairvoyance from a letter (inserted in Dr. Elliotson's *Physiology*) by Mr. Wood, a diligent and able investigator of mesmerism, premising that Mr. W. was a sceptic as to this part of the phenomena, until he witnessed the decisive experiments of which the following are a part:—

“Antwerp, *Hôtel du Grand Laboureur*,
Aug. 18, 1840.

“I cannot allow this day's post to leave without sending you a few words to say, that within the last half hour we have had undeniable proofs of the existence of *clairvoyance*. I am compelled to renounce my incredulity on the subject; and can assure you I do not do so without having satisfied myself beyond the possibility of further doubt. I had scarcely dared to hope for such success after the very imperfect exhibition at Paris. The patient, E. A., mentioned in Mr. Townshend's book, arrived here this morning. Mr. T. mesmerised him, and, having thrown him into his usual state of sleepwaking, proceeded to bandage his eyes. In this state he astonished me by the invariable correctness with which he told cards, &c.; but what was much more decisive, he was able to do the same when Mr. T. closed his eyes with his fingers. The bandage being removed, he now told cards and read out of a French book that I fetched out of my own room. I asked and obtained permission to apply my own fingers to his eyes, and, having done this in the most effectual manner, was astonished to

see him read correctly a whole line at a time out of my French book of 300 pages at least, and opened repeatedly, and at different parts : he did the same when my brother, the Rev. David Wood, closed his eyes in the same manner. I am quite certain that he could not, by any possibility, see with his eyes ; and the frequency of the experiments completely did away with any thing like chance or accident in his mentioning words,—to say nothing of the number which he repeated at a time, and this several times over.”

“ *August 18th.*—The patient described in Mr. Townshend’s work on mesmerism by his initials E. A. was this day mesmerised again by Mr. T., for the first time after an interval of nearly two years. E. A. is a native of Belgium, about eighteen years of age, of rather small figure, but robust, of very healthy appearance, with a very intelligent countenance.

“ Notwithstanding his prepossessing appearance, and the high terms in which he was spoken of by my friend Mr. Townshend, together with an account of the extreme caution that had been used in closing his eyes during his mesmeric state, I confess I could not bring myself to believe that the thing before me was capable of exhibiting the extraordinary phenomena, the astounding facts, I was invited to witness, of seeing without the use of his eyes. Not that I for a moment doubted the perfect good faith and sincerity of the operator ; on the contrary, I had every reason to be satisfied that his sole object was the establishment of truth ; but I was willing to believe that he had, notwithstanding all his precautions, been deceived,—that the closing of the eyes had not been so effectual as he imagined,—in short, any thing rather than the possibility of *clairvoyance*. The patient being seated, Mr. T. placed himself immediately in front of him, also sitting, at the same time holding his hands and looking him steadily in the face. After continuing in this position about ten minutes he became drowsy, having evidently great difficulty in keeping his eyes open : a few passes in front of his face, continued downwards towards his feet, completed his sleep : he did not, however, show any symptoms of falling : on the contrary, appeared to rouse himself into a new state, the eyelids remaining closed. He was very restless and apparently uneasy, but did not speak ; he would, however, answer any questions put to him by Mr. T., but took no notice of any other voice, unless the person had previously been in contact with Mr. T. : he seemed to cling to his mesmeriser, and was very unwilling to leave him for a moment. He continued for a long time very fretful, and showed great reluctance at exerting himself in any way ; and, when asked by Mr. T. if he could see, expressed by his manner great unwillingness to try, and said, ‘ What for ? ’ ‘ *Mais pourquoi donc ?* ’ With a little persuasion he allowed his eyes to be bandaged and cotton to be placed by the sides of his nose, so as, I believe, effectually to close them and prevent his seeing any object presented ; but if there had been any space left by the side of his nose which could have enabled him to see down, he made no attempt to avail himself of it, but invariably presented the card or any thing else that was given him to his forehead, and I am quite certain that he repeatedly told correctly a card, which from the time I drew it from the pack to the moment he mentioned it had never been below

the level of his eyebrows. With his eyes thus bandaged, Mr. T. presented a card, at the same time asking what it was : after a little persuasion he was induced to direct his attention to it ; and after holding it to his forehead, at the same time moving it about as if to get it into the proper light, he told it correctly and threw it on the table : this was repeated several times with uniform success. The bandage was now removed, and Mr. Townshend covered his eyes with the palms of his hands, the fingers being directed upwards, and so covering the greater part of his forehead : he told the cards just as well, and never once named a wrong one. Mr. T. kept his eyes closed in the same manner with the palms of his hands while I presented a French Guide-book, which I had the minute before fetched from my own room, and opened at random. He presented it to his forehead, and made some remark about its being very small print : he read some word which was printed in larger letters, and then turned over the leaves at random, backwards and forwards, until a long table of figures attracted his attention : he said with some surprise, ‘*O qu’est ce que c’est que cela ?*’ and repeated several of the figures, at the same time pointing to them with his fingers, but not touching the figure that he mentioned : he continued for some time turning over the leaves, stopping at every thing remarkable, as tables, plans of towns, &c. and always describing them accurately.

“ Mr. T. closed his eyes by placing the ends of his fingers over the lids : he told every card that was presented to him, and read out of the book without making a single mistake. I now asked for and obtained permission to apply my own hands to his eyes, and did so in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of his seeing any thing with them. Cards were again presented to him : he told them correctly and without hesitation, without being wrong once ; the book was again given him, and he read slowly, but without the least hesitation, several lines, tracing his finger along a little under each as he read : The longer the experiments were continued, the more perfect became his power of seeing, and the irritability diminished. Mr. T. now asked him to write some music. Every new effort required persuasion. He at last consented. The bandages were re-applied as carefully as before : a sheet of note paper was laid before him, with pen and inkstand, the opening at the top of which would scarcely admit a swan’s quill. He took another book as a ruler, dipped his pen without difficulty into the small inkstand, and at once proceeded to rule the music lines : about the middle of the third line the pen missed ; he instantly saw the deficiency, and, without carrying his pen on to the end of the line, stopped, took another dip out of the small-mouthed inkstand as easily as if his eyes had been wide open, and again placed the point of his pen exactly where it had missed, and continued the line ; but, before proceeding far it again missed. He appeared to be quite aware that it was not from deficiency of ink, and, turning his pen a little, he went back to the point where he left off, and with one stroke continued it to the end. A little difficulty of the same sort occurred in the fourth line ; it was equally well managed ; he was not so particular about the fifth. Having completed the lines, Mr. T. whistled a part of a tune, and asked him to write it in music :

he presented his forehead to the paper, and with great rapidity wrote a few notes, and then stopped to ask Mr. T. to repeat it; when he immediately resumed, and presently filled the line. Whilst in the middle of it, I suddenly placed my hand between his head and the paper; he immediately stopped, turned his forehead towards me, saying, 'Qu'est ce que vous voulez donc?' and then immediately finished the line.

"He now begged Mr. T. to awake him, which was accordingly done by a few transverse movements of the hands in front of his face."

And here it is well to record a general testimony to mesmerism from two illustrious individuals, Professor Agassiz, of Neufchatel, the distinguished geologist and naturalist, and Signor Ranieri, the historian, of Naples. Common decency will surely hush the penny-a-liners, in the presence of such names as these.

"(TRANSLATION.) *Notes relating to Mesmerism, the morning of 22d February, 1839.*—Desirous of knowing what to think of mesmerism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiments in regard to it upon myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by mesmerised persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Townshend, who had previously mesmerised him, to accompany him to Neufchatel and try to mesmerise me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half past nine o'clock, and about ten Mr. Townshend commenced operating on me. While we sat opposite to one another, he, in the first place, only took hold of my hands and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and, therefore, the moment I saw him endeavouring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the Author of all things, beseeching him to give me power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to myself as well as in regard to the facts. I then fixed my eyes upon Mr. Townshend, attentive to whatever passed. I was in very suitable circumstances; the hour being early, and one in which I was in the habit of studying, was far from disposing me to sleep. I was sufficiently master of myself to experience no emotion, and to repress all flights of imagination, even if I had been less calm; accordingly it was a long time before I felt any effect from the presence of Mr. Townshend opposite me. However, after at least a quarter of an hour, I felt a sensation of a current through all my limbs, and from that moment my eyelids grew heavy. I then saw Mr. Townshend extend his hands before my eyes, as if he were about to plunge his fingers into them; and then make different circular movements around my eyes, which caused my eyelids to become still heavier. I had the idea that he was endeavouring to make me close my eyes; and yet it was not as if some one had threatened my eyes, and, in the waking state, I had closed them to prevent him; it was an irresistible heaviness of the lids which compelled me to shut them; and, by degrees, I found that I had no longer the power of keeping them open, but did not the less retain my consciousness of what was going on around me; so that I heard M. Desor

speak to Mr. Townshend, understood what they said, and heard what questions they asked me, just as if I had been awake, but I had not the power of answering. I endeavoured in vain several times to do so, and, when I succeeded, I perceived that I was passing out of the state of torpor in which I had been, and which was rather agreeable than painful.

"In this state I heard the watchman cry ten o'clock; then I heard it strike a quarter past; but, afterwards, I fell into a deeper sleep, although I never entirely lost my consciousness. It appeared to me, that Mr. Townshend was endeavouring to put me into a sound sleep; my movements seemed under his control, for I wished several times to change the position of my arms, but had not sufficient power to do it, or even really to will it; while I felt my head carried to the right or left shoulder, and backwards or forwards, without wishing it, and, indeed, in spite of the resistance which I endeavoured to oppose: and this happened several times.

"I experienced at the same time a feeling of great pleasure in giving way to the attraction which dragged me sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; then a kind of surprise on feeling my head fall into Mr. Townshend's hand, who appeared to me from that time to be the cause of the attraction. To his inquiry if I were well, and what I felt, I found I could not answer, but I smiled; I felt that my features expanded in spite of my resistance; I was inwardly confused at experiencing pleasure from an influence which was mysterious to me. From this moment I wished to wake, and was less at my ease; and yet, on Mr. Townshend asking me whether I wished to be awakened, I made a hesitating movement with my shoulders. Mr. Townshend then repeated some frictions, which increased my sleep; yet I was always conscious of what was passing around me. He then asked me if I wished to become lucid, at the same time continuing, as I felt, the frictions from the face to the arms. I then experienced an indescribable sensation of delight, and for an instant saw before me rays of dazzling light, which instantly disappeared. I was then inwardly sorrowful at this state being prolonged; it appeared to me that enough had been done with me; I wished to awake, but could not. Yet when Mr. Townshend and M. Desor spoke I heard them. I also heard the clock, and the watchman cry, but I did not know what hour he cried. Mr. Townshend then presented his watch to me, and asked if I could see the time, and if I saw him; but I could distinguish nothing; I heard the clock strike the quarter, but could not get out of my sleepy state. Mr. Townshend then woke me with some rapid transverse movements from the middle of the face outwards, which instantly caused my eyes to open, and at the same time I got up, saying to him, 'I thank you.' It was a quarter past eleven. He then told me, and M. Desor repeated the same thing, that the only fact which had satisfied them that I was in a state of mesmeric sleep, was the facility with which my head followed all the movements of his hand, although he did not touch me, and the pleasure which I appeared to feel at the moment when, after several repetitions of friction, he thus moved my head at pleasure in all directions.

"AGASSIS."

“(TRANSLATION.)—Having been mesmerised by my honourable friend Mr. Hare Townshend, I will simply describe the phenomena which I experienced before, during, and after my mesmerisation. Mr. Townshend commenced by making me sit upon a sofa: he sat upon a chair opposite me, and, having taken my hands in his, placed them on my knees. He looked at me fixedly, and from time to time let go my hands, and placed the points of his fingers in a straight line opposite my eyes, at an inch, I should think, from my pupils; then, describing a kind of ellipse, he brought his hands down again upon mine. After he had moved his hands thus alternately from my eyes to my knees for ten minutes, I felt an irresistible desire to close my eyelids. I continued nevertheless to hear his voice, and that of my sister, who was in the same room, whenever they put questions to me. I always answered him correctly, but the whole of my muscular system was in a state of peculiar weakness, and of almost perfect disobedience to my will; and consequently the pronounciation of the words with which I wished to answer had become extremely difficult.

“Whilst I experienced to a certain point the effects of sleep, not only was I not a stranger to all that was passing around me, but I even took more than usual interest in it. All my conceptions were more rapid; I experienced nervous startings to which I am not accustomed; in short, my whole nervous system was in a state of exaltation, and appeared to have acquired all the superabundance of power which the muscular system had lost.

“The following are the principal phenomena which I was able to feel distinctly. Mr. Townshend did not fail to ask me occasionally if I could see him or my sister without opening the eyelids; but this was always impossible, and all that I could say I had seen was a glimmering of light interrupted by the black and confused images of the objects presented to me, a light which appeared to me a little less clear than that which we commonly see when we shut the eyelids opposite the sun or a candle.

“Mr. Townshend at last determined to demesmerise me. He began to make elliptical movements with his hands, the reverse of those which he had made at the commencement; I could now open my eyes without any kind of effort, my whole muscular system became perfectly obedient to my will; I was able to get up, and was perfectly awake, but I remained nearly an hour in a kind of stupefaction very similar to that which sometimes attacks me in the morning if I rise two or three hours later than usual.

“*Naples, 15th June, 1839.*

ANTOINE RANIERI.”

Now for Mr. Townshend's case, before alluded to; and here we beg the considerate attention of the *Morning Herald*.

“Having ascertained, in this and the previous case, that persons under the mesmeric conditions could exercise a faculty analogous to sight, without the intervention of the ordinary apparatus of vision, I was desirous still further to inquire how far the optic nerve played a part in this developement of the sentient powers. In order to solve this question, it appeared to me essential to mesmerise a person in whom the optic nerves were inefficient or destroyed. Should such a person be found to see in the mesmeric state, it would thenceforth

be evident that man might possibly, in certain states, exhibit a perception of objects of sight which could have nothing in common with the system of ordinary vision.

“Soon after the idea had arisen in my mind, accident threw in my way a lad of nineteen years of age, a Swiss peasant, who for three years had nearly lost the faculty of sight. His eyes betrayed but little appearance of disorder; and the gradual decay of vision which he had experienced was attributed to a paralysis of the optic nerve, resulting from a scrofulous tendency in the constitution of the patient. The boy, whom I shall call by his Christian name of Johann, was intelligent, mild-tempered, extremely sincere, and extremely unimaginative. He had never heard of mesmerism till I spoke of it before him, and I then only so far enlightened him on the subject as to tell him that it was something which might, perhaps, benefit his sight. At first he betrayed some little reluctance to submit himself to experiment, asking me if I were going to perform some very painful operation upon him; but, when he found that the whole affair consisted in sitting quiet, and letting me hold his hands, he no longer felt any apprehension.

Before beginning to mesmerise, I ascertained, with as much precision as possible, the patient's degree of blindness. I found that he yet could see enough to perceive any large obstacle that stood in his way. If a person came directly before him, he was aware of the circumstance, but he could not at all distinguish whether the individual were man or woman. I even put this to the proof. A lady of our society stood before him, and he addressed her as ‘*mein herr*’ (sir). In bright sunshine, he could see a white object, or the colour scarlet, when in a considerable mass, but made mistakes as to the other colours. Between small objects he could not at all discriminate. I held before him successively a book, a box, and a bunch of keys, and he could not distinguish between them. In each case he saw something, he said, like a shadow, but he could not tell what. He could not read one letter of the largest print by means of eyesight; but he was very adroit in reading by touch, in books prepared expressly for the blind, running his fingers over the raised characters with great rapidity, and thus acquiring a perception of them. Whatever trifling degree of vision he possessed could only be exercised on very near objects; those which were at a distance from him he perceived not at all. I ascertained that he could not see a cottage at the end of our garden, not more than a hundred yards off from where we were standing.

“These points being satisfactorily proved, I placed my patient in the proper position, and began to mesmerise. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when I found that I produced a manifest effect upon the boy. He began to shiver at regular intervals, as if affected by a succession of slight electric shocks. By degrees this tremor subsided, the patient's eyes gradually closed, and in about a quarter of an hour he replied to an inquiry on my part, ‘*Ich schlaffe, aber nicht ganz tief.*’ (I sleep, but not soundly.) Upon this I endeavoured to deepen the patient's slumber by the mesmeric passes, when suddenly he exclaimed, his eyes being closed all the time, ‘I see!—I see your hand! I see your hand.’ In order to put this to the proof, I held my head in various positions, which he followed with his finger; again, he told

me accurately whether my hand was shut or open. 'But,' he said, on being further questioned, 'I do not see distinctly. I see, as it were, sunbeams (sonnen strahlen) which dazzle me.' 'Do you think,' I asked, 'that mesmerism will do you good?' 'Ja freilich,' (yes certainly,) he replied; 'repeated often enough it would cure me of my blindness.'

"Afraid of fatiguing my patient, I did not trouble him with experiments; and, his one o'clock dinner being ready for him, I dispersed his magnetic sleep. After he had dined I took him into the garden. As we were passing before some bee-hives, he suddenly stopped, and seemed to look earnestly at them:—'What is it you see?' I asked. 'A row of bee-hives,' he replied directly; and continued, 'Oh! this is wonderful! I have not seen such things for three years.' Of course I was extremely surprised; for, though I had imagined that a long course of mesmerisation might benefit the boy, I was entirely unprepared for so rapid an improvement in his vision. My chief object had been to develop the faculty of sight in sleepwaking; and I can assure my readers that this increase of visual power in the natural state was to me a kind of miracle, as astonishing as it was unsought. My poor patient was in a state of absolute enchantment. He grinned from ear to ear, and called out, 'Das ist prächtig!' (That is charming.) Two ladies now passed before us, when he said, 'Da sind zwei frauenzimmer!' (There go two ladies.) 'How dressed?' I asked. 'Their clothes are of a dark colour,' he replied. This was true. I took my patient to a summer-house that commanded an extensive prospect. I fear almost to state it, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly true, that he saw and pointed out the situation of a village in the valley below us. I now brought Johann back to the house, when, in the presence of several members of my family, he recognized, at first sight, several small objects, (a flower-pot, I remember, amongst other things,) and not only saw a little girl, one of our farmer's children, sitting on the steps of a door, but also mentioned that she had a round cap on her head. In the house I showed Johann a book, which it will be remembered he could not distinguish before mesmerisation, and he named the object. But, though making great efforts, he could not read one letter in the book. Having ascertained this, I once more threw Johann into the mesmeric state, with a view to discovering how far a second mesmerisation would strengthen his natural eyesight. As soon as I had awaked him, at the interval of half an hour, I presented him with the same book, (one of Marryat's novels,) when he accurately told me the larger letters of the title-page, which were as follow:—'OUTWARD BOUND.' Johann belonging to an institution for the blind, situated at some distance from our residence, I had, unhappily, only the opportunity of mesmerising him three times subsequently to the above successful trial. The establishment, also, of which he was a member, changed masters; and, its new director having prejudices on the score of mesmerism, there were difficulties purposely thrown in the way of my following up that which I had so auspiciously begun.

"The following is the general result of my after experiments:—

"On first passing into the mesmeric state, Johann always spoke of a kind of internal light, which he compared to sunbeams, diffusing itself over the region of the forehead.

"Whenever I pointed the tips of my fingers towards his closed eyes, at the distance of about two inches, with a quick darting motion, he had the sensation of a flashing light, and sparks of fire passing, as it were, before him.

"Being led up, accidentally, to a large mirror, when in sleepwaking, he called out that he saw 'ein grosse klarheit.' (A great clearness.) Nevertheless, the mirror was in the shade. After this, I conducted him to a glass door that led into the garden, through which the light of day was shining brightly, but he made no remark; and, on being questioned, declared that he was not sensible of any peculiar light. Again taken up to the mirror, he again said that he saw before him much light and clearness. By whatever route I led him up to the looking-glass, he was always aware when he came before it, though his eyes were perfectly closed.

"Occasionally I presented the points of my fingers to the mirror, in the same manner as to his forehead, in order to ascertain whether he would perceive any thing like reflected sparks, but the experiment did not succeed.

"Music seemed to have a pleasing effect upon him when in the mesmeric state; and the sound of my voice always palpably increased the depth of his slumber.

"On first awaking from mesmeric sleepwaking, the patient's powers of vision were always stronger than at any other time; but, in addition to this temporary benefit, there was a gradual bettering of his eyesight, which, though less striking, was more valuable from its permanence. Even the external appearance of his eyes was improved, in the course of mesmerism, to a degree which attracted the notice, and excited the wonder, of the master of the institution to which Johann belonged.

"On one occasion, being rather indisposed, I found that I could not influence Johann so forcibly as usual; so that, after long mesmerisation, I had only brought him as far as an imperfect sleep, in which he retained his consciousness. Having met with an account of Dr. Elliotson's experiments, by which it is proved that the mesmeric agency is capable of increase by means of other individuals co-operating with the mesmeriser; having also experienced the truth of this when mesmerising the little sister of Mademoiselle M——, conjointly with herself; I requested a friend, who was present, to aid me, by motions of the hand, in deepening the patient's slumber. Each of us held a hand of Johann, and each of us manipulated with the hand that remained at liberty. The effect was very remarkable. In a short time the patient passed into complete sleepwaking; but that there was a remission of the mesmeric influence, whenever my friend ceased to be in contact with me, was proved by this: Johann's head did not then follow my hand so readily; and, at such moments, when questioned, he said that he did not sleep so profoundly. The patient being still unconscious, I, being always in contact with him, drank half a glass of sherry, when he exclaimed, spontaneously, 'Das ist wohl stark. Das steigt mir im kopf.' (That is very strong. It mounts into my head.)

"The last time that I mesmerised Johann was in the evening, by candle, or, rather, lamp light. On this occasion he manifested an ex-

traordinary increase in mesmeric *clairvoyance*, giving proofs that he had sensations analogous to sight, of a far stronger nature than those which his visual organs could afford him in the waking state. With ease he indicated the relative positions of the party present, consisting of three persons besides myself; and, though the several individuals often and silently exchanged places, he continued to show that he was acquainted with the exact situation of each. Occasionally he would remark, and always with perfect correctness, that a lady was smiling and pointing her finger at him. Three dahlias, which were respectively of a bright scarlet, deep crimson, and yellow colour, were held before his closed eyelids. He discriminated between them with singular accuracy, saying, 'Das ist feuer-roth, das ist dunkel-roth, und das ist gelb.' He also distinguished a large leaf, which was held before him, to be green.

"The lady above alluded to handed me a nosegay, directing me, in English, what to do with it. Agreeably to her request, I gave the nosegay, consisting of red geranium, white stock, and other flowers, to Johann, telling him that he must select some of the red flowers to give to the lady. He instantly and accurately separated the geranium from the other flowers; 'and now, I said, you must add some of the white to your bouquet.' This he also did with equal readiness.

"Again, he told the letters, B, M, and O, which I wrote in a large printing hand on pieces of card and held before his closed lids. When led before the mirror, which was then in deep shade, being at the farther end of an apartment forty feet in length and lighted only by a single lamp, he, as usual, expressed his perception of 'etwas hell und heiter' (something clear and bright); but, when brought close up to the lamp, he made no observation of the kind. Again I took him to a glass over the chimney-piece, on which the light of the lamp fell strongly, when he cried out, 'Viel licht, viel licht!' (Much light, much light!) While the patient was still in the mesmeric state, tea was brought in. I ate some dry toast, while holding Johann's hand. He imitated the movements of mastication; and, on being asked what he tasted, replied, 'Bread of some kind.' Upon this one of the party present, without speaking, gave me quickly a piece of sugar, signing me to substitute it for the toast. This I did, and the sound which I made in eating was not perceptibly changed, yet Johann instantly and spontaneously exclaimed, 'I taste something sweet.'

"I here close the proofs which I have to offer, that the perfect mesmeric sleepwaker does indeed possess a faculty of perception apart from the mere external mechanism of the senses. The means which I have been led to take, in order to convince myself of this fact, have, besides conducing to the end which I had in view, been productive of other results, which some persons may deem more important to the welfare of humanity than any discovery of new modes of sensation or of extraordinary developements of vision. I have established beyond a doubt that the action of mesmerism is highly remedial in affections of that precious organ whereby we enjoy

'Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.'

We leave these facts, to the force of which we can add nothing, to

make their own impression. They cannot be set aside without a total denial of the force of testimony, nor, hopeful as they are to suffering humanity, without subjecting the rash sceptic to something of even a moral stigma. Every thing which proffers great uses has an irresistible appeal to Christian men, and the responsibility of rejecting it on *à priori* grounds is enormous. No matter how impossible it seems—no matter how absurd it may, in the end, turn out to be—still its **PRETENSIONS TO USE** demand for it a fair and deliberate trial. It is, however, a shocking fact, that wilful prejudice has hitherto prevented this from taking place in even those cases which are the opprobrium of medicine, and where, at any rate, no damage would have ensued from the experiment—that insanity, tetanus, and hydrophobia, and the whole dreary catalogue of incurable diseases, are suffered daily to dwindle on into sure death;—nothing being done which may either overstep the circle of professional notions, disturb the routine of the “regular” practitioner, or arrest the fatal malady. How much of the life and essence of quackery is here! Little does it signify, whether we adopt a single drug or a whole *materia medica* for our panacea—the principle is the same; in both cases we peril the lives of our fellow men by voluntarily contracting our means to less than our ends; in both, by our acts, we knowingly and falsely endeavour to overrate the sufficiency of our present knowledge.

We do not, of course, apply these remarks to those of any profession, who see in mesmerism the results of an evil agency, and therefore deem it to be spiritually unlawful. Personal experience convinces us that this is a larger class of objectors, than at first sight might be supposed, and we wish the Rev. Mr. Townshend had dwelt a little longer on their case, setting forth the rights of the matter with clerical authority and distinctness; more especially as they are valuable men to enlist,—their very objection springing from a moral ground, and implying a belief in spiritual existence. We suspect, however, that there is often an indolence of disposition mixed up with such timorous piety, together, perhaps, with an addiction to some partial system of supernaturalism. Now we ourselves by no means participate in any general denial of supernatural things, or of arts which draw down supernatural effects, as existing even in the present life. The Bible is too clear upon both these points. Its recorded miracles of the Egyptian magicians, its relation of the Witch of Endor and the calling up of Samuel—its stern laws against, and perpetual denunciations of, magic and witchcraft, would be mere fables and wasted verbiages, did there not exist some strange power, of the kind denounced, and purported to be exercised, within the reach of human faculties. The knowledge whereby natural things were wont to be so arranged, as to become fitting planes for the operation of spiritual causes, is, indeed, extinct; yet this does not preclude the possibility that fortuitous combination may occasionally favour the same results at the present day. We neither, then, deny the power, nor its unlawful nature; but we do doubt that mesmerism is part or parcel of such an agency;—and this, for two reasons:—

Firstly, Because those supernatural effects which take their origin (so far as man is concerned) from disorderly states of the human will,

are evidently no portion of the whole system of things;—they have no macrocosmal universality, and although clothed in the visible, nature is hollow underneath them; while, on the other hand, mesmerism, by the orderly classification of which its phenomena are susceptible, and the positive and even illustrating relation in which it stands to the other sciences, may be brought in as an indispensable part of the great creation.

Secondly, Because mesmerism is a means for the permanent removal of many of those bodily diseases which are the last results of the spiritually-fallen condition of our race; and we have reason to be well assured, that devils are not to be “cast out through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.” This seems pretty conclusive, but we still think it is a part of the subject which wants a parson. In the mean time, mesmerisers cannot, perhaps, greatly err, if they restrict the practice of their art to those cases where a use of healing is the end proposed,—not tampering with the fabrics of their neighbour’s life from a vain curiosity, nor, above all, from a lust after mystic and supernatural power.

But if the utilities of mesmerism excuse and enforce the practice of it in the treatment of diseases, the light it already sheds on obscure parts of animal physiology, inculcates the study of it for the extension and elevation of science. Not a single question at present arises in the examination of living bodies, which does not terminate in a *nodus indissolubilis* of difficulty, doubt, and darkness; and this happens, in every instance, long before we reach those regions where it involves no laying aside of any of our faculties to admit of mysteries inscrutable. Thus, the principle of nervous energy, the mechanism of muscular contraction, the manner in which nerve is connected with muscle, the mode of continuity between arteries and veins, and of lacteal absorption—nay, the entire process of nutrition, by which every particle of the frame is deposited,—things all coming strictly within the laws of nature, and enacted on the theatre of matter, are utterly unknown, and very generally pronounced unknowable. When this fact is coupled with another—of our intuition into things which are too vast to be comprehended by nature,—it ought to show us that such a state is no natural or necessary one, but is brought about by our having disregarded or misused the means of knowledge which are placed at our disposal. It is, indeed, very likely that we have come to the limits of the views which can be obtained from the microscope and the scalpel; and that, although by these tools we may continue to enlarge the basis, we require instruments altogether different, and more spiritual, to enable us to proceed with the superstructure. New facts are certainly not the whole of what we want;—we must also have new methods, and a new spirit of induction: nor is it difficult to foresee, in some degree, the direction which these will require us to take. We must look to the living, and no longer seek the laws of life among the dead;—we must remember that the corpse in the dissecting-room has not really a single physiological fact left in it;—that it is a machine, irreparably broken in every part, which can never any more be set in motion. We must endeavour to see that the motions of an organism are a more immediate and speaking evidence and effect of life than its mere structure. To be acquainted with these, were, indeed, to leave little unknown in physiology; but, alas! the dead body has no move-

ments, save those chemical or mechanical ones which are in positive contradiction to the laws of life. Plainly, then, of the living we must learn of life: but how? Now mesmerism is precisely one of those means which comes to us very happily in this perplexity. It has no dealings with the dead. Making use of the subtlest media in nature as its vehicles and agents, it conducts us by fair inference to the invisible fabrics of the body, where life and motion, which, physically speaking, are one and the same, pursue their everlasting circle. By the action of one human being upon another, effectuated by moving media, it renders probable the fine doctrine of a great physiologist of the last century, that there are certain universal motions, upon the constancy of which LIFE itself is momentarily dependent—that the brain and the whole of the nervous system are in a perpetual swell and subsidence, a sort of supereminent respiration, to which he has given the name of “animation,”* reckoning it the *primum mobile* of our natural existence. Let us not, however, attempt to anticipate the benefits which mesmerism is likely to confer on physiology: to develop these will be the work of lofty inquirers in future ages.

Again, mesmerism reveals the new fact, that our minds may act, beyond their immediate bodies, on the several faculties of other living beings who are impacted in nature's time and space at a distance from ourselves; and by thus necessitating the existence of many and distinct media between the mental organs of the agent and the patient, it suggests for physics the sublime idea of a correlation of the organic and the elementary, leading us to infer, that the mind is organized to the constitution of nature, and, *vice versa*, that the media of the outward universe are equal in their number, and responsive in their operation, to the faculties of the mind. In this manner it gives us data and hints from our own faculties for a rational cosmogony, promising far more in this respect than the researches of even geologists themselves, who deal with masses of dead matter where it is difficult to see principles, and require at last a terrestrial nucleus to begin with.

Mesmerism also bears an interesting relation to the science of mind; and by no means the smallest of its advantages was indicated by the Editor of this Magazine, when he stated that the method of its investigation of the mental phenomena “is as *à posteriori* as that of chemistry itself—that it proceeds by psychological analysis.” If this be true, we firmly believe it will contribute to supply one great want of the time—a philosophy which has some connexion with reality. There is no doubt that the entire theory of mesmerism, with its indisputable physical media, and extrinsic means of inducing mental changes, irresistibly compels us to regard the mind as a definite organism, and to place a knowledge of it as the crowning result of a high physiology, gradually evolved under the guiding light of revealed truth, rather than as a metaphysical achievement. Of this organism, self-consciousness no more informs us, than sight informs us of the fabrics of our own eyes; so that, perhaps, a purely introspective philosophy is as great an absurdity as a purely introspective science of vital optics. Self-consciousness, in fact, can only represent to us the simple general

* *ŒCONOMIA REGNI ANIMALIS. Cap. De Coincidentia Motus Cerebri et Pulmonum, —1740-41.*

function or functions of the mind, but never, in the least, its *structure*; and of these common functions, every man or woman born is quite sufficiently informed already. Of the futility of all reflection upon consciousness (or conscience, for the same applies to both), as a means to a knowledge of the mental constitution, we may easily convince ourselves, by supposing the same method applied to the eye, and that never having seen that organ, we were to endeavour, from the *sensation* of vision, which is a consciousness, to frame a chart of it. We could assuredly do no other than fill it full of "categories," little guessing that it is a living tissue, infinitely divisible and compound, of nerves and blood-vessels. Now this has actually been the case with the mind. A structure too complex ever to come down into visible nature, save under the guise of ultimate effects—a structure, the immediate work of the fingers of Deity, has been actually confounded with a few of its most ordinary functions as man perceives them; and these last, and their terminology, are now reckoned to be the whole of creation: nay, in the opinion of some philosophers, to constitute God himself. Nor is this the worst of it; for as these mental functions are unquestionably modified to any possible amount by the individual mind, philosophy has come to represent the mere changes which are generated by the will of the philosopher, and the forms under which those changes are reflected in his understanding—to be, in fact, the glass of his passions, and of the intellectual darkness and stupidity they engender. Verily, mesmerism, and every thing which leads us back to nature, and her organic forms and circulating forces, where, and where only, as in clear mirrors, all spiritual things are visibly represented, is of deep importance in such a crisis; and the world will be grateful to the Editor for his clear assertion of the dignity of our science, in its possibilities of "psychological analysis."

It remains for us to say a word upon the progress and prospects of mesmerism; and when we see it advocated by a great Christian philosopher like Townshend, and investigated by the exquisitely observant faculties of an Elliotson, a most fearless and honest man, our report, for England, cannot be discouraging. It is, in fact, already adopted by a large part of the laity of the medical profession in this metropolis, and by a goodly few of even those who occupy professional chairs. Still more universal is its acceptance in other countries. In Antwerp, its most extraordinary phenomena pass as catholic and undoubted. In France, let the numerous authors, the titles of whose works, written on the subject in two years, head this article (several of which works, by-the-by, appear to be very sober and able performances), avouch the degree of repute with which it is sanctioned. Besides this, mesmeric institutions, where mesmerism is the principal agent for the cure of diseases, have been already established in some parts of Europe. Then, as for individual support, it may claim a Cuvier, a Laplace, a Hufeland, a Cloquet, an Agassis, a Ranieri, a Mayo, and a long list of illustrious names. Putting all these circumstances together, mesmerism seems to be getting on somewhat faster than the discovery of Galileo, and at about the rate of Harvey's innovating doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Truly, its prospects are not discouraging.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. IV.—COUSIN CRITICISED—(*concluded*).

IN pursuing the objections of the unphilosophical, both in America and England, we have already found that the objectors are at fault even on the simplest point of definition. Time and eternity, if to be distinguished, must be distinguished in definition. The reader has already had our distinction and definition, which agree with those insisted upon by the really orthodox authorities of all countries in theology and philosophy. It is of the greatest moment that both should be understood and accepted. Mr. Brownson, in his *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*, dwells much and rightly on this point. It is a complete answer to the objections taken against M. Cousin's theory of creation, whatever we may think of the theory itself, which will doubtless appear when we give our own theory. But these things we prefer to state affirmatively and philosophically, rather than negatively and critically. Professor Norton's *protégé* insists, against Cousin, that "if it be the most eminent characteristic of God that he is an absolute creative force, that cannot but pass into act, we are driven to believe in the eternal creation of the world, or rather, in the eternal co-existence of oneness of God and the universe." Again, "M. Cousin's theory of cosmogony is now quite plain. The essence of God is his creative power. He is an absolute force, subjected to a necessity of acting, and of developing in its effects those characteristics, and those alone, which are found in itself. God is made the mere living force, the *vis viva*, of the universe, and all things are but the radiations and effluxes of this primary and interior energy. This is the theory taught, if we may credit the Hermetic Fragments, by the ancient Egyptians, and which is at this day held both by the Brahmins and Buddhists of the East. Among all the ancients, unless the Tuscans be an exception, the creation of something out of nothing was held to be a palpable absurdity. It was a common article in all the different creeds of Grecian and Roman philosophy, that 'gigni de nihilo nil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.' This led to two different theories of the origin of the visible universe, either of them exclusive of a creation, properly so called. The one, that of most of the Greek schools, which taught the eternity, and independent existence, of matter. The other, that of the Oriental systems, which represented the universe as an emanation from within the Deity. Thus in the 'Yajur Veid,' as translated by Du Perron, it is said: 'The whole universe is the Creator, proceeds from the Creator, exists in him, and returns to him. The ignorant assert that the universe, in the beginning, did not exist in its author, and that it was created out of nothing. Oh, ye whose hearts are pure, how could something be made out of nothing? This first Being alone, and without likeness, was the *all* in the beginning; he could multiply himself under different forms; he created fire from his essence, which is light,' &c. This doctrine was

* Transcendentalism, &c., Cambridge, U. S. The Dial, &c. Boston, U. S.

early carried into Greece, and adopted by many of their philosophers. It is found in the Orphic remains, especially in the poem *De Mundo*, as quoted by Aristotle and Proclus, in Æschylus, and in most of the Greek poets. It seems to have special affinities for poetry. In modern times it has made its reappearance in the polished periods of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and it runs through the wild and impious imaginations of Shelley.* Under the poetic dress this system is more tolerable, because we can ordinarily make such deductions for poetic imagery as will bring it within the compass of truth. But when, in the grave language of didactic philosophy, we are told, that the very essence of God is his creative power; that he is a force that was compelled to act and to pass with all his characteristics into the visible world; and that nothing now exists which has not from eternity existed in God; we are concerned, we are alarmed. This necessary transfusion of God into the universe destroys our very idea of God.† He is made the substratum, the substance, of all existence; and we are only bubbles thrown up upon the bosom of the mighty ALL, to reflect the rainbow colours, in our brief phenomenal existence, and then be absorbed again into the ocean from which we came."‡

Let us now turn to Mr. Brownson's anticipatory answer. From him we learn, that creation has no place in time, but in eternity. "Time," says Brownson, rightly, "begins with creation, and belongs to created nature. With God there is no time, as there is no space. He transcends time and space. He inhabiteth eternity, and is both time and space. When we speak of beginning in relation to the origin of the universe, we should refer to the source whence it comes, not to the time when it came. Its beginning is not in time, but in God, and is now as much as it ever was.

"You should think of the universe as something which is, not as something which was. God did not, strictly speaking, make the world, finish it, and then leave it. He makes it, he constitutes it now. Regard him, therefore, not, if I may borrow the language of Spinoza, as its 'temporary and transient cause, but as its permanent and in-dwelling cause;' that is, not as a cause which effects, and then passes off from his works, to remain henceforth in idleness, or to create new worlds; but as a cause which remains in his works, ever producing them, and constituting them by being present in them, their life, being, and substance. Take this view, and you will never trouble yourself with the question, whether the world was created six thousand or six million of years ago."

God is eternal, the sensible universe is temporal. It is this which

* "Wordsworth occasionally borders on the very extreme of poetic licence upon this subject. The philosophical principles of the 'Essay on Man' were dictated by Bolingbroke, and it is supposed that Pope was not himself sufficiently aware of their tendency.

† "If La Place had only personified under the name of God the forces with which the attenuated matter of his *nebular* hypothesis was supposed to be endowed, he might, with as much justice as M. Cousin, have escaped the imputation of Atheism.

‡ "The fittest symbolical form, that has ever been given to this creed, is that of an Oriental sect, who represent the Deity as an immense spider, seated at the centre of the universe, and spinning forth all things from his own body."

marks the distinction between God and nature, and relieves the transcendental theory from the charge of pantheism. "God," says Brownson, "is indeed the life, being, substance of all his works, yet is he independent of his works. I am in my intention, and my intention is nothing any further than I enter into it; but nevertheless my intention is not *me*; I have the complete control over it. It does not exhaust me. It leaves me with all my creative energy, free to create anew as I please. So of God. Creation does not exhaust him. His works are not necessary to his being, they make up no part of his life. He retains all his creative energy, and may put it forth anew as seems to him good. Grant he stands in the closest relation to his works; he stands to them in the relation of a cause to an effect, not in the relation of identity, as pantheism supposes." Again: "I leave the Mosaic cosmogony where I find it. As to the inference that creation must be as old as the Creator, I would remark, that a being cannot be a creator till he creates, and as God was always a creator, always then must there have been a creation; but it does not follow from this that creation must have always assumed its present form, much less that this globe in its present state must have existed from all eternity. It may have been, for aught we know, subjected to a thousand revolutions and transformations, and the date of its habitation by man may indeed have been no longer ago than Hebrew chronology asserts."

Take the argument also in the form of dialogue:—

" ' You will bear in mind, that we have found God as a cause, not a potential cause, occasionally a cause, accidentally a cause, but absolute cause, cause in itself, always a cause, and everywhere a cause. Now a cause that causes nothing is no cause at all. If then God be a cause, he must cause something, that is, create. Creation then is necessary.' "

" ' Do you mean to say that God lies under a necessity of creating? "

" ' God lies under nothing, for he is over all, and independent of all. The necessity of which I speak is not a foreign necessity, but a necessity of his own nature. What I mean is, he cannot be what he is without creating. It would be a contradiction in terms to call him a cause, and to say that he causes nothing.' "

" ' But out of what does God create the world? Out of nothing, as our old catechisms have it? "

" ' Not out of nothing certainly, but out of himself, out of his own fulness. You may form an idea of creation by noting what passes in the bosom of your own consciousness. I will to raise my arm. My arm may be palsied, or a stronger than mine may hold it down, so that I cannot raise it. Nevertheless I have created something; to wit, the will or intention to raise it. In like manner as I, by an effort of my will, or an act of my casualty, create a will or intention, does God create the world. The world is God's will or intention, existing in the bosom of his consciousness, as my will or intention exists in the bosom of mine. "

" ' Now, independent of me, my will or intention has no existence. It exists, is a reality, no further than I enter into it; and it ceases to

exist, vanishes into nothing, the moment I relax the causative effort which gave it birth. So of the world. Independent of God it has no existence. All the life and reality it has are of God. It exists no further than he enters into it, and it ceases to exist, becomes a nonentity, the moment he withdraws or relaxes the creative effort which calls it into being.

“ ‘ This, if I mistake not, strikingly illustrates the dependence of the universe, of all worlds and beings, on God. They exist but by his will. He willed, and they were ; commanded, and they stood fast. He has but to will, and they are not ; to command, and the heavens roll together as a scroll, or disappear as the morning mist before the rising sun. This is easily seen to be true, because he is their life, their being ;—in him, says an apostle, ‘ we live and move and have our being.’ ”

“ ‘ The question is sometimes asked, Where is the universe ? Where is your resolution, intention ? In the bosom of your consciousness. So the universe, being God’s will or intention, exists in the consciousness of the Deity. The bosom of the infinite Consciousness is its place, its residence, its home. God then is all round and within it, as you are all round and within your intention. Here is the omnipresence of the Deity. You cannot go where God is not, unless you cease to exist. Not because God fills all space, as we sometimes say, thus giving him as it were extension, but because he embosoms all space, as we embosom our thoughts in our own consciousness.

“ ‘ This view of creation, also, shows us the value of the universe, and teaches us to respect it. It is God’s will, God’s intention, and is divine, so far forth as it really exists, and therefore is holy, and should be revered. Get at a man’s intentions, and you get at his real character. A man’s intentions are the revelations of himself ; they show you what the man is. The universe is the revelation of the Deity. So far as we read and understand it, do we read and understand God. When I am penetrating the heavens and tracing the revolutions of the stars, I am learning the will of God ; when I penetrate the earth and explore its strata, study the minuter particles of matter and their various combinations, I am mastering the science of theology ; when I listen to the music of the morning songsters, I am listening to the voice of God ; and it is his beauty I see when my eye runs over the varied landscape, or ‘ the flower-enamelled mead.’ ”

“ ‘ You see here the sacred character which attaches to all science, shadowed forth through all antiquity, by the right to cultivate it being claimed for the priests alone. But every man should be a priest ; and the man of science, who does not perceive that he is also a priest, but half understands his calling. In ascertaining these laws of nature, as you call them, you are learning the ways of God. Put off your shoes, then, when you enter the temple of science, for you enter the sanctuary of the Most High.

“ ‘ But man is a still fuller manifestation of the Deity. He is superior to all outward nature. Sun and stars pale before a human soul. The powers of nature, whirlwinds, tornadoes, cataracts, lightnings, earthquakes, are weak before the power of thought, and lose all their terrific grandeur in presence of the struggles of passion. Man with a

silken thread turns aside the lightning, and chains up the harmless bolt. Into man enters more of the fulness of the Divinity, for in his own likeness God made man. The study of man, then, is still more the study of the Divinity, and the science of man becomes a still nearer approach to the science of God.

“ ‘ This is not all. Viewed in this light, what new worth and sacredness attaches to this creature, man, on whom kings, priests, and nobles have for so many ages trampled with sacrilegious feet. Whoso wrongs a man, defaces the image of God, desecrates a temple of the living God, and is guilty not merely of a crime, but of a sin. Indeed, all crimes become sins—all offences against man, offences against God. Hear this, ye wrong-doers; and know that it is not from your feeble brother only, that ye have to look for vengeance. Hear this, ye wronged and down-trodden; and know that God is wronged in that ye are wronged, and his omnipotent arm shall redress you, and punish your oppressors. Man is precious in the sight of God, and God will vindicate him.’ ”

We have seen that the objectors themselves concede that Kant is free from pantheism. The account given of Kant's system is tolerably fair, saving some prejudiced *phrases*, which are meant as a substitute for argument, where argument is impossible. In order to get a glimpse of what Kant taught, we are told, that “ ‘ we must as far as possible lay aside all the prepossessions of the British school. We must not only cease to attribute all our knowledge to sensation and reflection, as our fathers were taught to do, but we must lay aside as unsatisfactory all the explanations of Reid and his followers respecting first truths and intuitive principles. We must no longer regard philosophy as a science of observation and induction, and must dismiss all our juvenile objections to a purely *à priori* scheme of metaphysics. It is the first purpose of Kant, in his own terms, to inquire ‘ how synthetical judgments *à priori* are possible, with respect to objects of experience; ’ as, for example, how the idea of necessary causal connexion arises, when it is conceded that nothing is given by experience but the mere succession of events. Indeed, it was Hume's speculations on Cause and Effect, which, as Kant tells us, first ‘ broke his dogmatic slumbers.’ Proceeding from this to all the other instances in which we arrive at absolute, necessary, universal, or intuitive truths, he proves that these are not the result of experience. No induction, however broad, can ever produce the irresistible conviction with which we yield ourselves to the belief of necessary truth. ‘ Experience (and this is the concession of Reid himself) give us no information of what is necessary, or of what ought to exist.’ In such propositions, as the following: ‘ A straight line is the shortest between two points; There is a God; The soul is immortal,’ &c.; there is an amalgamation (*synthesis*) of a subject with an attribute, which is furnished neither by the idea of the subject, nor by experience. These synthetical judgments, therefore, are *à priori*, or independent of experience; that is, there is something in them beyond what experience gives. There is therefore a function of the soul prior to all experience, and to investigate this function of the soul is the purpose of the ‘ Critique of Pure Reason.’ ‘ Let us,’ says Stapfer, in a happy illustration, ‘ imagine a

mirror endued with perception, or sensible that external objects are reflected from its surface; let us suppose it reflecting on the phenomena which it offers to a spectator and to itself. If it come to discover the properties which render it capable of producing these phenomena, it would find itself in possession of two kinds of ideas, perfectly distinct. It would have a knowledge of the images which it reflects, and of the properties which it must have possessed previous to the production of these images. The former would be its *à posteriori* knowledge; whilst in saying to itself, 'My surface is plain, it is polished, I am impenetrable to the rays of light,' it would show itself possessed of *à priori* notions, since these properties, which it would recognize as inherent in its structure, are more ancient than any image reflected from its surface, and are the conditions to which is attached the faculty of forming images, with which it would know itself endowed. Let us push this extravagant fiction a little further. Let us imagine that the mirror represented to itself, that external objects are entirely destitute of depth, that they are all placed upon the same plane, that they traverse each other, as the images do upon its surface, &c., and we shall have an example of objective reality attributed to modifications purely subjective. And if we can figure to ourselves the mirror as analyzing and combining, in various ways, the properties with which it perceived itself invested (but of which it should have contented itself to establish the existence and examine the use); drawing from these combinations conclusions relative to the organization, design, and origin of the objects which paint themselves on its surface; founding, it may be, entire systems upon the conjectures which the analysis of its properties might suggest, and which it might suppose itself capable of applying to a use entirely estranged from their nature and design,—we should have some idea of the grounds and tendency of the reproaches which the author of the critical philosophy addresses to human reason, when, forgetting the veritable destination of its laws, and of those of the other intellectual faculties,—a destination which is limited to the acquisition and perfecting of experience,—it employs these laws to the investigation of objects beyond the domain of experience, and assumes the right of affirming on their existence, of examining their qualities, and determining their relations to man.'

"Instead, therefore, of examining the nature of things, the objective world without us, Kant set himself to scrutinize the microcosm, to learn the nature of the cognitive subject. In pursuing this inquiry he finds, not that the mind is moulded by its objects, but that the objects are moulded by the mind. The external world is in our thoughts such as it is, simply because our thoughts are necessarily such as they are. The moulds, so to speak, are within us. We see things only under certain conditions; certain laws restrain and limit all our functions. We conceive of a given event as occurring in time and in space. But this time and this space are not objective realities, existing whether we think about them or not; they are the mere *forms à priori*. Our minds refuse to conceive of sensible objects, except under these forms. Time and space, therefore, are not the results of experience, neither

are they abstract ideas; for all particular times and spaces are possible only by reason of this original constitution of the mind.

"According to this system, all that of which we can be cognizant is either necessary or contingent. That which is necessary is *à priori*, and belongs to the province of pure reason. That which is contingent is *à posteriori*, and belongs to the province of experience. The former he calls *pure*, the latter *empirical*; and it is the circle of knowledge contained in the former which constitutes the far-famed Transcendental Philosophy."

The writer proceeds soon after to indicate the distinction insisted upon by Kant and Coleridge between reason and understanding.

"The understanding," says Kant, 'is the faculty judging according to sense.' 'Reason,' says Coleridge, 'is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves.' Resuming, then, the thread which we have dropped, the Prussian philosopher dissected the cognitive subject or soul into three distinct faculties; viz. 1st. Sense, or Sensibility. 2d. Understanding. 3d. Reason.

"Sense receives and works up the multiform material, and brings it to consciousness. This it accomplishes partly as a mere 'receptivity,' passively accepting sensations, and partly as an active power or spontaneity. The Understanding is a step higher than sense. What sense has apprehended, the understanding takes up, and by its synthetizing activity (*die synthetisirende Thätigkeit*) presents under certain forms or conditions, which, by a term borrowed from logic, are called Categories. These are twelve, classified under the heads of Quantity, Quality, Relation, and Modality. Of Quantity: 1. *Unity*. 2. *Plurality*. 3. *Totality*. Of Quality: 4. *Affirmation*, or *Reality*. 5. *Negation*, or *Privation*. 6. *Limitation*. Of Relation: 7. *Substance* and *Accident*. 8. *Cause* and *Effect*. 9. *Action* and *Reaction*. Of Modality: 10. *Possibility* and *Impossibility*. 11. *Existence* and *Non-existence*. 12. *Necessity* and *Contingency*. Whatsoever now the understanding takes cognizance of, it knows under some of these forms; and every intellection receives the object as connected with at least four of these categories at once, from the four different classes. Kant attributed to the understanding the function of reducing multiplicity to unity. The result of this reduction to unity, in our consciousness, is a Conception (*Begriff*). All possible conceptions are produced under the twelve categories as their necessary forms. These are therefore the conditions of all thought; yet they afford no knowledge of the objects *per se*, and have not the slightest significancy independent of time and space. Time and space are the ways or forms under which objects are made sensible; and the categories are the ways or forms under which the same objects are understood (*begriffen*).

"The Reason, finally, is the sublime of human spontaneity. It takes cognizance of that which is self-evident, necessary, absolute, infinite, eternal. Its objects are beyond the sphere, not merely of time and space, but of all ratiocination; and it is among these objects, 'above the stir and smoke of this dim spot, which men call earth,' that

the transcendental philosophers have most successfully expatiated. While the understanding is discursive, and collects proof, and deduces judgments, referring to other faculties as its authority, the reason is self-sufficient, intuitive, immediate, and infallible in all its dictates. In the pure reason there reside, *à priori*, three ideas, viz. 1. Of that which is absolute and of itself, whether subjective or objective; the former being the theme of psychology, the latter of ontology. 2. Of a supreme and independent real cause of all that is, namely, of God; this being the object of theology. 3. Of an absolute totality of all phenomena, namely, the universe, *τὸ πᾶν*; being the object of cosmology.

“The eagerness of the philosophic public to discover how these principles might legitimately affect the interests of ethics and theology, led Kant to publish, in 1787, his ‘Critique of Practical Reason.’ In this, as in several other similar works indicated in our volume for 1828, he declared himself, to a certain extent; still leaving it a matter of dispute among his adherents whether he was a Deist or a Christian. His adversaries assert, that his argument for the being of a God is inconsistent with his system, and unworthy of being admitted; and even his friends admit that he never gave his assent to the supernatural origin of Christianity. Nothing, however, in the whole system is more striking than the foundation which it gives to morals; for here, and nowhere else, Kant forsakes the character of a mere critic, and lays down absolute and final dictates of reason. There is, he teaches, an original and invariable law, residing in the depths of human consciousness, and commanding what is right. This he calls the *categorical imperative*. It urges man to act virtuously, *even at the expense of happiness*. Translated into words, it runs thus; ‘Act in such a manner, that the maxim of your will may be valid in all circumstances, as a principle of universal legislation.’ Proceeding from this he builds his natural theology on his ethics; argues the necessity of another life, and an almighty and omniscient Judge. The three ‘postulates of the Practical Reason,’ are God, Freedom, and Immortality. It is now, we believe, generally conceded, that these moral and theological speculations are an after-thought, a supplement to the main structure,* and scarcely worthy of reverence for their consistency, however interesting as proofs of the strong leaning of their author towards the faith of his childhood. It was the desire of Kant to appear favourable to Christianity. At his day infidelity had not grown so bold as it has since done; and it is especially worthy of consideration, that, whenever Kant speaks of the Divine Being, he distinctly conveys the idea of a personal God, objectively existing, separate from nature, and independent of the cognizance of finite spirits.

“It deserves to be noticed, that Kant, in pursuance of his vocation as a *critical* rather than a constructive philosopher, did not attribute to reason those divine and active powers which later philosophers have assumed, and which are claimed for her by some of our American imitators, who, we would gladly believe, are ignorant of the apotheosis of reason which they thus subserve. The genuine Kantians have always maintained, that, in what their master delivered concerning the

* This statement is an absurd error.—Ed.

absolute and the infinite, he simply meant to attribute to pure reason the power of directing the cognitive energy beyond its nearer objects, and to extend its research indefinitely ; but by no means to challenge for this power the direct intuition of the absolute, as the veritable object of infallible insight."

We quote this at length, because we conceive that it will prove of great utility to many of our readers. The writer proceeds to connect with this system of Kant those of Fichte, Schelling, Oken, Cousin, Coleridge, Hegel, and to make all these writers answerable for one another's opinions as well as his own. He esteems of them all as members of one school. Nothing can be more absurd, and yet the argument proceeds upon its supposed rationality. Why, the men are frequently opposed to one another in every possible way. While, however, each should in fairness be left to answer for himself alone, we would not willingly be blind to the fact, that, however much they may disagree, they are all labouring in the developement of one philosophy. But, then, this one philosophy is not theirs either individually or collectively. "As easily might we make a partition in the cope of heaven, or claim ownership in the breathing air," as appropriate this philosophy to either one or all of them. It remains the property of Him with whom was wisdom from of old—even before the beginning of his ways. The developement is an historical one only, and must, therefore, always remain incomplete. The only valid objection taken by the Princeton reviewer shows this, and this only. These transcendental seers have not yet undertaken a scientific demonstration of the personality of the Deity. Has the reviewer? What nonsense, then, to complain. The writer that shall undertake this, whoever he may be, must proceed transcendentially, and will be or become, *par conséquence*, a transcendental philosopher.

It is, however, false to assert, as is asserted in the pages before us, that the God of the Scriptures is rejected, and a shadowy abstraction substituted. It is false to assert that, "in place of the mysterious and incomprehensible Jehovah, whose infinite perfections will be the study and delight of an eternity, we have a God whose nature and essence we can now, while seeing through a glass darkly, thoroughly comprehend, and to whom faith is not permitted to attribute any thing of excellence or glory, beyond what the human intellect can clearly discern. In place of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God to whom his people, in all ages, have fled for refuge, crying, *Do Thou deliver me, and save me*, we are presented with a vague personification of abstract principles, with a God who is described as the reason ; thought, with its fundamental momenta ; space, time, and number ; the substance of the *me*, or the free personality, and of the fatal *not me*, or nature ; who returns to himself in the consciousness of man ; of whose divine essence all the momenta pass into the world, and return into the consciousness of man ; who is every thing, and, it might with equal significancy be added, nothing."

On the contrary, it is impossible, except on the principles of transcendentalism, to ascribe any validity to the sentiment which moves us to the "*Do Thou*" of the above extract. Transcendentalism will number all such feelings among the pure intuitions which are not only perceived by us, but constitute us what we are ; and to perceive which,

is either to perceive ourselves, or God, not as an object which he never can become to us, but as the common subject to which we are all objects, all being summed up in the one;—man in the Divine idea—man in the image and likeness of God—man in the Christ, as the immediate brightness of the Divine glory, and the express image of his person. We know, we feel, the sweetness of the ejaculation which we utter from infancy, “Our Father, who art in heaven!” as the fit initiate of the Universal Prayer, fit to be uttered by all creatures to the Creator. We can, therefore, adopt the following few sentences from the Princeton reviewer with satisfaction:—

“Though everywhere present in the world, God is not the world; but a Being of infinite intelligence, power, excellence, and blessedness, guiding and controlling his creatures, whose acts and consciousness are their own, and not his. The chasm, which divides the pantheistic from the scriptural view of God, is bottomless, and the difference in the effects of the two views is infinite; it is all the difference between infinite good and infinite evil. If there is any thing impressed clearly on the Bible, it is the personality of God; it is the ease and confidence with which his people can say *Thou*, in calling on his name; it is, that he ever says *I* of himself, and *you* when addressing his creatures.”

We desire, therefore, that a speedy development may be rendered by some competent mind of this outstanding point, and shall not fail to direct, ourselves, such attention thereto as the expediency of the case demands.

A REVERIE.

HEAVEN is around us : blindness our sight and veils
 All spiritual beauty. Were our eyes unfilmed,
 Or could our minds forego their bodily sense,
 And dwell on things abstractly, we should know
 On glory's verge that we are ever treading.
 There is no realm—no bounded space that is
 The abode of God and sainted spirits. They dwell
 Within no distant sphere, but in our midst :—
 Light is around us, which, could we perceive,
 Would darken brightest sunbeams;
 Music, whose deep enchantment would outvie
 All sensual sounds, in chastest harmony
 Unheard,—for spirits hear not, but are conscious.
 Sound is but music's body.

TO A MISER.

UNHAPPY man, and dost thou dream that gold
 Can bring delight continuous or quiet?
 O! canst thou purchase joy? Is gladness sold?
 Doth it exist in the intemperate riot
 Of an uneasy heart, which madly shuns
 All human fellowship,—forgets all claim
 Of kindred,—on life's pathway runs
 In chilling solitude; life's every aim

Blended in the intense and sordid sin
 Of hoarding gold, and keeping it within
 Thy treasury unused? O! silly wickedness,
 Which brings no joy to any! sordid ill!
 Source of unmeasured wretchedness!
 Destroyer of the heart!—enslaver of the will!
 Miser! unholy, shameful, wrongful man!
 Righteous the careless spendthrift is to thee:
 His course is aimless, reckless, and his span
 Of life is squandered;—wretched he!
 But thou art as a river dried away;
 Whose springs have failed, whose waters ceased to flow;—
 And all that might have been so fair and gay—
 Corrupt:—fit emblem of a miser's woe.

May 15, 1840.

S. H. E.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

RELIGION VERSUS BIBLIOLATRY.*

ANOTHER new posthumous work of the late Coleridge—another voice from the sepulchre. *Vox et preterea nihil*. No more—and yet enough;—for the dead and earnest things which lay in the spirit of Coleridge, and which he pronounced not to the gross world—these secret and sacred convictions, now that his dust is securely canonized in the inviolable grave, are becoming day by day more audible for the instruction of many and the confirmation of the elect. The work before us consists of a series of private letters to a friend concerning the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and the sense in which the doctrine is to be understood.

This little book will be a great blessing to the believer. To the sincere Christian no subject can be more interesting than an inquiry into the criterion by which the Rule of Faith should be determined—what it is, and how discoverable; none more congenial with the spirit of the Protestant than the establishing a standard of discrimination by which religion is not only distinguished from superstition, but at once and for ever separated from it. Because the priesthood of one church idolizes the authority of tradition, shall those of another make a false god of the record? These are two extremes; both alike manifested to be erroneous in the fact, that both the book and the tradition are subject to different interpretations, and that practically it is the interpretation that is taken as a rule of faith, and not either one or other of the twin opponents to be interpreted. The Scriptures and the church have been thus placed in antagonism, but each has been dependent on its respective interpreter, who has needed the true spirit of interpretation in order to enable him to interpret the oracle aright.

In the familiar letters before us, Coleridge struggles hard, but with triumphant success, to give such a definition of what is meant by the Scriptures being throughout inspired, as shall not preclude the interposition of the interpreting spirit, and compel the faithful to abide by the letter, as an unintelligible abracadabra, which is to operate much after the manner of a charm, and to be all the more influential in proportion to the impossibility of understanding it. From the best and most orthodox writers he is no dissentient, but he recoils with indignation, only repressed by ridicule, from “the routiniers of desk and pulpit,” who, to save themselves the trouble of thinking,

* Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit. Pickering, 1840. S. T. COLERIDGE'S new posthumous Work.

are indisposed to permit to their congregations the dangerous liberty of judgement.

Bibliolatry is a natural reaction. "The papacy," says Coleridge, "elevated the church to the virtual exclusion or suppression of the Scriptures; the modern Church of England, since Chillingworth, has so raised up the Scriptures as to annul the church: both alike have quenched the Holy Spirit, as the *mesothesis* or indifference of the two, and substituted an alien compound for the genuine Preacher, which should be the *synthesis* of the Scriptures and the church, and the sensible voice of the Holy Spirit."

This is true; but rational men should not be the slaves of such reaction. The "routiniers" above named are such slaves. A divine who was questioned "concerning the transcendent blessedness of Jael, and the righteousness of the act, in which she inhospitably, treacherously, perfidiously, murdered sleep, the confiding sleep, closed the controversy by observing, that he wanted no better morality than that of the Bible, and no other proof of an action's being praiseworthy than that the Bible had declared it worthy to be praised." Coleridge rightly observes, that an observation so slanderous to the morality and moral spirit of the Bible is only explicable as a consequence of the doctrine, "that every word and syllable existing in the original text of the Canonical Books, from the *Cherethi* and *Phelethi* of David to the name in the copy of a family register, the site of a town, or the course of a river, were dictated to the sacred *amanuensis* by an infallible Intelligence."

This absurd dogma, Coleridge rightly shows, fails in the effect designed by its advocates—the prevention of schism in the Protestant Church; and, besides, exposes the religion of the Bible to the unanswerable sneers of the infidel, who may cite the blessing of Deborah—the cursings of David—the Grecisms and heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the Book of Job—or the hydrography and natural philosophy of the patriarchal ages, in the way of objection.

For the maintenance of this dogma, adds Coleridge, "I must forego the means of silencing, and the prospect of convincing, an alienated brother, because I must not thus answer:—'My Brother! What has all this to do with the truth and the worth of Christianity? If you reject *à priori* all communion with the Holy Spirit, there is indeed a chasm between us, over which we cannot even make our voices intelligible to each other. But if—though but with the faith of a Seneca or an Antonine—you admit the co-operation of a divine Spirit in souls desirous of good, even as the breath of heaven works variously in each several plant according to its kind, character, period of growth, and circumstance of soil, clime, and aspect;—on what ground can you assume that its presence is incompatible with all imperfection in the subject,—even with such imperfection as is the natural accompaniment of the unripe season? If you call your gardener or husbandman to account for the plants or crops he is raising, would you not regard the special purpose in each, and judge of each by that which it was tending to? Thorns are not flowers, nor is the husk serviceable. But it was not for its thorns, but for its sweet and medicinal flowers that the rose was cultivated; and he who cannot separate the husk from the grain, wants the power because sloth or malice has prevented the will. I demand for the Bible only the justice which you grant to other books of grave authority, and to other proved and acknowledged benefactors of mankind. Will you deny a spirit of wisdom in Lord Bacon, because in particular facts he did not possess perfect science, or an entire immunity from the positive errors which result from imperfect insight? A Davy will not so judge his great predecessor. For he recognizes the spirit that is now working in himself, and which under similar defects of light and obstacles of error had been his guide and guardian in the morning twilight of his own genius. Must not the kindly warmth awaken and vivify the seed, in order that the stem may spring up and rejoice in the light? As the genial warmth to the informing light, even so is the predisposing Spirit to the revealing Word.'

"If I should reason thus—but why do I say *if*?—I have reasoned thus with more than one serious and well-disposed Sceptic; and what was the answer?—'You speak rationally, but seem to forget the subject. I have frequently attended meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where I have heard speakers of every denomination, Calvinist and Arminian, Quaker and Methodist, Dissenting Ministers and Clergymen, nay, dignitaries of the Established Church,—and still have I heard the same doctrine,—that the Bible was not to be regarded or reasoned about in the way that other good books are or may be;—that the Bible was different in kind, and stood by itself. By some indeed this doctrine was rather implied than expressed, but yet evidently implied. But by far the greater number of the speakers it was asserted in the strongest and most unqualified words that language could supply. What is more, their principal arguments were grounded on the position, that the Bible throughout was dictated by Omniscience, and therefore in all its parts infallibly true and obligatory, and that the men, whose names are prefixed to the several books or chapters, were in fact but as different pens in the hand of one and the same writer, and the words the words of God himself;—and that on this account all notes and comments were superfluous, nay, presumptuous,—a profane mixing of human with divine, the notions of fallible creatures, with the oracles of Infallibility,—as if God's meaning could be so clearly or fitly expressed in man's as in God's own words! But how often you yourself must have heard the same language from the pulpit!—'

"What could I reply to this?—I could neither deny the fact, nor evade the conclusion,—namely, that such is at present the popular belief. Yes—I at length rejoined—I have heard this language from the pulpit, and more than once from men who in any other place would explain it away into something so very different from the literal sense of their words as closely to resemble the contrary. And this, indeed, is the peculiar character of the doctrine, that you cannot diminish or qualify but you reverse it. I have heard this language from men, who knew as well as myself that the best and most orthodox divines have in effect disclaimed the doctrine, inasmuch as they confess it cannot be extended to the words of the sacred writers, or the particular import,—that therefore the doctrine does not mean all that the usual wording of it expresses; though what it does mean, and why they continue to sanction this hyperbolical wording, I have sought to learn from them in vain. But let a thousand orators blazon it at public meetings, and let as many pulpits echo it, surely it behoves you to inquire whether you cannot be a Christian on your own faith; and it cannot but be beneath a wise man to be an Infidel on the score of what other men think fit to include in their Christianity!

"Now suppose—and, believe me, the supposition will vary little from the fact—that in consequence of these views the Sceptic's mind had gradually opened to the reception of all the truths enumerated in my first letter. Suppose that the Scriptures themselves from this time had continued to rise in his esteem and affection—the better understood, the more dear; as in the countenance of one, whom through a cloud of prejudices we have at last learned to love and value above all others, new beauties dawn on us from day to day, till at length we wonder how we could at any time have thought it other than most beautiful. Studying the sacred volume in the light and in the freedom of a faith already secured, at every fresh meeting my sceptic friend has to tell me of some new passage, formerly viewed by him as a dry stick on a rotten branch, which has *budded*, and, like the rod of Aaron, *brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds*. Let these results, I say, be supposed,—and shall I still be told that my friend is nevertheless an alien in the household of Faith? Scrupulously orthodox as I know you to be, will you tell me that I ought to have left this sceptic as I found him, rather than attempt his conversion by such means; or that I was deceiving him, when I said to him,—

“ ‘ Friend! The truth revealed through Christ has its evidence in itself, and the proof of its divine authority in its fitness to our nature and needs ; —the clearness and cogency of this proof being proportionate to the degree of self-knowledge in each individual hearer. Christianity has likewise its historical evidences—and these as strong as is compatible with the nature of history, and with the aims and objects of a religious dispensation. And to all these Christianity itself, as an existing power in the world, and Christendom as an existing fact, with the no less evident fact of a progressive expansion, give a force of moral demonstration that almost supersedes particular testimony. These proofs and evidences would remain unshaken, even though the sum of our religion were to be drawn from the theologians of each successive century, on the principle of receiving that only as divine, which should be found in all,—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Be only, my friend! as orthodox a believer as you would have abundant reason to be, though from some accident of birth, country, or education, the precious boon of the Bible, with its additional evidence, had up to this moment been concealed from you ;—and then read its contents with only the same piety which you freely accord on other occasions to the writings of men, considered the best and wisest of their several ages! What you find therein coincident with your pre-established convictions, you will of course recognize as the Revealed Word; while, as you read the recorded workings of the Word and the Spirit in the minds, lives, and hearts of spiritual men, the influence of the same Spirit on your own being, and the conflicts of grace and infirmity in your own soul, will enable you to discern and to know in and by what spirit they spake and acted,—as far at least as shall be needful for you, and in the times of your need.

“ ‘ Thenceforward, therefore, your doubts will be confined to such parts or passages of the received Canon, as seem to you irreconcilable with known truths, and at variance with the tests given in the Scriptures themselves, and as shall continue so to appear after you have examined each in reference to the circumstances of the writer or speaker, the dispensation under which he lived, the purpose of the particular passage, and the intent and object of the Scriptures at large. Respecting these, decide for yourself: and fear not for the result. I venture to tell it you beforehand. The result will be, a confidence in the judgement and fidelity of the compilers of the canon increased by the apparent exceptions. For they will be found neither more nor greater than may well be supposed requisite, on the one hand, to prevent us from sinking into a habit of slothful, indiscriminating, acquiescence, and on the other, to provide a check against those presumptuous fanatics, who would rend the *Urim and Thummim* from the breastplate of judgement, and frame oracles by private divination from each letter of each disjointed gem, uninterpreted by the priest, and deserted by the spirit, which shines in the parts only as it pervades and irradiates the whole.

“ Such is the language in which I have addressed a halting friend,—halting, yet with his face towards the right path. If I have erred, enable me to see my error. Correct me, or confirm me.”

In this extract we see the spirit of these letters. The author's desire is to prevent protestant bigots from making infidels by elevating an *à posteriori*, to the intuitive and unquestionable certainty of an *à priori* process. The subjective grounds of religion are more valuable than the objective. “ The main error,” says our author, “ consists in confounding of two distinct conceptions, revelation by the eternal word, and actuation of the Holy Spirit. The former indeed is not always or necessarily united with the latter—the prophecy of Balaam is an instance of the contrary,—but yet being ordinarily, and only not always, so united, the term Inspiration has acquired a double sense.”

“ First,” Coleridge proceeds, “ the term is used in the sense of information miraculously communicated by voice or vision; and secondly, where without

any sensible addition or infusion, the writer or speaker uses and applies his existing gifts of power and knowledge under the predisposing, aiding, and directing actuation of God's Holy Spirit. Now—between the first sense, that is, inspired revelation, and the highest degree of that grace and communion with the Spirit, which the church under all circumstances, and every regenerate member of the church of Christ, is permitted to hope, and instructed to pray for—there is a positive difference of kind,—a chasm, the pretended overleaping of which constitutes imposture, or betrays insanity. Of the first kind are the law and the Prophets, no jot or tittle of which can pass unfulfilled, and the substance and last interpretation of which passes not away; for they wrote of Christ, and shadowed out the everlasting Gospel. But with regard to the second, neither the holy writers—the so called *Hagiographi*—themselves, nor any fair interpretations of Scripture, assert any such absolute diversity, or enjoin the belief of any greater difference of degree, than the experience of the Christian World, grounded on, and growing with, the comparison of these Scriptures with other works holden in honour by the Churches, has established. And *this* difference I admit; and doubt not that it has in every generation been rendered evident to as many as read these Scriptures under the gracious influence of the spirit in which they were written.

“But alas! this is not sufficient; this cannot but be vague and unsufficing to those, with whom the Christian Religion is wholly objective, to the exclusion of all its correspondent subjective. It must appear vague, I say, to those whose Christianity, as matter of belief, is wholly external, and, like the objects of sense, common to all alike;—altogether historical, an *opus operatum*,—its existing and present operancy in no respect differing from any other fact of history, and not at all modified by the supernatural principle in which it had its origin in time. Divines of this persuasion are actually, though without their own knowledge, in a state not dissimilar to that, into which the Latin Church sank deeper and deeper from the sixth to the fourteenth century; during which time religion was likewise merely objective and superstitious,—a letter proudly emblazoned and illuminated, but yet a dead letter that was to be read by its own outward glories without the light of the Spirit in the mind of the believer. The consequence was too glaring not to be anticipated and, if possible, prevented. Without that spirit in each true believer, whereby we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error in all things appertaining to salvation, the consequence must be—So many men, so many minds!—And what was the antidote which the Priests and Rabbis of this purely objective Faith opposed to this peril?—Why, an objective, outward infallibility; concerning which, however, the differences were scarcely less or fewer than those which it was to heal;—an infallibility, which, taken literally and unqualified, became the source of perplexity to the well-disposed, of unbelief to the wavering, and of scoff and triumph to the common enemy;—and which was, therefore, to be qualified and limited, and then it meant so much and so little, that to men of plain understandings and single hearts it meant nothing at all. It resided here. No! there. No! but in a third subject. Nay! neither here, nor there, nor in the third, but in all three conjointly!

“But even this failed to satisfy; and what was the final resource,—the doctrine of those who would not be called a Protestant Church, but in which doctrine the Fathers of Protestantism in England would have found little other fault, than that it might be affirmed as truly of the decisions of any other bishop as of the Bishop of Rome? The final resource was to restore what ought never to have been removed—the correspondent subjective, that is, the assent and confirmation of the Spirit promised to all true believers, as proved and manifested in the reception of such decision by the church universal in all its rightful members.

“I comprise and conclude the sum of my conviction in this one sentence.

Revealed Religion (and I know of no religion not revealed) is in its highest contemplation the unity, that is, the identity or co-inherence, of subjective and objective. It is in itself, and irrelatively, at once inward life and truth, and outward fact and luminary. But as all power manifests itself in the harmony of correspondent opposites, each supposing and supporting the other,—so has religion its objective, or historic and ecclesiastical pole, and its subjective, or spiritual and individual pole. In the miracles, and miraculous parts of religion—both in the first communication of divine truths, and in the promulgation of the truths thus communicated—we have the union of the two, that is, the subjective and supernatural displayed objectively—outwardly and phenomenally—as subjective and supernatural.”

With the concluding paragraphs of this little volume, we conclude our brief review.

“Archbishop Leighton has observed that the church has its extensive and intensive states, and that they seldom fall together. Certain it is that since kings have been her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers, our theologians seem to act in the spirit of fear rather than in that of faith; and too often, instead of inquiring after the truth in the confidence that whatever is truth must be fruitful of good to all who *are in Him that is true*, they seek with vain precautions to guard against the possible inferences which perverse and distempered minds may pretend, whose whole Christianity—do what we will—is and will remain nothing but a pretence.

“You,” finally asserts Coleridge to his correspondent, “have now my entire mind on this momentous question, the grounds on which it rests, and the motives which induce me to make it known; and I now conclude by repeating my request—Correct me, or confirm me.—Farewell.”

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. To be continued in Monthly Parts, and to form One Octavo Volume, illustrated by numerous Engravings. London: Taylor and Walton.

This work, of which nine numbers have been sent us, deserves our warmest approbation. It contains a vast deal of exact and accurate information on those points which are most apt to perplex the ambitious student of the classics. Its editors, finding all the English works respecting classical antiquities very imperfect, have borrowed largely from the investigations of learned foreigners, especially the German critics, who have so much distinguished themselves during the present century. Many of its original articles, especially those on the jurisprudence of the ancients, are distinguished by very extensive erudition, and that analytical acumen, and distinguishing sagacity, so rarely met with in the hasty compositions of the day. On the whole we prophesy that this Dictionary of Antiquities will become the companion of Lemprière in our libraries and our schools, as the convenience of alphabetical reference is a matter of the highest moment in works of this nature. That our readers may more precisely understand the character of the publication, we quote a part of the Prospectus:—

“The Plan does not include names of persons and places, the former of which belong to an historical and biographical, and the latter to a geographical, work. The Roman Antiquities of Adam, and the Greek Antiquities of Potter, both of which are well known works, contain the same kind of information which it is proposed to give in this Dictionary in alphabetical order. The work of Adam is one of considerable value, and has been advantageously used in schools for more than forty years; but since the date of its publication, philological studies have made great progress in Europe, and on many matters of antiquity we have now attained to more correct knowledge and more comprehensive views. If we look only to what has been collected within the British Museum in the present century, we find abundant materials for explaining innumerable allusions in the Greek and Roman writers, which have hitherto been imperfectly understood.

"The writings of modern German philologists, as Müller, Thiersch, Böckh, Wachsmuth, Hermann, and of Niebuhr, Savigny, Hugo, and other distinguished scholars and jurists, contain a store of valuable matter adapted to illustrate the Greek and Roman writers, which has not yet found its way into English books, and has hitherto only partially, and in a few instances, exercised any influence on our course of classical instruction. The articles in this Dictionary will be founded on a careful examination of the original sources, with such aid as may be derived from the best modern authorities; and such of the articles as are susceptible of it will be illustrated by woodcuts, either from real antiques, or from drawings of unquestionable authenticity.

"In such articles as treat of Roman constitution and law, an attempt will be made to explain the subject, so far as it may illustrate the writers of the republican and the early imperial period, but not farther; and the modern authorities on these subjects, which are almost innumerable, will be only sparingly referred to.

"It has been already remarked that the plan of this work does not include names of persons and places; but it is proposed to treat of these subjects in two separate works (of which further announcement will be made), namely, in 'A Dictionary of Classical Biography and Mythology,' and in 'A Dictionary of Ancient Geography.'"

The Lovers; a Play in Five Acts. By MARK HEALY, Esq. London: Bull. 1840.

This is the work of an old man, who, before he dies, wishes to do something to rescue his name from oblivion. Whether the present comedy will be sufficient to effect his purpose, may reasonably be doubted; for, alas! an unacted play has little chance of rendering its author immortal, although printed, and published, and reviewed. Unless the almost impossible pre-requisite of its performance be secured, it is doomed, whatever its merits, to

"Waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

More's the pity—but so it is. The fact may be lamented, but to alter it seems to be far from an easy task.

"The Lovers" certainly deserves a trial on a fitting stage. It has these three faults—the plot is somewhat too slight, the principal female character is not sufficiently prominent, and the fifth act is anticipated. All these defects, however, are corrigible; while the vivacity of the incidents, and the truthfulness of the characters, almost induce us to overlook them.

So much for the merit of this comedy. But is Mark Healy, Esq., really an old man? It is certainly so stated in a page printed before the play, and headed "*Author's Address.*" Yet we confess it would require a little more address than is therein exhibited to convince us of the truth of the statement. Says the author, "Age has now crisped my face—thrown falter and trembling into my frame—and bleached to ivory whiteness the few silken hairs left semicircling my brow; and now for the first time in life behold me staggering to place myself before the public as an author—and of a play too!—among the young, the gay, and the high-spirited! Reader, is it not ridiculous? A few brief days, and this moving hand, this breathing face, and speaking tongue, which alone have kept me in men's memories, shall rotting perish. I am not one of those who disdain outliving their own fragile bones, and who have no thought for that notice as matterless beings, which makes before their aery voyage so much of the matterless beings' misery or joy. * * * I must rise then, and try my forces against oblivion, ere resistless death, stripping my spirit of every chance of establishing an everlasting communion between itself and the earth's living, hurl me down the dark and irrevocable gulf. At my grey hairs—it is now or never. Behold me then in the field." All this is very well for babes and sucklings, though we be-

lieve it is the general opinion that old birds are not caught with chaff. It may, notwithstanding, be a fallacy, and if Mark Healy, Esq., is an old man, we will forthwith believe it to be so.

If the author's address in trying to make us believe a monstrosity be somewhat surprising, how much more so is the mystification contained in his dedication? We quote it: "In the belief that this dedication, whatever now, will be no riddle to posterity, I place these sheets at the feet of the greatest man of his day—one of history's noblest names, and humanity's best ornaments; the highest achievement of enlightenment, and peculiar glory of his age;—at once the giant impersonation of moral force, and mighty focus of popular power." Now to whom can this tirade be applied? Is it applicable to the Duke of Wellington—to Lord Brougham—to Robert Owen—to Dan O'Connell—or to nobody? Mark Healy, Esq., alone can decide. The play having so small a chance of reaching posterity, we are afraid that *they* will be the least likely to solve the riddle.

The Invalid's Guide to Madeira, with a Description of Teneriffe, Lisbon, Cintra, Mafra, &c. and a Vocabulary of the Portuguese and English Languages. By W. WHITE COOPER, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Hon. Artillery Company. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1840.

We advise all those who seek a restoration of their health in Madeira, or visit that beautiful island even for a short space of time on their way to more distant lands, to provide themselves with this useful little book. It affords precisely that kind of information touching the customs of the place, and the necessary expenditure thereat, the want of which is much felt by a stranger; in addition to which there is a chapter addressed exclusively to invalids. The author has thrown the remainder of his work into the form of a very entertaining journal, which, continued during his route home—*vid* Lisbon—contains an interesting account of Mafra and Cintra.

A Treatise on English Grammar, Style, Rhetoric, and Poetry; to which are added, Preparatory Logic, and Advice to the Student, on the Improvement of the Understanding. By RICHARD HILEY, Author of "The Elements of Latin Grammar." Third Edition. London: Longman's. 1840.

This is a new and improved edition of a very useful work. It ought to supersede Murray, who stole, in fact, from Dr. Webster, all that is good in his grammar.

Lanza's Sunday Evening Recreations, dedicated by permission to the Queen, Nos. I. & II. First Series. London: Published by the Author, 2, Seymour Street, Euston Square.

This is a work such as we have long felt to be wanted; elegant and cheerful musical composition wedded to devotional strains. The publication will appear monthly at the low price of half-a-crown a number, and ought to be universally encouraged.

We have only time to give a brief notice of a very pretty National Anthem, or Royal Lullaby, which has this moment been put into our hands, the music by Signor Lanza, the words by Mrs. Harriet Denning, and which commence by an affective recitative, followed by a very pleasing air. The opening words are these:—

The cradle of a Royal Babe should be,
Rock'd by the Muse of sweetest Poetry;
Whilst *Music* should her place beside it keep,
And hush the precious, new-born child asleep;—
Thus should they jointly pour the sacred lay,
In honour of the Infant's natal-day."

We have also received the following tribute, written by a former contributor, on the same happy occasion.

ON THE AUSPICIOUS BIRTH OF A PRINCESS

TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Rise high! ye haughty billows, rise
 High on your Ocean-bed,
 As o'er each rival element
 Now towers your foaming head.
 Bring gems from out your priceless depths,
 From many a silver cave,
 To deck the gifted Fairy Land
 Your crested waters lave.
 Yet, while ye roll a ceaseless watch
 Around your favour'd Isle,
 On this, the day of Jubilee,
 Oh! calmly, gently smile
 A welcome to the Infant Bud,
 Born of the Royal Rose:
 See! cradled in that *Nautilus** shell—
 A Star of Brunswick glows!
 Oh! shadow forth in peaceful rest,
 Without one rippling sigh,
 And mirror on your waveless deep,
 Her future destiny!
 Thou! England's hope, and Britain's pride,
 Babe of our Island Home!
 Though planted in a Northern clime,
 Fond wishes bid thee bloom.
 Long round thy Royal Parents' hearts
 May firm thy tendrils wind,
 And hearts of Oak, and a Nation's Prayers
 The Three together bind!

West Ashby, 21st Nov. 1840.

E. P.

THE GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

MUCH as we regret that our hopes have *not* been realized in this management—that the idea of an *Authors' Theatre* is not to be embodied here—we cannot deny but that the management are, in their revivals, actuated by a fine taste, and exhibit that tact which ensures the successful issue of public enterprises. The task they have undertaken is to support a theatre—not to promote the drama. Meanwhile, we must not forget, that there *are* fine plays—tragic, comic, and romantic—at any moment producible and well adapted for representation, which cannot, under the present system, obtain the place they ought to have on the stage. Were SHAKSPERE now alive, and dependent on dramatic composition for support, Shakspeare himself must *starve*. Is this a point enough considered? or at all? Ought this to be the case in England?

* The cot for the royal infant is said to be in the form of a *Nautilus* shell.

The dramas, however, of the dead Shakspeare live. "The Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, the 16th of last month. To us this revival was very welcome, because it shows the depth and degree of poetry that should be hidden at all times in the soul of the dramatist, and upon some occasions become visible in his productions. The key-note to this beautiful drama is the following speech of *Theseus* :—

"Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation, and a name."

Any management proposing the introduction of *poetry* upon the stage should be strenuously encouraged. Yet even in this particular we find that the critical world is behind the managerial. What is meant by the stale opinion, that this piece is too ethereally poetic for the stage? There is no drama but what is so, strictly considered. "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," never can be acted—as they ought to be, if possible. For all this, the attempt is made; and the stage is elevated, just in proportion as the purpose is accomplished. It may be, and it is the fact, that no performer, in the present play, approaches the poetry of any one of the parts, except Miss Cooper, whose delicate elocution deserves the warmest praise; nevertheless, if the utterance of pure poetry were more frequently required, actors would acquire facility in it with practice.

We have mentioned the name of Cooper. Let us suggest to the management, that *Mister* Cooper should not have been permitted to assume the part of *Theseus*. Where was Anderson, or *rather* Mr. Moore? The stately elocution of the latter gentleman would just have fitted the passages of the play appropriated to this character. Mr. Cooper is a respectable and very useful performer in certain parts; but he becomes ridiculous in such as these. Poetry is desecrated by its transit through his lips, and accompanied by such action as he uniformly adopts.

Madame Vestris was charming in *Oberon*.

We were delighted with the *recitative* and singing parts of the dialogue. Music was well introduced in the instances referred to, and befitted the faery king, as the music in *Macbeth* befits the weird sisterhood. The following is one :—

"That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

We pause here—for the present. We are moved to project a paper *in extenso* upon the " Dream " itself. And now make way for some

GREEN ROOM CORRESPONDENCE.

AUTHORS' THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As one by whom the representations of the Theatre have always been prized as affording a great addition to the pleasures of this life, allow me to express my infinite obligations for your admirable efforts to introduce a purer and more intellectual character to those representations ; and for your endeavours to emancipate our Drama from the thralldom of gold-seeking adventurers and ambitious professionals.

At the same time you will perhaps permit me to inquire, *when* are we to see any practical results from these endeavours ? for it is for results that I confess myself becoming impatient. When are we to have, really and truly established, that " Authors' Theatre " which you have proved will be so beneficial, and predicted will be so successful ? Surely the time is now come, when, if ever, an effort may be made, with the fair chance of a prosperous issue, to revive the almost perished poetry of the theatre ; and every year this effort is delayed will contribute to lessen that chance, because every year will find the public taste more and more alienated from a stage which has been so long degraded ; and the habit of seeking amusement from other sources, which has been begun by necessity, become too firmly fixed by custom to be eradicated.

What is there to occasion any further delay ? The evils of the present modes of theatrical management have been dwelt upon *usque ad nauseam* ; the causes of these evils proved beyond even the attempt at confutation ; and a remedy pointed out which may be pronounced infallible, if that title can ever be claimed before the event is known. All that reason can do has been done most completely ; and of experience—*negative* experience, that all other plans have invariably failed—we have had more than sufficient.

Indeed, of *positive* experience we can collect no inconsiderable amount from the records of the Theatres Royal during the last few years : for we find that the occasions where they have done, for a while, what the Authors' Theatre would do always, have proved the most successful portions of their career, and each production of the new play of Mr. Knowles has been at once the great event and the

most profitable speculation of the theatrical season. At Covent Garden, Mr. Macready, and, since his abdication, the Mathewses, have brought out many of the best plays of our former dramatists, with every aid that scenery, and dress, and acting could afford; and how many of them have repaid the expense lavished upon them? Hardly one, except, perhaps, "The Tempest;" yet the old course is still followed, and is still unprofitable.

I may observe, too, that from the Authors' Theatre would be cut off many sources of enormous expenditure, without which the present managements cannot subsist. There would be no need to pay the salaries of a triple company, while only using one,—for neither Opera nor Ballet will be required; no *Spectacles*, with their acres of gold leaf and their crowds of supernumeraries; no spending 800*l.* in getting up a pantomime, as Mr. Macready was reported to have done; and no theatrical stars at 50*l.* per night will be necessary to give renewed attraction to a worn-out drama. In plays, good and new, any actors that can be called "respectable," will prove more effective than would the best of our present age cast in plays of which all of us have, from long acquaintance, formed some ideal standard of excellence; and many of us have, besides, their recollection of the performances of by-gone genius; while, as a school for actors, it would be especially serviceable to force them to exert their own talents in the personation of the original characters entrusted to their charge, instead of resting satisfied with the servile copying of the starts, and tones, and pauses, that constitute the stage "hits" of some celebrated predecessor, thus employing those mannerisms which are the blemishes of *his* performance, as the staple material of their own.

Our Authors' Theatre would also be less liable to the chance of failure. At present, if the grand card of the season—the one play, by the one author—should fail from any cause; or should it so far fail as not to run profitably the expected number of nights, or be stopped in its career by the illness or absence of some performer, the theatre is at once reduced to destitution: the only resource is some temporary makeshift—a "revival," or the reproduction of an opera, or the exhibition of some gaudy show-piece, vamped up for the purpose of filling the chasm; in short, the stage, at present, may almost be said to exist upon accident. The Poets' Theatre, on the contrary, would have a supply of new plays always ready to replace any that it may please the gentle public to condemn; and enough of them to avoid the very injurious practice of running on the same performances after the audience have shown that they are tired of them.

We repeat our question, What is there to occasion any further delay? Not the want of plays, for your readers know that many are already written, and that dramatic talent exists, which waits only for circumstances to call it into action; nor yet in the want of a theatre, or of actors; since within the last six months at least half a dozen edifices have been in the market, of all sorts and sizes, from Old Drury to the new Princess's; and the former actors at Drury Lane are even now petitioning to have its patent more strictly enforced, that they may again find employment on the boards of a national theatre. Nor can it be the want of money to start with—in a country where thousands are

subscribed to build a column or defend a seat in parliament; and when speculators are so sanguine, that, if a company were proposed to dig for diamonds in the valleys of the moon, men of cash and credit would be found to buy the scrip.

We firmly believe that nothing is wanted but a *commencement*—the combination of a few men of talent, who would furnish works of real and earnest excellence to the boards of their renovated stage, and who would consent to undergo the risks and fatigues of managing so complicated a concern. And equally firmly do we believe that, ere the first season were over, the Poets' Theatre would not only have secured its own success, but have forced all others to follow its example;—would have revived the taste for the drama; introduced a new era of dramatic literature; and raised the theatre once more to its proper position, as a means of social improvement, a place of entertainment and instruction, where the few might go for the enjoyment of an intellectual feast, and the many might have their manners formed and their tastes purified by an association with the works of genius and the words of poetry.

J. J.

* * Our correspondent has been replied to by anticipation. Last month we published a brief prospectus of a **DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION**, concluding with an announcement of putting forth a larger and more detailed one. That document has been since received by us, and the plan will, we confidently believe, be carried into complete effect. It has been already well-considered by **THE SYNCRETIC ASSOCIATION**, which will likewise meet on Thursday, the 10th of this month, in the Council Room of the Suffolk Street Gallery, at 8 o'clock in the evening; on which occasion, Mr. Heraud, the Editor of this Magazine, will deliver a public address on "The Advantages of Association in general, and of a Dramatic Association in particular." Gratuitous tickets of admission for that evening may be had on application at our publishers'.

It is also to be hoped that something towards the restoration of a right taste for the drama will be effected by **THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY**—an association lately established for the purpose of collecting materials, or of circulating information, by which Shakspeare may be thoroughly understood and fully appreciated. Some such are probably in private hands and among family papers, the very existence of which the possessors are not at present aware of. Every thing, whether derived from manuscript or printed sources, that will throw light on our early dramatic literature and stage, will come within the design of the Society. The cabinets of collectors and our public libraries contain much that will contribute to this end.

Some of the productions of our dramatists prior to the Restoration have never yet been published, and the printed copies of many old plays have the rarity of manuscripts. The best of these will be edited under the sanction of the Society, accompanied by biographical sketches and notes.

The Tracts by such prolific authors as Nash, Greene, Harvey, Dekker, Breton, Munday, Rowlands, Rich, Taylor, Jordan, &c., are

known to comprise matter of great interest and curiosity, in connection, either immediate or remote, with our early stage and its poetry; and to the republication of these the attention of the Society will also be directed. In time complete sets may thus be afforded of the scattered productions of distinguished and once popular writers.

The works of Gosson, Lodge, Northbrooke, Rankins, Whetstone, Stubbes, Heywood, and others, who wrote for or against theatrical representations in their comparative infancy, are important in the history of our drama, and these (most of which are of the rarest possible occurrence), it is intended to reprint in a connected series.

A council for the management of the affairs of the Society has been formed, consisting of the following members:—

Amyot, Thomas, Esq., F.R.S., Treas. S. A.; Ayrton, William, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.; Bruce, John, Esq., F.S.A.; Campbell, Thomas, Esq.; Collier, J. Payne, Esq., F.S.A.; Courtenay, Rt. Hon. Thomas P.; Craik, George L., Esq.; Dilke, C. Wentworth, Esq., *Treasurer*; Dyce, Rev. Alexander; Halliwell, J. O., Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.; Harness, Rev. William; Jerrold, Douglas, Esq.; Kenney, James, Esq.; Knight, Charles, Esq.; Macready, William C., Esq.; Madden, Sir F., F.R.S., F.S.A., *KEEPER OF THE MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM*; Milman, Rev. Henry Hart; Talfourd, Mr. Serjeant, M.P.; Tomlins, F. Guest, Esq., *Secretary*; Wright, Thomas, Esq., F.S.A.; Young, Charles M., Esq.

We trust that these and other signs indicate the approach of a period when every one interested in this elevated branch of our national literature will be found co-operating to the same desirable end.

ADDRESS TO THE READER BY WAY OF CONCLUSION TO OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE personal is paramount in all the present aspects of public affairs. This is a truth which we have had the privilege of announcing more than once, and which has received ample corroboration in the progress of events. The state of the Eastern question is dependent on the character of Lord Palmerston, and the honesty of his intentions. Is Lord Palmerston a man of genius, or a mere *routinier* of a government office? We are disposed to believe with Mr. Cargill,* that we cannot esteem too highly the talents of this nobleman. This writer quotes a speech delivered by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, in June, 1829, in which his lordship attacked the government of the Duke of Wellington, in reference to interference in Portugal, as a proof of his transcendental superiority to any minister in either House of Parliament. "It is to me," says Mr. Cargill, "no matter of surprise, that his lordship has since that time directed the affairs of nearly the whole of the world! Every portion of that long and remarkable speech ought to be read and carefully studied by those who wish to appreciate the power of that mind which has held every public man in Eng-

* "Mehemet Ali, Lord Palmerston, Russia, and France." By William Cargill, Esq. London: John Reid & Co.; E. & T. Bruce, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840.

land in leading-strings for the last ten years—a mind which rises as much superior to the vague littleness and wretched common-place of the day (such as he has employed in the despatches quoted by Mr. Cargill in relation to Mehemet Ali), as the light of the sun is superior to the flickerings of a will-o'-the-wisp!"

The extract from the speech itself follows :—

"There is in nature no moving power but mind, all else is passive and inert; in human affairs, this power is opinion; in political affairs, it is public opinion; and *he who can grasp this power, with it will subdue the fleshy arm of physical strength, and compel it to work out his purpose.* Look at one of those floating fortresses, which bear to the farthest regions of the globe the prowess and the glory of England; see a puny insect at the helm, commanding the winds of heaven, and the waves of the ocean, and enslaving even the laws of nature, as if, instead of being ordained to hold the universe together, they had only been established for his particular occasion, and yet the merest breath of those winds which he has yoked to his service, the merest drop of that fathomless abyss which he has made into his footstool, would, if ignorantly encountered, be more than enough for his destruction; but the powers of his mind have triumphed over the forces of things, and the subjugated elements are become his obedient vassals. And also is it with the political affairs of empires; and those *statesmen who know how to avail themselves of the passions and the interests and the opinions of mankind, are able to gain an ascendancy, and to exercise a sway over human affairs, far out of all proportion greater than belong to the power and resources of the state over which they preside*; while those, on the other hand, who seek to check improvements, to cherish abuses, to crush opinions, and to prohibit the human race from thinking, whatever may be the apparent power which they wield, will find their weapon snap short in their hand, when most they need its protection."

"I believe," adds Mr. Cargill, "that in these few lines alone of Lord Palmerston's, is to be traced the key of the power which he has wielded—they are to me sufficient, even if I had no other means of judging, to bring the conviction that there lies behind the strangeness of the negotiation in Egypt, something not to be attributed to unconscious mismanagement."

Let us here too quote a note of Mr. Cargill's :—

"By a despatch of the Russian Ambassador in London, it appears that that speech excited a great sensation in *St. Petersburg*, and it contains the remark that Lord Palmerston would henceforth assume the position of one of the first orators in Parliament! Lord Palmerston has since showed himself a true orator—he has shown himself to comprehend the power to be derived, and the advantages to be realized by *refraining from making speeches.* But when he *does* speak, his superiority in debate must be obvious to every one. Witness his triumphant bearing on the motion of Sir James Graham, on the quarrel with China—every member that spoke seemed but a child in his hands."

Such is the man,—so prudent in the exercise of what men in general are too fond of displaying—the capacity of great eloquence,—and such

his intense perception of the power of mind! In considering, therefore, the relations of the question which now so agitates Europe, we must not presume on any thing having been done in ignorance or without skill on the part of our Foreign Secretary. To him we will not set up M. Thiers as the antagonist personality—he is but as it were a little horn that had a brief duration and then passed into oblivion;—no! it is Prince Metternich to whom we must look for that opposite power, though at present subdued beneath the ascendant star of his rival's diplomacy. Upon this point we cannot do better than quote Mr. Cargill again.

“The position of Austria presents considerations, though not equally grave, yet vastly important at the present moment. Prince Metternich, who entertains a fear of the designs of Russia only equalled by his horror of French propagandism, has resisted every attempt of the cabinet of St. Petersburg to gain his adhesion to the German league—a combination in which he saw the future destruction of the independence of the Austrian empire, by the position which must spring out of it, viz. the rising commerce of Austria placed at the sufferance of the possessor of its route, the Black Sea. Every state paper, and every negotiation, during the last ten years, exhibits the strenuous opposition of Austria to the designs of Russia on Turkey—Austria has been the constant centre of every effort to neutralize them—and she has accordingly incurred the bitterest enmity of the court of Nicholas. That wily cabinet has not failed to use the counter-means against Metternich which the revolutionary materials of French propagandism placed within its reach; and the Austrian cabinet has been kept in a feverish struggle between the opposing tendency of Russian ambition on the one side of its empire, and the dangers from the revolutionary embers so easily kindled by means of French propagandism (or *soi-disant* French propagandism) in the Austro-Italian provinces on the other. In this dilemma, Prince Metternich threw himself on the British cabinet; the advantages of a commercial alliance were promised by him to England, and accepted by Lord Palmerston—an alliance which should at once confer on Austria the counterpart of those commercial benefits derived by Prussia from the German league—which should confer on England the commercial advantages of a commerce in the Turkish provinces contiguous to the Austrian territory, and the political security of the joint rights and interests of Austria, Turkey, and England, in obtaining the free navigation of the Danube, now being usurped by Russia:—but the treaty which was to secure this, after long hanging in abeyance, was at length concluded by Lord Palmerston in a manner at variance with the English navigation laws: the first transaction sealed it as an act which was invalid—non-existent—by the seizure, in the port of Gloucester, of an Austrian vessel that proceeded to carry it into execution; and thus the stipulation which formed the ground-work of the whole, viz. that Austrian vessels should bring the produce of the Turkish provinces on the Danube to England, was found to be a fiction! After eighteen months of total inaction of the British government, this clause was at length repealed, and—what? It is found that by a treaty *with Turkey*, ratified about the same time by Lord Palmerston, the commercial privi-

leges of the Turkish provinces on the Danube, whence Austria was to draw her shipments, were annihilated, and the whole export trade of the Black Sea transferred to the Russian provinces adjoining,—this fatal treaty having raised the export duty in the Turkish provinces to 12 per cent. from 3 per cent. which it previously was—the Russian duty being only 2 per cent! And there is no indignation in England, no voice raised or question asked in parliament; Prince Metternich turns away in despair, and is reported to have yielded to the most fearful suspicions that ever were entertained against a man—the faithlessness of the British minister to his own country, and to Austria, by a criminal leaning to the interests of St. Petersburg. Austria then (1838) drew away from the negotiation between Lord Palmerston and Russia respecting Egypt, fearing the confusions between the two cabinets to be only assumed:—But the constant action on the Italian provinces—the supposed encouragement given by the leaning of several members of the British cabinet to French ideas, (for which a speech of Lord Clarendon's on Spanish affairs was powerfully used,)—the bringing of the French fleet to Naples, sent by a minister (M. Thiers) supposed to be of ultra-liberal views—the proclamations of rebellion in Sicily consequent on the sulphur dispute, which were plentifully distributed by insertion in the English ministerial papers,—all these elements of terror to Prince Metternich contributed to paralyse his action, and prevent his adoption of a decided course. Is it a wonder that, in despair, he joins at length in negotiations about Egypt, in the hope of being able to confer at least some benefit by his presence in arrangements which he *cannot prevent*—in the hope of employing *some* means of postponing, if he cannot arrest, the realization of those designs which he so much dreads?

“The protocol of the 17th of September, which promises that the allies will not seek to obtain any exclusive advantages or extension of territory, will not weigh as a circumstance of any importance, to those who recollect that it is a verbatim copy of the same famous protocol signed by Russia, previous to the war which ended by the treaty of Adrianople,—that promise having been *fulfilled* by her attempted appropriation of the first position in the East—a position which has for three thousand years been a barrier to the pressure of the Northern hordes on the south and east—CIRCASSIA, and the Chain of the CAUCASUS! Circassia, which is the key of Constantinople! Are there no considerations of justice, humanity, commercial right, or national security, that can weigh in the feelings of Englishmen to make them think, or strike on their dread of danger to make them act?”

Is Lord Palmerston not only indifferent but friendly to the ambition of Russia? and if he be, is he wiser therein than Prince Metternich, who fears it? Again we must quote from Mr. Cargill:—

“To suppose Lord Palmerston to be *unacquainted* with the things that relate to his department of the government, is not to be entertained for a moment: those who look on his policy unfavourably, most commonly attribute its unsuccessful results to inaction, or want of decision and boldness. I conceive it to be of importance for forming a correct estimate of the present position of affairs, to be able to come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point. It does not, to me, seem

that the conduct of Lord Palmerston will bear this construction. On examining the prominent parts of his lordship's political transactions, we find much vacillation and neglect, and also we find instances of quick decision and promptitude of action. In the negotiations connected with the North American Boundary Question, which was settled by the award of the King of Holland in 1831, we find an extraordinary degree of neglect, indecision, and delay—this laid open the door for the delaying by the Americans to accept the award; shortly after, we find a despatch, no longer containing the puerilities first used, but characterized by a sound and accurate appreciation of the question, placing it on the clearest footing of justice and right, and calling on the American government to accept the award as the only course that was admissible; but this despatch was accompanied by a secret despatch to the Envoy at Washington, authorizing him to enter on further negotiations—the promptitude and ability of the first one were neutralized by the instructions of the Envoy to *act on the second*, and the question was sacrificed! The *result* is, that a rankling sore is left in the United States against England, and the moment she finds it necessary to assume possession of that spot which, retained by America, would intercept communication between Canada and New Brunswick, she is in hostility with a mighty nation.

“In the negotiations relating to the choice of a new monarch in Persia, we find doubt and hesitation on the part of Lord Palmerston as to the choice of a candidate—Russia fixed on Mahommed Mirza as the fittest, and Lord Palmerston promptly accepts him as his also. The rival candidate was attached to British interests, and was averse to Russia; Lord Palmerston shows an instantaneous decision in directing the *British forces* in Persia to attack him, and deliver him up to the vengeance of Mahommed Mirza! The *result* is, that the Persian Schah begins by entering, at the instigation of Russia, on all those enterprizes which the British Envoy had been instructed to prevent—the Envoy remonstrates to Lord Palmerston, and asks for instructions to threaten him with the opposition of Great Britain if he persists; he received, for nearly two years, only such instructions as those we have seen to Colonel Campbell at Alexandria, and the Envoy is powerless to act, or to remonstrate. The Schah then insults a British messenger—the Envoy instantly receives *decided instructions to break with the Schah on this account*—he retires from Teheran, and Persia remains subject to the exclusive influence of Russia!

“The Russian intrigues proceed for years in Central Asia, are detected by British agents, and denounced to the government—no steps are taken. The Affghans, the most warlike people of Central Asia, ask the support of the British government against a robber, Runjeet Sing—offer to place themselves under the protection of England, and to furnish troops to keep the Russians in check;—the advances are rejected, and she is thrown on the support of Russia, who offers her alliance. A *decision is instantly taken*, and an expedition directed against the Affghan chief for having, in self-protection, accepted the alliance of Russia, while England exhibits herself in Asia, and everywhere, as the *friend and ally of Russia!* Lord Palmerston's *indecision* undermines England's influence in Asia—his *promptitude*

annihilates it, and plants Russian influence in its stead. In Africa, France commits aggressions on British commercial rights—the only remedy could be drawn from promptly requiring redress, and a cessation of them; Lord Palmerston remains in inaction, and the seeds of dissension are left to rankle! Some British merchants inform Lord Palmerston, that a blockade is likely to be proclaimed in Mexico by the *French admiral*—his lordship hastens to confirm and justify it if it happen! His promptitude thus creates the evil, which, by inaction, could not have existed. Thus it appears, that in every other important political event besides Egypt, Lord Palmerston's neglect, inaction, and promptitude, all in turn come to sacrifice the interests of England—in every case to further those of Russia! But the most remarkable specimen of promptitude is shown in the treaty of the 15th of July;—a treaty which breaks up the French alliance, convulses the Ottoman Empire, and gives the key of India into the safe keeping of Russia, is concluded, signed, and orders given for execution, almost in the same moment! What mean these things? What interpretation are we to put on these inexplicable transactions? Are we to believe that the power of England is thus systematically transferred to our enemy, by neglect or by irresolution?—or, are we to conclude that the Foreign Secretary has been unfortunately led into a position by which escape from systematic subserviency to the commands of St. Petersburg is impossible? This is a question which it behoves every man seriously to consider.

“The considerations which present themselves in respect to the adhesion of Prussia and Austria to the treaty of the 15th of July, are of a high importance in the endeavour to estimate the manner by which so singular a coalition has been found capable of being brought to maturity. The well-known ability of the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna—more especially the latter, and of which the attention, being less distracted than ours by internal complication, as well as from the necessities imposed by their geographical position, is drawn more intensely towards the direction of external affairs—would lead to the opinion that these courts could not fail to trace danger, if there were danger, in such a treaty; and thus, by their opposition, and denunciation, avert the possibility of either folly or treachery on the part of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, or of the British minister. For an appreciation of this question, it is necessary to consider the circumstances in which those countries are placed—the interests which weigh, to influence them in the part which we conceive them to have taken, thus dangerous to Great Britain. In retracing the recent history of Prussia, it will come to mind that her struggles, both military and diplomatic, to arrest the extension of Russian dominion, have been severe. The annals of the British parliament contain the evidence of the many efforts made by the court of Berlin to obtain the influence of England as a counterpoise to the dangerous pressure of the growing power of Muscovy, and the same annals furnish the proof, as humiliating to the British sense of justice, as lamentable for the dangerous consequences of her impolicy, of the constant neutralization of every effort to comprehend, much less to secure, what the external interests of Great Britain demanded, in the virulence of unmeaning partisa-

warfare on home affairs. The cabinet of Berlin, finding itself no longer able to cope with that of St. Petersburg, was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and compensate itself by the benefits which were promised by Russian connection. Prussia, therefore, (as then Austria, from a similar position,) commenced by joining in the robbery of Poland; and at the treaty of Vienna in 1815, Russia, finding herself in a position to maintain a complete ascendancy over the court of Berlin, raised her to a first-rate power by the partition of Saxony, and at the same time strengthened her influence over it by a double matrimonial alliance between the two reigning families. But as the only certain means of continuing the ascendancy of one nation over another, is in the prospect of future advantage to be derived from it, (a knowledge which Russia knows so well how to turn to account,) the commercial confederation called the German League was set in action, which holds out the prospect to Prussia of becoming the first manufacturing nation in the world, when the ascendancy of Russia in the East enables her, at once, to throw down the fiscal barriers which impede the passage of merchandize throughout the enormous extent of her dominions—to open up that vast arena to the commerce of Germany—and, by the possession of the Dardanelles, to exclude that of Great Britain in its favour! This is a connection—these are prospects, which realize to Prussia an advantage as gigantic, in the occupation by Russia of Constantinople, as they hold out prospects fatal to Great Britain, and we rely for security on the *guarantee of the adhesion of Berlin* to a treaty which delivers Constantinople to the czar!"

Nothing can better show the precise relations of these different powers, such as we traced them diagrammatically out two or three months ago, than the latter part of the above extract. Austria and Prussia are undetermined mesotheses in the general argument,—not but that one inclines more to the thesis, and the other to the antithesis, but neither of themselves can realize a position, and each must continue to fluctuate between two extremes. Waiving this, however, our present question demands an answer whether it be wise to resist Russian ambition?—in other words, what are the designs of Providence referably to the great interests at issue? Jouffroy, in his essay on *The Present State of Humanity*, positively asserts that Turkey must fall into the grasp of Russia! It is well to satisfy ourselves whether this consequence *can* be prevented; if it cannot, is it a point of wisdom to kick against the pricks? "Providence," as Jouffroy, on another occasion exclaims, "cannot interrupt the magnificent design which it has been pursuing for four thousand years, through regard for M. de Metternich and the Jesuits, who differ from it in opinion concerning the destinies of the human race. Ought the Hellespont to have ceased to flow, because the imbecile Xerxes cast some ells of chain upon its waves, and beat its majestic bosom with his rods?"

Russia desired the rupture of the French alliance. On the 15th of July, says Mr. Cargill, by a strange fatality, is a treaty signed in London, which in a few lines realizes this and all other desires of Russia at once. "The treaty of the 15th of July in an instant brings—

" RUPTURE OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

" UNION OF ENGLAND WITH THE POWERS THAT PARTITIONED POLAND.

" CONVULSION IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

" STIPULATION FOR THE OCCUPATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY RUSSIA.

" FORMAL DISMEMBERMENT OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE BY THE CESSION OF EGYPT.

"Such stupendous events are brought about by a treaty to regulate the frontiers of Syria."

Lord Palmerston, as is proved by his speech from which we have quoted, is not ignorant of the irresistible force of Mind as a moving power; still less of the moral influence exercised by England as a nation. The very name of England is a tower of strength. We have documentary evidence that Persia prefers her as a protecting power. "The king of England is under the empire of law," says the Persian deliberation in reply to Russian threats, "and on this account all those whom he sends, in war or in peace, to place themselves at the head of his armies or to administer the country, are bound by the same law. Justice reigns under the shade of his rule; and with justice, wisdom, mildness, and a desire for the welfare of those who confide in him. Now this difference, which is as sensible as is the soul of man to his body, displays itself also in regard to the religion and the faith of other people. The Russian power allows, it is true, protection to the laws of the prophet, and it may be that such is the sovereign will of the monarch who occupies the throne; but at a distance, the vileness of the subordinate authorities renders it inefficient, and, throughout the whole of Georgia, and throughout the whole circumference of the Caspian Sea, the mosques are converted into magazines or wine cellars, and the houses appertaining to those mosques are converted into stables; while the English government repairs the temples devoted to the prayers of the faithful, and, wherever it is necessary, reconstructs them at her own expense.

"Hence it results that, although Russia is near and threatening, and England distant and only able to afford succour slowly, the latter must nevertheless be preferred as a protecting power. Nay, further,—were England even situated as Russia is to-day, and were Russia as far removed from Persia as England is, still Persia, in order to protect her religion and to secure the protection of the laws, ought to prefer the protectorate of England to that of other countries. On this account, every faithful believer ought to be punished with banishment, and shall be punished with banishment, who shall publicly or secretly favour the interests of Russia, and shall oppose the measures and proceedings which are necessary to secure to the country that protection which has shown itself so beneficent in so great a number of Mussulman states beyond the Indus. Dated in the 1st month of 1836, after the accession of the young Schah." *

Such being the moral power of England, and, as the Persian docu-

* Extracted from 'The Portfolio.'

ment has it, that same moral power being independent of physical distance or proximity, need England proceed upon any plan of jealousy in regard to Russia? What if Russia manifests jealousy of England, and forms designs of aggrandisement?—it is still noble of England to act indifferently notwithstanding, and for the rest to trust to providence, not forestalling the time of action, nor unprepared for its arrival. The advantages of Russia, we are disposed to think, are more apparent than real; whereas the moral influence of England is a genuine possession.

The argument then derived from the moral power of England, we think is in Lord Palmerston's favour, on the ground that it was not necessary to make use of any other force against the intentions of Russia. That it was not brought to bear against Mehemet Ali, was not out of any undue respect for Russia, or in order to prepare the way for her interests, but in consequence of the opinion which Lord Palmerston had come to, that it was right that the Pasha of Egypt should be recognized as a distinct power. We regret that the party-writing of the present time has disguised this fact. All manner of abuse is heaped upon Mehemet Ali by some newspapers—very ridiculously, were it not injuriously;—Lord Palmerston, however, would be the last man in the world to adopt a word of it. His own opinion of Mehemet Ali may be gathered from the following remonstrance addressed to him through Colonel Campbell, on his declaring his intention to revolt against the Sultan.

“The British government have received this announcement with extreme regret, and you are instructed to express to the Pascha the deep concern which this intelligence has occasioned them, *but at the same time to state that her Majesty's government do not yet abandon the hope, that fuller consideration of the subject, and more mature reflection, both upon the nature of the contemplated step, and upon its inevitable consequences*, may lead the Pascha to come to a more just and prudent resolution.

“Two motives are represented as impelling the Pascha *thus to rebel against his sovereign*, and to attempt to dismember the Turkish empire. The one is a regard for his own fame, the other is an anxiety for the future fate of his family. But in the opinion of her Majesty's government, both these motives ought, on the contrary, strongly to operate to dissuade the Pascha from adopting the contemplated course.

“For, with respect to his own fame, he ought to recollect, that if he has hitherto risen progressively in the esteem of the nations of Europe, it has been in consequence of the pains he has taken to *establish the authority of the law among the people whom he has governed, and by reason of his successful exertions to give the ascendancy to justice*, in all the transactions between man and man, so as to secure to every man the possession and enjoyment of what rightfully belongs to him.

“But, if now the Pascha shall himself set all these principles at naught, and shall give to the world, by his own conduct, a signal example of *violent injustice*, and of wrong deliberately done, instead of leaving behind him a name to be respected by future ages, he will tarnish the reputation *he has already acquired*, and be included in the list of men, who, according to the extent of their means, have,

upon a larger or smaller scale, endeavoured to *appropriate to themselves by force, things which belonged of right to others.*"

From this, and other documents, it is clear that Lord Palmerston proceeded altogether on the ground of the meritorious character and conduct—that is, on his own good opinion—of Mehemet Ali,—in fact, the rebellious Pasha is recognized by the English minister as the agent appointed by providence for the regeneration of the East, and his lordship's only care is to prevent the man of destiny from the use of improper or inconvenient means, or the mixing up of selfish motives in the prosecution of a sacred end. In case he, the Pasha, should attempt to do so, his lordship determines, for the sake of the peace of Europe, to coerce him, whatever apparent advantage may accrue therefrom to Russia for a time.

Now, it is only this point of coercion that we have really to consider. That it was wrong to attempt it, and evil to effect it, we are clear. We think not of Russia—we think of the Syrian towns that are battered, the inhabitants among whom shells are thrown—we think of the innocent Asiatics who are the victims of European policy! The horrors of this course of proceeding will not bear reflection—the destruction of human life and the ruin of interests among those who have not offended, revolts us!

We must, therefore, concur with nearly every word of the following statement by Mr. Cargill:—

"France had reason to be astonished at the sudden signing of the treaty at all, but when she learnt *what it contained*, she must have thought the 'Allies' were a parcel of madmen! In reality, when we reflect on the care of Russia to the 'interests of humanity' in Poland, and look back to Lord Palmerston's negotiations in Egypt, what are we to think? Are they fools or traitors? Can we accuse either of them of being *fools*? Then what is the French government to think of this whole proceeding?—what are the French people to think of England?—and what, more difficult perhaps than any, is the French cabinet to think of nearly the whole Tory press, formerly so bitter against every portion of the British cabinet, suddenly come round to unbounded admiration of this matchless treaty of Lord Palmerston's? Never, surely, was the hacknied expression, '*quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*,' more fitting than to England at this moment.

"The French minister says he conceives that the means of execution of the treaty will be found difficult, and dangerous—productive of those consequences which the interests of Turkey, and the peace of Europe, require should be averted—viz. insurrection in Egypt and Syria, and the pretext for Russian protection. He is answered from England, that Mehemet Ali will not think of resisting such a coalition—that the treaty is to put an end to insurrection, and the 'moral aid' of France is requested in giving effect to the measure. Which of the two is right in his estimate? At the time of these communications, the mail arrives from the Levant, bringing copies of the proclamations from the *British Admiral*, which had been thrown from British ships of war, calling upon the Syrians to rise up in revolt, appealing to the fanatical passions between Christians and Mussulmans, and affording the insurgents various means of resistance!

"The French minister considers to be a violation of the law of nations, the act threatened by England, of assaulting a foreign coast to settle an internal dispute, and gives orders to his fleet to resist it if attempted; but in his anxious desire to keep peace with England, he sends an envoy to the Pascha, to counsel him to come to an understanding with the five powers; and, in the mean time, the French fleet is removed. The Pascha sends an Envoy to Constantinople, yielding submission to almost every demand of the Sultan—that is to say, he accepts the hereditary Paschalic of Egypt, as accorded to him, and throws himself on the magnanimity of the Sultan, and the four powers, as to the possession of Syria. What is the reply to this?—that the answer of Mehemet was not in precisely the *terms stipulated in the convention*, and a telegraphic despatch informs France of the bombardment of Beyrout!"

Here the argument is strong against England. The balance of power in Europe is not at all affected, whether the Sultan or the Pasha succeed; but the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is affected by the separation of Egypt. Since it was not expedient to prevent that by interference, it was improper to interfere at all. The parties should have been left to settle their own differences. "Non-interference," in the language of Lord Brougham, "is a sacred and inflexible principle of policy," which Lord Palmerston has also more than once adopted, and in June, 1829, thus characterized—"the principle that every nation has a right to manage its own internal affairs as it pleases, so long as it injures not its neighbour; and that one nation has no right to control, by force of arms, the will of another nation, in the choice of its government or ruler; to this principle I most cordially assent. IT IS SOUND, IT OUGHT TO BE SACRED; AND I TRUST THAT ENGLAND WILL NEVER BE FOUND TO SET THE EXAMPLE OF ITS VIOLATION." In the present instance, it has been violated.

That its violation should produce a rupture with France, presents quite another phase of the subject. France is pledged to revolutionary principles, and Mehemet Ali is the Napoleon of the East. England, too, has been imitating France; and the regeneration of society is the demand of both countries. No wonder, therefore, that an English minister should, to some extent, sanction the claims of a successful usurper, and be seduced into admiration of his talents. But England is not prepared to go so far or so fast as France in the career of revolution; she, therefore, cries "Hold!" while her Gallic sister is dashing on. France likes not to be checked, but nevertheless is checked. To Thiers' ministry of "coalition," therefore, succeeds Guizot's "ministry of reconciliation." England being conservative, France must be less revolutionary. The Eastern question in relation to these two countries will entirely depend upon the internal state of both; it will cease to disturb them as they cease to be disturbed by internal causes. The progress of Russia will be then understood to be a co-agent with that of England in the civilization of Asia.

"Russia and England," says Jouffroy, "are the two levers to detach ancient Asia from its ancient doctrines. While the former is preparing, sooner or later, to drive out Mohammedanism from Europe, it stops its progress by the Caucasus, and cuts off, at their source in

the deserts of the North, the new supplies for Islamism and Braminism. The condition of Siberia is worthy of remark. This country, comprising a third part of Asia, is overrun, in every sense of the word, by the wandering votaries of Brama—the remains of those formidable tribes which conquered Asia and Europe. But here and there, in the midst of these herdsmen and hunters, we see a city rise up, like an oasis in the desert. These cities, inhabited by Christian exiles or merchants, exhibit all the civilization, all the arts, of Europe. They are surrounded, to a certain distance, by a stationary population devoted to agriculture. The Asiatic herdsmen, attracted by these little centres of civilization, which they frequent for the sake of a market, are charmed by the wonders of our West. Like flies attracted by honey, many of them yield to the enticement; they endeavour to obtain land, on which to settle, and gradually learn to despise their former mode of life. These vagrant tribes, which could never fix in one place since the beginning of the world, are thus brought together, and made to share in our movement of civilization. Some German colonies, also, escaping from the throng of Europe, and taking refuge in these deserts with their arts and sciences, contribute, by the success of their agriculture and their youthful associations, to hasten the progress of this movement.

“While Russia acts upon Asia on the north, from the Ural Mountains to the extremity of Kamtschatka, and opens a large third of this vast country to our civilization, England invades it by the south, and causes our power to penetrate into the very centre of Braminism. An admirable proof of the superiority of Christian civilization is presented by the conduct of Russia and England with regard to the Asiatics. Far from attacking their faith and their customs, they respect them. They have no zeal for proselytism, and for that very reason they will make proselytes. They are satisfied with exhibiting before these people, the spectacle of our religion, of our institutions, of our manners, of our ideas, as if they had divined that great law of the human race, which impels it to adopt what is most beautiful, most elevated, and most true. It is, undoubtedly, from motives of prudence and interest, and not from a noble calculation in favour of civilization, that this method has been followed by the two nations. The persecution of Braminism would have driven the English from India; but this prudence, when combined with actual superiority, is the wisest mode of proselytism. The English, it is true, have by no means produced any remarkable change in the religious faith of India; that ancient fortress of Braminism is too well guarded by indolence and ignorance. But one of two things must at length take place; either the faith of India will lose strength before the intelligence of the society of Calcutta, or a European or mixed population, growing up on the banks of the Ganges, will take the place of the old inhabitants, and, gradually increasing, will lay the foundation of a new Europe in Asia. In either case, our civilization will be the gainer; and entering upon Braminism by the south, as Russia surrounds it on the north, it will prepare the way for the fall of that antiquated system.

“The conquests of Christian civilization, moreover, will be accelerated by the immense superiority of its power. This superiority is so

great, that one of our maritime nations, by itself, could annihilate all the fleets of the combined nations of the two other families. We have no less superiority on land. As the Christian population is the most numerous, and the only one which has the prospect of increase, we have a growing superiority in point of numbers; but, in addition to this, wherever our armies have come in contact with those of Braminic or Mussulman nations, we have displayed a far more important superiority than that of numbers—a superiority of skill, of discipline, of arms, of military genius. This superiority has been manifested on the fields of Hindostan, where a handful of English have been seen to vanquish and reduce to terms immense Asiatic armies. It was exhibited in Egypt, in the conflict of the French with the Mamelukes; in Turkey and in Persia, whenever the Russian armies came in contact with the armies of those two empires. This superiority is so great, that no intelligent man can doubt, that a Russian, French, or English army would be able to conquer a Turkish or Chinese army of three or four times the number; or that four or five vessels, commanded by Lord Cochrane, and manœuvred by Englishmen, would succeed, in a few engagements, in annihilating all the fleets of the Mussulman nations.

“We are no less superior in riches, which is the fruit of industry. The perfection of our agriculture, of our arts, of our machinery, gives us the means of paying immense sums to the government, without feeling it, compared with which the imposts of the Mussulman and Braminic nations are nothing. This is because we produce much, and at a cheap rate—by which means our wealth is increased, and the ability given to devote large sums to public affairs. England has expended sixteen thousand millions within thirty years; her subjects, then, must have gained this sum—that is, they must have produced its value in order to pay it to their country. Now, these sixteen thousand millions are but a small part of their profits; for the duties are but a slight proportion of the income; and so far from the country being impoverished by this gift to the government, it is a great deal richer than before. To what is all this, as well as our superiority in war, to be attributed? To our genius in the sciences, to the progress which human intelligence has made, and is every day making, among us. In fact, all this is the fruit of science. We, moreover, behold science stationary among the Braminic nations, despised by the Mohammedan, but honoured and cultivated among us—advancing with the steps of a giant, and gaining strength as it advances. This is the secret of the superiority of our power. This superiority is only an effect, of which, superiority of intelligence, or of science, is the genuine cause. And, as our superiority in science is not a matter of accident, which may disappear at any moment—as it is evident, on the contrary, that the permanence of our scientific information is increased with its progress; it is also evident, that our superiority in power is not the result of accidental good fortune, but an enduring fact which will be perpetual, which will go onward in a constant and boundless progression. This superiority, therefore, is one of the indestructive characteristics of Christian civilization.

"Now, this superiority of power is a new circumstance which appears to give it brighter and brighter promise of the conquest of the world.

"In the first place, it is clear that it secures it from all hazard of conquest on the part of the two other civilized families; it renders it invulnerable to all their attacks. In the second place, it puts them, so to speak, at our disposal; and we can hardly avoid wishing to avail ourselves of this faculty; for power is accompanied with an almost invincible craving to exercise and diffuse itself; this craving, which is now expended in intestine wars between Christian nations, must seek and find other aliment, as soon as these nations shall lay aside their hostilities. And sooner or later this moment will come, because sooner or later it will appear ridiculous, as well as contrary to their interests, to destroy one another. Just as civilization diminishes the number of civil suits, by increasing the authority of justice, and the weight of enlightened interest, it tends to abolish wars between improved and reasonable nations. We already perceive the dawn of this new epoch, when the European nations will remain at peace, because they are sensible of the loss which they sustain in war, and because no adequate injustice will afford a pretext for it. This force, then, without employment at home, must needs be directed abroad. And, although conquest is an injustice in itself, it introduces, when made by a superior civilization, a very great benefit—namely, the civilization of the conquered nation. This has been the fate of America, and it will be that of Turkey, after it shall have been conquered by Russia."

Such is the philosophy of these great events—such the ideas which almost seem to give us power to prophesy what seeds will grow in the womb of time. It is by the due application of such ideas, according to the best of our ability, that the present Editor and contributors to the *Monthly Magazine* have sought to assist the studious and meditative reader. May we trust, in conclusion, that we have not worked altogether in vain? The two years of our management have been two of the most important in the history of our country—more for what they promise or threaten, than what they have produced. Socialism and Chartism, Puseyism and Transcendentalism, are clouds, big with refreshing rains or deluging showers. No wonder they are black; but why should we not expect the blessing rather than the punishment? Are we conscience-stricken, that we fear rather than hope? Let England understand her mission—and let the world confide in its Creator. Nothing has happened, but what always was; and that which will be, is already now. Time and Eternity, though one be fixed and the other flowing, are both coincident; time is the everlasting symbol of eternity, and eternity the substance of every symbol of time. In every point of space the Infinite is present. The same voice of God speaks in every human bosom, and the same destiny awaits individuals and the race. Whoso ponders these things, he only is wise; and whoso loves not wisdom, shall grope about at noon-tide as if it were deep night. The wise, looking on the setting sun, can declare what the morrow shall be; but the fool, even from the promise of the dawn, fails to infer the glory of the day.

LIFE;—A LYRIC.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

I.

No more laughing—no more sleeping!
 For thyself or others weeping—
 Wrong inflicting or forgiving—
 Tears and Labour—this is Living
 For thyself or others striving,
 Honey gathering, poison hiving,
 Sin and penance—this is Living!

II.

This is Living—but not LIFE!
 Acting never—passive ever—
 Free from sorrow—free from strife—
 O rejoicing—Life the Voicing
 Of the Everlasting Light;
 Whose Words are worlds, whose Oracles
 Are systems—suns, whose Syllables—
 Tones that are things, how holy-bright!
 Orbs of hearing and of sight!
 Rays of the indwelling Light,
 Motions of enduring might,
 Which at once, being so divine,
 In music speak, in glory shine!

III.

Light everlasting, this is Life—
 Intelligence abiding aye,
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 Risen—never-setting day!
 A risen day, without a sun,
 Light pure, Light holy, sacred, one!

IV.

Why are they free from sorrow, say?
 Free from sorrow, free from strife?
 LOVE-derived are Light and Life!
 Free from chance and from decay?
 Uncreated they as he,
 Equally divine they be.
 Hence may Life right-easily
 Endless Light become agen,
 And illumine gods and men.*

V.

Love it is, that doeth this,
 (Nought Love doeth is amiss,)

* "In him was Life, and his Life was the Light of Men."—John, i. 4. The reader will perceive that the definition implied, is that *Life is abiding Intelligence*, with a power of endless production.

Life;—a Lyric.

Love it is, that doeth this,
 In self-plentitude of bliss.
 Hence within his presence they
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Ever—ever—sport and play;
 And between their sport and play,
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Love comes down from his high state,
 Not alone to be their mate,
 But the offspring of their loving,
 Which is all of his own moving—
 All of his own moving yet,
 And, in himself remaining, still
 He keeps his state while quitting it,
 Still seated on his holy hill!
 O mystery! O mystery!
 Surely Love's name is Deity!

VI.

Of their loving thus it is,
 (Nought Love doeth is amiss,)
 Life may Light become agen,
 And illumine gods and men.

VII.

O this Light in man abides—
 Light is Life, where it resides!
 In my Conscience, in my Will
 Love and Light are living still;
 And my Reason measures well
 That Light as its vehicle;
 And, while it receives, still gives—
 So that Understanding lives;
 And, between their sport and play,
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Love becomes Intelligence,
 A Consciousness of self and sense;
 And the Life that is in men
 Nature's Light becomes agen—
 By which we see, in spite of strife,
 In spite of sorrow, Love and Life!
 Love and Light and Life in all things,
 Whether they be great or small things,
 In the parts, and in the whole,
 In the body, in the soul,
 Around, beneath, and all above,
 Love and Light and Life in Love!

VIII.

Then we live, and then alone,
 When we realize the union,
 That of All makes only One,
 And abide in the Communion!

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